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Mail this coupon for your free copy of The Fisher Handbook 1968. This 80-page reference guide to hi-fi and stereo also includes detailed information on all Fisher components.

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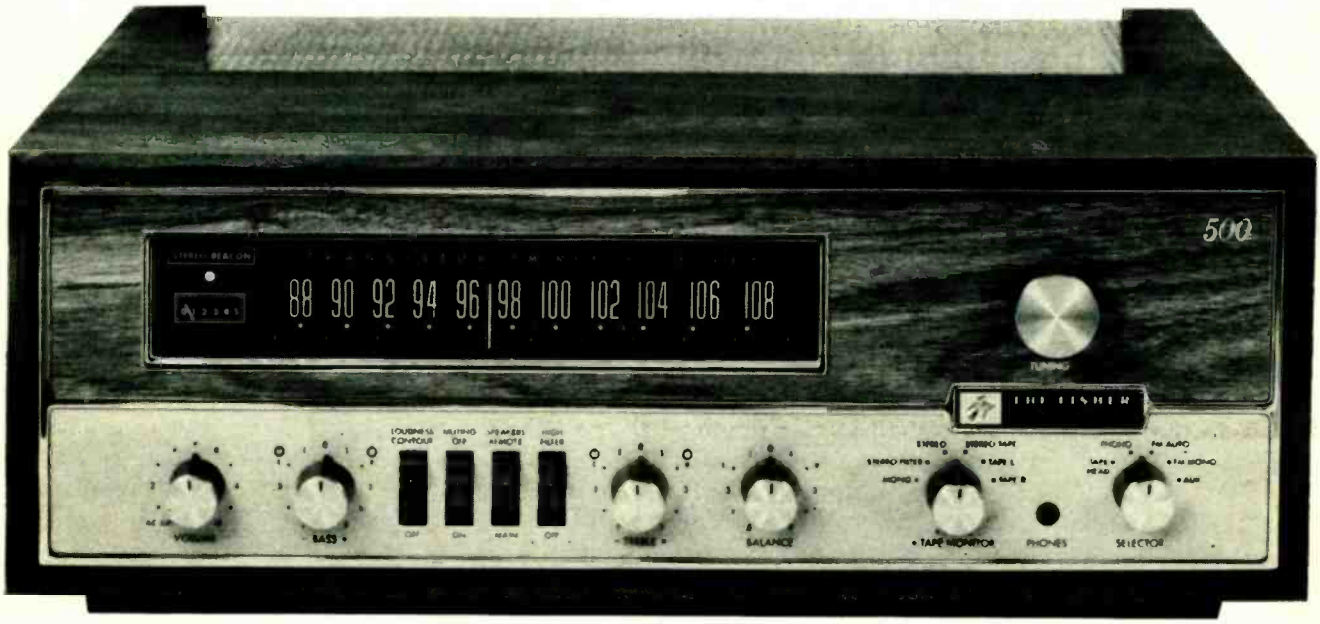
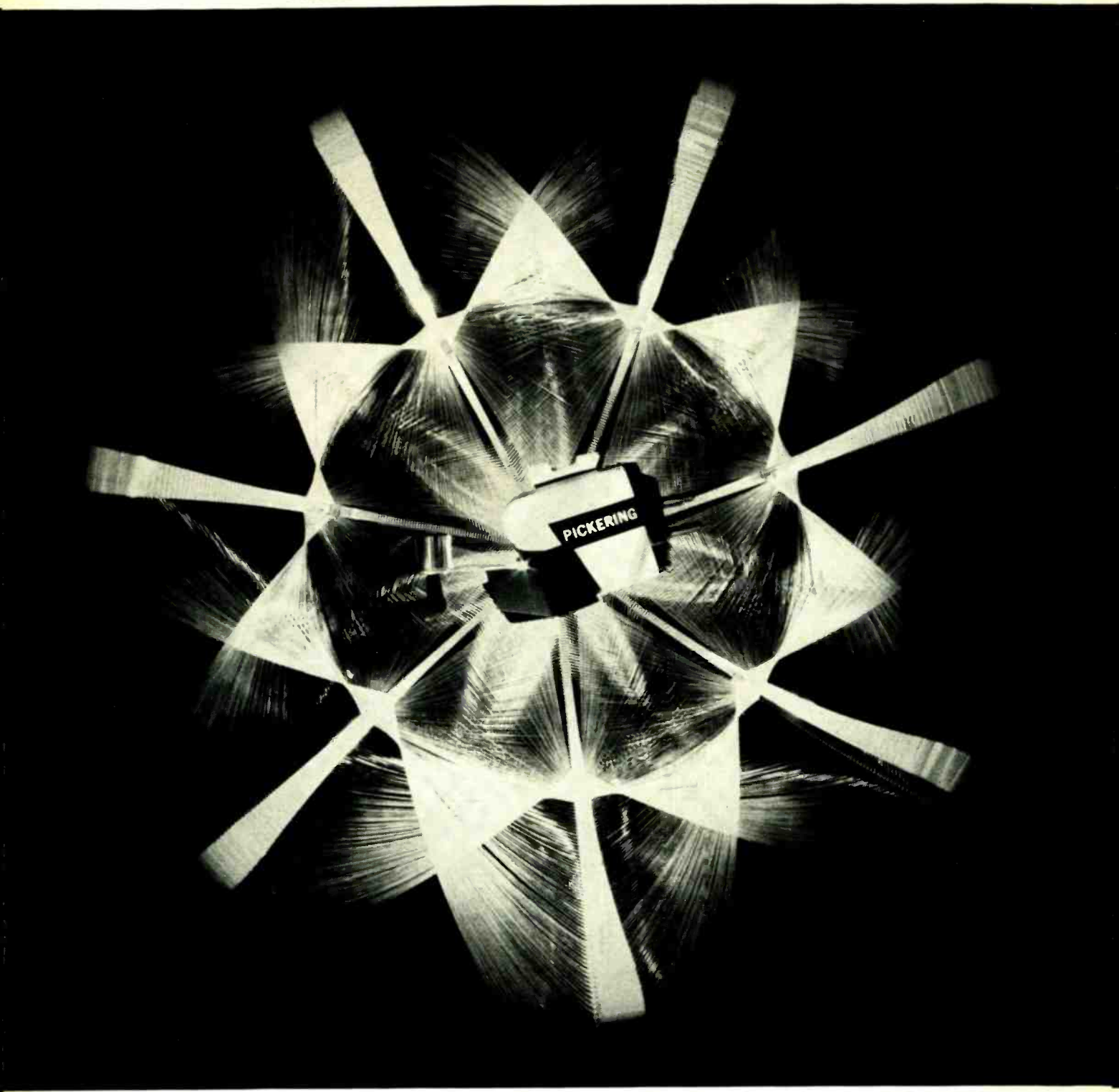


The famous Fisher 500-T.

The X factor in the new Pickering XV-15.



The X in the new Pickering XV-15 stands for the numerical solution for correct "Engineered Application." We call it the Dynamic Coupling Factor (DCF).[SM]

DCF is an index of maximum stylus performance when a cartridge is related to a particular type of playback equipment. This resultant number is derived from a Dimensional Analysis of all the parameters involved.

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[SM] Dynamic Coupling Factor and DCF are service marks of Pickering & Co.

CIRCLE 30 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

HIGH FIDELITY VOL. 18 NO. 7 JULY 1968

MUSIC AND MUSICIANS

AUDIO AND VIDEO

RECORDINGS

Published at Great Barrington, Mass. 01230 by Billboard Publications, Inc. Second-class postage at Great Barrington and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa and for payment of postage in cash. High Fidelity/Musical America Edition is published monthly. Subscription in the U.S.A. and its Possessions, $12; elsewhere, $13. Subscription including Concert Artist Directory published in December, $17, in the U.S.A. and its Possessions; elsewhere, $18. Regular issues $1.00 a copy. National and other editions published monthly. Subscription in the U.S.A. and its Possessions, $7; elsewhere, $8. Regular issues 60¢ a copy. Indexed in the Reader's Guide to Periodical Literature. **Change of address notices and undelivered copies (Form 3579) should be addressed to High Fidelity, Subscription Department, 2160 Patterson Street, Cincinnati, Ohio 45214. Please state both old and new addresses when requesting a change.**

Letter *from* The Editor

DEAR READER:

No sooner had I written last month's Letter exposing my plans for expanding and intensifying HF's coverage of music, recordings, and audio, than yet an additional expansion took place—of the masthead. If you look to the right you will find the new name of Robert Angus, who has become our Associate Editor. (That masthead *is* getting a bit crowded; if we get one more editor here, it looks as though I'll just have to close one of the advertising offices to make room for his name.)

Not that Bob's name will be new to our readers. For a decade his by-line has appeared more than once a month, in both consumer and trade publications, over some audio article or other, and often in these pages. Last month we published his "Don't Blame It on the Speaker," this month the fun he describes in his first video column (see page 34) had the effect of sending our staff to fool around with the office VTR, and next month we'll run the last piece he wrote for us as an "outsider." But he's not only one of the most experienced and best-known audio journalists in the business, he's also one of the most musical: he minored in music at Bucknell University, class of '54 (he majored in journalism). Bob's August article, **"First Aid for Your Tape Recorder,"** will tell you what you should and should not do for an ailing recorder, both when it is "in warranty" and when you will have to pay for all repairs yourself.

Next month's issue, in fact, is our annual omnibus of tape recorder articles. I. L. Grozny will be back to advise you **"How to Choose a Tape Recorder."** And Herbert Keppler, Editor & Publisher of *Modern Photography,* will pose the question: can a dyed-in-the-wool audiophile (he is one) find happiness with a small, inexpensive cassette recorder? Bert went on a safari to find out. We've titled his essay, **"With Tape and Mike in Loudest Africa."**

Our main music article will also ask a question, but a much more serious one; in fact it is crucial to the future of American culture: **"Can the Negro Overcome Our Classical-Music Establishment?"** And this question does not have such a cheerful answer. We will discover how Sanford Allen feels about being the only Negro in the "Big Three" orchestras, Henry Lewis about being the first Negro to become the permanent conductor of an important American symphony orchestra. We will learn what some managers will admit, what such powerful conductors as Ormandy and Bernstein think, and what such "exiled" Negro conductors like Dean Dixon and Everett Lee believe. We will notice that the North is far behind the South in a new trend towards symphonic integration and we will hear what Joseph Eger, white conductor of the Harlem Music Project, has to say about his inability not only to get funds for the project but to find a Negro replacement for himself. They paint, let me warn you, a bleak if not yet hopeless social landscape.

Neither our Government, nor our orchestras, nor our conservatories are doing much about tapping what appears to be an incredible amount of raw talent. And the loss, fellow music lovers, is ours.

Leonard Marcus

Cover photo by:
Bernard Lawrence

Feature by feature, the SL 95 is today's most advanced automatic turntable

An investment of $129.50 in an automatic turntable cannot be taken lightly. When you're ready to buy, compare carefully—feature by feature. You will find that Garrard's SL 95 meets your every requirement since it offers all the innovations that distinguish a superlative instrument plus the assurance of years of flawless performance. Here's why:

Synchronous motor: Look for a synchronous motor, the only type which can really guarantee constant speed regardless of voltage, record load, warm up and other variables. By locking in, to the fixed 60 cycle current (rather than varying voltage), this type of motor guarantees the unwavering pitch and distortion-free record reproduction you should insist upon in a top-notch record playing unit. Garrard's revolutionary new Synchro-Lab Motor™, which powers the SL 95, is not only synchronous...it also offers the advantages of the induction type motor—instant starting, high driving torque and freedom from rumble.

Light, kinetically matched turntable: The SL 95's synchronous motor has obsoleted the heavy turntable which was developed because of the need to override fluctuation in the speed of induction motors, through flywheel action. The relatively light (3 pounds), but magnificently balanced turntable, precision matched to the kinetic energy of the motor, now relieves weight on the all-important center bearing and reduces wear and rumble in this most critical area. Furthermore, its full-sized 11½" diameter gives your records maximum edge support.

Low-mass tonearm: Look for tracking capabilities which can only be obtained through light weight and low resonance damping, combined with rigidity and advanced pivotry. The SL 95's distinctive, dynamically balanced one-piece arm of Afrormosia wood and aluminum is mounted within a gyroscopically gimballed assembly which permits it to float virtually friction-free on jewel-like needle pivots. The need for plug-in shells is eliminated by a new cartridge clip which insures flawless alignment. It is compatible with the latest, most compliant pick ups and the arm will track them perfectly down to the smallest fraction of a gram specified.

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Accurate audible/visible stylus force adjustment: The SL 95 combines accurately calibrated visual positions with detents for positive ¼ gram settings.

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LETTERS
TO THE EDITOR

A Little Liszt

Thank you for your superb Liszt issue [April 1968], especially the discography by the indefatigable Mr. Jacobson. His aptness and lucidity make him, for my money at least, one of our greatest critics.

James C. Svejda
Ann Arbor, Mich.

Those of us whose hopes were aroused by news of your forthcoming reassessment of Liszt have been sadly disappointed: in place of the serious viewpoint and intellectual integrity of past issues devoted to a single composer (Conrad Osborne's Mozart and Wagner discussions and Harris Goldsmith's Debussy discography), we have three different contributions, the first two of which, at least, are inadequate.

There is no doubt that David Barlllan is a fine and sensitive musician, but his random notes in defense of Liszt ["Is Liszt Next?"] can only be categorized as belonging to the impressionistic school of criticism, a method which has long outlived its usefulness.

As for Herbert Russcol's pseudo-psycho-sexual casebook ["Liszt as Lover"], it simply cannot be taken seriously as the basis for a *musical* evaluation. No one will deny that there is a certain amount of trivia in the Liszt catalogue, and also a great amount of what can only be called bravura display (although the two are not necessarily synonymous). But to offer Liszt's personal life (with much conjectural psychic reconstruction) as an *a priori* framework for an examination of his music is a grave mistake. Many great men, despite the morass of their personal lives, have produced notable works of art: Wagner, Baudelaire, and Leonardo da Vinci (if we are to believe Freud), to name three.

Although Bernard Jacobson's discography puts a better focus on Liszt's music (the importance of the Lieder and sacred music, for instance), he was necessarily limited to that small part of Liszt's output available to us on records. Even here, the over-all impression is often one of haste and short patience with recent deletions from Schwann.

Indeed, the entire effort leaves the impression of a great opportunity wasted. Will the general public, which deserves to know the results of Liszt's reappraisal, now be made more aware of new insights on the problem? Unfortunately, I think not. The important points—the enormous variety of his compositions and his success in such diverse forms, his harmonic and formal experimentation, his importance as a champion of the music of Chopin, Wagner, and Berlioz when the last two were still musical outcasts—become buried in an avalanche of meaningless polemics.

William V. Routch
Cambridge, Mass.

It was a real pleasure to read the survey of Liszt's music in the April issue. Unfortunately, well-engineered recordings devoted to Liszt's orchestral music are very few in number. A pity, since one of LP's greatest boons has been the opportunity to learn music rarely performed in the concert hall. Let us hope that this gap in the catalogue will be filled in the near future.

The finest Liszt conductor today is certainly Jascha Horenstein. Now that he is presently recording for EMI, I hope that the company will seriously consider a project to record all the Liszt symphonic poems under his direction.

Bertil Artelius
Boras, Sweden

This subscriber feels that Herbert Russcol's article does not belong in a publication dedicated to music and recordings, but would be more appropriate in a medical journal. Furthermore, the cover illustration shows, in my opinion, an extraordinary lapse in taste. Certainly, if the brain responsible for the symphonic poems, the B minor Piano Sonata, and an enormous output of piano compositions contained only the image of stripped females, it seems doubtful that it would have ever produced such a large complement of masterpieces.

Erwin Silber
Cleveland, Ohio

Is Liszt next? One certainly hopes so; and the three illuminating articles in your April issue should go a long way towards reawakening interest in the man and his music.

Your readers may be interested to learn that the Liszt Society—formed in London during the early Fifties with the object of promoting the republication, recording, and performance of the works of Franz Liszt—has collaborated with the music publishing firm of B. Schott and Co. in a five-volume edition of Liszt's lesser-known piano music. I shall be glad to give any of your readers details of the contents.

As discographer for the Liszt Society, I was particularly interested in Bernard Jacobson's "Liszt on Records," which was comprehensive and valuable. I agree with much of his critique, but I was astonished to learn that Gunnar Johansen's "technique breaks down badly in the face of bravura." I should like chapter and

Continued on page 10

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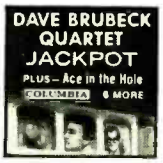

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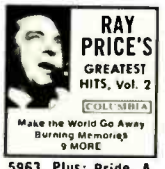

5963. Plus: Pride, A Thing Called Sadness, Night Life, etc.

5896. Stout-Hearted Men, When Sunny Gets Blue, Lover Man, etc.

5894. Plus: Can't Take My Eyes Off You, Alfie, etc.

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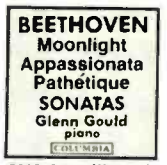
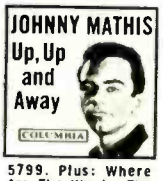
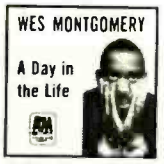


5883. A sensitive and illuminating performance.

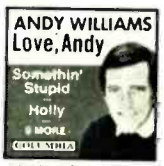
3780. Also: Bless This House, The Lord's Prayer, etc.



5799. Plus: Where Are The Words, The More I See You, etc.



5788. Plus: Windy, Eleanor Rigby, The Joker, 10 in all



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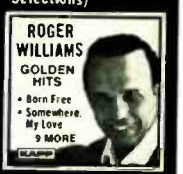

5553. Plus: Maria, Moon River, Yesterday, Dominique, etc.

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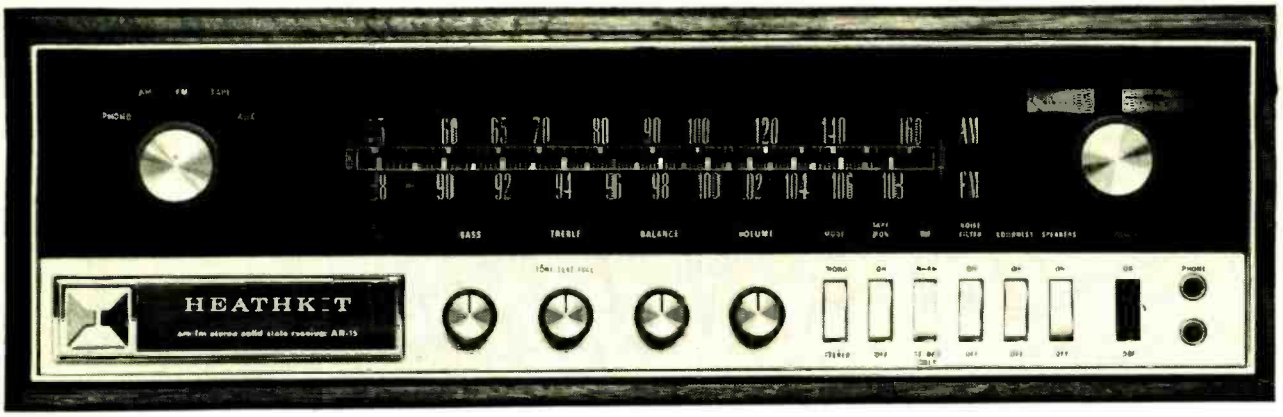

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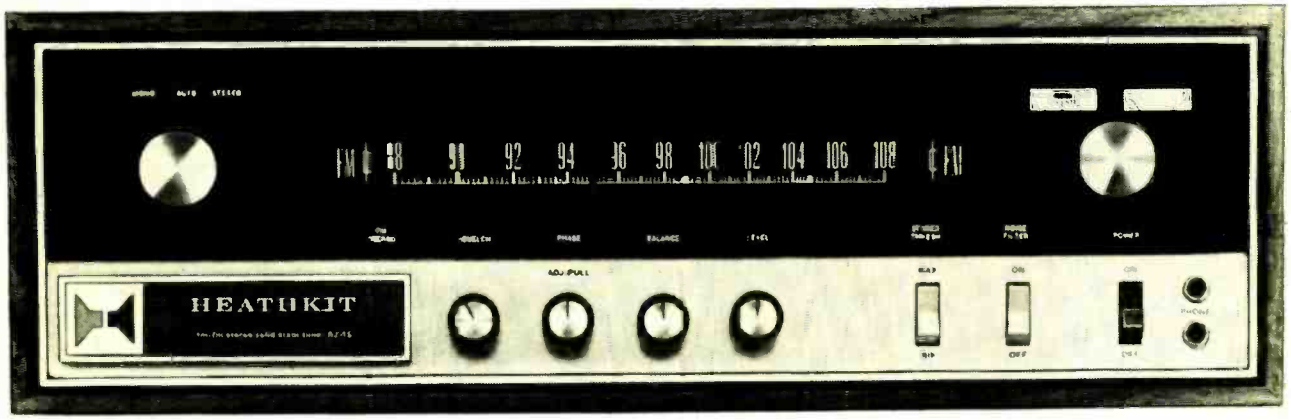

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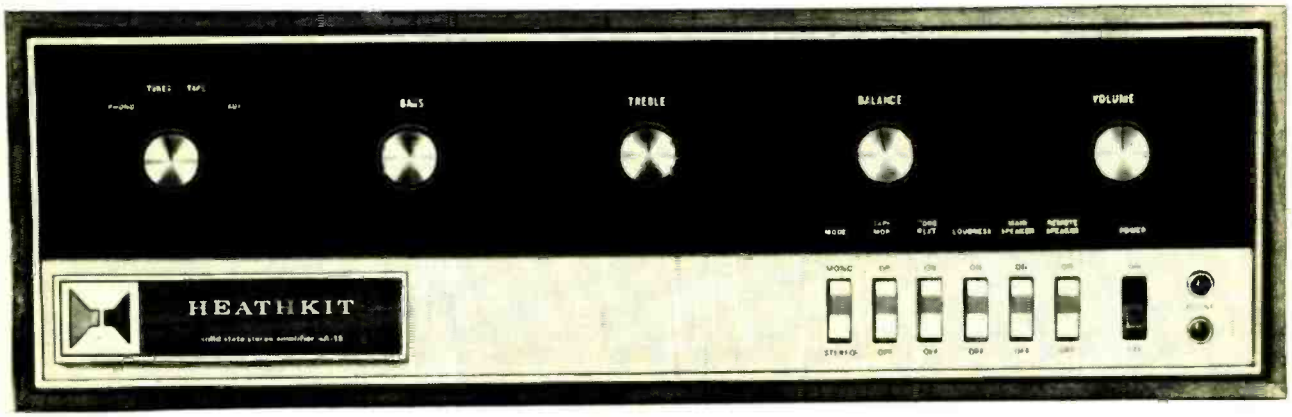

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Heathkit® AR-15

Every leading electronics magazine editor, every leading consumer testing organization, and thousands of owners agree the Heathkit AR-15 is the world's finest stereo receiver. All give it top rating for its advanced design concepts and superior performance . . . all give it rave reviews such as these:

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Kit AR-15, $339.95; Assembled ARW-15, $525; Walnut Cabinet AE-16, $24.95

New Heathkit® AJ-15

For the man who already owns a fine stereo amplifier, and in response to many requests, Heath now offers the superb FM stereo tuner section of the renowned AR-15 receiver as a separate unit . . . the new AJ-15 FM Stereo Tuner. It features the exclusive design FET FM tuner with two FET r.f. amplifiers and FET mixer for high sensitivity; two Crystal Filters in the IF strip for perfect response curve with no alignment ever needed: two Integrated Circuits in the IF strip for high gain and best limiting; elaborate Noise-Operated Squelch to hush between-station noise before you hear it; Stereo-Threshold switch to select the quality of stereo reception you will accept; Stereo-Only Switch rejects monophonic programs if you wish; Adjustable Multiplex Phase for cleanest FM stereo; Two Tuning Meters for center tuning, max. signal, and adjustment of 19 kHz pilot signal to max.; two variable output Stereo Phone jacks; one pair Variable Outputs plus two Fixed Outputs for amps., tape recorders, etc.; all controls front panel mounted; "Black Magic" Panel Lighting . . . no dial or scale markings when tuner is "off"; 120/240 VAC.

Kit AJ-15, $189.95; Walnut Cabinet AE-18, $19.95

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Kit AA-15, $169.95; Walnut Cabinet AE-18, $19.95

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LETTERS

Continued from page 6

verse for that, as my experience with Johansen's playing is exactly the opposite: amazing control, brilliance, and poetry (has Mr. Jacobson heard him play the solo version of the *Totentanz*?). I am reluctantly compelled to agree with Mr. Jacobson's strictures with regard to the sonic quality of Johansen's records.

Keith Fagan
115 Marlborough Crescent
Sevenoaks, Kent
England

I would like to take issue with Bernard Jacobson's unfavorable evaluation of Gunnar Johansen's formidable project to record the complete solo piano music of Liszt. To be able to play all of this difficult music with "correct" technical expertness is a feat in itself; to maintain emotional intensity as well as full-blooded demonic virtuosity balanced by complete musical integrity would certainly merit the highest praise.

The Liszt Society has devoted several entire issues of their newsletters to a discography by Keith Fagan. His impressions of Johansen's Liszt recordings, each reviewed in great detail, are all favorable: "I find Johansen a very impressive player indeed. He has a virtuoso's command of the keyboard and 'gets into the keys' without tinkering with the music as too many pianists do. Not for nothing, one feels, did he study with such masters as Lamond and Petri."

Surely this worthwhile and finely executed enterprise should not be dismissed by Mr. Jacobson quite so lightly.

Verne Estano
Vancouver, B.C.

I very much enjoyed (and profited from) Bernard Jacobson's article "Liszt on Records." I notice that in discussing recordings of the Piano Sonata, he does not mention the one by Alfred Brendel (VOX PL 12150 or STPL 512150), which is extraordinarily fine.

Perhaps this disc slipped by him because, although issued in 1964 and still available, it has never been listed in the Schwann Catalogue. The record also contains superb performances of the *Dante* Sonata, the *Hungarian Rhapsody No. 11*, and the late *Bagatelle without Tonality*.

This record is one that no Lisztian should miss.

E. J. Bond
Kingston, Ontario

Bernard Jacobson's "Liszt on Records" was most welcome, but like all selective discographies, it was irritating to me in some of its omissions. Surely some mention ought to have been made of the Simon Preston versions of the Fantasy and Fugue on *"Ad Nos"* and the Prelude and Fugue on *B-A-C-H* (Argo ZRG 503), or of Karl Richter's performance of the latter on Deutsche Grammophon SLPM 138906. There are also the Variations on

Continued on page 12

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CIRCLE 37 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

LETTERS

Continued from page 10

Weinen, Klagen, Sorgen, Zagen, which has at least one domestic recording, by Carl Weinrich on RCA Victor LSC 2698.

I would also like to call Mr. Jacobson's attention to what is probably the most phenomenal piano recording of the decade: a two-record set of the complete *Transcendental* Etudes played by the Russian pianist Lazar Berman on MK 223B. I urge Mr. Jacobson and your readers to acquire a copy posthaste, lest whatever remaining supply of this import is exhausted.

Jon R. Skinner
Portland, Ore.

The Mono Vanishes

Your article on "The Vanishing Mono" [April 1968] was a disturbing one. I had always known that most people prefer electronically reprocessed records to the original monaural versions. But I had never realized that this might portend the eventual demise for all pre-stereo reissues, simply because distributors refuse to stock monaural recordings of companies with sufficient integrity to avoid electronic stereo.

Truth to tell, it is not only stupid to "enhance" the old records—it is immoral. Some of the Caruso recordings, for example, are masterpieces of art deserving to be placed alongside our greatest books and paintings. It makes no more sense to subject poor Caruso to the perils of rechanneling, filtering, peaking, and adding artificial resonance, than it would to modernize a Shakespearean play or to "enhance" a Brueghel canvas. New techniques in disc cutting and tape transfer can be used, of course, to effect as accurate a dubbing of the old records as possible; but in general a Caruso record should not be made to sound like something it is not, for the artistry will always be impaired.

I can scarcely believe that American record collectors will be denied treasures such as the Melchior/Easton/Schorr *Siegfried* or the Toscanini/New York Philharmonic Beethoven Seventh, simply because releases would not reside within the "stereo" column of a distributor's inventory sheet.

James Turner
Collinsville, Ill.

At last someone has expressed my exact sentiments concerning the current mono-is-dead phenomenon. I too had read Mr. Rothfeld's remarks about the greater selling power of stereo discs over mono and his disappointment that Victrola wasn't reissuing the Toscanini discs in electronic stereo. But I just cannot believe that someone interested in the art of a Lotte Lehmann or Lauritz Melchior would be deterred by their appearance in monaural only. I, for one, would go out of my way to buy such monophonic

Continued on page 14

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LETTERS

Continued from page 12

records. It is the music-loving collector who is the loser, I'm afraid.

William R. Kearney
Eddystone, Penna.

I must confess to a severe attack of nausea upon reading your article "The Vanishing Mono," particularly in regard to EMI's decision to offer very few historical reissues rather than rechannel. Admittedly, rechanneling is a disgusting and deceptive sales gimmick which any audiophile should deplore, but to deprive the public of long unavailable, highly distinguished performances for this reason alone—madness!

Since its inception, Seraphim has given us a steady flow of peerless musical treasures. As one of the young collectors who never heard in person the great artists of the early years of this century, my only practical access to them is through reissues. Please, EMI, if Toscanini and Furtwängler, Gigli and Melchior, Schorr and Stracciari, Flagstad and Leider must come to us in phony stereo to sell, then so be it. Believe me, we won't complain that much.

Robert Plaisted
Livermore Falls, Maine

Your stand against electronic rechanneling of monophonic recordings is an admirable one, since in many cases the engineering produces a poorer product, and the buyer is often fooled by discreet labeling. I do think, however, that some of the recent Toscanini electronically processed Victrola releases have really good sound—such as the Tchaikovsky *Manfred* Symphony and the Schubert Eighth (the Schubert Fifth is quite bad, but the source material might have been poor). Although the recordings lack directionality, they do have a spacious clarity, and the sound is not marred by the echo-effect which ruined some of the earlier attempts to stereoize Toscanini recordings.

If the rechanneling is carefully done, I am all for seeing Toscanini records on the store shelves along with some Koussevitzky, Schnabel, and Gieseking recordings, and others of the pre-1955 days. The recent Furtwängler Wagner album on Seraphim has some fine old monaural sound—but if it were redone in good stereo reprocessing and thereby gain a wider distribution, so much the better for Wagner, for Furtwängler, and for music. The performances are superb; they deserve to be available.

Ernest Birchenough
Portland, Ore.

The Best Offense

This time Gene Lees has really Gone and Done it: managed finally, by dint of his forthright style, to offend even me to the point of considering all sorts of evil things to say about him. And, true or not, they

Continued on page 16

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CIRCLE 44 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

LETTERS

Continued from page 14

can one and all be logically justified from his review of John Coltrane's second posthumously released album, "Om" [May 1968]. Regardless of whether Mr. Lees happens to like the album, and likewise disregarding the still touchy subject of Coltrane's death, the structure and points of attack he chooses to utilize in his analysis are perhaps the most wrong-headed I've encountered in years of inurement to the "shucking and jiving of the critics."

His anecdote, apparently designed to establish 1) "the limitations of his [Coltrane's] listening experience," and 2) Mr. Lees's own consequent critical and intellectual credentials vis à vis Coltrane (the "entranced as a child" thing is just too much), is not only absolutely diabolical, but absolutely ridiculous. It brings to mind A. B. Spellman's exposition of the point-of-view conflict resulting from Gunther Schuller's passing reference to Thelonius Monk's "limited piano technique."

It all goes to show where Schuller and Lees are at; and it's no wonder that both are by leaps and bounds growing further away from jazz (each in his own direction, of course). Anyhow, Mr. Lees certainly weakens his own position as a responsible critic by taking staunch refuge with those "good many people" who "couldn't be fooled" into acknowledging Coltrane's significant accomplishments between 1961 and 1967. If he *had* been thus fooled, I could perhaps accept his reservations as to the musicality (if not the spiritual content) of the "Om" album. As it is, I fear Mr. Lees's arrogant (and nonetheless often charming) style has this time resulted in some highly irresponsible and condescending conclusions about a major artist.

Morgan B. Usadel
Champaign, Ill.

Charting the Unknown

In your February issue there is a review of a recording of quarter-tone music in which Alfred Frankenstein says that the disc is "distinguished for a masterpiece by an unknown composer named Donald Lybbert."

I am pleased to tell you that Donald Lybbert is alive and well at Hunter College where he is a Professor of Music and Chairman of the Music Department. He has studied at Columbia University with Elliott Carter and Otto Luening and at Fontainebleu with Nadia Boulanger. Professor Lybbert is currently at work on a piece for piano and orchestra and an excerpt from his opera, *The Scarlet Letter*, is scheduled for performance by the Metropolitan Opera Studio at the Library and Museum of the Performing Arts at Lincoln Center.

Norman Singer
Administrator,
Hunter College Concert Bureau
New York, N.Y.

MUSIC MAKERS

BY ROLAND GELATT

At right, seated: conductor Steinberg (with pipe); composer Bennett; Command producer Byrne. Below, Mr. Bennett chats with "Music Makers" man Roland Gelatt.

Bruckner and a Loewe-Bennett Fair Lady From Pittsburgh

EVERY APRIL, along with the robins and magnolia blossoms, Command Records returns to Pittsburgh for a few days of intensive recording with the Pittsburgh Symphony. This year was no exception. Only the repertoire was exceptional. It ran the gamut from Anton Bruckner's Seventh Symphony to Frederick Loewe's *My Fair Lady*.

Both were conducted by William Steinberg, Pittsburgh's longtime music director and a man of decidedly unfettered tastes. Last year, after recording Robert Russell Bennett's "symphonic picture" of *Porgy and Bess*, Dr. Steinberg was heard to observe that he considered *My Fair Lady* the finest work for the American musical theatre since Gershwin's time. This remark stuck in the vigilant mind of Loren Becker, a onetime singer turned businessman who functions as impresario and general factotum of Command Records. If Gershwin could be transformed into acceptable symphonic fare, Becker mused, why not Loewe? Back in New York, he popped the question to Robert Russell Bennett. Would he consider doing for *My Fair Lady* what he had done for *Porgy and Bess*? Bennett agreed to try, and in due course received an official commission from the Pittsburgh Symphony—the same orchestra that had given the first performance of his *Porgy* synthesis back in the regime of Fritz Reiner a quarter century ago. Only one stipulation was attached. The music had to be ready in time for the orchestra's April recording sessions, and it was.

When I arrived on the scene, Bruckner's Seventh was still the order of business. The first and third movements had been completed the previous day; now it was time for the second and fourth. While the instrumentalists trooped into Soldiers and Sailors Hall, a dowdy but acoustically responsive edifice built to commemorate Pittsburgh's fighting men in the Civil War, I managed to have a chat with Bob Byrne, the producer who has been in charge of Command's Pittsburgh sessions since 1961. A genial, affably unruffled man in his late forties, Byrne has spent most of his professional career in the pop field—first as trombonist in the Jimmy Dorsey Orchestra, later as leader of his own band, and for the last eight years as Command's artist and repertoire director. Byrne's original training was classical, however, and it became apparent as the sessions progressed that he had an extraordinarily acute ear for Brucknerian detail. Like most producers today, Byrne can thread his way easily through the arcana of electronics, but he leaves the engineering at Command sessions to a seasoned crew from Fine Recording in New York. The Fine engineers bring their own equipment, including two huge Westrex 35-mm film recorders.

Over the three Altec-Lansing monitor speakers one could hear the orchestra tuning up. Then Steinberg began the first take. "I hope you won't find the level too high," Byrne warned. "I have to listen for detail, and you can only catch it when the sound really hits you." I confess I did find the sound excruciatingly loud, and when Steinberg unleashed

Continued on page 22

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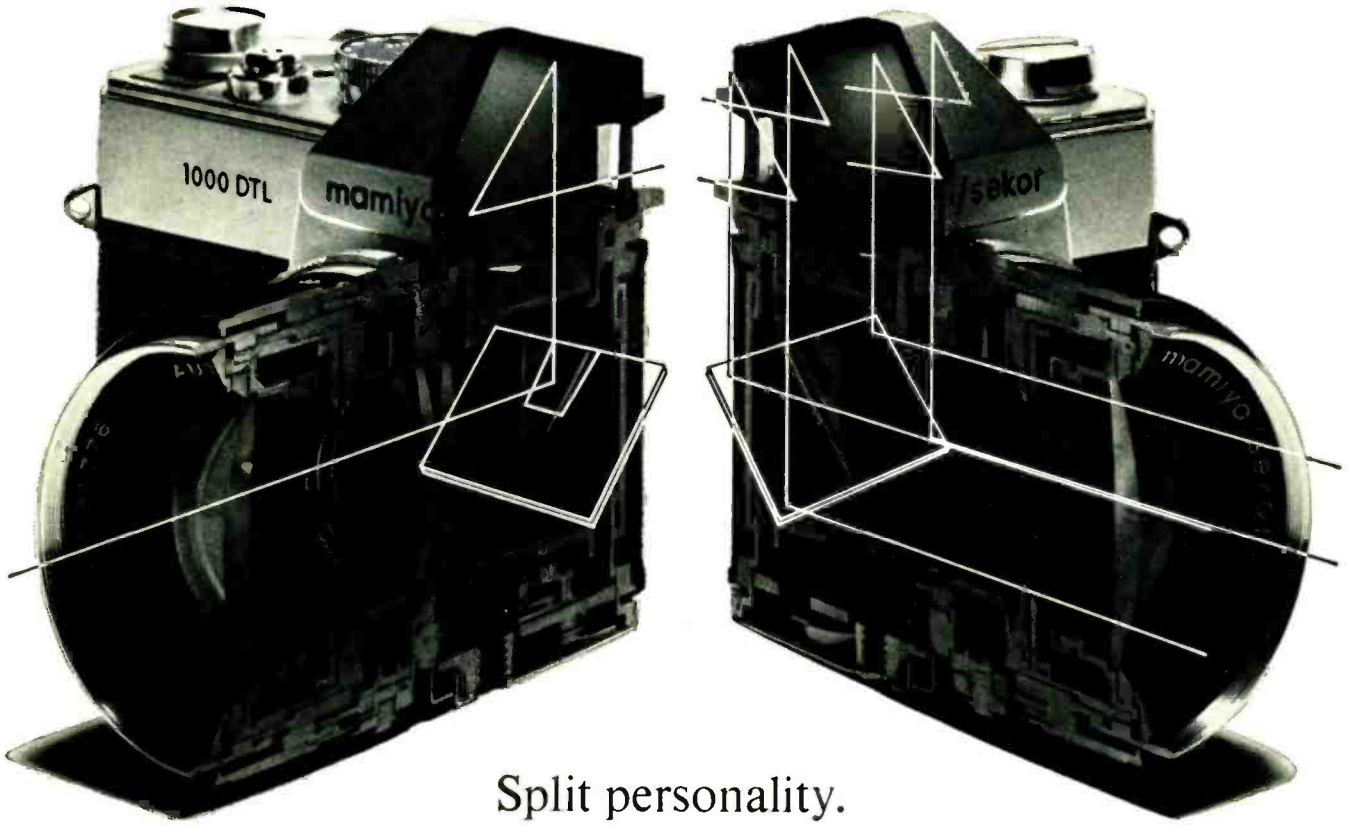

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CIRCLE 33 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

 Continued from page 20

a tumultuous triple *forte* I fled from the room. Fortunately, the conductor asked to hear the playback at a normal volume. Almost immediately he began to shake his head. "Can a record listener stand such a slow tempo?" Steinberg asked the first-desk men who had assembled in the control room. Before they could answer, he had his own reply. "In a concert it works. But there's a difference between the right tempo for a concert and the right tempo for a record." He listened for another minute or so. "Yes, it's too slow. If I were a record listener, this would make me nervous." The playback was stopped, and everybody filed out to try it again at a faster tempo.

After a long day of recording, all of Bruckner was "in the can." By then, Robert Russell Bennett and his wife had joined the party. Encountering him without forewarning, you would never take him for a musician. A chairman of the board, perhaps, a prominent civic leader, a retired Ivy League professor, but certainly not a composer. Appearances can be deceiving. Robert Russell Bennett is one of the great orchestral craftsmen of our time. He began writing arrangements for music publishers almost half a century ago and has been in high demand ever since as an orchestrator for Broadway shows.

"At one time," he reminisced over a pre-session breakfast, "I was working on more than twenty shows a season. People often ask me how many musicals I've orchestrated. I lost count years ago. It must be something like 250. But," he added, not without a touch of irony, "I have to tell you that I'm a real snob. I'm forever selling Broadway short. My musical education was rigorously traditional, and I always turn to the classics when I listen for my own pleasure. If a piece is signed Serge Prokofiev, I'll pay strict attention to it, even though the music may be worse than Irving Berlin's." Right now Robert Russell Bennett is hard at work on an opera, for which he has also written the libretto. His great ambition is to see it produced at the Metropolitan Opera.

Everyone agreed that Loewe-Bennett would be a cinch after the reefs and shoals of Bruckner. But it didn't turn out that way at all. To record *My Fair Lady* and its companion piece (a similar Bennett synthesis of *Sound of Music*) necessitated almost two hours of overtime—at $3,000 an hour. Part of the problem lay in the seating of the instrumentalists. What had previously worked out well for Beethoven, Brahms, and Bruckner did not work out at all well for Bennett. But eventually the pieces were completed to the composer's and conductor's satisfaction, and the results will be available this month on the Command label.

NOT LONG after the Pittsburgh sessions, Dr. Steinberg was appointed music director of the Boston Symphony, succeeding Erich Leinsdorf, who announced last December that he would resign at the end of the 1968–69 season because the orchestra's trustees had refused to reduce his workload. Steinberg's Boston contract runs for three seasons, beginning in September 1969. He will conduct about half of the orchestra's regular winter concerts and will also be on hand at Tanglewood for at least part of the summer season. At the same time, the Pittsburgh Symphony let it be known that Steinberg will continue at the helm for an indefinite number of seasons to come, providing over-all musical guidance and conducting a certain number of concerts. That would seem like quite an assignment for a man who will be seventy next summer, but the stocky Dr. Steinberg is celebrated for his stamina and reliable professionalism. Certainly, he doesn't appear a bit bothered at the prospect of carrying the artistic burden of two large orchestras on his shoulders.

The Boston Symphony's announcement ended a long period of speculation over who would be named Leinsdorf's successor. The world is full of glamorous young conductors today, and they were all rumored at one time or another as potential candidates for the Boston post. Britain's Colin Davis came up repeatedly as the most likely possibility, and there is good reason to believe that he was offered the job and turned it down. Similarly, there had been intense speculation over the successor to Leonard Bernstein, who also resigns—as music director of the New York Philharmonic—at the end of next season. The New York rumors were temporarily stilled by the appointment of George Szell as "music advisor and senior guest conductor" for an indefinite interim period. Dr. Szell too will continue to hold down his current responsibilities as music director of the Cleveland Orchestra, though he will be turning over an increasing number of concerts in the years ahead to guest conductor Pierre Boulez. At press time, the Chicago Symphony had yet to reveal the name of its next music director, but unofficial word had it that the job was going to fifty-six-year-old Georg Solti, who would conduct about half of the season's concerts. Chicago's earlier negotiations with Herbert von Karajan reportedly broke down over money.

The moral of all this would seem to be that the young conductors of whom we hear so much these days either cannot or will not assume the arduous responsibilities of directing a major American orchestra on a full-season basis. One of them, who shall remain nameless, told me that he considered this kind of life both personally onerous and musically debilitating. "No man," he insisted, "can be expected to bring a fresh, imaginative approach to so much music at so many concerts. It just doesn't make any sense." If this attitude is as general as it appears to be among the under-fifty generation of conductors, we are going to have to revise our notions about the future role of the music director in the American orchestral establishment. Meanwhile, a handful of veterans from Central Europe are temporarily holding the major forts.

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CIRCLE 100 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

KENWOOD TK-88 AM/FM STEREO RECEIVER TEST ADDENDUM

● IN OUR test of the Kenwood
(November, 1967), we found the F
tivity of the unit we checked to be
than rated. Since then we have teste
ple and are pleased to report that
sensitivity of the newer unit was 2
actly as rated by the manufacturer
distortion (at 100 per cent modulatio
per cent, measured a low 0.48 per ce

We noted in the earlier report tha
reduced sensitivity, the Kenwood TK
the better receivers we have tested.
improved performance makes it an ev

NOTES

FROM OUR CORRESPONDENTS

LONDON

Previn's Vaughan Williams Cycle Progresses Apace

André Previn, principal conductor-elect of the London Symphony Orchestra, has become the man of the hour in musical London. Conservative concertgoers may have been shaken to the core at the idea of a musician once so closely associated with pop and jazz taking over the country's most illustrious orchestra, but the players themselves, whatever their initial skepticism, have been long since won over. As the RCA people are not slow to point out, the first meeting between Previn and the LSO came about in 1964, through a recording session.

As a matter of fact, on this side of the Atlantic the American maestro's reputation still owes more to records than to concert appearances; and, as he himself is acutely aware, his recorded repertory is distinctly one-sided with its emphasis on high romantic music. That circumstance has not been entirely of his making, however, and he is now eager to prove, both on records and in concerts, how wide his sympathies actually are.

In the meantime he has been continuing his Vaughan Williams cycle with a recording of the Sixth Symphony. When I arrived at the sessions in Kingsway Hall, the Scherzo was under way—probably the noisiest movement that Vaughan Williams ever wrote. In rehearsing, Previn was determined to keep things as clear as possible, whatever the weight of orchestration. "Try to free the principal subjects as they come up," he urged the players before the first serious take; "then it won't degenerate into sheer noise." As it turned out, the take did not quite satisfy him. "I think the general hysteria was a little early!"—characteristic reaction of a man whose brain and emotions work with wonderfully clear interaction.

The session was typical of Previn/LSO meetings. He regards the group as a marvelous recording orchestra: "They can make such a brilliant sound so quickly, and they remember everything that went on in the rehearsal instantly." Previn's complete professionalism in rehearsing as well as his determination that all concerned should enjoy themselves has been the source of his success with this orchestra, which, like other British orchestras, is of course run by its members. As Previn sees it, lightheartedness never gets in the way of accomplishment; on the contrary, the occasional joke "makes us all work harder," for the LSO "likes to play when it is happy."

That statement suggests Previn's own positive love of rehearsing. He explains: "The best part of music is taking it apart, and if that can be done in an atmosphere of mutual respect, mutual interest, and mutual fun, then it becomes the best kind of music making." He doesn't insist on any *a priori* theories, for his experience in the film studios as a composer, always working against the clock, has given him, above all, practical know-how in dealing with all the eventualities that a conductor is apt to face. When it comes to recording, it is only a question of "taking the music apart" in a slightly different way, and unlike many artists he never feels nervous in the studio. "I've been on recording stages of various kinds my entire adult life, and so the business doesn't bother me."

Previn with the London Symphony: an orchestra that "likes to play when it is happy."

It was RCA recording manager Peter Dellheim who introduced Previn to the LSO for their first joint recording—the Second Symphony of Tchaikovsky and of Rachmaninoff. For the Vaughan Williams No. 6 Dellheim again sat in the director's seat, and during the takes often mumbled to himself like a race trainer putting his thoroughbred through its paces—a habit he is well aware of. Not that the thoroughbred in this case remained passive. "He wants to do it again!" Dellheim exclaimed in disbelief after one take he considered particularly good. Cunningly, he left any arguments about which version should be preferred until Previn was with him in the control room. At that point I myself managed to astonish both of them by producing my copy of the original edition of the score, which is minus quite a lot of the heavy brass in the Scherzo. "As though it wasn't heavy enough already," burst out Previn, "he went and added more." I ventured to suggest that they might consider recording the "Original *Fassung*" instead of the revision, but it seems *de rigueur* that Vaughan Williams (unlike Bruckner) be allowed his second thoughts.

Gould in Command. Another session for RCA a few days later brought Morton Gould to Watford Town Hall to conduct the Royal Philharmonic in the rarely heard Second and Third symphonies of Shostakovich. Though these works were largely unfamiliar to the orchestra—neither has ever been performed publicly in Britain—Gould coped very crisply with the job of getting both down on tape within four sessions. He started with a complete rehearsal of each Symphony, and then for the first recording session proper he concentrated on the choral passages concluding both these one-movement pieces. The chorus had been especially assembled by John McCarthy (the most expert organizer of professional choirs in Britain) on the basis of the "Russian-sounding" qualities of individual voices.

Even so, the singers needed skilled instruction in pronouncing the Russian texts, for the originals were adhered to. (Everyone had agreed that Soviet propaganda sounds slightly more palatable when you can't understand the language it's propounded in.) Symphony No. 2, celebrating the October Revolution, talks of sacrifice, while No. 3, more joyful and heroic, evokes a celebration of May Day. To coach the singers in the Slavic sounds, RCA had brought in the well-known conductor Igor Buketoff.

Klemperer Indisposed. It was only a few weeks after this veteran conductor had completed his recording of *The Fly-*

Continued on page 28

Make the intelligent switch to the newest idea in tape recording. The TDC33.

Once again Harman-Kardon has pioneered a totally new concept in home entertainment equipment. The TDC33 is the *first* combination receiver/tape deck ever made. What we've done is combined our superb 60 watt Nocturne solid state stereo receiver with our professional TD3 three-head stereo tape deck in a handsome compact walnut enclosure. Now, for the first time, all of the music you could want is right at your fingertips. You can tape music off the air in stereo at the flip of a switch. Add a turntable and you can tape records as easily as you play them. Use microphones and you can quickly and easily create an exciting stereo tape library from "live" sound sources.

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The TDC33 fills an important gap for people who now own outdated vacuum tube high fidelity equipment. If you're one of those people who has considered converting your system to solid state, the TDC33 is the ideal product for you. You probably own a record playing device and speakers. Simply replace your old tube preamplifier, amplifier, FM tuner or receiver with the TDC33. You'll not only have an extraordinary solid state receiver, but a professional quality tape deck as well.

The TDC33 employs the latest solid state technology including a MOSFET front end and integrated circuits. It will pull in FM stations you didn't even know were on the dial with unprecedented clarity and fidelity. The tape deck used in the TDC33 features die cast metal frame construction to insure critical alignment of moving parts, a one micron gap playback head that permits extended response beyond the range found in conventional tape decks, and double permalloy shielding that allows improved stereophonic separation throughout the entire audio range.

In sum, the TDC33 represents a bold new idea in home entertainment equipment—the control center for a complete solid state home music system *plus* a totally versatile home recording studio. All in one compact package.

We suggest you see and hear it soon.

For more information write: Harman-Kardon, Inc., 55 Ames Court, Plainview, N.Y. 11803, Dept. HF-7

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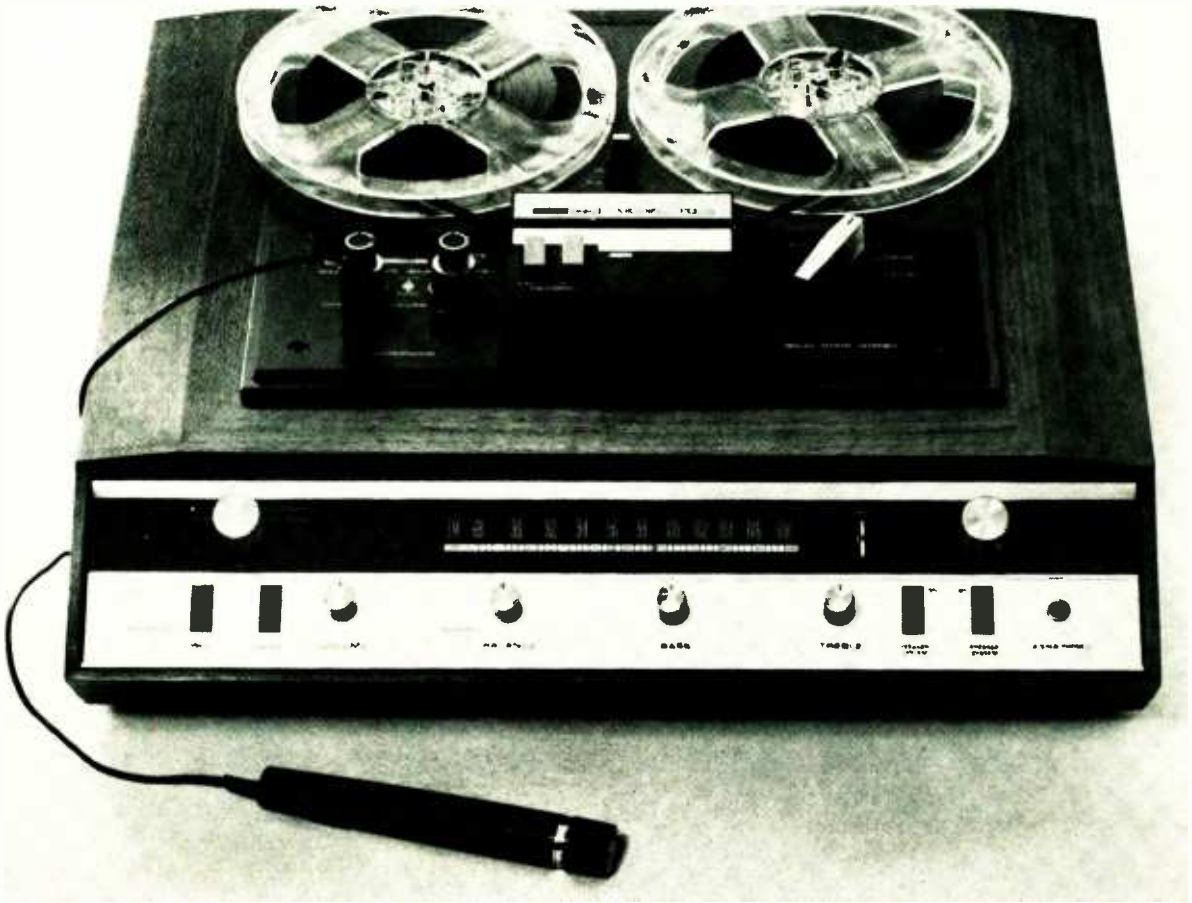


CIRCLE 20 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

NOTES FROM OUR CORESPONDENTS

Continued from page 26

ing Dutchman that he returned to the EMI Studios in St. John's Wood to do Richard Strauss's *Don Quixote* with Jacqueline du Pré taking the cello solo, and Herbert Downes, the leading viola in the New Philharmonia Orchestra, in the role of Sancho Panza. It was a sad and frustrating occasion. Klemperer got through two purely orchestral sessions quite happily; then on the Sunday morning—the first session at which Miss du Pré, freshly arrived from New York, was available—he said he felt tired. He handed over his baton to his assistant conductor—on this occasion Laszlo Heltay—and valiantly stayed on for a while before being helped to his car. By the following day he had not recovered. The remaining sessions were canceled, and the concert performance at the Royal Festival Hall was taken over at the last minute by the still sprightly Sir Adrian Boult—a 79-year-old deputizing for an octogenarian! Unfortunately, it does not look as though Klemperer will be able to return to *Don Quixote* for some time, since New Philharmonia recordings are nowadays so closely linked to more or less concurrent concert performances.

Footnotes. Naturally, EMI did not waste the sessions that had been scheduled for the Strauss work. Daniel Barenboim stepped in with husbandly promptness to conduct for Jacqueline du Pré in the Schumann Cello Concerto. There was only enough time to complete the first movement, but there are no worries about fitting in sessions to complete it.

The latest news from Philips is that Colin Davis has been commissioned to record a cycle of Berlioz' major works in honor of the composer's centenary next year. Included will be *The Damnation of Faust*, the Requiem, and—so it is rumored—the long awaited complete recording of *Les Troyens*.

EDWARD GREENFIELD

CHICAGO

Stokowski And the Russians

"Shostakovich, *L'Age d'or*, second movement, insert one, take one." The voice was that of RCA Victor producer Howard Scott speaking over the intercom. Back came the reply from Leopold Stokowski on the podium: "Don't be so formal!"

The setting was Medinah Temple, an exuberantly neo-Moorish extravaganza of a building in downtown Chicago usually employed for Masonic purposes. The occasion was a historic one: Stokowski's first recording date with the Chicago Symphony in his sixty years of conducting.

The all-Russian album on the docket was to be made up of the three works that had formed the previous week's subscription concerts—Shostakovich's Sixth Symphony and *Golden Age* Ballet Suite and Khachaturian's Third Symphony—with Rimsky-Korsakov's *Russian Easter* Overture to back the Khachaturian on the second LP.

Apart from an occasional quip, the session was one of the most uneventful I've ever attended. There was no temperament and not even much conversation. The maestro worked quietly and steadily, generally aiming for very long takes—the Khachaturian stopped only for a tape change—and afterwards going quickly through a list of necessary "repairs." The result was that by the end of the second session all four pieces were fully "covered," leaving one tension-free session available to do the whole program over again.

The inclusion of the Shostakovich Sixth Symphony should provide a valuable addition to the catalogues, for this is a fine work with a wide range of expression from tragedy to snook-cocking circus humor, and until now there has been no fully satisfactory modern version available. With No. 13 recently released on Everest, and Morton Gould currently engaged on a disc of Nos. 2 and 3 for RCA in London, the entire Shostakovich symphonic *oeuvre* will soon be obtainable on record for the first time.

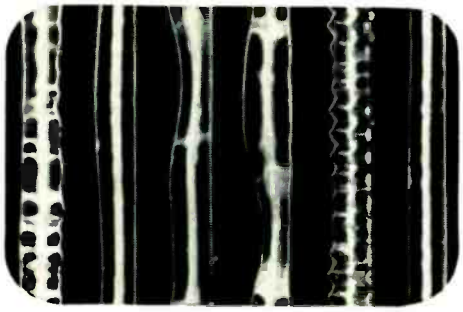
The Khachaturian Third Symphony,

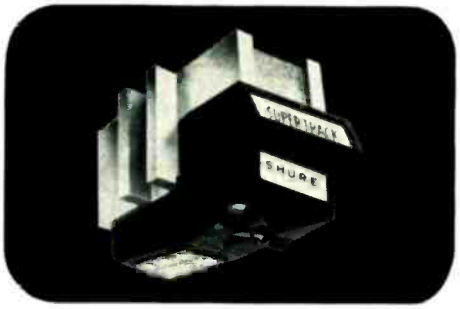
Continued on page 30

CLOSE THE TRACKABILITY GAP

(AND YOU'LL HEAR THE DIFFERENCE)

The photomicrograph above portrays an errant, hard-to-track castanet sound in an otherwise conservatively modulated recording. The somewhat more heavily modulated grooves shown below are an exhilarating combination of flutes and maracas with a low frequency rhythm complement from a recording cut at sufficiently high velocity to deliver precise and definitive intonation, full dynamic range, and optimum signal-to-noise ratio. Neither situation is a rarity, far from it. They are the very essence of today's highest fidelity recordings. But when played with an ordinary "good" quality cartridge, the stylus invariably loses contact with these demanding grooves—the castanets sound raspy, while the flute and maracas sound fuzzy, leaden, and "torn apart." Increasing tracking weight to *force* the stylus to stay in the groove will literally shave off the groove walls. Only the High Trackability V-15 Type II Super-Track® cartridge will consistently and effectively track all the grooves in today's recordings at record-saving less-than-one-gram force . . . even with cymbals, orchestral bells, and other difficult to track instruments. It will preserve the fidelity and reduce distortion from all your records, old and new. Not so surprisingly, every independent expert and authority who tested the Super Track agrees.





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CIRCLE 40 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

NOTES FROM OUR CORESPONDENTS

Continued from page 28

of which the performance five days earlier was the American premiere, is not actually new—it was composed in 1947 for the thirtieth anniversary of the October Revolution. Its exorbitant physical requirements may be partly responsible for the delay—the brass-happy scoring outdoes even Janáček's celebrated Sinfonietta, calling for a group of fifteen solo trumpets and an organ in addition to, and placed apart from, the main orchestral body. Whether or not the musical material is substantial enough to carry this imposing sonic superstructure, the sheer *élan* of the piece is exactly of the sort to appeal to Stokowski, and the orchestra responded electrically to him.

Acoustics and Such. Why Medinah Temple and not Orchestra Hall? Well, RCA does all its Chicago Symphony recordings in Medinah now, and Stokowski was outspoken in his criticism of the effect recent acoustic "improvements" have had on the Symphony's own home. "Medinah has a much better sound," he said. "I wish we could give concerts as well as record here."

Certainly the sound I heard in the control room seemed to me among the best the engineers have achieved with the Chicago in recent years. Contributing technical factors, no doubt, were RCA's four-track stereo recording process, and the use of the company's own new tape. Only fifty experimental reels had been manufactured to date, but everyone agreed that the signal-to-noise ratio has been greatly improved.

At 10:00 p.m. the orchestral players went their tired way home. But the 85-year-old conductor stayed another hour, listening to a selection of takes as he sipped cognac from an elegant glass. "It's American cognac," he said; "better cognac is made in America than they make even in France, in my opinion."

BERNARD JACOBSON

High Fidelity, July 1968, Vol. 18, No. 7. Published monthly by Billboard Publications, Inc., publisher of Billboard, Vend, Amusement Business, Merchandising Week, American Artist, and Modern Photography. **High Fidelity/Musical America** Edition published monthly. Member Audit Bureau of Circulations.

Editorial correspondence should be addressed to The Editor, High Fidelity, Great Barrington, Mass. 01230. Editorial contributions will be welcomed. Payment for articles accepted will be arranged prior to publication. Unsolicited manuscripts should be accompanied by return postage.

Subscriptions should be addressed to High Fidelity, 2160 Patterson St., Cincinnati, O. 45214. Subscription rates: High Fidelity/Musical America: In the U.S.A. and its Possessions, 1 year $12; elsewhere, 1 year $13. National and other editions published monthly: In the U.S.A. and its Possessions, 1 year $7; elsewhere, 1 year $8.

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Most of the features of this $89.50 Dual were designed for more expensive Duals.

You'd expect a big difference in performance between the $129.50 Dual, the $109.50 Dual, and the $89.50 Dual.

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The higher-priced models have a few more features, but no more precision. Play all three through comparable hi-fi systems and we defy you to tell which is which, from the sound alone.

To achieve this similarity, Dual simply did what other manufacturers would get sued for doing. We copied the most expensive Dual.

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So, though we're about to describe the $89.50 Dual, the Model 1015, everything we say about it is also true of the more expensive Duals.

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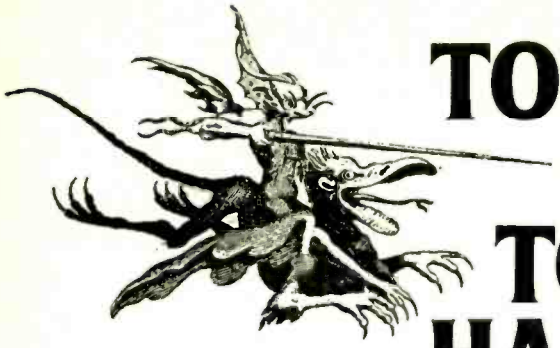
The motor maintains constant speed within 0.1% even if line voltage varies from 80 to 135 volts.

Rumble, wow and flutter are inaudible, even at the highest volume levels.

If all we say about the $89.50 Dual is true, you may wonder why anyone would pay the extra $40 for the Dual 1019.

Perhaps there's something appealing about owning the very best there is.

United Audio Products, Inc., 535 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Dual 1015



TOO HOT TO HANDLE

My ADC 10/E pickup sounded great for six months until I accidentally let it scrape across a record, after which its stylus became bent and the cartridge itself began scraping the record. I liked the cartridge's performance but I can't see shelling out another $25 for a replacement stylus if it's going to fold up on me again. Was my pickup a fluke or are they all like this?—Joe Spaline, Portland, Me.

We've heard that a number of 10/Es suffer from this weakness, which may become apparent after a period of use. However, you can replace the stylus assembly with ADC's new and more rugged R/12-E stylus assembly, which has a built-in restoring spring. The new stylus assembly is gold; the old one, the R/11-E, was silver and we don't recommend it. ADC is now marketing the same cartridge, but with the new stylus, as the 10/E-Mark II, which is not only a stronger cartridge but a smoother-responding one (see our test report published this past March). You might also try writing the manufacturer, Audio Dynamics Corp., Pickett District Road, New Milford, Conn. 06776. As with most reputable high fidelity manufacturers, if you can convince him the trouble was his fault more than yours, he may fix or replace the stylus assembly at cost. At least it's worth a try.

I would like your unqualified opinion about whether or not the Sherwood S9500 70-watt amplifier can drive a main set of 8-ohm 15-watt speakers and a remote set of 8-ohm 15-watt speakers at the same time.—Joseph W. Horry, Jr., New York, N. Y.

We don't understand what you mean by "15-watt speakers." If you mean that they are recommended for use with 15-watt-per-channel amplifiers, then the S9500 is fine for them. If you mean that the speakers need a minimum of 15 watts to function properly, then we'd have to qualify the answer. Here's why: the 70-watt rating of the S9500 (actually, 35 watts per channel) is for music power into a 4-ohm load. Okay, if you connect your 8-ohm speakers on each channel in parallel, they will present a 4-ohm load to each channel of the amplifier. Each speaker then will be able to draw 17.5-watts music power from the amplifier, which should be enough to drive them adequately. If, however, these speakers are of very low efficiency and their "15-watt" rating indicated a minimum requirement for appreciable volume rather than a statement of their power-handling capacity, then we would suggest a more powerful amplifier.

I've narrowed my choice of tape recorder to either the Viking 423 with two heads or the 433 with three heads. The latter costs $100 more. What do you recommend?—Harold Cooper, New York, N. Y.

The Viking 433, with three heads, permits direct monitoring of a tape as it is being recorded (on the 423, as with any deck that has a combined record/playback head, you can only monitor the signal going into the recorder, not how well the recorder is taking it down at the time). The 433 also permits multiple-track recording, echo effects, and signal mixing with built-in controls. We'd say that if your recording plans are modest, the 423 will do nicely. For more versatile recording, choose the 433.

Last year I bought a KLH Model 20 compact phonograph system because it had been recommended by HIGH FIDELITY. Lately I've noticed that my favorite records are starting to sound a bit fuzzy and I'm wondering whether the Model 20 might be wearing out my records. I thought that today's lightweight pickups wouldn't damage records and you could keep on hearing them even after many playings. (A couple of records I played maybe twenty-five times or more.) Isn't the KLH good enough, or is it just my set, or what?—Mildred R. Fisher, San Jose, Calif.

Not only KLH's but many of today's popular modular systems, as well as other turntables with spring adjusted arms, are found when they're unpacked to have stylus pressures set somewhat higher than that recommended by the manufacturer. It is not impossible, though far from certain, that this might cause a record to sound "fuzzy" if played often enough. (We know of no scientific experiments that have conclusively shown the exact correlation. Remember too that "fuzzy" sound could be due to anything from dirt on the stylus tip to wax in one's ears.) Anyway, the Model 20s are set at the recommended 3 grams at the factory by means of the spring adjustments on the arm. However, as we've found with many such arms, the springs get a little tired in transit, or somebody may have gotten a little tired at the plant, because when we check them, the stylus force may be up to 5 grams. Get a stylus pressure gauge and make sure the pressure is 3 grams by using the adjustment on the arm as explained in the owner's manual. And recheck it every six months.

Can I use a Dynaco tuner with a Harman-Kardon amplifier? — Jonathan Roberts, Clayton, Mo.

You certainly could—though neither Harman-Kardon nor Dynaco would be happy about it.

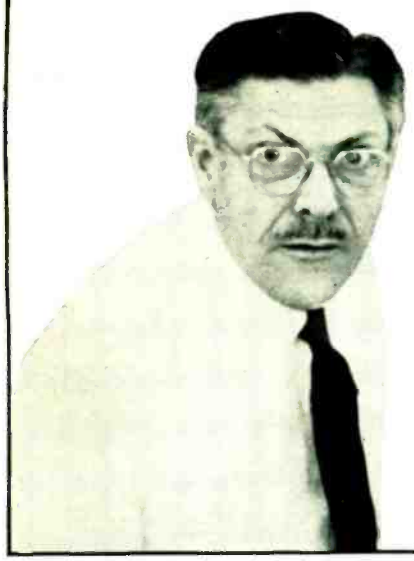
I've owned a Thorens TD-124 fitted with a 16-inch Ortofon arm for about ten years, and it still performs, for my money, very well. However, under pressure from my wife I've finally decided to install it in a cabinet. The trouble is, none of the cabinets I've seen has room for a table with a 16-inch arm. What should I do?—Bill Greenfield, New York, N. Y.

We know of no commercially built cabinets that provide enough room for a turntable with a 16-inch arm. Either get a cabinet and modify it to allow the extra space for the arm, or change to a standard 12-inch arm. The fact is, there are 12-inch arms now available, including the recent Ortofon itself, that will perform as well as, or better than, your old 16-inch model (unless you are actually using 16-inch-diameter transcription discs????).

I own a Miracord 50-H automatic turntable with a Shure V-15 cartridge. I understand that this changer is designed to produce the correct stylus angle, etc. on the third record. (Could you verify this?) However, I always use the turntable in the single-play mode, and I would like to know if adding a turntable pad (such as the type that comes with the AR turntable) would provide any benefits such as decreased record wear or increased stylus life. I have a static problem and I would hope that such a pad would reduce static without causing any ill effects if not producing benefits.—Charles C. Kuehn, Lockport, N. Y.

Somebody (or bodies) must be feeding you half-truths and misinformation. To begin with, on any of the better automatic players the most that the vertical angle of the stylus will change, from one record on the platter to a 1-inch high stack, is about six degrees. In our view, this is negligible. As for the difference between one or three records, forget it.

It won't hurt, of course, to add a pad to any turntable and indeed such a pad can often minimize static charges on the record which result from ordinary friction (including the very inserting and removing of a record from its liner) and which become intensified in relatively dry environments.



Why is the best behaved speaker made to stand in the corner?

An interview with the man who put it there— Paul Klipsch, designer and builder of the world-renowned KLIPSCHORN.

Q. What about it, Mr. Klipsch? — Why the corner?

*A. Any speaker operates better in a corner. But the Klipschorn was designed to make maximum use of the mirror image effect of corner walls and floor. Also it provides the radiation angle of high frequency speaker elements which uniformly covers the entire room. There are many other advantages, covered in my technical paper "Corner Speaker Placement."**

Q. But in stereo, corner placement sometimes puts the flanking speakers so far apart.

*A. Yes, and that is good. At Bell Telephone Laboratories, the fountainhead of stereo knowledge, a spacing of 42 feet was used. With our wide stage stereo, we have used as much as 50' spacing and yet could pinpoint a soloist or small ensemble accurately in their original positions. In a typical room 14' x 17', for example, the 17' wall is apt to be best for a stereo array. See my technical paper "Wide Stage Stereo."**

Q. You mentioned your "Wide Stage Stereo." Is that different from regular stereo?

A. Yes. Ordinary stereo might typically comprise two speakers six feet apart. I never heard a symphony orchestra six feet wide. The reproduced stage width is only as wide as the speaker spacing. With speakers 20 feet apart, the listener may subtend 90° of angle, typical of what he'd hear at a concert. By bridging a center speaker across the two stereo channels, one creates a solid sound curtain (some people call this a phantom center channel), and one hears a string quartet or a soloist or a large musical group in proper geometry. This is covered in in technical papers: "Circuits for Three-Channel Stereophonic Playback Derived from Two Sound Tracks," "Stereophonic Localization" and "Stereophonic Geometry Tests." Also for reference, I recommend Bell Telephone Laboratories' "Symposium on Auditory Perspective," 1934.*

Q. You lean pretty heavily on Bell Laboratories, don't you?

A. It would be foolish not to. Their engineers have been doing serious research in the audio field for over fifty years.

Q. Back to the KLIPSCHORN, haven't better ways been found of reproducing sound than with a large corner horn?

A. I've kept a notebook through the years, and one of my favorite pages is titled "Graveyard of Major Breakthroughs in Speaker Design." The corner horn, of optimum size, is so fundamental in design that it is no more likely to change than the shape of a grand piano.

Q. I take it you foresee no major changes in the KLIPSCHORN.

A. Not until the immutable laws of physics are revoked.

Q. Why have you stuck to making speakers rather than expanding into amplifier manufacturing?

A. The audible difference between a $200 and a $500 amplifier is almost negligible. But the difference between speakers in those price brackets is startling. That's why speakers occupy most of my attention.

Q. We notice the KLIPSCHORN has a new mid-range horn. What happened to the old one?

*A. It was the standard of the industry for 18 years and is still widely copied. But the new K-400 has narrowed even further the gap between performance and perfect reproduction. It is described in the technical paper, "A New High Frequency Horn."**

Q. Mr. Klipsch, for answers to questions, you apparently are fond of quoting technical papers.

A. I like answers which are supported by solid research, not by editorial mumbo-jumbo.

***The technical papers listed above are among a set of 17 which we offer for $3.50. They include the Bell Laboratories' reprint.**

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Please send me complete information on the KLIPSCHORN loudspeaker system. Also include the name of my nearest Klipsch Authorized Audio Expert.

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CIRCLE 25 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

BY ROBERT ANGUS

VIDEO TOPICS

Fun and Games With Your VTR

PUBLIC EVENTS OF ENORMOUS significance have been happening thick and fast the first six months of this year. There was President Johnson's surprise announcement on March 31 that he would not seek re-election. There were the political upsets in the New Hampshire, Wisconsin, and Massachusetts primaries. There was, appallingly, the assassination of Dr. Martin Luther King. There were the pre-echoes of the political conventions.

This year, home videotape offers yet unparalleled opportunities to tape the sounds and sights of history in the making. Moreover, the individual interested in hunting and gathering this kind of material will find that it requires little more effort than tuning in a TV newscast—particularly if his videocorder has a built-in monitor, such as my Sony has. Huntley and Brinkley or Walter Cronkite even replay the more significant events at a time convenient for videotaping.

Collecting pictorial history is only one of the uses I've found for my videotape recorder. I've discovered that the Sony—particularly the portable model—is ideal for fun and games. Try it for putting life into a party: with a portable you can easily produce your own version of "Candid Camera"—or you can do almost as well by concealing a camera and a full-sized recorder like the Ampex behind a curtain, and then provoking your guests into doing ridiculous things within camera range. The fact that with most cameras you don't need special lighting contributes to your guests' surprise when they later see themselves cavorting on the screen. If you don't believe in concealed cameras, drag yours right out into the living room. You'll find that somebody just has to do his Johnny Carson imitation, while one of your female guests will inevitably do her impression of Barbra Streisand.

Old-fashioned party games benefit from VTR too. We recently used ours for charades—videotaping the acting-out of the title of a book, musical, or movie, then playing the tapes and letting viewers try to guess the title. On another occasion our version of "What's My Line" featured such video heroes as the sufferer from nasal congestion of the Dristan commercial, one of those women whose kitchens is invaded by a dove, and one of Jonathan Winters' many characters. Each was shown minus sound and with as little identification as possible. One of our guests was elected to play the role of the videotaped personality. We played the tape so that actor and panel could view the situation, then gave the actor a few minutes to create a character, a profession, and some amusing answers from what he had seen. If your recorder is coupled directly to a TV set, you can tape simplified versions of this from the "Early Show" (Cary Grant as a traveling salesman, or Bette Davis as a reformed prostitute).

Television, in fact, is a virtually endless source of material for VTR fun and games. For example, everybody has seen the commercial featuring the advice-to-the-lovelorn columnist, but how many people remember which mouthwash she's peddling? Everybody has seen commercials for the oil companies' giveaways, but who can remember which game goes with which advertiser? Our party game consists of taping six or eight of the most objectionable commercials, stripping them of their product identity by editing out the manufacturer's logo or voice announcement, then asking guests to pair commercials with sponsors.

Commercials shorn of their sound are fun for the kids, who like to play announcer. Most kids know most commercials by heart anyway, so it's no great trick for them to mime along with Ajax's White Knight.

CIRCLE 45 ON READER-SERVICE CARD→

You get what you pay for.

Four heads, 4 track, 2 channel. A 7" maximum reel size. Tape speeds 7½ and 3¾ ips (0.5%). A dual speed hysteresis synchronous motor for capstan drive and a pair of eddy current outer-rotor motors for reel drive. Exclusive Phase Sensing Auto Reverse (so you'll never need sensing foil for automatic reverse play). Exclusive Symetrical Control System, a soft-touch control operation for fast-winding in both tape directions, plus playback and stop.

Four TEAC-built tape heads in a removable unit. Tape tension control switch. Independent LINE and MIC input controls. 100 KHz bias frequency. A pair of jumbo VU meters. An optional remote control unit. An optional repeat play unit. Polished walnut cabinet.

And these tested performance specifications:
Wow and flutter: 7½ ips: 0.08%; 3¾ ips: 0.12%. **Frequency Response:** 7½ ips: 30 to 20,000 Hz (2 dB 45 to 15,000 Hz). 3¾ ips: 40 to 14,000 Hz (2 dB 50 to 10,000 Hz). **SN Ratio:** 55 dB. **Crosstalk:** 50 dB channel to channel at 1,000 Hz. 40 dB between adjacent tracks at 100 Hz. **Input:** (microphone): 10,000 ohms—0.5 mV minimum. (line): 300,000 ohms—0.1 mV minimum. **Output:** 1 volt for load impedance 10,000 ohms or more.

At the price of $664.50, the **A-6010** might be a little too rich for your taste. Unless your teste just happens to run to extraordinary tape performance.

TEAC®

TEAC CORPORATION OF AMERICA 1547 18th St. Santa Monica, Calif. 90404
Available in Canada through American General Supply of Canada Ltd., 5500 Fullum St., Montreal

NEWS&VIEWS

Sylvania Launches New Concept In Sight-and-Sound Entertainment

Rising interest in video as part of the home entertainment center is reflected in Sylvania's "Color Slide Theatre." Somewhat more than its name suggests, this new product is a regular color TV receiver combined with a built-in slide projection system and tape cassette recorder. The projection system includes a circular tray that holds eighty slides which are electronically scanned and presented on the TV screen. The cassette unit has a built-in sync device that lets you add your own recorded material (via the mike supplied) plus a change signal so that running the cassette will control your slide show. The cassette machine also plays prerecorded tapes through the TV set. It cannot, however, tape the sound portion of TV shows; it is wired into the set in such a way that turning it on cancels the receiver's incoming TV signals.

The integration of slide projection and color video screen presentation is intriguing: the scanner reads each slide with a moving light beam that breaks down the slide into the TV primary colors of blue, green, and red. Other circuits convert these colors into video signals which are fed into the TV set and displayed on its screen. Although focusing of the slide is done automatically by the spot scanner, the viewer still can adjust the set's color and brightness controls to regulate the slide presentation. The TV set itself is a 295-square-inch

screen model with automatic fine tuning. All components are housed in a console available in either traditional or contemporary style. List price is $995. According to a report by one of our staffers who attended a demonstration of the new Sylvania, the color slide presentation was nearly as good as what you'd see by using a top slide projector and screen, and the cassette-with-narration-synchronized worked well.

New Law May Affect Hi-Fi Labeling

When Congress passed the Fair Packaging and Labeling Act last year, nobody thought it would affect the hi-fi buyer. Aimed primarily against alleged abuses in the packaging of detergents, cereals, and instant coffee, the law seemed designed mainly to help the housewife in the supermarket.

Now it appears that the hi-fi buyer may reap some benefits, too. The Federal Trade Commission, which is charged with enforcing the new regulations, plans to investigate a number of nonfood items (such as raw and prerecorded tape, record and tape cleaners and cleaner kits, and possibly long-playing records) to see whether they are "consumer commodities" within the meaning of the law.

If the FTC decides they are, we may witness some important audio side effects. For example, the law requires every package to contain a declaration of the street address, city, state, and zip code, as well as the name of the manufacturer or distributor. In effect, therefore, it would require "white box" (scrap or reject) recording tape to carry an identification of the manufacturer or distributor—someone the customer could complain to if he were dissatisfied. Until now, manufacturers have avoided identifying their white box merchandise because they know it's bad enough to cause consumer complaints.

The FTC also could have something to say about those seven-inch packages of prerecorded tape which, when opened, reveal only 150 to 200 feet of tape. The law requires that a package may be only big enough to hold the contents—not so much larger as to lead the consumer into assuming he's getting a lot more for his money. Although the record industry is expected to object, the FTC may even question, on the same grounds, the use of twelve-inch LPs to hold less than thirty minutes' worth of music.

So far, tape and record manufacturers have argued that these products are not "consumed" during normal use, within the meaning of the law. Unless the FTC agrees, it intends to start enforcing the new label orders on January 1, 1969.

Continued on page 38

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.

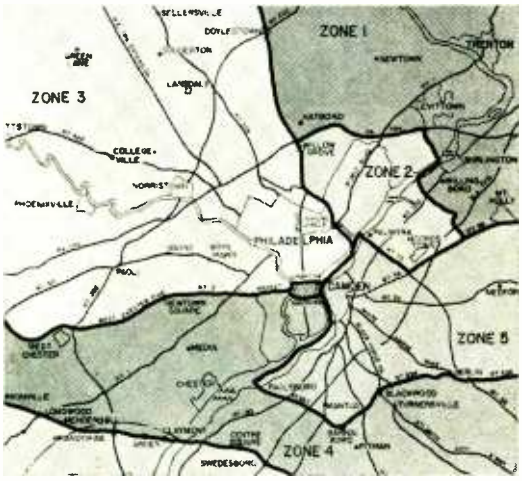
But there is much more that goes into making a Marantz a Marantz. That's why your local franchised Marantz dealer will be pleased to furnish you with complete details together with a demonstration. Then let your ears make up your mind.

marantz®

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

Jerrold Maps Aid Antenna Selection

On the theory that every community has its own TV and FM stereo reception problems, Jerrold Electronics has updated its Matched Area Antenna Program (MAAP). The program provides Jerrold antenna dealers with a manual which includes maps of the local area large enough in scale so that the customer can pick out his own neighborhood. The maps, prepared in



advance by Jerrold field engineers using truck-mounted antennas and field strength meters, show reception conditions and difficult areas. The dealer, by checking the zones indicated on the map, can determine which type of antenna will provide maximum reception without ever leaving his store.

CIRCLE 152 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

Tape Catalogues Help—Somewhat

Although there's no real equivalent in the tape field for the comprehensive Schwann Catalog of Long-Playing Records, the catalogues published by M & N. Harrison, Inc., are about as complete and accurate as any. The Harrison Catalog of Stereo 4-track Tapes and the Harrison Stereo 8 Catalog are similar in format to Schwann. The former covers not only reel-to-reel tapes, but four-track cartridges and cassettes. It's issued five times a year, and is available from your local tape dealer at 35 cents a copy. The Stereo 8 Catalog appears every month, costs 25 cents, and lists only eight-track cartridges. If your dealer is out of stock, try the publisher directly for a sample copy. The address is 274 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10016.

There are at least two other catalogues, neither as comprehensive as Harrison's. Listen, published six times a year at 1808 Rittenhouse Square, Philadelphia, Pa. 19103, has the virtue of listing all the available tape forms of any recording all in one place. Available from tape dealers for 35 cents, it covers four- and eight-track cartridges, reel-to-reel and cassette recordings in adjacent columns. But in striving for compactness, Listen has sacrificed correct catalogue numbers, particularly for reel-to-reel and cassette tapes. The Glass List, a publication similar to Listen, was not at hand at press time.

Whichever catalogue you use, take note that it may list some titles that aren't available. The catalogues are based on lists containing selections that may be planned for eventual release but which, for one reason or another, never actually get off the ground. In any case, we've found that the Harrison catalogue listings are the most consistent with what you can buy at your dealer's.

EQUIPMENT *in the* NEWS

FISHER ANNOUNCES LOW-COST RECEIVER

Low cost and push-button tuning are highlights of Fisher's new model 160-T receiver. Listing for $199.95, the set combines a 40-watt (music power) stereo amplifier with a stereo FM tuner that lets the user pick five stations, preset them, and then receive them by the push-buttons. The tuner also may be operated manually across the FM band. The 160-T features a stereo indicator and the usual array of controls, inputs, and outputs.

CIRCLE 145 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

ADC OFFERS NEW SPEAKERS

Two new bookshelf loudspeaker systems from Audio Dynamics are the ADC-400, a full-sized system, and the ADC-2000, an economy model. The former includes a 10-inch woofer, 6-inch midrange driver, and Mylar-domed tweeter in a box measuring 25 by 14½ by 11⅞ inches. Rated at 10 watts, it has a powerhandling capacity of up to 60 watts, according to the manufacturer. The rear panel contains a three-position treble switch to match room acoustics. Price: $159.50. The ADC-200, priced at $79.50, measures 19 by 10½ by 8 inches and includes a tweeter and 6-inch cone woofer. Power requirements are said to be 6 watts to a maximum of 60 watts.

CIRCLE 146 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

SCOTT EXTENDS WARRANTY

H. H. Scott has extended the warranty on all its 1968 models to two years. Included are components, kits, speaker systems, consoles, and stereo compacts. According to the company, the warranty includes both parts and labor. Standard warranties cover parts for ninety days to five years, and labor for only ninety days.

CIRCLE 153 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

Continued on page 40

"we love you, dear Dyna..."

March 11, 1968
Furugränd 6
Umeå 5, Sweden

Dear Sirs:

I thought I ought to drop you a line to tell you about our adventures with your excellent amplifier Mark III. Having read the specifications and the test results of the Mark III, we (a very unknown and inexperienced pop-group) bought two amplifiers to use them as singing-amps. The very first thing that struck us after having connected the loudspeakers was the absence of distortion, though we didn't understand it at first, so we thought something was wrong and turned on the volume control to the maximum position, switched on a microphone and shouted something. Having bought new loudspeakers and ear-drums, we learned how to operate it. On our way to a performance, our trailer was practically crushed by an irritated truck which didn't approve of pop-music. We got out of the car and looked at the mess. One of the Mark III's was lying under a 100-pound loudspeaker and I pulled it out with my head turned away to be spared from the sight of my dear late lamented amplifier. However, the only visible damage was a dent on the cover, but I was sure no electronic device could work after such a violent treatment. I started looking for the other one but in vain, until our lead guitarist went out into the forest beside the road (why, he doesn't want me to say) and found the amp in a pine tree, nicely seated between two branches after a flight of about 100 feet. We loaded the equipment on the truck which took us the remaining way to the town where we were to play. Putting the things up on the stage our road manager somehow managed to drop the airplane-Mark III from the 3 feet high stage on to the floor. The last fragments of hope that at least one amp would be fit for fight disappeared. However, we plugged in both of them just for fun. They both worked, our bass guitarist fainted and our drummer promised never to touch another glass of whiskey. Well, I hope you are flattered, you ought to be, I mean having turned our drummer a tetotaller and all. All bad joking apart, we love you, dear Dyna Company, your Mark III is the best amplifier on earth. I'm willing to bet my last cent on that. We wish you all luck and want you to know that we really appreciate your products.

Best wishes,

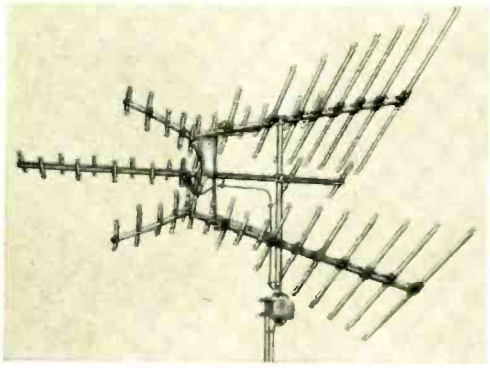
Lars Back

Lars Back

The Mark III hasn't changed since it was introduced 11 years ago. Even the price is the same—$79.95. Your high fidelity specialist will be pleased to demonstrate Dynaco amplifiers, preamps, and FM tuners. They have achieved world-wide recognition for unsurpassed excellence at prices to fit every budget. Complete specifications are available on request.

DYNACO INC. 3060 JEFFERSON STREET, PHILADELPHIA, PA. 19121
IN EUROPE WRITE: DYNACO A/S, HUMLUM, STRUER, DENMARK

Continued from page 38



NOVEL ANTENNA

This unusual-looking antenna from Winegard is designed to pull in tough, far-away TV channels while simultaneously eliminating interference from such sources as airplanes, cars, and diathermy machines. The SC-1000 Super Colortron antenna sells for $100 and has separate VHF and UHF sections.

According to the manufacturer, a system of vertical beam phasing for each VHF channel effectively shuts out interference while increasing the VHF capture area and power gain. Highly directional, the SC-1000 has a VHF impedance of 300 ohms and a two-year replacement warranty.

CIRCLE 147 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

BENJAMIN SHOWS NEW COMPACT

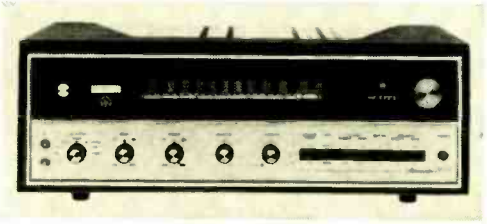
The newest Benjamin stereo modular compact is the Model 1030, a 50-watt (IHF) stereo AM/FM receiver and Miracord 620 automatic turntable with Elac 244 cartridge housed in a walnut base. Selling for $439.50, it comes with two matched EMI loudspeakers. Available as an optional extra is a cassette tape recorder on a slide-out drawer for an additional $139.50.

CIRCLE 148 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

NEW BOGEN RECEIVER

The most powerful receiver yet announced by Bogen is the new RX200, a 120-watt (music power, IHF) stereo FM/AM unit. It features all-silicon solid-state design, push-button mode selectors, flywheel tuning, field effect transistors, illuminated tuning meter, and stereo beacon. Rated harmonic distortion is 0.8 per cent at full output, and frequency response is claimed to be flat within 1 dB from 10 to 35,000 Hz. Price is $369.95.

CIRCLE 149 ON READER-SERVICE CARD



NEW SCOTT MODELS

Latest stereo FM tuners from Scott are the top-of-the-line 312D and its kit version, the LT-112B-1. Both feature a silver-plated FET front end with integrated circuit IF strip, and automatic stereo switching. A front-panel control allows the tuner's meter to be used to indicate center-channel tuning, signal strength, or multipath distortion, and a test output is provided for connecting an oscilloscope. The 312D includes a front-panel headphone jack with individual volume controls for each channel; the LT-112B-1 has a front-panel tape jack. To simplify construction, the kit's critical circuitry is preassembled and all wires cut to the proper length. Rated usable sensitivity of the 312D, which retails at $319.95, is 1.7 microvolts; that of the LT-112B-1, which sells for $199.95, is 1.8 microvolts. The 312D is also available with a control amplifier in receiver form as the 120-watt 348B (at $499.95) or the 388B with wideband AM tuner (at $539.95).

CIRCLE 150 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

MODULAR MIKES

A modular condenser microphone system built around a preamplifier with FETs has been announced by AKG. According to the makers, the C-451E preamplifier can be fed by virtually any amplifier. Operating voltage is limited to 9.1 volts, independent of supply voltage, which can range from 7.5 to 52 volts. The Condenser Microphone Modular System (CMS) offers several interchangeable pickup capsules such as the cardioid (CK-1), omnidirectional (CK-2), a switchable capsule which permits the user to alter pickup pattern during use (CK-6), and a shot-gun attachment for eliminating interference (CK-9).

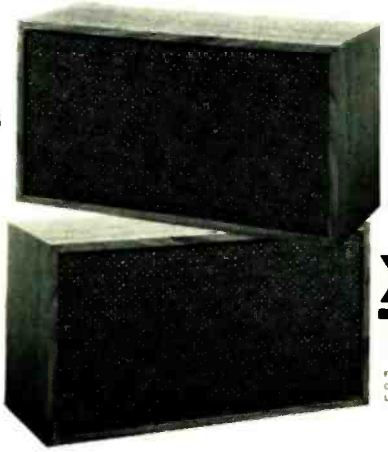
CIRCLE 151 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

Introducing the Fisher twofers.

A Fisher twofer isn't some kind of hybrid between a tweeter and a woofer.

It's the very low-priced XP-44 bookshelf speaker system. So low priced, in fact, that it costs only half the $89 you'd expect to pay for a 2-way Fisher speaker which reproduces the audio spectrum from 39 to 18,000 Hz without peaks.

The twofer has a 6-inch woofer with a 2-pound magnet, and a 2½-inch tweeter with a low-mass cone. It weighs just 15 pounds.



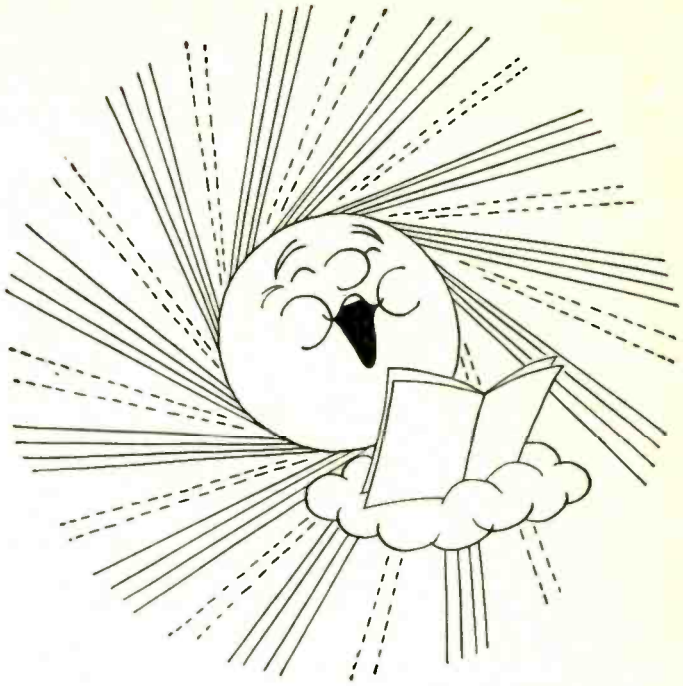
At last a Fisher speaker so inexpensive you can afford two!

(For more information, plus a free copy of The Fisher Handbook 1968, an authoritative 80-page reference guide to hi-fi and stereo, mail coupon on magazine's front cover flap.)

The Fisher XP-44's. Two for $89.

FISHER RADIO CORPORATION, INC., 11-35 45TH ROAD, LONG ISLAND CITY, N.Y. 11101.
OVERSEAS AND CANADIAN RESIDENTS PLEASE WRITE TO FISHER RADIO INTERNATIONAL, INC., LONG ISLAND CITY, N.Y. 11101.

CIRCLE 31 ON READER-SERVICE CARD



By Herbert Russcol

Music festivals may have been around for thousands of years—but never before have so many traveled so far to hear so much so similar to what they have at home

HERE WE GO AGAIN . . . summertime, and the livin' is easy. For performers the new three Bs of music are here once more—Bed, Board, and Bookings—and for the customers, Benches and Backache. (A colleague of mine, after suffering the hazards of folding seats in Vermont and stone slabs in Greece, has now overcome with a safari-type inflatable cushion from Abercrombie and Fitch; he straps it to his luggage May through September.) Apparently, festivalgoers never give up hope that music will sound better elsewhere.

Danes have deserted their priceless Royal Ballet and Opera—and all that food—to sit with sweat pouring down their faces on a sticky Roman evening as they listen al fresco to the sputtering roar of Vespas and vile Verdi. New Yorkers, who during the winter enjoy music played with excellence on every instrument and electronic machine as yet devised by man, wait for hours at air terminals and meekly accept partitioned rooms and hostile service for the unspeakable bliss of being able to hear, in the atrium of the Rector's Palace in Dubrovnik, the Tchaikovsky Violin Concerto.

Here at home, the festival idea has revolutionized musical life. It's getting hard to remember that a scant twenty years ago the "concert music season" closed down in April, to wake up again only in October. Of course some big cities had summer concert series (mostly pops programs intended to provide another few weeks' employment for their symphony orchestras), and there was the Bach Festival in Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, and Koussevitzky's Berkshire Festival in Massachusetts—already a beacon shining from the hills. But the idea of giving symphonic concerts in the middle of nowhere and expecting large crowds to get a road map and follow you out there

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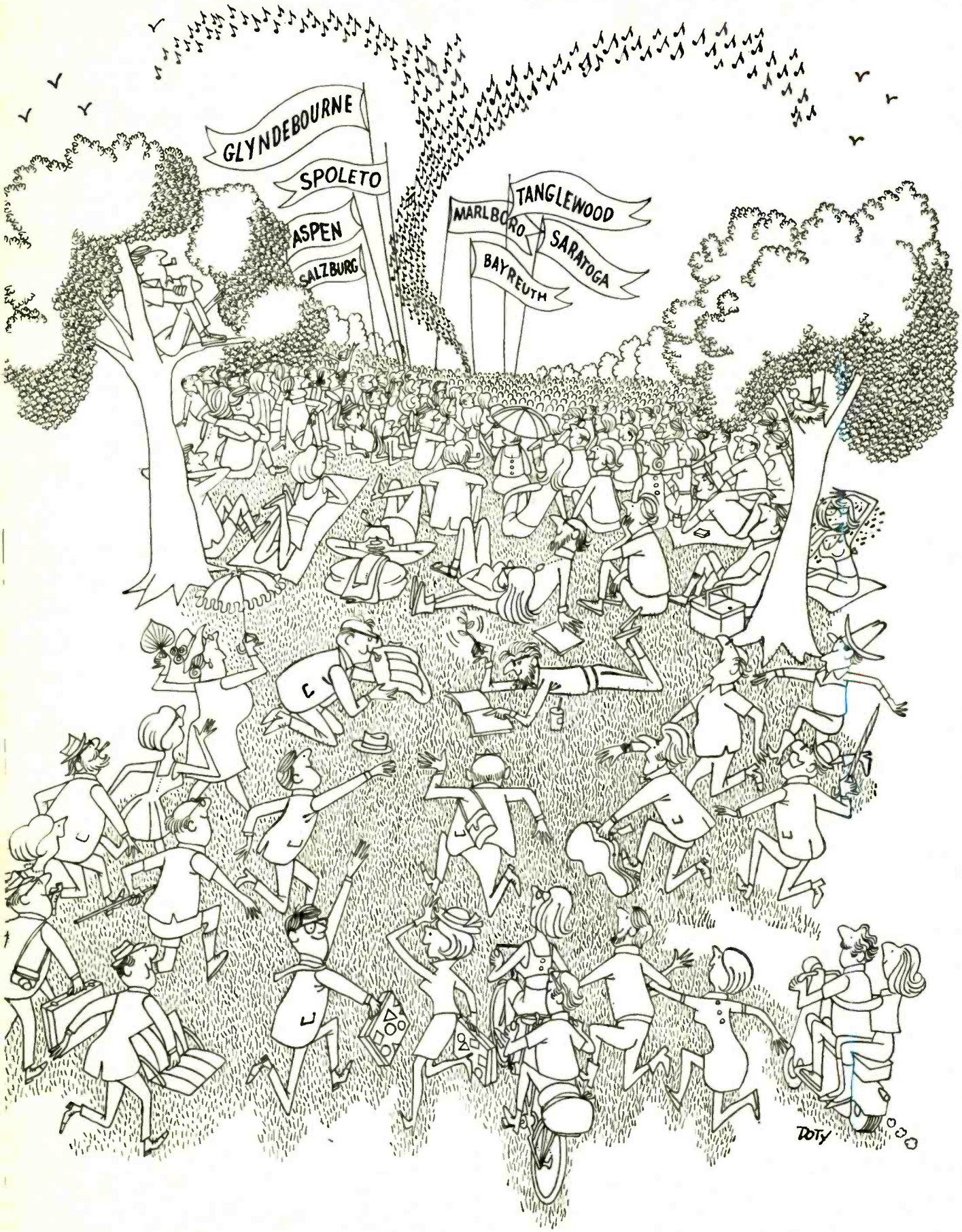
A former member of the Pittsburgh Symphony, the Boston Pops, and other orchestras, Mr. Russcol has attended music festivals here and abroad as both French horn player and tourist. He first appeared in these pages last April with Liszt as Lover.

The Festival Fad



was hardly conceived some thirty years back. Today it seems that nary a promising barn has been left unconverted to a rehearsal shed.

This season more than a hundred American festivals have been scheduled, and more than twice that number have been announced in Europe. For the professional musician the benefits of all this summer activity are obvious: the orchestral player need no longer start scrounging off his in-laws every April; a middle-rank soloist—if he has the stamina of a bull and is willing to jet continuously from Ann Arbor to Gstaad and back to Jackson Hole, Wyoming—can eat regularly until October. And an unflinching music lover, provided he too has a healthy stomach as well as a large supply of traveler's checks, can hear musical goings-on in a different place every day for a good three months.

The big boom in festivals began with the end of World War II. In this country more money, longer vacations, increased mobility (especially the proliferation of air travel) all intensified the eagerness of people to go places. At the same time the old countries were broke and hungry for tourist dollars as never before. The long-playing record also helped the festival business enormously, spawning a new generation of musically knowledgeable, culturally sophisticated young listeners who wanted to hear at first hand the baroque and Lieder and modern music they knew from records, and to see the Fischer-Dieskaus, and Oistrakhs, and Karajans who performed it. These New Romans invaded the Continent armed with ex-GI boots and *Europe on Five Dollars a Day*, their dream of heaven a walk-up *pensione* in Florence, near the Ponte Vecchio, where they could prowl the Uffizi Gallery and later hear Monteverdi madrigals in the Boboli Gardens. A short bus ride and they were in Venice, the jewel of them all, and shaken by the beauty of the bijou Teatro La Fenice or by *Otello* in the courtyard of the Doge's Palace.

Both at home and abroad, there is an informal camaraderie in summer music making which does not obtain at sober winter concerts. At Daytona Beach that young fellow sunning himself near you might be Vladimir Ashkenazy—or is it André Previn? At the Holland Festival, Richter sits down next to you at the hotel bar and gloomily orders a beer in German. At Edinburgh, Fischer-Dieskau is seen eating yogurt at the Lyons Corner House, with a sport shirt hanging out over his slacks; you wave at him and he waves back. We're all music-loving pals. You order a yogurt too.

For some, the *Gemütlichkeit* has its drawbacks. The famous virtuoso is in a continuous state of being interviewed, and is besieged at close quarters by amateur photographers and autograph hounds. Sir Thomas Beecham, for one, loathed festivals; the old curmudgeon complained that the hotels were overcrowded, that he kept meeting colleagues he preferred to avoid, and that when he finally fell asleep at eight in the morning, after tossing for hours on a lumpy mattress, the local *Singverein* started rehearsing that night's program in the courtyard below.

But for the festivalgoer this is all part of the fun, and so is getting there. It's one thing to take the IRT up to Lincoln Center, another to rent an Austin in London and drive for five hours in an English thunderstorm looking for a stately home called Ingestre Hall where a Purcell festival is taking place; and then, shivering and wretched, to be ushered into a tiny, dreamlike wood-paneled music room where Henry Purcell himself staged masques with the Duke's family. Or going to London's Moss Brothers' at nine in the morning to rent full-dress evening wear for a concert at Glyndebourne. They won't let you onto the grounds without it, and you catch the afternoon train dressed in your finery and feeling like a perfect fool, until you see that the whole car is in tails. Or arriving at Aix, the ancient capital of Provence, when the sun bakes the town the color of bread crust, and in the evening you can hear a superb torchlit *Don Giovanni* in the courtyard of the Archbishop's Palace.

ACTUALLY, MUSIC FESTIVALS have had a long, and mainly honorable, history since the day when King Solomon's Temple was raised to the bleating of rams' horns and the sounding of cymbals. In Wales the Celtic Bards held yearly Eisteddfods as early as the seventh century. When King Wenzel II of Bohemia dedicated the great church at Eger, in 1285, all the *Minnesänger* who were not working other dates showed up. In the Middle Ages the *Sängerkriege* on the Wartburg were famous events, and

provided Wagner with material for *Tannhäuser*.

To go back only to fairly recent times—1724, for instance, was a great year for music festivals. The Emperor Charles VI was crowned King of Bohemia and he threw a celebration in the city of Prague. The gala programs—including a festival opera, *Constanza e Fortezza* by Fux, as well as oratorios, symphonies, and chamber music—attracted artists from all over Europe; and one rich noble, carried away with it all, decided then and there to found a permanent opera house for Prague. The same year saw the first Three Choirs Festival in England (Gloucester, Hereford, and Worcester), which thrives to this day and is the granddaddy of them all though the festival movement really took off after Felix Mendelssohn conducted his *St. Paul* Oratorio in Birmingham in 1837 and his *Elijah* in 1846.

In America the festival fad also took hold early. As far back as 1829 a two-day Music Convention was held in Concord, New Hampshire. For many years Boston was the hub of festival concerts, and purists who deplore some of today's musical three-ring extravaganzas might consider the Peace Jubilee held in that city in 1869. This was organized by a fascinating operator, Patrick Gilmore (the band leader celebrated in *The Music Man's* hit number, *Seventy-Six Trombones*), together with Carl Zerrahn, conductor of the Handel and Haydn Society (founded in 1815, the offspring of another *ad hoc* music festival organized to celebrate the end of the War of 1812). A building large enough to seat 30,000 people was erected, the orchestra numbered 1,000, and the chorus 10,000. John Knowles Paine and Dudley Buck conducted works of their own, and Ole Bull and Carl Rosa played in the orchestra. The Jubilee cost $283,000, but managed to show a profit of $10,000 even after Gilmore's fees. Two years later Boston engaged Gilmore for another Jubilee. This time that impresario really thought big. His hall seated 50,000; the chorus, assembled from as far west as Omaha, numbered 20,000 and the jumbo orchestra 2,000. In addition several famous military bands were brought over from Europe, and Johann Strauss was engaged to conduct. Unfortunately, this "colossal musical picnic," as one chaste Boston critic called it, resulted in a deficit of $100,000, and Patrick Gilmore left town on cool terms with his guarantors.

New York, of course, was not to be outdone by Boston. In 1870 it too had held a Gilmore-organized celebration, in the form of a "Great Beethoven Centennial Jubilee." This affair was originally planned as a massive choral jamboree, but the first rehearsal was enough to make disastrously clear that Beethoven's choral music was far too much for the singers. The programs were quickly revamped, the five-day Beethovenian fling climaxing in Verdi's *Anvil* Chorus with an "electric battery of artillery." New York's second (1873) music festival, it should be said, was a much more dignified circumstance, organized by Theodore Thomas and including as soloists Anton Rubinstein and Henri Wieniawski.

By most music lovers today Bayreuth is considered the doyen of modern festivals. When the youthful Richard Wagner first saw this old Bavarian town, in 1835, he is reported to have exclaimed, "Ten horses couldn't pull me away from here." Thirty-five years later he returned, to establish his Wagner Festspielhaus. Among the celebrities attending the opening of the first Bayreuth Festival, in 1876, was Tchaikovsky, who wrote home a vivid description of the proceedings: "I watched the arrival of Kaiser Wilhelm from a window of a neighboring house. Then came into view a number of brilliant uniforms, then the instrumentalists from the Wagner Theatre, with the conductor Hans Richter at their head, and then the tall figure and well-known features of the Abbé Liszt, and finally, in a fashionable carriage, a little man with an aquiline nose and thin derisive lips—Richard Wagner." On that same night the "little man" said to his wife Cosima, "Every stone is red with your blood and mine."

For nearly a century now, except when the Nibelungen were carrying out their wars in other theatres, Bayreuth has continued to function. The town reeks with tradition and lore; the huge sardonic spirit of Wagner seems to hover everywhere. Silent reverence is the prescribed mood, and until recently applause was forbidden in *Parsifal*. Motor cars are frowned upon on the road that leads from the Villa Wahnfried, the master's old home, onto the Bayreuth streets. The whole place was designed by Richard Wagner, architect. Though the chairs with armless seats meet no known contour of the human form, some experts are convinced that the Festspielhaus has better acoustics than any other opera house in the world—despite the fact that the hall is said to defy every technical law of construction. Its ceiling is canvas, much of the walls are wooden, and the pillars mounted on the side walls are hollow.

Since Wagner's grandsons Wieland and Wolfgang took over, in 1951, Bayreuth has flourished as never before. Briefly, they revolutionized the productions; they threw out the helmeted Wotans and swimming Rhinemaidens and brought in new techniques in keeping with modern theatrical developments—and it works. The startling changes seem to be permanent (despite the death of Wieland in 1966), and Old Wagnerians have resigned themselves to the New Order.

Salzburg offers a far more cheerful scene, and traveling from the intense, cultist atmosphere of the Wagner Festival to the birthplace of Mozart is like being handed a box of one's favorite bonbons after a strict diet of heavy roughage. The patron saint here, of course, is Wolfgang Amadeus, who cordially detested the place. One feels his presence everywhere, or rather it is grimly forced on one by the commercialized music caterers: the Viennese summer house in which he composed *The Magic Flute* has been transported to the garden of Salzburg's Mozart Museum; the Prince Archbishop's Residenz, from which Mozart was literally booted out, is now the pious locale of Mozart Serenades; and the famous Glockenspiel

Tower, with its thirty-five bells, noodles tunes from you-know-whom three times a day.

The genesis was 1920, when the great Max Reinhardt first produced the morality play *Everyman* in Cathedral Square. In 1928 the stables of Salzburg's former archbishops were converted into a festival hall, and by then half the musical world from each continent seemed to be turning up on the narrow streets every August (in 1960 a gleaming $9,000,000 festival hall opened its plate-glass doors). Toscanini and Bruno Walter were in charge of the podium here for several years, from 1934 on, and a light comes into the eyes of anyone you speak to who was present. Tales of a *Fidelio* to end all *Fidelio*s under the crackling baton of Toscanini, with the cast and orchestra frightened out of their wits by the Maestro—except for the indomitable Lotte Lehmann; of an unforgettable *Don Pasquale* with Richard Mayr as the Don, and Walter's loving direction; of *Rosenkaviers* with Lehmann, the Marschallin of Marschallins, and Mayr (still preserved on LP, praise God); of a Baron Puthon in charge of the festival, an Austrian aristocrat reputed to be the only man able to browbeat Toscanini, and certainly the only one who could write a letter to Toscanini and get a reply by return mail.

The vintage year of years at Salzburg was 1935. Conductors? Weingartner, Kleiber, Walter, Toscanini. (They don't make 'em like that any more. . . .) The opera programs included *Falstaff*, *Fidelio*, and *Così. . . Dons and Figaros*. At eleven in the morning, for openers, one could hear Lieder recitals by Lotte Lehmann with Bruno Walter at the piano.

Today, one of the most exciting music festivals in Europe is Spoleto's "Festival of Two Worlds." Spoleto, until lately a drowsy hill town some sixty miles from Rome along the Via Flaminia, joined the twentieth century when the Italian-American composer Gian-Carlo Menotti decided that this was the ideal spot for a summer musicale on an international scale. Menotti had a vision and artistic purpose: to present exciting new art and artists, to let Europeans hear what the Americans were up to, and to give Americans the benefit of exposure to European culture and audiences. The plan seemed lunatic to the Spoletini. The town was off the beaten track; an occasional busload of tourists wandered in to see the Fra Filippo Lippi frescoes in the cathedral, then fled to Perugia. There were only a handful of inns, and they were primitive, to put it kindly. The locals christened Menotti *Del Matto*—"The Madman"—and sat back to watch the fun.

Menotti bought up a crumbling hotel and put in an American bar and plumbing. He cajoled the *ristorante* owners into giving their establishments their first coat of whitewash since Garibaldi's army passed through. The first season in 1958 was a smash hit, and the locals now call Menotti "The Duke of Spoleto."

HERE AT HOME, Tanglewood is our most distinguished full-scale festival. It all began in 1936, when the handsome grounds of Tanglewood, the two-hundred-acre Tappan estate in the Berkshire Hills, was presented to the Boston Symphony Orchestra. A year later the orchestra gave a disastrous concert in a leaky tent on the grounds—it was raining so heavily that the French horns gushed water. At the end of the concert the late Gertrude Robinson Smith climbed onto the stage and calmly announced that $100,000 must be raised at once to provide a permanent shelter. A year later the famous Shed was opened. Since then, up to six thousand listeners at a time have sat under its roof (a second roof now—the original collapsed under a Berkshire snowfall a few winters ago) and thousands more have gathered on the spacious lawns. The acoustics are so good that only in a rare instance are amplifiers needed.

But the heart of Tanglewood is its student Music Center, for which Koussevitzky fought tooth and nail, despite urgings by advisers to call it off and concentrate on the crowd-drawing BSO concerts. ("No school, no Koussevitzky," he replied.) Back in 1940 it was a daring venture to take on the training of four hundred young musicians, although today we are apt to take such things for granted. The

Center awards no degrees or diplomas, but its influence, through its gifted alumni all over America, cannot be overestimated.

To the north and west, over in New York State, where nineteenth-century plutocrats gathered to drink the mineral waters in genteel style and where followers of the Sport of Kings still make and lose fortunes on horseflesh and jockeys, the relatively rural simplicities of Tanglewood are now being challenged by New York's state-subsidized Saratoga Festival. Unlike other festivals, which just grew, this annual double-barreled attraction of the New York City Ballet and the Philadelphia Orchestra was carefully planned. Its spacious air-conditioned rehearsal rooms, its depth of stage and proscenium possibilities, would be the envy of the best theatres or opera houses. For the audience, things are no less auspicious: if you arrive early enough, you can dine elegantly at the celebrated Gideon Putnam nearby or informally at outdoor bistros, there's a small museum you can visit, and the potable attractions of Saratoga of course include more than the celebrated mineral waters. Hefty pots of money went into creating this place and the aura of well-heeled society hangs over it, but the ordinary festivalgoer will be mainly conscious that the seats are really comfortable and there's no visual or acoustic obstacle to enjoying the performance.

Over at Marlboro, Vermont, you'll find what some people consider music making in its noblest and purest state. Here we have the European ideal of chamber music for the pleasure and self-reward of its performers, and listeners are accommodated as an afterthought. At the Festival's gate there is a sign reading: Danger, Musicians at Play. And the first Saturday night square-dance party is as much a tradition as is Beethoven's *Choral* Fantasy on the last program. On weekends you can sit in a 500-seat concert hall and intrude on the repeat performances of what the players have been working at the previous five days. The renditions are exhilarating and, as those who have heard the records of "Music from Marlboro" are aware, one catches a sense of dedication and of music making for the sake of making music. You will hear some of the topflight artists in the world up here (Pablo Casals has been coming back every summer since 1960), and none of them is paid—in fact *they* are paying guests. But they seem to be having a marvelous time, even to the kitchen cleanup squad composed of distinguished violinists and flutists.

Another off-the-beaten-track settlement too small for you to risk blinking your eyes while driving through is Ojai, seventy miles north of Los Angeles, which provides Southern California with at least three days of contemporary music a year. For nearly twenty years, Angelenos nurtured on their own Monday Evening Concerts' monthly servings of contemporary chamber music have migrated to Ojai for a sample of orchestral music as well. Both chamber and orchestral concerts have attracted such eminent conductor-composers as Pierre Boulez, Lukas Foss, and Ingolf Dahl. Performances are given in a cozy natural amphitheatre surrounded by tall trees which serve as a sounding board for a footloose flock of woodpeckers, while the occasional peregrinations of adjacent railroad trains supply an additional element of chance to aleatoric compositions. And Ojai is surely the only music festival that holds a year-round rummage sale to augment its income from tickets and the modest contributions it solicits from local residents and businessmen. Somehow, all this only adds to Ojai's charm.

But for atmospheric charm *and* cultural intensity probably no festival in America can equal that at Aspen, Colorado. Where else can one find an open valley, the flat floor of which is 7,800 feet high, rich forests, superb mountains, trout streams, a lovely Victorian hotel—and such music makers as Darius Milhaud, Piatigorsky, and the Juilliard String Quartet? Nobody gives a damn about money, and the tab is picked up by the Institute for Humanistic Studies. It's just as well, with programs featuring premieres by such composers as Olivier Messiaen and all of Stravinsky's operas performed within ten days in the same theatre by the same company—something that New York itself would be hard-pressed to match. Of late years Aspen has become something of a celebrity stop-over and glamour seekers are not unknown, but for the most part its public is made up of writers, musicians, artists, professors. The whole tone of the place is civilized—one could even say America's intellectual life at its best.

All in all, festivals are flowering in a profusion that would have amazed anyone two decades ago. In Cincinnati, Opera at the Zoo is the city's bizarre but thoroughly enjoyable specialty; you dine in the zoo gardens, then pass on to the big cage, and the lions roar their approval as the tenor goes through his paces. Or you can travel to Alaska and visit the festival at Anchorage, where the programs range from Haydn oratorios to Eskimo music. Or if your taste runs to the gilded and slightly precious, you might take in the Caramoor Festival, in the Katonah hills, a bare forty-five-minute drive from New York City. Here on the memorabilia-drenched estate of Charles and Lucy Rosen, patrons have sampled such offerings as Benjamin Britten's medieval music drama *cum* Noh play *The Burning Fiery Furnace* performed in an ersatz Spanish cloister, orchestral concerts in a mock Renaissance pavilion, and chamber programs in the estate's antique-cluttered music room. At Caramoor, moreover, each musical event is presided over with Elizabethan grandeur by the formidably coiffed Dame Lucy herself.

And all these gala goings-on seem only the beginning. Louis Harris, the man who runs the polls and ought to know, points out that the rate of Americans traveling two-hundred miles from home within America is leaping from year to year, and he predicts ten million Americans traveling to Europe every summer by 1975. When the day comes to register for orbital travel and to book reservations at the first Lunar Hilton, you may be sure that a "Festival of Two Planets" will be on the drawing board soon after.

Last Chance for Mono Treasures

THE MONOPHONIC PHASE-OUT continues apace as many record stores across the country no longer choose to order from manufacturers the vast treasury of mono-only riches [for the background to this sad tale see "The Vanishing Mono," April 1968]. The future for the pre-stereo legacy of Toscanini, Horowitz, Callas, et al., lies, it seems, in the counterfeit sonics of the marketing ploy "rechanneled-for-stereo" reissues, the latest as we go to press being Glenn Gould's classic recording of the *Goldberg Variations*. We therefore asked our reviewers to select up to ten choice mono-only discs presently listed in Schwann which may, with luck, still be found on dealers' shelves. Two critics have in fact selected the above-mentioned Gould recording—a popular choice, as is the Toscanini-conducted *Otello*, the complete music of Webern, Dinu Lipatti's Besançon recital, and the Elliott Carter First String Quartet (it is interesting to note that the last-named recording has caused a slight flurry of critical disagreement among Messrs. Hamilton, Jacobson, and Morgan). The sage collector will snap up the last remaining copies posthaste before they are gone for good.

R. D. Darrell

Any such brief list as this necessarily represents more or less arbitrarily chosen, highly personal favorites of the compiler rather than the "best" or most historically significant of their kind. But when I began checking on what mono recordings I'd like to save from the out-of-print limbo—and discovered how many valuable 78s have never been transferred to LP and how shockingly many mono LPs have already become inaccessible—I became convinced that, idiosyncratic or not, even one man's choices may suggest the richness and diversity of the lode that must be so quickly mined.

MAGGIE TEYTE: *Maggie Teyte in French Songs*; Maggie Teyte, soprano (Angel COLH 138). Recommended particularly for the two songs each by Berlioz and Duparc, the recordings of which were originally commissioned about 1940 by the late Joe Brogan for special Gramophone Shop release.

CANTELOUBE: *Chants d'Auvergne*; Madeleine Grey, soprano (Angel COLH 152). A recording I first acclaimed as far back as 1931 in the *Phonograph Monthly Review*—and which I still cherish.

MOZART: *Horn Concertos*; Dennis Brain, horn (Angel 35092). An incomparable performance by the late Dennis Brain . . . yet I wish I could also have at least one of the four concertos as played by his father, Aubrey Brain.

DUKE ELLINGTON: *The Ellington Era, Vol. 1* (Columbia C3L 27). Just one exemplary collection of the Duke's early *Meisterwerke*.

HANDEL-BEECHAM: *Suite from "The Faithful Shepherd"* with HAYDN: *Symphony No. 93*; Royal Philharmonic, Sir Thomas Beecham, cond. (Columbia ML 4374). The *Faithful Shepherd* Suite is perhaps as much Beecham as Handel, but it is one transcription that makes me forget all my purist scruples about transcriptions in general.

SMETANA: *Quartet No. 1*; Cleveland Orchestra, George Szell, cond. (Epic SC 6015). Szell's own transcription of the *From My Life* Quartet is not only true to the composer's own orchestral

style but makes one wonder whether Smetana's original choice of medium for this work was the right one.

KATHLEEN FERRIER: *English Folk Songs*; Kathleen Ferrier, contralto (London LL 5411). This I name as just one of several possible choices to memorialize the irreplaceable British artist.

AKSEL SCHIOTZ: *Art of Aksel Schiøtz, Vol. 1*; Aksel Schiøtz, tenor (Odeon MOAK 2). Again, only one of a number of possible representations. The selections here are from the Danish singer's memorable early recordings.

THOMSON: *Four Saints in Three Acts* (abridged); Virgil Thomson, cond. (RCA Victor LM 2756). Chosen here not only for the disarming sophisticated/naïve charm of the music and composer-conducted performance but also as a personal memento of the June 25, 1947 recording sessions which I attended.

MOZART: *Die Zauberflöte*; Sir Thomas Beecham, cond. (Turnabout TV 4111/13). Sir Thomas' well-nigh legendary Berlin performance . . . but I'd also *have* to have at least one, say *Così fan tutte*, of the Glyndebourne Festival Mozart-opera series now also reissued under the Turnabout label.

Harris Goldsmith

The task of choosing a bare handful of the cherished discs not yet victims of the stupid—indeed criminal—purge of monophony has a ring of futility to it: something on the order of bailing out a sinking ocean liner with a milk bottle. The sense of outrage I feel cannot be adequately conveyed in print. Nor is much solace provided in the prospect of being able to buy a trickle of the greatest pre-1955 material in ruinous artificial stereo reprocessing.

BACH: *Sonatas and Partitas for Violin Unaccompanied*; Joseph Szigeti, violin (Vanguard 627/29). All six performances represent a life-long study by one of the greatest, most probing interpreters the violin has known. The Chaconne, in particular, reaches a level of grandeur unparalleled in my listening experience.

SCHUBERT: *Trio in B flat, Op. 99* with HAYDN: *Trio in G*; Casals/Cortot/Thibaud Trio (Angel COLH 12). These three great artists, whatever their differences, agreed on one essential: that music making must be personally committed and songfully inflected. Not a "trio" in the strictest, most unanimous, sense perhaps, but an inspired three-way conversation of the most animated sort.

BEETHOVEN: *Bagatelles, Variations, and other Piano Music*; Artur Schnabel, piano (Angel COLH 65/66). Less publicized than Schnabel's versions of the thirty-two piano sonatas, the present pair of discs provide profound re-creations of the Op 126 Bagatelles and F major Variations, Op. 34—plus the wittiest, most incredibly brisk treatment ever of the *Rondo a Capriccioso*, Op. 129 ("*Rage Over a Lost Penny*").

VERDI: *Otello*; NBC Symphony, Arturo Toscanini, cond. (RCA Victor LM 6107). The Victrola reprint series has not thus far included this incomparably wrought miracle; and probably by the time it does, the release will appear in abominable electronic stereo.

SCHUBERT: *Quintet in C (Op. 163), D. 956*; Pablo Casals, cello (Columbia ML 4714). Of all the Prades and Perpignan Festival recordings, none has given me greater, or more lasting, satisfaction than this unforgettable performance.

PROKOFIEV: *Concerto No. 3, Op. 26; Miscellaneous Piano Music*; Serge Prokofiev, piano (Angel COLH 34). Prokofiev's lyrical approach to his own music has been disparaged in this age of mechanized piano socking. I still feel that the composer knew best. . . .

MOZART: *String Quintets: in C, K. 515; in G minor, K. 516*; Budapest Quartet, with Walter Trampler, second viola (Columbia ML 5192). The same fivesome, of course, remade the entire series of Mozart Quintets recently in one of their final homages to the phonograph. The latter readings are not bad, but the disc listed here is subtler, more cohesively executed, and superior in every way.

DINU LIPATTI: *Last Recital*; Dinu Lipatti, piano (Angel 3556). A splendid Lipatti performance of Chopin's E minor Concerto recently made a belated first appearance in the Seraphim series, and Columbia has similarly reinstated the pianist's studio-recorded Schumann/Grieg Concertos and Chopin Waltzes in its inexpensive Odyssey reprint line. Thus, the survival of the present—even more exciting—live performance of the Chopin Waltzes (from Lipatti's final recital, at Besançon) seems unlikely.

David Hamilton

In the following list, I have omitted a few unique mono-only recordings of important contemporary works where it seems to me that the performance doesn't do justice to the music (e.g. Elliott Carter's First String Quartet); in such cases, the deletion of the old recording may well clear the field for a new and better version. I have also not listed products of certain specialized labels that seem unlikely to be affected by the current marketing trends (on the one hand, CRI; on the other, small firms devoted exclusively to the reissue business).

SCHOENBERG: *String Quartets*; Juilliard Quartet (Columbia ML 4735/37). Since a Juilliard remake of these fundamental works is apparently still in the future, this set remains basic to any collection of twentieth-century music.

WEBERN: *Complete Works*. Various artists, Robert Craft, cond. (Columbia K4L 232). Despite some evident flaws, only small parts of this set have been superseded, and it will not be fully replaced for years.

BEETHOVEN: *Piano Music*; Artur Schnabel, piano (Angel COLH 1/5, 51/63, 65/6). If I could, I'd stretch this entry to include all of Schnabel's Schubert and Mozart records as well; his was perhaps the most profoundly musical intellect of any performer who ever recorded, and these records are simply *hors concours*.

BEETHOVEN: *Symphony No. 9*; Soloists, Bayreuth Festival Chorus and Orchestra, Wilhelm Furtwängler, cond. (Angel GRB 4003). Another entry I'd like to stretch (the complete *Tristan*, Bruckner's Ninth, the *Lieder eines fahrenden Gesellen* with Fischer-Dieskau, and numberless imports), but this Bayreuth "*Live Aufnahme*" is the quintessential Furtwängler—willful but always controlled by an intense structural vision.

SESSIONS: *Quartet No. 2*; New Music Quartet (Columbia ML 5105). A major achievement by one of America's great composers, and also one of the last remaining discs by a great string quartet.

ROSSINI: *L'Italiana in Algeri*. La Scala, Carlo Maria Giulini, cond. (Angel 3529). I know that London's *Italiana* is more complete (and well sung too), but the rhythmic elegance and vitality of Giulini's leadership has not been surpassed in any Rossini recording.

WEILL: *Mahagonny*; Lotte Lenya and others, Wilhelm Brückner-Rüggeberg, cond. (Columbia K3L 243). The most ambitious of the Brecht-Weill theatre pieces, full of musical and verbal mordancy. Its continued absence from the American stage is a mystery, but

while this recording lasts, it serves as an adequate monument to the work, its creators, and the extraordinary artistry of Lotte Lenya.

BRITTEN: *The Turn of the Screw*; English Opera Group, Benjamin Britten, cond. (London A 4219). Britten's theme-and-variations opera is a splendid piece of inspired ingenuity (or ingenious inspiration, if you prefer) in evolving a musical concept to mirror the dramatic unfolding. The performance is expectably exemplary.

SCHUBERT: *Songs*; Elisabeth Schumann, soprano; various pianists (Angel COLH 130/31). Unfailing sensitivity to the unity of textual and musical phrase, unparalleled purity of vocal production, and unimpeachable musicality—and Schubert, too.

JULIUS PATZAK: *Viennese Heurigen Songs*; Julius Patzak, tenor (Vanguard VRS 9035). My nomination for the silk-purse department: a model of elegant vocal art and style, without the slightest condescension to the somewhat tawdry material.

Philip Hart

The restriction to ten choices creates difficulties that I can resolve only with arbitrary limitations: I have not listed any of the COLH reissues, nor any of the otherwise qualifying material on recent Odyssey, Seraphim, RCA Victrola, etc. Thus, in this list chosen mainly for unique performances by artists of the past, Toscanini, Schnabel, Hess, Teyte—to name but a few—are not included with their obvious peers on my list.

DINU LIPATTI: *Last Recital*; Dinu Lipatti, piano (Angel 3556). A world deprived too early of Dinu Lipatti in life has at least the consolation of his last recital, in 1951, with which to recall one of the titans of the postwar generation.

DEBUSSY: *Preludes, Books I and II*; Walter Gieseking, piano (Angel 35066/35249). The synonymity of Gieseking and Debussy will never go out of fashion, and the repertory here represents the Debussy that even our midcentury avant-garde looks to as a great revolutionary creator.

HANDEL-BEECHAM: *Suite from "The Faithful Shepherd"* with HAYDN: *Symphony No. 93*; Royal Philharmonic, Sir Thomas Beecham, cond. (Columbia ML 4374). Despite his haughty contempt for musicological niceties, Beecham brought unique life to this music, and his performances here are the very epitome of the Bearded Baronet at his exasperatingly delightful best.

WEBERN: *Complete Works*; Various artists, Robert Craft, cond. (Columbia KL 232). Despite Craft's literal, and sometimes stodgy, direction, this veritable microcosm of contemporary music, devoted to all that Webern thought worthy of publication, will always be a unique monument in the recorded repertory.

BEETHOVEN: *Quintet for Piano and Winds, Op. 16* with MOZART: *Quintet for Piano and Winds, K. 452*; Rudolf Serkin, Members of the Philadelphia Orchestra (Columbia ML 4834). Decades of close and affectionate association between a great pianist and the members of a great orchestra are celebrated here with ensemble performance of extraordinary musical insight and exceptional common dedication.

BERG: *Wozzeck*; Eileen Farrell (s), Mack Harrell (b), and others, New York Philharmonic, Dimitri Mitropoulos, cond. (Columbia SL 118). A fitting monument to a very great and beloved conductor, now only too easily underrated. The dedication of all concerned, including the orchestral players, here achieved a performance the insight and dramatic projection of which have not been equaled by later and more sumptuously produced records of this superb opera.

MOZART: *Sonatas for Violin and Piano, K. 454 and K. 526*; Arthur Grumiaux, violin, Clara Haskil, piano (Epic LC 3299). The sole remaining Schwann listing for this incredibly congenial duo, playing great music at their technically assured and musically sensitive best.

MAHLER: *Das Lied von der Erde* and *Three Rückert Songs*; Kathleen Ferrier (c), Julius Patzak (t), Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra, Bruno Walter, cond. (London 4212). Though both Ferrier and Walter individually claim a secure place on this list, their collaboration in the music of Mahler is a demonstration of synergism: Two and Two here clearly equal much more than Four.

BEETHOVEN: *Trio No. 7, Op. 97*, with SCHUBERT: *Trio No. 1, Op. 99* and BRAHMS: *Trio No. 1, Op. 8*; Artur Rubinstein, piano, Jascha Heifetz, violin, Emmanuel Feuermann, cello (RCA Victor LCT 1020). This collection not only includes superb repertory, but offers the ensemble playing of Heifetz and Rubinstein at its finest and the only example remaining in Schwann of Feuermann's unique artistry.

BACH: *Well-Tempered Clavier*; Wanda Landowska, harpsichord (RCA Victor LM 6801). However musicologically vagrant the great Polish lady may have been, she projects the music with a penetrating musical imagination and ground-breaking commitment that will humble all who approach this collection for generations to come.

Bernard Jacobson

These are not necessarily my ten favorite mono recordings. I have planned this list to provide as well-balanced a selection of styles as possible; and I have also omitted several well-loved mono performances for which adequate stereo alternatives exist.

BACH: *St. Matthew Passion*, Hermann Scherchen, cond. (Westminster 4402). In Scherchen's vivid performance of the *St. Matthew* tenor Hugues Cuenod sings a wonderfully imaginative and subtle Evangelist, partnered by a scarcely less fine Christus in Heinz Rehfuss.

COUPERIN: *Leçons de ténèbres*; Hugues Cuenod, tenor (Westminster 9601). Cuenod again—one of the world's finest stylists, and I am obsessed with style. When I once gave away this disc, I didn't rest until I found another copy for myself.

HUGUES CUENOD: *Recital*; Hugues Cuenod, tenor (Lyrichord LL 37). The third Cuenod disc, this time with harpsichordist Claude-Jean Chiasson, is a collection of Elizabethan and Jacobean songs and keyboard pieces which I must have played hundreds of times in the twelve years I've owned it.

GIBBONS: *Vocal Music*; Deller Consort (Archive ARC 3053). Another early acquisition that continues to give me undimmed pleasure is this collection of anthems, madrigals, motets, and fantasies by Orlando Gibbons, including the touchingly innocent and fresh-eyed *Cries of London*.

WILHELM FURTWAENGLER: *Orchestral Collection*; Various orchestras, Wilhelm Furtwängler, cond. (Deutsche Grammophon KL 27/31). I cheat somewhat by including a catch-all Furtwängler set whose five records offer beautiful readings of Haydn's 88th and Mozart's 39th Symphonies, equally impressive ones of Bruckner's No. 9 and Schumann's No. 4, a good Beethoven Violin Concerto with Schneiderhan, a surprisingly good Bach Third Suite, and, in Schubert's

"Great" C major Symphony, perhaps the loveliest performance of an orchestral classic I've ever heard.

BEETHOVEN: *Symphony No. 9*; Wilhelm Furtwängler, cond. (Angel GRB 4003). Even with all the Furtwängler listed above, I must also have the Beethoven Ninth he recorded live at the opening of the Bayreuth Festival in 1951.

BRAHMS: *Sextet for Strings, Op. 18*; Stern/Schneider/Katims/Thomas/Casals/Foley (Columbia ML 4713). Brahms is represented by this marvelous recording which gave me some unashamedly emotional hours.

MAHLER: *Symphonies Nos. 1 and 9; Kindertotenlieder*; Jascha Horenstein, cond. (Vox 116). With Mahler I cheat again, getting three in one blow by taking a Horenstein set that contains my favorite versions of both the First and Ninth Symphonies as well as a good *Kindertotenlieder*.

CARTER: *String Quartet No. 1*; Walden Quartet (Columbia ML 5104). The twentieth-century—better served in stereo than the nineteenth because most of the finest contemporary interpreters are contemporary, whereas so many of the Furtwänglers and Kleibers and Fischers and Feuermanns and Schlusnuses and Patzaks and Kulenkampfs and Landowskas died too soon—is represented by this one work, thrillingly played.

BACH: *Well-Tempered Clavier*; Wanda Landowska, harpsichord (RCA Victor LM 6801). Landowska herself brings me back to Bach where I started, with her unsurpassed performance of the *Well-Tempered Clavier*.

Robert P. Morgan

Most of my choices have been determined by the unavailability in stereo of certain focal compositions of the twentieth-century literature. The mono versions are in some cases far from ideal, but they are all we have for the present. In the case of the readily available traditional works, my choices stem from the belief that the performances are of interest beyond the context of the pieces themselves as examples of characteristic twentieth-century performance practices.

LISZT: *Sonata for Piano, in B minor*; Vladimir Horowitz, piano (Angel COLH 72). A consummate union of composer and performer.

WEBERN: *Complete Works*; Robert Craft, cond. (Columbia K4L 232). The performances are far from perfect, but many of these works will not be available again in any performance for a long time.

SCHOENBERG: *Moses und Aron*; Helmut Krebs (t), Hans-Herbert Fiedler (bs), Hans Rosbaud, cond. (Columbia K3L 241). This is the only recording of this work, one of the really important operas of the century, and it shouldn't be missing from the catalogue.

DINU LIPATTI: *Last Recital*; Dinu Lipatti, piano (Angel 3556). The much-lamented Lipatti plays a wide variety of works here, thus enabling one to get a good general picture of his keyboard approach.

BEETHOVEN: *Piano Sonatas*; Artur Schnabel, piano (Angel GRM 4005). One of the monuments of twentieth-century piano interpretation.

BRITTEN: *Turn of the Screw*; English Opera Group, Benjamin Britten, cond. (London A 4219). To my mind, the most interesting and original of the Britten operas.

BACH: *Goldberg Variations*; Glenn Gould, piano (Columbia ML 5060). The best of Gould's recorded Bach performances, less mannered than usual and yet strikingly original.

CARTER: *String Quartet No. 1*; Walden Quartet (Columbia ML 5104). This quartet has had an enormous influence on younger composers, particularly as a result of its rhythmic innovations.

SESSIONS: *String Quartet No. 2*; New Music Quartet (Columbia ML 5105). Sessions' music is poorly represented in the catalogue, especially his more recent works. This is one of his best, and the performance is excellent.

SCHOENBERG: *String Quartets*; Juilliard Quartet (Columbia ML 4735/37). Ideally, I would like to see the Juilliard redo all of these in stereo, but until they do, these recordings will remain highly valuable. The Berg *String Quartet, Op. 3*, is also included on the last side, and it is unavailable in stereo.

George Movshon

Well, I just don't believe it. Mono may be on the way out, but not Toscanini or Caruso. In fact I venture the prediction that if some future generation decides that all discs and tapes are obsolete and that music must henceforth be stored in (and retrieved from) eight-channel chocolate-coated bagels . . . why, Flagstad and Muzio will soon be available in that new format. But to humor the Editors in their black comedy, here are my ten pre-stereo indispensables. (Six of the selections turn out to be not only Before Stereo but Before LP too.)

WAGNER: *Tristan und Isolde*; Kirsten Flagstad (s), Ludwig Suthaus (t), Wilhelm Furtwängler, cond. (Angel 3588). An immense view of the opera by Furtwängler and a historic Isolde assumption by the mature Flagstad.

MOZART: *Don Giovanni*; Ina Souez (s), Luise Helletsgruber (s), Kalaman von Pataky (t), John Brownlee (b), Salvatore Baccaloni (bs), Fritz Busch, cond. (Turnabout 4117/19). A completely integrated "ensemble" performance in which the whole result exceeds the sum of its parts; recorded at Glyndebourne, 1936.

PUCCINI: *Tosca*; Maria Callas (s), Giuseppe di Stefano (t), Tito Gobbi (b), Victor de Sabata, cond. (Angel 3508). A thrilling performance of this melodrama, with each artist at the peak of form; Maria Callas' greatest recorded performance.

PUCCINI: *La Bohème*; Victoria de los Angeles (s), Jussi Bjoerling (t), Sir Thomas Beecham, cond. (Seraphim 6000). The affection bestowed on this music by these three artists is unequaled on records.

VERDI: *Otello*; Ramon Vinay (t), Herva Nelli (s), Giuseppe Valdengo (b), Arturo Toscanini, cond. (RCA Victor LM 6107). This unassailable Toscanini memorial finds him in complete identity with Verdi. Vinay and Valdengo are heroic.

STRAUSS, R.: *Der Rosenkavalier* (abridged); Lotte Lehmann (s), Elisabeth Schumann (s), Maria Olszewska (ms), Richard Mayr (bs), Robert Heger, cond. (Angel GRB 4001). A first-generation cast of this masterpiece, captured in wonderful voice and style.

ENRICO CARUSO: *A Caruso Memento*; Enrico Caruso, tenor (RCA Victor LM 2000). This disc will do as well as any. Apart from Verdi, Puccini and Giordano, it shows his way with Tchaikovsky, Rubinstein, and Flotow —and offers, as bonus, the voices of Alda, Amato, Journet, Farrar, and Scotti in various ensembles.

FRIEDRICH SCHORR: *Meistersinger* (excerpts); Friedrich Schorr, baritone (Angel COLH 137). My generation has had no reading of Hans Sachs's music to compare with this one.

MAHLER: *Das Lied von der Erde*

and *Three Rückert Songs*; Kathleen Ferrier (c), Julius Patzak (t), Vienna Philharmonic, Bruno Walter, cond. (London 4212). Her miraculous voice and the all-conquering humanity of *his* direction in famous alliance.

MUSSORGSKY: *Boris Godunov* (excerpts); Feodor Chaliapin, bass (Angel COLH 100). The mating of a great operatic role with its peerless interpreter.

Conrad L. Osborne

I should explain, first, that I have omitted from my list "historical" recordings, partly because I think that there will always be some firm to keep them alive for us and partly because, if my selection were truly limited to a handful of mono recordings of any sort, then it would be entirely "historical," since I could not imaginably be without Caruso, Muzio, Ponselle, Melchior, et al.

I have also omitted low-priced issues in such lines as Seraphim, Richmond, and Odyssey, which at least temporarily keep before us (for instance) the Beecham *Bohème*, the Kleiber *Rosenkavalier*, and the young Tebaldi.

JUSSI BJOERLING: *Sings at Carnegie Hall*; Jussi Bjoerling, tenor (RCA Victor LM 2003). A highly personal selection, based in part on sheer nostalgia (I was at the recital from which the recording is taken). However, a record that contains some stunning vocalism, including a sensational rendition of Strauss's *Cäcilie*, and which has the excitement of a live occasion.

MOZART: *Così fan tutte*; Herbert von Karajan, cond. (Angel 3522). Officially withdrawn, this album should still be available to those who look hard enough. The performance is unique for its quality of satiny elegance, and gives us Schwarzkopf in her prime plus a near-perfect male cast (Simoneau, Panerai, Bruscantini) unmatched in any other version.

PUCCINI: *Tosca*; Victor de Sabata, cond. (Angel 3508). The powerful, unified leadership of De Sabata and the mint-condition performances (*circa* 1953) of Callas, Di Stefano, and Gobbi, add up to the fullest statement yet of this opera on records, and leave us with bright mementos of the fleeting glories of the soprano and tenor participants.

STRAUSS, R.: *Ariadne auf Naxos*; Herbert von Karajan, cond. (Angel 3532). As close to perfect as complete recordings come, this one combines one of Von Karajan's finest interpretations with a glorious female cast: Schwarzkopf, Seefried, and Streich, all of whom surpass themselves. The other *Ariadne* recordings have real attractions, but this one is indispensable.

VERDI: *Messa da Requiem*; NBC Symphony, Arturo Toscanini, cond. (RCA Victor LM 6018). The solo quartet is not the greatest ever assembled but it is a good one (Nelli, Barbieri, Di Stefano, and Siepi, all young and strong), and the incomparable leadership of Toscanini sweeps all competition before it.

VERDI: *Otello*; Arturo Toscanini, cond. (RCA Victor LM 6107). See entry above. No other reading approaches the tension and power of this one, and for me Vinay remains the most moving Otello on records.

VERDI: *Il Trovatore*; Renato Cellini, cond. (RCA Victor LM 6008). The conducting here is less than incandescent (though lively and competent), but *Trovatore*'s essential ingredient is great singing, and from a vocal standpoint this version leaves all others at the gate. It is Milanov's finest complete recording, and also gives us Bjoerling and Leonard Warren at their peak form (far beyond the competition) and the propulsive Azucena of the young Barbieri. Brilliant choral work from the Shaw Chorale too.

WAGNER: *Tristan und Isolde*; Wilhelm Furtwängler, cond. (Angel 3588). The disappearance of this recording would be a disaster, for Furtwängler's reading (his finest operatic achievement on records) is not only of a quality superior to its competition but is entirely different in conception—dark, rich, patient, overwhelming in its cumulative weight. There's also the Isolde of Flagstad, still near the peak of her powers, and in full maturity as an interpreter of the role.

Susan Thiemann

I too would be loath to give up Schnabel or Elisabeth Schumann, but as current holder of the early music bag at HIGH FIDELITY I shall try to confine myself to mono recordings of music written before 1750.

SAFFORD CAPE: Dufay: *5 Sacred pieces*; Squarcialupi Codex: *8 Madrigali e caccie* (Archive 3003); Dunstable: *Motets*, and Ockeghem: *Chansons* (Archive 3052); Music at the Burgundian Court (Bach Guild 634). Brussels Pro Musica, Safford Cape, cond. (in all three discs). Cape was the first to make really beautiful music out of the early repertoire, and he set a standard few groups have rivaled since. The exquisite phrasing and voluptuous tone of these performances create a very special kind of music.

MONTEVERDI: *Madrigals*; New York Pro Musica, Noah Greenberg, cond. (Odyssey 32 16 0087). Noah Greenberg's tremendous enthusiasm made everything he touched catch fire, and with singers like Russell Oberlin and Charles Bressler the results could be unforgettable. Most of the group's early recordings have since appeared in pseudo-stereo, but not this one, my favorite, which features a breathtakingly joyful performance of *Zefiro torna*.

NADIA BOULANGER: *French Renaissance Vocal Music* (Decca 9629); Monteverdi: *Madrigals* (Decca 9627); Vocal and instrumental ensemble, Nadia Boulanger, cond. (in both discs). Perhaps the performance practices on these recordings are not the most authentic, and the sound could hardly please a stereo buff, but Nadia Boulanger's overwhelming musicality and insight more than compensate for the drawbacks.

MONTEVERDI: *Duets with* CARISSIMI: *Duets*, and DVORAK: *Strains from Moravia, Op. 32*; Elisabeth Schwarzkopf, Irmgard Seefried, sopranos (Angel 35290). These ladies make music wherever they go, and who says you have to have no voice to sing early music? A ravishing performance of a deliciously enticing bag of goodies.

HELEN WATTS: *Songs for Courtiers and Cavaliers*; Helen Watts, alto (Oiseau-Lyre 50128). It will probably be some time before another singer of Helen Watts's talents turns to this unusual repertory which includes songs by Grandi, Lawes, and Sigismondo d'India. This import has always been next to impossible to find in this country, so it may already be too late—but get it if you can.

ALFRED DELLER: *The Three Ravens*; Alfred Deller, countertenor, Desmond Dupré, guitar and lute (Vanguard 479). Lots of Deller recordings will be hit by the mono phase-out, and I recommend this unusual artist to anyone who appreciates a finely etched ornament or an exquisitely turned phrase. This disc is something special, early English folk melodies sung with complete simplicity and perfect taste.

BACH: *Goldberg Variations*; Glenn Gould, piano (Columbia ML 5060). Still one of the most exciting performances of any kind I have ever heard. The clarity with which Gould limns each line and the boldness of his technique are thrilling. An astonishing musical experience.

BY MICHAEL SHERWIN

THE SEASON FOR PORTABLES

Recent technology makes it easy to take Bach, Belgrade, and the Beverly Hillbillies with you wherever you go

Traverton model RF-6070 by Panasonic operates on battery or AC. It offers FM and AM and is tuned by pressing a bar.

Model P2900 from General Electric is a ten-band portable (FM, AM, short-wave) in zipper case; charts and two antennas.

WANT TO TAKE your entertainment on the move? Current technology is making it easier and easier to do so. In the last decade, parallel improvements in transistors and batteries have sparked an unprecedented proliferation of portable audio and video equipment. Wherever you go—and whether by car, boat, or foot—portable radios, portable tape machines, portable record players, and portable television sets can go along with you.

Leading the pack in diversity of brands and models available are portable radios, with cassette and cartridge tape equipment not far behind. Record players that operate on batteries and are lightweight enough to tote to the beach also abound in profusion (though their appeal is primarily to the under-fifteen age group). Finally, solid-state video equipment has completely altered the concept of portable TV: ten years ago a standard 19-inch-screen TV set with a handle attached would be called, somewhat loosely, a "portable"; today's versions—compact, lightweight, and battery-powered—are truly portable.

FM—A Bumper Crop

Although the ubiquitous AM transistor portable is still very much part of the contemporary scene, the recent rise of FM portable radios has been nothing short of spectacular. Ten years ago, when stereo records first appeared, solid-state battery FM sets were only an engineering curiosity. In 1961, when HIGH FIDELITY surveyed the portable FM field, it came up with fewer than a dozen brands meriting serious consideration. At that time figures furnished by the Electronic Industries Association indicated a current-annual sale of 2.5 million sets. Contrast this with 1968: more than 250 models are now being marketed by thirty-four manufacturers and sales have nearly quadrupled. During this same period the number of FM stations on the air doubled, while

Mr. Sherwin, a dedicated audiophile who has nursed professional tape recorders at recording sessions, has also always enjoyed the pleasures of his portables—both audio and video—and is grateful that they now are really light enough to carry around.

At upper right, the Lafayette Star-Fire VI, a multi-band portable that features world map with time zones on hinged lid fitting over the dial face when not in use. At its left, one of the sets in Telefunken's Bajazzo series: multi-band and fitted with bracket for car mounting. At top left, the Grundig TR-5000 multi-band set with band-spread feature for six segments of short-wave. Below it, Tandberg's portable multi-band radio comes in stylish teak case. Tandberg also makes a similar model that may be bracket-mounted in your car.

sales of AM-only portables declined—suggesting that FM is well on its way to supplanting AM as the dominant program source. But you need not give up AM reception to take advantage of FM's superior quality. Since the FCC ruling that AM/FM stations in major communities may not duplicate their programming more than 50 per cent of the time, almost all FM portables now include an AM band as well, at a cost no higher than that of FM-only sets of a few years ago.

FM portables range in price from $12.88 for personal pocket models to such ocean-spanning sets as the $230 Grundig TR-5000 with seven bands, or the $300 Panasonic RF-5000 with eleven. While portables in any given price class tend to be generally similar in appearance and design, a survey of the entire field reveals units with special features to suit almost any requirement. Want portable FM *stereo*? Sony's elaborate 8FS-40W is a self-contained 26-transistor AM/stereo FM radio with twin 3- by 5-inch speakers, AFC, dial light, and stereo indicator light, plus a full complement of inputs and outputs that allow it to be used with stereo headphones or as the tuner in a home music system. Operating on either six D cells or AC current, it lists for $130. If you prefer your speakers separated, the same company's STA-110 multiplex adapter, with a $40 amplifier/speaker unit, will convert any Sony FM portable to stereo. Stereo portables are also made by Hitachi and Panasonic.

Interested in simplified tuning? Panasonic's $100 RF-880 FM/AM/marine band "Power-Mate" automatically tunes to the nearest station at the touch of a selector bar—a feature previously available only on certain AM-only radios. An optional car bracket allows the unit to be used in automobiles. The same signal-seeking feature without marine band facilities can be found on the company's RF-6070 at $60, and other models.

For the do-it-yourselfer, Heath offers a 10-transistor FM portable radio kit with a 6- by 4-inch speaker. Construction time is four to six hours, with the life of its six C cells rated at 300 to 500 hours. Price: $45.

Would you like to hear your favorite television program when you can't be near your TV set? Olson Electronics makes that possible with its $40 Model RA-23 FM/TV-sound portable. No larger than a conventional FM set, the RA-23 tunes in the FM band as well as the audio portion of TV channels 2 through 13. Cost is $40.

RCA has come up with a (literally) timely new item in its Model RZS-43 "Weekender" FM/AM/clock radio. This product employs two independent power sources: a mercury battery (with a one-year life span) for its luminous-dial clock; six penlight batteries for the radio. Nonetheless, the two units are integrated in function: the clock can be set to sound a buzzer through the radio's speaker, or can set the radio to turn itself on in the morning to wake you to music. Measuring a mere 5¼ by

Newest thing in portable radios is an FM/AM set combined with an electric clock, both running off batteries. Left, the Bulova Ventura, operates for a year on one mercury cell. Above it, Panasonic's Trafford, model RC-7878; clock and radio may be separated if you choose. Above, RCA Weekender, model RZS-43, in snap-up case. Each of these can waken you by buzzer alarm or by turning on radio.

5¾ by 2¾ inches when closed, its folding case contains an extendable built-in antenna. Price: $45.

FM multi-band portables have benefited most from the advent of solid-state technology. Twenty years ago, Zenith's bulky "Trans-Oceanic" portable was nearly weighty enough to require two men to carry it, and devoured its expensive A and B batteries at a forbidding rate. Today's solid-state version—the Royal 3000-1—weighs thirteen pounds and runs on nine flashlight batteries. Retailing for about $200, it receives nine wavebands (including FM) and incorporates twenty-one tuned circuits. Multi-band sets are currently made by a number of companies in addition to those already mentioned: Allied, Admiral, Arvin, Blaupunkt, CBS Masterwork, Elgin, Emerson, Hallicrafters, Magnavox, Philco, Radio Shack, Realtone, Sharpe, Standard, Toshiba, Viscount, and Westinghouse, among others. Prices range from under $100 to $300, depending on the number of bands the set is equipped to receive. Most models allow you to connect an external antenna for more extended short-wave reception, and some give you the option of powering the set through a car or boat's electrical system.

The rising popularity of tape cassettes is seen in dozens of new models now appearing. At top, the original Norelco Carry-Corder with a blank cassette ready to be slipped in. These machines also play prerecorded cassettes. Below the Norelco is a Sony version, model TC-50, which is small enough to fit into a jacket pocket. Cassettes recorded on one model can be played on all others.

TAPE—There's a Type for Everyone

As for portable tape equipment, there are no fewer than four different types available. This variety of choice may present a problem, but a little study will enable the buyer to select the kind that best serves his own needs. The oldest form of portable recorder is essentially a scaled-down version of the standard open-reel, capstan-drive machine modified and reduced in weight to allow for battery-operation and easy toting about. At that, many of these models—particularly the really good ones—remain fairly bulky and costly. The pro on the move or the serious amateur puts up with the expense and size because these portables offer the best sound and mechanical reliability. What's more, being closely related to standard decks, they also permit easy editing, splicing, and the other techniques involved in serious tape work. The undisputed king in this realm is the Swiss-made Nagra, a remarkable tape recorder of international renown that can record at 15 ips and costs, depending on optional features, upwards of a thousand dollars. Many pros would rate the highly popular Uher 4000 a close second. Now available in a stereo version, it costs, depending on accessories, about $500. Recently, some less expensive entries from such firms as Roberts, Tandberg, Concord, Concertone, Sony/Superscope, Telefunken, and Grundig have been

announced and may yet make their mark in the serious amateur class. Aside from variations in ultimate performance, all these machines share the virtue of standardization and compatibility: a tape operator familiar with open-reel decks can use any of these portables quite readily, and he will find that their reels are interchangeable among both portables and full-size decks.

At the lowest end of the price scale are a number of very minimal open-reel portable recorders that enter and vanish from the market periodically under a variety of names that often are little more than a temporary trademark invented by some importer for quick sales. As a class, these units have unstable speed and relatively poor sound: as such they are little more than toys—though even toys can have their place.

For a long time there was little available between the fairly costly open-reel portables and the cheap toy-portables. All signs, however, pointed to a widening market for a moderately priced unit capable of reasonably acceptable sound combined with simple and reliable mechanical operation. Enter the tape cartridge and cassette systems. By general usage, the term "cartridge" has come to denote the endless-loop type originally offered for use in automobiles and—despite scattered announcements of models for the home—apparently still predominant in that area. Some of these 4- and 8-track models can be removed from their mount in the car and used indoors on regular AC power. We've heard, however, of none that runs strictly on batteries and we have yet to experience using one with the recording function—again, despite promising announcements. One firm—Playtapes—has entered the endless-loop market with a very low-priced cartridge player which, considering its general format, cost, and available cartridge repertoire, is frankly aimed at the very young.

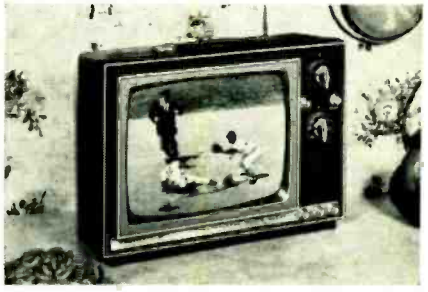
Perhaps the most significant recent development in portable tape recorders has been the introduction of the Philips cassette, actually a miniature reel-to-reel system enclosed in a cartridge. Operating at 1⅞ ips (vis-à-vis the 3¾-ips tape speed of the major continuous-loop systems), the cassette offers compactness (one fourth the size of an 8-track cartridge) at the cost of high frequency response and freedom from dropouts (fluctuation in the level of the recorded signal and background hiss). But the cassette enables you to make your own recordings as easily as you can take snapshots with an Instamatic. Its technical viability and its widespread acceptance also have stimulated the growth of a library of prerecorded cassette tapes.

The cassette recorder has recently appeared in combination with portable FM sets, like the $220 Norelco L-962, which can record FM, AM, or short-wave broadcasts from its own radio as well as record through a microphone or play prerecorded cassettes. The exceilent sound quality of this set comes as a surprise. For a portable, the L-962 has solid bass, extended highs, and ample power reserves.

Four popular reel-to-reel portable tape recorders: above left, the Magnetephon 300 by Telefunken features push-button operation and see-through cover for the reels. Below it, the Concord 300 records and plays back in reverse so that you don't have to change the reel when it runs out in one direction. Next, the Roberts 6000S, a stereo portable with two VU meters and four speeds. Directly left, the Uher 4004, a stereo version of this firm's 4000 series. It too has four speeds and twin VU level meters.

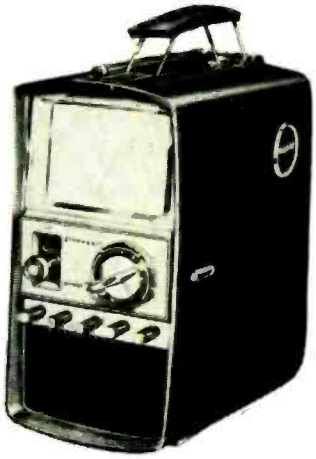
PHONOGRAPHS—Caveat Emptor

Battery-powered record players still await further refinement before they can be recommended to serious music lovers. For one thing, turntables tend to slow down or waver annoyingly as battery voltage drops. Worse yet, the tracking force of most battery phonographs is often set at crushingly high pressures in order to make the tone arm immune to the vibration of the loudspeaker usually mounted on the panel directly underneath it. We recently measured the stylus pressure of one popular model and found that it balanced the scales at twelve grams—heavy enough to damage the fragile grooves of a stereo record in a few playings. And there is no way to reduce the arm pressures of most units, since no counterweight or spring adjustment is provided. If you must hear your records at the beach, our advice is to record them onto tape cassettes and take a cassette player with you.

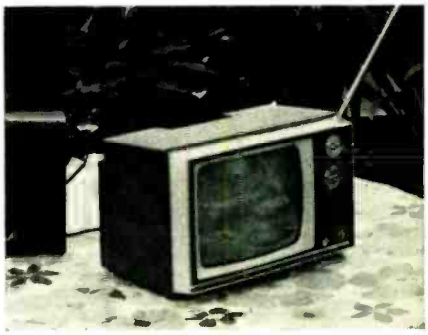


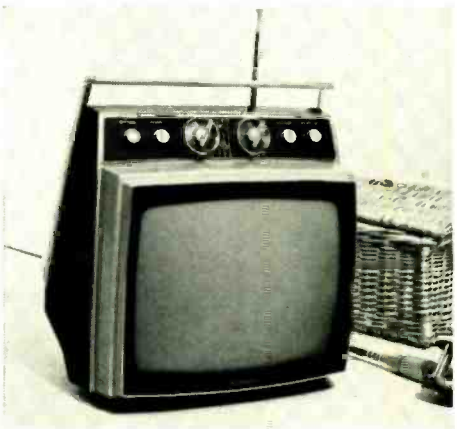
TV—The Prospects Are Promising

We've saved portable video for last, for it is here that the most dramatic recent advances have taken place. Battery TVs are available in a wide assortment of screen sizes. RCA's new "Jaunty" model AL-006 features a snap-on filter for outdoor viewing of its 8-inch screen, and can play on house current, a 12-volt car (or boat) cigarette lighter, or a rechargeable battery pack. Rechargeable nickel-cadmium batteries and all solid-state circuitry make it possible for today's smallest sets to look like a soda-cracker box with a 3-inch screen on one end—as in Symphonic's Model TPS 5050 "Mini 3 TV." The picture quality of such sets often seems sharper than that of large-screen TV—the scanning lines are too close together to be visible. The opposite, however, holds true for color TV: the three-color red/green/blue dot patterns that make up the color image on the face of the picture tube remain the same size regardless of the diameter of the tube. A smaller tube cannot include as many dots, with a consequent loss in picture definition and detail. To date, there is no color set available with a screen size less than eleven inches, and practical small-screen battery-operated color portables do not seem to be around the corner just yet.



Yet it is not unreasonable to speculate that if progress in miniaturization continues, miniscule color TVs will be commonplace. We already have—thanks to Sony—an entire portable video tape recorder in a briefcase. Right now it is possible to buy a portable radio concealed in a wrist watch, and Bulova has shown a radio in the form of a diamond-studded necklace containing antenna and receiver, with earrings serving as loudspeakers! The prospect for the future seems infinite—or is it infinitesimal?





Burgeoning portable TV market includes several interesting models. Top right, the Heathkit GR-104 available in kit form for do-it-yourselfers, 74 square-inch size screen; below it the Minni 3 TV by Symphonic, ultraminiature set with three-inch diagonal screen; below it, the Escort by Motorola weighs 13½ pounds, uses 9-inch diagonal screen; at right, a 12-inch battery TV set by Sylvania, the model GT-12. The built-in dipole antennas on these sets should prove adequate for most local reception.

By Myron A. Matzkin

THERE IS A DIFFERENCE IN BATTERIES

and one kind outperforms the others

IT'S NOT MUCH OF A TRICK anymore to sit in a rowboat in the middle of Long Island Sound, listening to a short-wave news broadcast from Berlin or playing Beethoven via a two-and-a-half-pound cassette tape player. Solid-state and battery power have made this kind of sonic miracle a commonplace. Still, the miracle may be only a faint visitation or even clude you entirely if you've forgotten to buy fresh batteries or have bought the wrong kind. The latter blunder can result, at the least, in the need to replace batteries at a prodigious rate and, at the worst, in outright damage to the radio or recorder itself.

The plain fact is that not all batteries are equal. Some knowledge of their workings can save you money, prevent frustration, and protect your gear.

Most transistorized portable radios, tape recorders, and cartridge tape players use AA, C, or D batteries. The letters denote size: AA, or penlight, batteries average a shade under two inches in height, a bit over one half inch in diameter; size C cells are about two inches high and one inch in diameter; the D size runs to about two and three eighths inches in height and a shade over one and one quarter inches in diameter. Slight variations in height or diameter, of one sixteenth inch or so, don't matter: any AA, C, or D battery will fit the space allotted to it in the equipment. A fairly new size battery—known, appropriately enough, as the button type—will not fit the space intended for any of the other sizes. All of these, by the way, are rated for a nominal output of 1.5 volts. Invariably they are connected in series to bring up the voltage to the required level (thus, four batteries produce 6 volts; eight cells give you 12 volts, and so on). Occasionally, batteries may be connected in series-parallel. The paralleling of cells does not produce higher voltage but, rather, a longer-lasting power source or one with more current reserves—tantamount to using a larger battery. (Apropos of this, there are also available larger 9-volt batteries—of no standard size—for specific models of older portable radios.)

Size and shape aside, the important thing to know about batteries is what kind: zinc/carbon, alkaline, lead/acid, nickel/cadmium, or silver/zinc. Chances are that if you simply ask at your local drugstore for batteries, you'll get zinc/carbon. The cylinder may even state that the product is specially designed for transistor radios. Fine. The same legend applies to any battery: so-called "transistor batteries"—at least to my knowledge—have not proved any better or more durable than "non-transistor" batteries.

It may also be marked leak-proof. Don't believe it. Zinc/carbon batteries leak and for a very good

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A habitual "lugger" of battery-operated audio and photographic equipment around the world, Mr. Matzkin, Senior Editor of Modern Photography, *makes it a point of survival to keep abreast of developments in batteries.*

reason. The case is made of zinc and acts as one of the electrodes. The other electrode, of course, is carbon inside the case itself. As the battery is used, the zinc goes into solution. By the end of its life there's a good chance the highly corrosive solution will eat right through what's left of the case. If you leave dead zinc/carbon batteries in the battery compartment of your equipment, one day you're liable to find a mess of ruined wires, corroded contacts, and eroded metal. Zinc/carbon batteries are cheap, but a little inattention and they can prove to be the costliest bit of equipment you ever bought.

Zinc/carbon batteries also have a limited shelf life, about one year at most. Since they aren't dated, your best bet is to buy them only where you know the dealer does a rather large battery business, and thus is likely to have fresh stock on hand.

A zinc/carbon battery also tends to drop off from its rated voltage fairly quickly after you've started using it. With some equipment this drop may not be a serious problem. Many portable radios and tape recorders are designed to work at less than the specified voltage—you can get a small transistor radio to work on batteries that may not have enough life left to provide more than a dull glow from a flashlight. With tape recorders, however, even though everything appears to be operating, there's more than a chance that tape speed will fall well below the specified recording speed. One more warning: if you use C cells, don't buy batteries intended for photographic use; the latter are meant for equipment requiring high peak current.

Alkaline batteries cost about twice as much as zinc/carbon types, but since we're dealing here with nickels and dimes, most people won't care. An alkaline battery will last about twice as long as a zinc/carbon, and—most important—there's less likelihood of its leaking. The container or jacket of an alkaline battery is steel. The manganese-dioxide negative electrode and potassium-hydroxide positive electrode are sealed inside the container.

Alkaline batteries have one other slight advantage over zinc/carbon. They can be rejuvenated. Once a zinc/carbon battery has been used up, it's finished. But note that the word "rejuvenated" doesn't mean recharged. You can bring an alkaline battery back to full charge for a limited number of times—as long as you never use more than half of the power supply. Once you drain it below that point, forget it.

OBVIOUSLY, WHETHER you use zinc/carbon or alkaline energizers you're going to have to replace batteries sooner or later. Give your equipment heavy use, or carelessly leave the power switch on for a long time, and the whole business becomes an expensive nuisance. The answer is a set of truly rechargeable batteries.

The first rechargeable batteries were lead/acid types and to some extent they're still in use. For instance, the Dryfit battery used in the Uher 4000L tape recorder is a modified lead/acid unit, in which the lead/acid has been jellied. It won't leak and it's reasonably compact. Equipped with a fully charged Dryfit battery in good condition, the Uher can be operated for about eight hours. Charging time is at least twelve hours, longer as the battery gets older. Just how long the battery lasts depends on how you use it—and store it. You can't just let a Dryfit battery sit on the shelf. If you want it to stay healthy, it must be recharged at least once every six months. Exposure to temperatures in excess of 100 degrees for long periods can do serious damage too.

In my view, the nickel/cadmium battery is the best answer yet to the high cost of feeding portable audio equipment. This is how it stacks up.

First, the nickel/cadmium battery is a lot more rugged than other types. It will withstand cold down to zero and heat as high as 120 degrees. More important, after six months on the shelf a well-made nickel/cadmium battery will have at least fifteen per cent of its charge left. And it won't leak. The cylinder, made of nickel-coated steel, is hermetically sealed. The positive electrode is nickel, while cadmium does the work of the negative electrode.

Nickel/cads are way ahead of lead/acid units in respect to operating time. A set of five nickel/cad D cells will provide enough power to operate a tape recorder for about twelve hours. The one drawback to rechargeable nickel/cadmium batteries is the time required for recharging, about fourteen hours. (Major companies are working hard to develop a one-hour recharge time battery, with promising results in the lab. Unfortunately the tremendous heat generated by the short recharge time creates a problem—the battery may explode; and, where there has been a certain amount of success, quality control requirements are so rigid that not enough batteries get through inspection to make production economically feasible.)

You may find that some nickel/cads are rated at 1.2 volts rather than 1.5 volts. Think nothing of it—they'll do a better job than zinc/carbon or alkaline batteries rated at 1.5 volts. Nickel/cads hold their maximum voltage over a much longer period of time before dropping off to a point where they are too weak to get the job done.

One important thing to note about nickel/cads: they vary in the purpose for which they're intended and it is therefore essential that you consider the ampere-hour rating of those you buy. Heavy-duty units are usually rated at about 3.5 to 4 ampere-hours. Light-duty units—just beginning to appear on the market from General Electric and Gould Battery (undoubtedly with others to follow)—may be rated at 1 or 1.5 ampere-hours. The ampere rating time of a battery can seriously affect its efficiency in respect to the equipment for which it is used. For example, for a reel-to-reel tape recorder operating at 7½ ips the choice should be heavy-duty (high ampere-hour rating) nickel/cads. If you are

Most nickel/cadmium battery chargers handle only one size battery. Left, Spiratone's Peni-Cad charger with four penlight (AA) cells costs $13.95. Gould charger, right, comes with two D cells, costs $7.95. Center, General Electric charger costs $9.95 less batteries, permits recharging two different size cells simultaneously in respective compartments. Battery costs for pair of 1-amp hour units are: penlights, $3.49; C cells, $3.15; D cells, $3.95.

using a small transistorized radio, light duty batteries will do just as well. But if you plan to use an FM set where an AC outlet (which you'd need for recharging) is not readily accessible, you'd do well to choose the 3.5 or 4 ampere units.

What about the cost of batteries? Nickel/cads do cost more than zinc/carbon or alkaline batteries—a lot more. A heavy-duty nickel/cad D cell may cost anywhere from $5.00 to $8.00. A zinc/carbon battery sells for about fifteen or twenty cents, while an alkaline energizer sells for about forty-five cents. Thus a set of five nickel/cads may cost as much as $40, compared to $1.00 for zinc/carbon and $2.25 for alkaline energizers.

But consider this. Most manufacturers claim a possible three hundred to four hundred recharging cycles. One, General Electric, claims one thousand recharges. The chances are that the nickel/cads will outlast your equipment, if GE is right, they'll even outlast you.

And of course, you can buy the lighter duty nickel/cads—at a much lighter price. Gould markets a combination of two D cells plus a charger for $7.95. Extra cells are $2.10. GE recently announced a price of $3.95 for two D cells and $9.95 for the charger. The C cells are even less expensive at $3.15 per pair, while two penlights cost $3.49 per pair.

There are a few other things you should know about nickel/cads. First, if you haven't used your nickel/cads for a long period of time—but still think there's some life left in them—place the cells in the charger for a short period. This will prevent some rather expensive damage. Second, never attempt to charge 1-ampere-hour batteries in a heavy-duty charger. It may ruin the batteries. On the other hand, you can use a light-duty charger for heavy-duty batteries—but charging time will be extremely long. Incidentally, with the modern trickle charger there's virtually no danger of overcharging. It just can't happen. Third, if your nickel/cads go completely dead, just extend the charging time. It may take two or three days to revive them, but invariably they will come back to life.

Don't expect to buy nickel/cads down at the drugstore just yet. Best bets are electronic supply houses such as Lafayette Radio, Allied Radio, Harvey Radio, Radio Shack, and similar organizations. They'll also have the charger you need. If you already own a charger, make sure that the nickel/cads you buy are right for it. Not all are suitable for all sizes of cells.

There's one other rechargeable battery that holds a great deal of promise, the silver/zinc cells, now being made by both Yardney Electric Corp. and Gould. They have all the advantages of nickel/cads, but a set of silver/zinc cells will run a tape recorder for about fifteen hours since they have a higher ampere-hour rating. If your recorder calls for five D cells, with silver/cads you use only four and a dummy; otherwise you'll feed much too much voltage into the machine. At present you can expect to pay $10 per cell and you may have to hunt around for stores carrying them.

Manufacturers of batteries are currently working with audio designers for greater efficiency, dependability, and lower costs. And with both parties fully awake to the tremendous potential of portables, it's a pretty sure thing that before too long your equipment will reach the market with reliable, long-lasting batteries and recharging units built right in.

If saving money sounds "in" to you, you ought to hear the sounds of University.

High quality, fair price. That's what makes University the "in" line. If the quality is no good... why ever bother about the price, right? Right! But if the quality is outstanding, wouldn't you like to save a little moola too? Then you owe it to yourself and your pocketbook to check out University speakers. Here's how to do it the hard way:

Take any one of University's many speaker systems. For example, try the luxurious Sorrento or the classic-styled Mediterranean. Ask your dealer to play either one along side another speaker listed at the same price. Next, compare University's quality with a little higher priced speaker. Then try still a higher priced speaker. Your ears will tell you to stop comparing, and your eyes will tell you the bargain you got.

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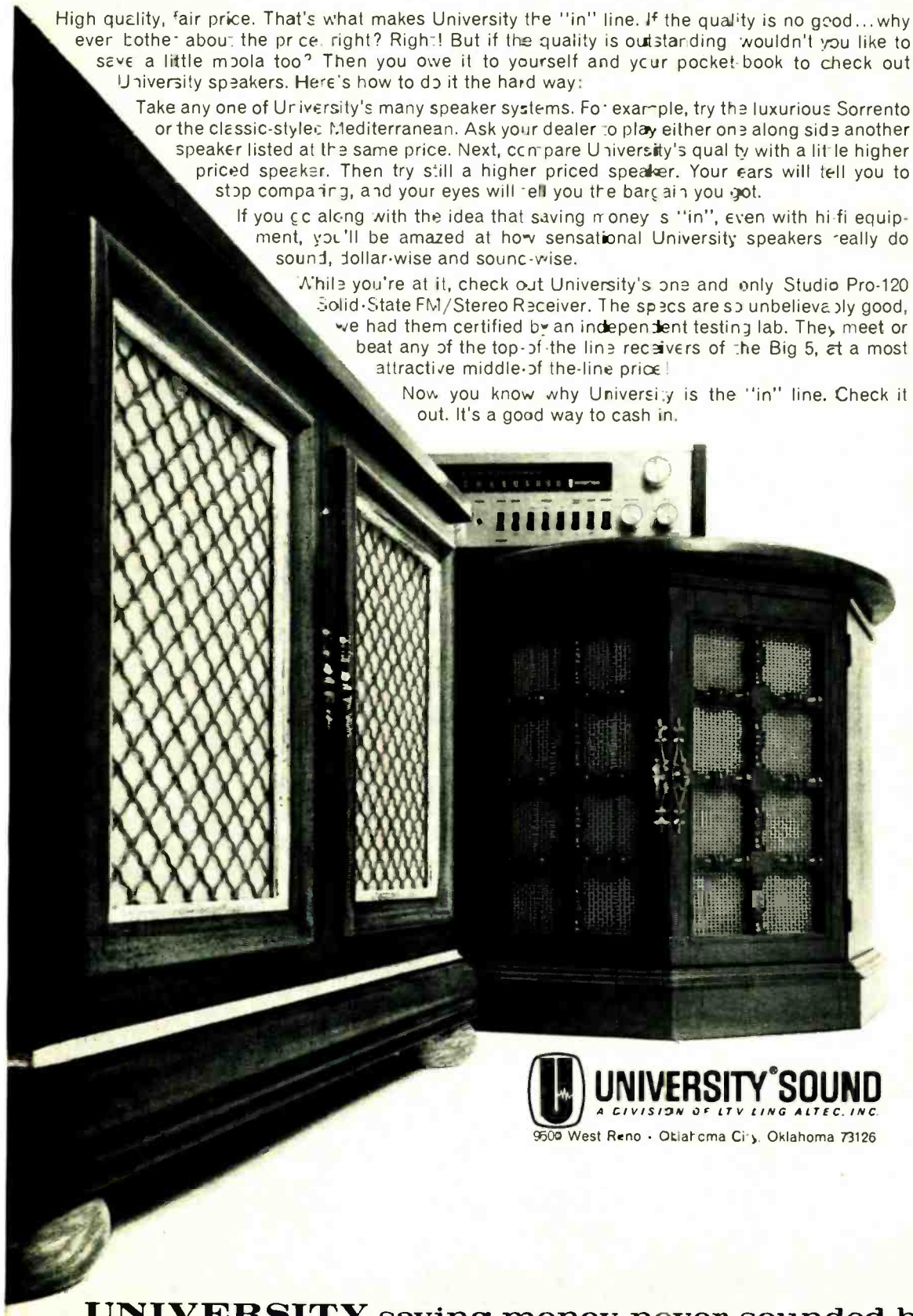

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CIRCLE 48 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

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**Excerpt, HiFi/Stereo Review, May, 1968*

"This clearly indicates the virtue of the adjustable vertical tracking angle in reducing distortion from the record, and in combination with the variable skating-angle compensation shows that the PE-2020 is well equipped to reduce distortion to a practical minimum. As a consequence, *the vertical tracking angle adjustment is not merely a gimmick . . .*" **Excerpt, Audio May, 1968*

The exclusive 15° Vertical Tracking Angle feature places the NEW ELPA PE-2020 ahead of all automatic turntables on the market.

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*Complete reprints of articles available upon request.

EQUIPMENT REPORTS

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

MARANTZ MODEL 18 RECEIVER

THE EQUIPMENT: Marantz model 18, a stereo FM receiver. Dimensions: 18¼ by 16 by 6 inches. List price: $695. Manufacturer: Marantz Co., Inc., 37-04 57th Street, Woodside, N. Y. 11377.

COMMENT: The model 18 is the first combination chassis (tuner plus preamp plus power amp) from a company long known for its perfectionist-oriented separate components. It is good to report that in making this concession to popular taste, Marantz has yielded nothing in the way of performance or quality. From its responsive controls to its high, clean output power, the model 18 is "genuine Marantz" all the way.

In addition to offering superior performance, the model 18 boasts some unusual features. The most striking of these is its small oscilloscope, set on the front panel between its two adjustment controls and the FM station dial. This scope actually is a multipurpose indicator. For use on FM (the "audio display" button is not pressed), it shows tuning accuracy. It also shows signal strength, degree of station modulation, the presence of an SCA signal, and multi-path interference related to antenna orientation. The scope is not numerically calibrated but it does provide relative indications from station to station. In addition, if you press the audio display button, the 'scope shows—for whatever program source is chosen on the selector knob (phono, tape, etc.)—mono and stereo indications, degree of channel separation, and out-of-phase stereo conditions.

The FM dial is a generous 8½ inches wide, and the station numerals are supplemented with a logging scale. A red stereo indicator lamp comes on whenever you tune to a station broadcasting in stereo. The tuning knob itself actually is the flywheel of the tuning shaft, but handsomely finished and knurled and protruding through an opening on the front panel.

Below the tuning dial there's a row of push-buttons for a second phono input (in addition to the one you can select on the main selector knob), mono conversion, tape monitor, audio display, high blend, low filter, high filter, and muting off. These all are familiar, except for the audio display which we've explained, and the high blend, which when pressed reduces the amount of stereo separation in the high frequencies. This action is designed to reduce a possible source of noise (due to out-of-phase or otherwise faulty stereo material) but without at the same time rolling off the high-frequency response.

Control knobs cover program selection (phono, FM, tape, aux 1 and 2); channel balance; volume; bass; treble; and speaker selection (off, main, both, remote). The bass and treble controls are dual-concentric friction-coupled types that regulate both channels at once or either channel separately as you choose. The speaker selector, in conjunction with the terminals on the rear, permits connecting two sets of stereo speaker systems and choosing both, either, or none. A stereo headphone jack, to the right of this control, is live regardless of the position of the speaker switch.

The model 18 has the usual tape in and out jacks at the rear, for recording and playback, including the monitor function for three-head decks. In addition, there are two front panel dubbing jacks. These may be used in the same manner as the rear panel jacks, or—if you own two tape recorders—to facilitate copying and editing tapes from one machine to the other, with the control- and tone-shaping features of the model 18 helping if desired. The extra jacks also let you record into two tape machines at once—or in tandem, useful for dubbing long programs without interruption.

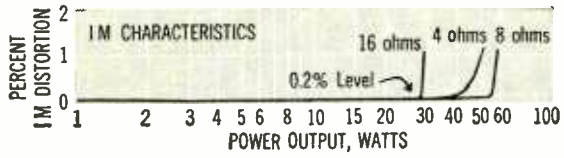
In addition to the connections already mentioned, the rear of the set has inputs for 75-ohm or 300-ohm antennas, an unswitched AC outlet, a grounding post, the line cord, and a fuse holder. The model 18 is more than usually well constructed of high grade parts and shows meticulous attention to chassis layout and detailing. The tuner front end is passive—that is, it responds to RF signals but provides no gain. This technique, borrowed from radar, is designed to eliminate overloading without sacrificing high sensitivity. The set's solid-state circuitry terminates in a direct-coupled power amplifier with a speaker-protection circuit built in.

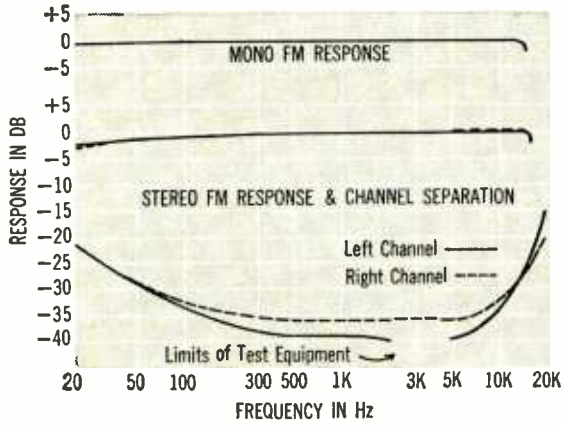
In comparing CBS Labs' test results with the manufacturer's specifications, it is obvious that the model 18 is a conservatively rated unit. For instance, power output vis-à-vis rated distortion measured on our sample were better than claimed. Ditto for the power bandwidth. IM distortion for the 8-ohm load remained under 0.2 per cent to well beyond the unit's rated output of 40 watts. Response, tone, filter, and equalization characteristics all were near perfect. Damping factor was 40, higher than specified; noise level on the phono input was 0.9 microvolts, a jot lower than specified. Tuner sensitivity was right on the nose at 2.8 microvolts. Other tuner characteristics, to the extent that we could determine (allowing for variations in test setups), also verify the manufacturer's specifications. Although Marantz does not favor master antenna systems for its receiver, we connected ours to the model 18—just to see what would happen. Even under what Marantz regards as limited-quality FM reception, we logged 41 stations, 25 of which we considered suitable for long-term listening or off-the-air taping.

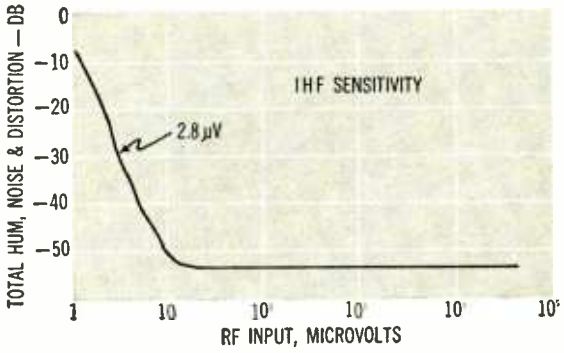
The model 18, in short, shapes up as an outstanding receiver that easily meets its avowed design aim of

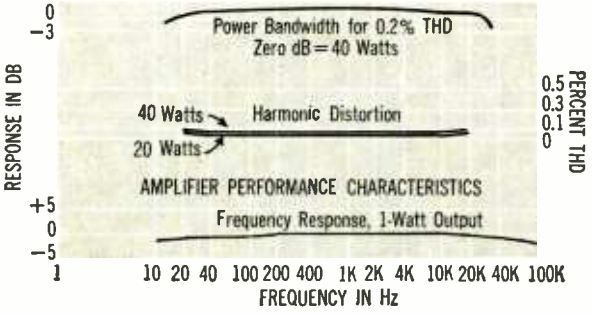
providing performance equivalent to that of separate components of comparable power. It offers first-rate sound, conventional though attractive styling, and a few professional flourishes such as its versatile tape recording facility and the oscilloscope. The set is supplied in a metal cage on four feet. It may be used "as is," installed in a panel cut-out, or fitted into an optional wooden cabinet.

CIRCLE 141 ON READER-SERVICE CARD









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

Marantz 18 Receiver

Lab Test Data

Performance characteristic	Measurement
Tuner Section	
IHF sensitivity	2.8 μV at 98 MHz; 3.2 μV at 90 MHz; 2.9 μV at 106 MHz
Frequency response, mono	+0, −0.5 dB, 20 Hz to 15 kHz
THD, mono	0.12% at 400 Hz; 0.28% at 40 Hz; 0.08% at 1 kHz
IM distortion	0.5%
Capture ratio	2.5 dB
S/N ratio	72 dB
Frequency response stereo, l ch	+0, −1.5 dB, 20 Hz to 16.5 kHz
r ch	+0, −1.5 dB, 22 Hz to 16.5 kHz
THD, stereo, l ch	0.34% at 400 Hz; 0.52% at 40 Hz; 0.24% at 1 kHz
r ch	0.28% at 400 Hz; 0.46% at 40 Hz; 0.20% at 1 kHz
Channel separation, either channel	better than 35 dB, 200 Hz to 7.5 kHz better than 25 dB, 35 Hz to 15 kHz
19-kHz pilot suppression	59 dB
38-kHz subcarrier suppression	68 dB
Amplifier Section	
Power output (at 1 kHz into 8-ohm load)	
l ch at clipping	53.5 watts at 0.038% THD
l ch for 0.2% THD	55 watts
r ch at clipping	51 watts at 0.2% THD
r ch for 0.2% THD	51 watts
both chs simultaneously	
l ch at clipping	42.8 watts at 0.046% THD
r ch at clipping	42.8 watts at 0.080% THD
Power bandwidth for constant 0.2% THD	below 20 Hz to 43 kHz
Harmonic distortion	
40 watts output	under 0.062%, 20 Hz to 20 kHz
20 watts output	under 0.048%, 20 Hz to 20 kHz
IM distortion	
4-ohm load	under 0.2% to 41 watts
8-ohm load	under 0.2% to 58 watts
16-ohm load	under 0.2% to 29 watts
Frequency response, 1-watt level	+0, −1 dB, 11 Hz to 45 kHz
RIAA equalization	±1 dB, 20 Hz to 20 kHz
Damping factor	40

Input characteristics	Sensitivity	S/N ratio
Phono	0.6 mV	57 dB*
High level	72 mV	73 dB

*This figure translotes to 0.9 μV equivalent noise input, re manufacturer's specification of 1 μV.

KOSS PRO-4A HEADPHONES

THE EQUIPMENT: Koss Pro-4A, stereo headphones. Price: $50. Manufacturer: Koss Electronics, Inc., 2227 N. 31 Street, Milwaukee, Wisconsin 53208.

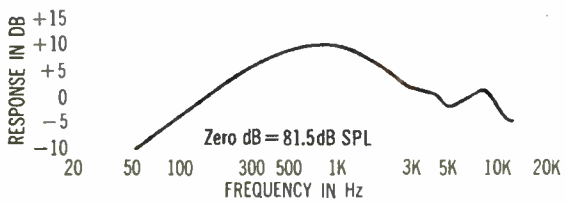
COMMENT: For a long time, audio fans have regarded Koss as the ear that made Milwaukee famous. Aside from a few old-time professional brands, Koss headphones were among the first to make their way into the lives of stereo listeners—thanks to a vigorous promotion by the manufacturer and their excellent performance at a cost below the top professional level. Today Koss makes a variety of headphones of which the Pro-4A set is the latest in the firm's highest-priced series. The Pro-4A is rated for 50 ohms impedance but can be used on standard 4-, 8-, or 16-ohm outputs. They are quite efficient, as headphones go, and Koss recommends using 4-ohm outputs (if available) to help "pad down" the signal strength. You also can order the set with 600-ohms impedance for direct monitoring of line outputs on professional recorders or studio-type equipment.

Although they are the heaviest phones we've yet tested (19 ounces as compared to the 12 ounces of the Beyer, or the 13.4 ounces of the Pioneer), the Koss are completely comfortable to wear. Women wearers, in particular, seemed to prefer this headset for extended periods of time without complaining about "pressure on the head" and so on. Apparently, those fluid-filled cushions around the ear-pieces do make for very little pressure against the head while at the same time providing a sure seal. The adjustable headband is fitted with a foam layer, and the set feels nicely balanced once you're wearing it. The phones are marked for left and right channels; the left one has a threaded fitting onto which you can attach a microphone bracket. The signal cord provided is a coiled expansion type which extends without strain up to 10 feet. It terminates in a standard three-connection phone plug which fits any normal phone jack.

The response curve derived at CBS Labs on the Koss Pro-4A matches very closely those supplied by the manufacturer. It shows a total variation of 19 dB across the range from 50 Hz to 15,000 Hz. This is a greater variation than measured in previous headphone tests but it shouldn't lead anyone to suspect that the Pro-4A is bass-shy or weak in the upper registers. Its audible response actually is quite ample and wide-range. On test tones, the bass began to double at about 70 Hz but it held up, with virtually no increase in distortion, to 40 Hz. Below this frequency the response continued to roll off and the doubling increased when the set was driven hard. The highs did not exactly sparkle, but they were very smooth and, to the extent that one can say it of headphones, "well aired." White noise, heard through the Pro-4A, sounded as uncolored and smooth as over the finest of speaker systems.

Measured distortion figures for the headset showed that the left phone produced less than 0.5 per cent THD across its entire range. The right phone did nearly as well, except for a rise to 1.5 per cent at 100 Hz. This tapered down to 0.7 per cent at 200 Hz and then remained under 0.5 per cent for the rest of the run. As we have commented in previous headphone reports, such figures are very good for sound transducers and are much better than those you'd find in typically good speaker systems.

CIRCLE 142 ON READER-SERVICE CARD



GARRARD SL-95 AUTOMATIC TURNTABLE

THE EQUIPMENT: Garrard SL-95, a three-speed automatic turntable with integral tone arm. Dimensions: 15 13/16 by 14 5/8 inches; clearance above motor board, 4 3/8 inches; clearance below motor board, 3 inches. Price, less base and cartridge, $129.50. Manufactured by Garrard of England; distributed in the U.S.A. by British Industries Corp., Westbury, New York 11590.

COMMENT: About the only thing that is not new on the SL-95 is the name of Garrard. Everything, from the motor underneath to the shell that holds the cartridge, has been redesigned. The result is a spanking new record-playing ensemble that runs as good as it looks —which is first-rate.

To begin with, the term Synchro-Lab—which designates the entire new Garrard line—refers to the motor which has two moving sections. An induction rotor provides initial starting torque and accelerates the platter to required speed, at which point a synchronous section takes over to lock into the power-line frequency. Its purpose is to maintain constant speed despite changes in line voltage, and indeed the speed tests run at CBS Labs, varying the line voltage from 105 to 127 volts AC, confirm that constant speed is maintained.

Many other improvements are evident topside of the SL-95. Among the more prominent items we noted is the tone arm. Composed of aluminum and wood, it has low mass and negligible bearing friction (measured as 0.05 and 0.02 grams respectively for lateral and vertical movement). It is suspended on needle pivots, and balanced by a rubber-damped adjustable rear counterweight. You set stylus force by a calibrated

knob, and anti-skating on a separate marked slider. The other end of the arm has, instead of a removable shell, a removable clip. You mount a cartridge on the clip (it will accommodate any of today's models) and then snap it into place. A finger-lift (somewhat short in length) permits manual cuing, or you can use the machine's built-in cuing control. Also worth noting is the new system for stacking records for automatic play: you press a button near the arm pivot and a small platform rises from the chassis which, together with the lever in the automatic center spindle, holds up to six records for automatic sequencing. A single lever control, which starts the platter and activates the cuing of the arm, may be used for playing one record at a time (using the short spindle) or a stack automatically (using the log spindle). The short spindle rotates with the record to reduce center hole wear or enlargement. A pause feature permits you to stop or re-cue during automatic operation, and another control lets you repeat a single record.

The SL-95 did very well in CBS Labs' tests. Speed accuracy, shown in the accompanying table, was unusually high for an automatic, and speed remained constant at varying line voltages. Average wow and flutter were insignificant at 0.07 and 0.05 per cent respectively. Rumble, at a low minus 56 dB by the CBS-RRLL standard, would not likely intrude into normal listening over a stereo system. The arm's resonance occurred at 6.5 Hz and showed a 10 dB rise. The amount of rise is a bit high, but the frequency at which it occurs is so low as to virtually rule it out as of any significance.

The built-in stylus force gauge is quite accurate. The following stylus forces were measured for the gauge settings shown: 1 gram for a setting of 1; 1.9 grams for a setting of 2; 3 for 3; 4.2 for 4. Stylus force also holds fairly constant with a full load (six) of records on the platter, varying by about 1/4 gram. A mere 0.2 grams force is all that is required to trip the automatic mechanism.

To sum up, the Garrard SL-95 is every bit as good as, or better than, any previous Garrard tested, and it boasts a few new worthwhile features and improvements. It should rank high on anyone's list of top quality automatics now available. Optional accessories include dust covers and a new line of mounting bases, including one series that has a convenient compartment for storing spindles and the 45-rpm adapter. Bases, with or without the compartment, are available in powered versions that can be wired to shut off the entire sound system at the end of a record.

CIRCLE 143 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

Garrard SL-95 Turntable

Speed Setting (rpm)	Speed Accuracy (percentages fast)		
	105 VAC	120 VAC	127 VAC
33	0.4	0.4	0.4
45	1.0	1.0	1.0
78	0.6	0.6	0.6

GRUNDIG SV 80 M
STEREO INTEGRATED AMPLIFIER

THE EQUIPMENT: Grundig SV 80 M, a stereo integrated amplifier (preamp and power amp on one chassis) supplied in integral wood case. Dimensions: 16 1/8 by 5 3/4 by 10 3/4 inches. List price: $299.95. Manufactured in West Germany; distributed in the U.S. by Grundig-Triumph-Adler Sales Corp., 355 Lexington Ave., New York, N.Y. 10017.

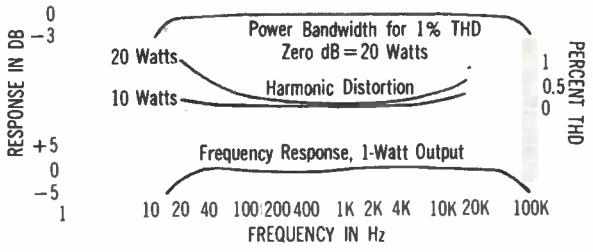
COMMENT: Once you get accustomed to its face, and have mastered the intricacies of adapting European-type connectors to U.S. standards, you'll find that the Grundig SV 80 M is a first-rate stereo amplifier loaded with features and capable of supplying enough clean power for driving any speakers. Built with above-average care and precision workmanship, the set also boasts a modernity and functionalism of styling that sets it off visually from U.S. counterparts. There is a relentless logic in its control system: those functions that are in the either-or, on-off category are handled by push-buttons; functions that are variable are handled by knobs. And the former group is divided among larger and smaller buttons for more and less important functions respectively. Thus, we find seven large buttons for: power on-off, the various signal sources, and stereo or mono. Smaller buttons choose high and low frequency filters, tape monitor, loudness contours, and presence boost. The last control is one that has just about disappeared on U.S. amplifiers although it was widely featured on most units about ten years or so ago. It boosts the upper midrange (when the button is pressed) so that soloists—particularly singers—seem to stand out more prominently. According to our spies in the recording studios, this kind of tonal boost is used by many a pop a and r man so that such records often have "presence" built in. Because this feature, in any case, is hardly needed or desired in genuine high fidelity playback, the audio purist in us was a bit shocked to find it on a new product these days. Yet we must confess we had some fun playing with it. As for the loudness contour, actually two are provided in this amplifier—one being more pronounced—and either may be chosen by the appropriate button. A third button cancels all loudness compensation and returns the response to linear or flat.

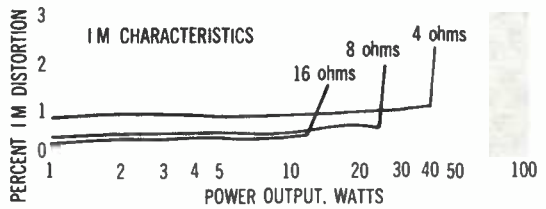
The knobs handle volume, channel balance, bass and treble. The latter two are dual-concentric friction-coupled so that you can adjust bass and treble on each channel independently or simultaneously, as you please. You also can plug headphones into the front panel via a pair (for left and right channels) of European-type sockets. Similar sockets, by the way, are also used for signal connections and for speaker outputs at the rear. Their connections are explained in detail in the owner's manual. With a little patience, anyone should be able to adapt them to the connectors typically used on U.S. equipment, but in our opinion a set offered for sale on the U.S. market (competitive and demanding as it is) ideally should come already adapted for U.S.-type hookups.

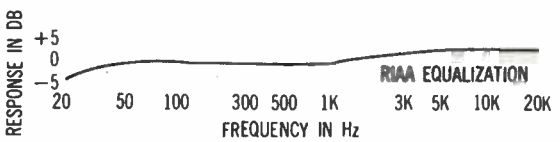
This little qualification aside, the Grundig SV 80 M shapes up as a very competent control or integrated amplifier in the "low-medium" power class. In CBS Labs' tests, most of the performance characteristics measured either met or exceeded manufacturer's

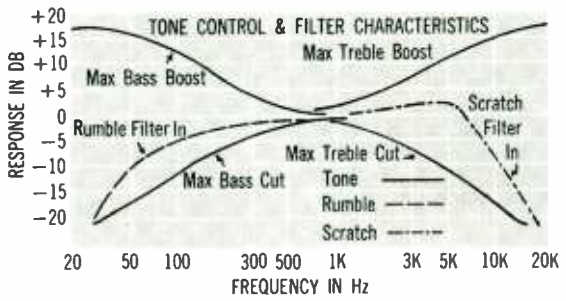
specifications. The SV 80 M obviously is not the most powerful amplifier available but it is a very accurate performer in its own class. Although its rated distortion is 1 per cent, it performs at normal output levels well below this amount. It has just about enough power to drive low-efficiency speakers but will make its best showing when handling moderate to high efficiency speakers. Sensitivity and signal-to-noise characteristics for all inputs is very good, damping factor is very high, and square-wave response shows clean bass and transient response. For the amplifier shopper seeking reliable performance combined with something different in the way of looks and features, the SV 80 M is well worth considering.

CIRCLE 144 ON READER-SERVICE CARD



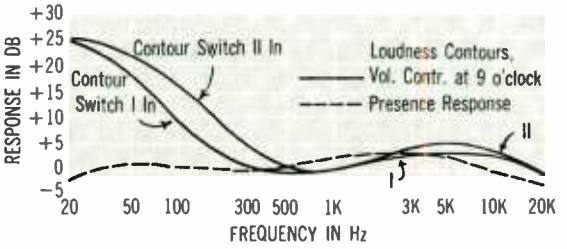






CORRECTION

The Garrard SL-95 turntable was incorrectly listed in our Index of Equipment Reports published last month as having been discussed in the June 1968 issue. Due to lack of space the report on this unit was held over at the last minute and now appears in this issue.

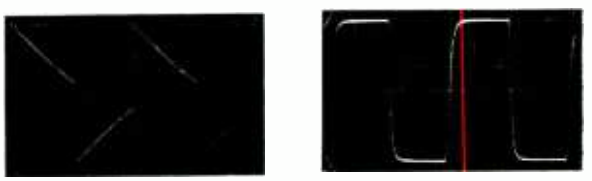


Grundig SV 80 M Amplifier

Lab Test Data

Performance characteristic	Measurement	
Power output (at 1 kHz into 8-ohm load)		
l ch at clipping	22.4 watts at 0.11% THD	
l ch for 0.5% THD	25.3 watts	
r ch at clipping	20.2 watts at 0.10% THD	
r ch for 0.5% THD	21.1 watts	
both chs simultaneously		
l ch at clipping	21.7 watts at 0.10% THD	
r ch at clipping	17.7 watts at 0.10% THD	
Power bandwidth for constant 1% THD	10.5 Hz to 80 kHz	
Harmonic distortion		
20 watts output	under 1%, 22 Hz to 20 kHz	
10 watts output	under 0.3%, 30 Hz to 20 kHz	
IM distortion		
4-ohm load	under 1% to 25 watts	
8-ohm load	under 0.7% to 24 watts	
16-ohm load	under 0.5% to 12 watts	
Frequency response 1-watt level	+0.25, −1dB, 18 Hz to 42 kHz	
RIAA equalization	±2.5 dB, 24 Hz to 20 kHz	
Damping factor	80	
Input characteristics	Sensitivity	S/N ratio
Mag phono	3.3 mV	52 dB
Mike	6.4 mV	64 dB
Tuner	192 mV	87 dB
Tape (amp)	192 mV	90 dB

(Tests performed at 110 volts AC line voltage as per manufacturer's specifications for U.S.A. operation.)



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

REPORTS IN PROGRESS

Elpa PE 2020 Turntable
Bose 901 Speaker System

Six Directions

New Red Seal albums covering a wide range of music

New Philharmonia Orchestra under Georges Prêtre
Sibelius' Fifth Symphony
Maestro Prêtre's first orchestral release on Red Seal is a major piece of repertoire. The reading is superb. Sibelius' rarely-heard "Night Ride and Sunrise" rounds out the dynamic album.

The Boston Pops Orchestra under Arthur Fiedler
Head this one off at the pass. It's "The Pops Goes West," and you never heard the great outdoors so great! As in "Pops Roundup," the listenin' is easy—HIGH NOON, MEXICALI ROSE, BONANZA, SHENANDOAH and many more. What a way to go a-westerin'.*

Leinsdorf, the BSO and Wagner
create a sonic spectacular. It's Leinsdorf's first album of orchestral Wagner, although he has a great reputation for Wagner and as a conductor of opera.

RCA

This is the Ginastera work
that has created almost as much excitement as the composer's controversial opera, "Bomarzo." And the performance . . . ! "Something terrific!" N.Y. Post.

Rubinstein/The BSO under Leinsdorf
Beethoven's First Piano Concerto
Mr. Rubinstein, Mr. Leinsdorf, and the magnificent Boston Symphony Orchestra add the fourth album to their continuing project of recording the five Beethoven piano concerti. It fairly crackles with genius.*

Montserrat Caballé/Rossini Rarities
Mme. Caballé explores rare Rossini as a follow-up to her recent best-selling album, "Verdi Rarities." Again, each aria is performed as a complete scene with orchestra and chorus. The arias are from "La Donna del Lago," "Otello," "Armida," "Tancredi," "L'Assedio di Corinto" and the Stabat Mater. Frisky, tragic or religious, the arias are sung as if Rossini wrote them especially for Mme. Caballé.

All albums in DYNAGROOVE sound.
*Available on RCA Stereo 8 Cartridge Tape

CIRCLE 35 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 • CONRAD L. OSBORNE
MICHAEL SHERWIN • SUSAN THIEMANN

The Berlin production, recorded by DGG: Loren Driscoll (The Painter); Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau (Dr. Schön); Evelyn Lear (Lulu); Donald Grobe (Alwa).

FOR BERG'S LULU, COMPLETE RECORDINGS FROM DGG AND ANGEL

by Conrad L. Osborne

By DINT OF one of those masterpieces of planning wrought every now and then by the recording industry, we have on the docket this month two complete recordings of the incomplete *Lulu* of Alban Berg. This work's only previous recording was a Columbia monophonic affair with Ilona Steingruber and Otto Wiener in the leading roles, which dates from the earliest days of LP. So, in terms of an interested market, these two new sets are moving into a virtual vacuum. And while one postulate states that Nature abhors a vacuum, another answers that no two bodies can occupy the same space at the same time; it will be interesting to see whether these two productions merely divide an already limited market, or whether they so strengthen the record-buying public's awareness of the work that both sets find secure positions.

Certainly it is high time for at least one competent, technically contemporary recording. *Lulu*, incomplete or not, is a major work. America has at last begun to catch up with it, and I cannot imagine that it will not be accorded some important stagings here in the coming decade. It is actually a more approachable, accessible piece than *Wozzeck*, and given a well-cast, imaginative production, it ought to stand every chance of becoming a repertory item, just as it has in several German houses. To judge by the New York City Opera's recent work, it certainly seems as if that company might do an interesting job with it (as the company's official Armchair General Manager and Casting Director, I have accordingly pencilled it in for the spring season of 1969: Brooks, Bible; Gramm, Di Giuseppe; Dir., Corsaro; Cond., Rudel).

Both these recordings are taken from recent live performances—DGG's from the new production at the Deutsche Oper in Berlin, Angel's from the well-known Günther Rennert production at the Hamburg State Opera (the same production seen in Montreal and New York last summer). They both make use of the current performing edition, with the Variations and Adagio standing as the music of the third act. Angel's edition includes the Countess Geschwitz' "*Verfluchtes Leben*" monologue (spoken) and the few lines from the Jack the Ripper sequence used in the Hamburg production, whereas DGG omits these, leaving only Lulu's cry for help and Geschwitz' dying lines. Obviously, a new recording will be called for when and if the substantial Act III material that does exist is made available for performance.

Let me state at the outset that while I can't regard either of these performances as entirely satisfactory, I have considerable respect and liking for both. Strong objections can and no doubt will be entered with respect to infidelity to some of the composer's instructions. And those objections will have validity. But I think they must be considered in the perspective of ambitious, sober performances by gifted artists who give every sign of seriousness of purpose and who (in both cases) make out a persuasive case for the opera—the sort of case that can be constructed only by performers who genuinely believe in the work.

The question of just how much fealty a performer owes a composer is crucial in Berg's operas. There are a hundred ways to sing a Schubert song or play a Shakespeare soliloquy—all of which can with equal justice claim to be founded in the text. But with many pages of Berg's music, there is only one way, because Berg was very much at pains to indicate precisely how he felt it should be done. Performers, unlike critics, cannot live by artistic principle alone; they must have a way of working, a manner of dealing with their materials that will actually hold together—"justify"—during their time of existence on the stage. It is legitimate to demand that a performer carefully consider every indication of the score and text, and ask himself at each turn, "What's he getting at?" A smart,

The Hamburg production, recorded by Angel: Anneliese Rothenberger as Lulu, Erwin Wohlfahrt as The Painter.

resourceful performer (and it goes without saying that not all performers *are* smart and/or resourceful) will heed the demand, for he assumes the author had *something* relevant in mind for each marking he put on paper, and that the key to his own work lies in finding out what the relevance was, and then finding means of representing it.

What the performer cannot do is mechanically follow instructions that fail to make sense to him or that repeatedly quash his own instincts. In operatic production, the problem is doubly beclouded by the fact that the vast majority of professional singing actors (including those at the very top) have no training or practice in role analysis, nor the technical equipment as actors to present clearly the concepts they do decide on. And directors do not have the authority nor the working conditions necessary for a full presentation of a work. (In most cases, they do not even have a significant hand in the casting.

Strangely, the very people who protest most violently about inadequate or mistaken representations are the same people who object to the autonomy of director and interpreter. They evidently do not realize that a production that is truly under directorial control, cast with performers independent enough to make their own selections, is more (not less) likely to approach the composer's wishes.

Berg, rather like Wagner but very unlike most operatic composers, had enough of a theatrical vision of his pieces and enough practical distrust of performers' abilities to see what he was driving at, to annotate his scores in tremendous detail. This annotation embraces remarkably specific musical markings, together with thorough stage directions, which in the case of *Lulu* even extend to a passage of what amounts to subtext (in the letter dictation scene of Act I). Moreover, they are quite brilliantly contrived. I remarked in my review of the errant CBS *Wozzeck* (which flagrantly disregards sung pitches and the relative pitches of the *Sprechgesang*) that Berg's ideas were almost invariably better than those of his interpreters. What is terribly disturbing about that performance—irresponsible, even—is that the interpreters have obviously not even bothered to investigate the merits of what is indicated on the paper, for such investigation would so clarify the work as to make the sort of departures that take place quite out of the question. So it is not only a case of a few wrong selections—which any reasonable listener will forgive—but of sheer artistic laziness. In opera, the performer is not allowed the liberty of choosing his basic inflections, his line readings: that is done by the composer, and it is the duty (and opportunity) of the performer to find ways of making them his own, of making them spontaneous and alive, and of varying their connotations and emphases within the indicated contours. It is in many ways a vastly more difficult job than that of the straight actor, who may in theory read a line any damned way he chooses. Poor Berg, it was to avoid precisely this sort of manhandling that he went to the trouble of entering his detailed notes. He no doubt knew that passages where performers are not bound to precise pitches are likely to turn into sessions of "I've got an idea!"

The DGG *Wozzeck* also suffers, though in lesser degree, from this sort of sloppiness, and so do both of the *Lulu* recordings. Particularly unfortunate, I think, is the frequent flouting of the instructions for the *Sprechgesang*. The performers are freed of exact pitch, but they are by no means freed of the pitch contours—the relative levels of pitch indicated. And in truth, the difference between singing and *Sprechgesang* lies more in the *quality* of the tone than in anything else: one speaks on a musical pitch, without imparting a sung quality to the note (most of the vibrato is removed). Once again, one is bound to observe how imaginative, how dramatically "right," Berg's readings are and how poor by comparison are those of his interpreters. I hasten to note, though, that both these recordings are improvements in this respect on the *Wozzeck*s productions. And one must remember that Berg was never able to judge the effect of his *Lulu* ideas in actual performance—no doubt he miscalculated in some instances. Both Gerd Feldhoff and Benno Kusche, for example (who double as the Animal Trainer and The Athlete for DGG and Angel, respectively), shout a good many of their lines up the scale a bit from the areas indicated by Berg, and I suspect this is in response to the discovery that a lower level just does not get out into the theatre with sufficient impact. (Feldhoff, though, renders noticeably sharp versions of some of his *sung* lines, which is another matter.) There is also the habit of both conductors and all the singers of ignoring the characteristic crescendo/decrescendo markings, especially on the final notes of a phrase, which Berg uses as a stylistic pattern. Even the orchestras ride through these more often than not. But on the whole, I think we have reasonable representations of the score in both these recordings; much as I deplore many of the departures, I do not find them of such importance as to seriously cripple either performance.

When it comes to the conducting, I find I have little difficulty in choosing Böhm. He is rhythmically sharper than Ludwig, more incisive with accents, and more lucid in his explication of the score—the incredible structural succession is substantially clearer in Böhm's reading, each transition more carefully set up and defined. I suppose that Ludwig's way could be defended on the grounds that the piece is a continuity and that the structure should take care of itself—but I cannot hear it that way. The musical formalism is too important in itself and too crucially related to the dramatic structure (new development in the music invariably coinciding with new development in the drama) for all the independence of each to be blurred over or evened out. And Böhm's selections are simply more interesting the great portion of the time. Compare (as one small instance) the two conductors' treatment of the important string figure at Rehearsal No. 970 (p. 234 of the partition). It is a succession of four accented eighth notes, followed by a tied quarter and eighth, another accented eighth, and another tied quarter and eighth. The first time it occurs, the third of the four accented eighths falls on the first beat of a 4/4 measure; the second time, it is on the third beat—in either case, a strong beat. The first two notes are the latter two-thirds of a triplet the first time, but are full-value eighths the second time. The accents indicate a sharp attack on each note, and this has led Ludwig to treat them all with utter equality of strength and to even them out rhythmically and dynamically, with the result that the figure is given a "flat" statement. Böhm, on the other hand, uses the first and third beats of the measure as little springboards, and the figure thus takes on a definite rhythmic shape. Böhm's is, if you will, the more permissive, "distorted" reading; but it is the more alive one too, and sounds convincingly right when played. This is, I think, fairly typical of the difference between the two performances. Böhm also makes more of the playful aspects of the score—all that chattery, Kurt Weillian woodwind writing, all the little suggestions that the people, the scenes are almost cartoons. Ludwig does sometimes secure a dark, ripe orchestral sound which I like, and there is no question that his is a knowledgeable, musicianly reading. The orchestral execution is excellent in both cases, especially for "live" performance conditions.

The two leading roles—those of Lulu and Dr. Schön—are among the most

Continued on page 94

THE MUSIC OF ERIK SATIE: COLD PIECES THAT AREN'T COLD, AND OTHER DELIGHTFUL THINGS

by Alfred Frankenstein

Bettmann Archive

From a drawing by Picasso, 1921.

THE GREAT IVES BOOM has brought in its wake a revival of Satie—perhaps not surprisingly, inasmuch as the two composers have a great deal in common. For one thing, both play to the hilt the role of *avant-gardiste* as foxy grandpa (if I may repeat a phrase I believe I have used in these columns before). A good case could be made, however, for the idea that Satie is more *avant* than Ives at every point.

Both composers are fond of quoting popular tunes and snatches of the classics in their own work, but Satie has the unique, subtle distinction of quoting a tune not with reference to itself but with reference to its quotation by another composer. (Witness *Nous n'irons plus au bois*, cited in Satie's *Chapitres tournés en tous sens* not as the French folk song which it is but as theme in Debussy's *Rondes de printemps*.) And while Ives will frequently abandon bar lines for a page or two of his piano music, Satie will abandon them for an entire composition, and he will dispense with clefs and staves too, if it suits him. Again, Ives will jot appropriate comments above particular passages in his music, like "Don't make it nice and easy for the lily-eared"—but Satie will adorn his music with comments totally unrelated to it, like "Don't eat too much" . . . and he will print little stories running, a few words at a time, underneath the notes of his piano pieces as they progress.

Satie is therefore ahead of Ives.

If you want to test this proposition for yourself, listen to Angel's current Satie releases: three records of his piano music played by Aldo Ciccolini; and one of his orchestral music, featuring the ballet scores *Parade* and *Relâche*, performed by the Paris Conservatory Orchestra under Louis Auriacombe.

Parade—libretto by Jean Cocteau, sets and costumes by Pablo Picasso, choreography by Leonide Massine—was one of the great, scandalous hits of the legendary Diaghilev era in Paris, where it was produced in 1917. In brief, the dramatic idea is that the managers of a circus offer samples of their attractions—a Chinese magician, an American danseuse, acrobats, a trained horse, and so on—to the delight of the public. But when it is all over, the audience disperses; its members have mistaken the circus parade for the circus itself, and the managers are totally ruined. The score is one of the very great charmers of modern music. Written at the height of Satie's interest in "Parisian folklore," it is full of tuneful, popular songs and dances, brilliantly handled both polyphonically and polytonally, marvelously orchestrated, and it is nearly as exhilarating in its rhythms as Stravinsky's ballets of the same period. All the famous special effects of the score about which there used to be so much talk are perfectly recorded here, as is everything else; the score calls for a lottery wheel, a typewriter, pistol shots, sirens, and a "*bouteillophone*," presumably a set of tuned bottles. All this long before Antheil, Varèse, or Partch.

Relâche (*No Show Tonight*) was a much more mannered ballet. It was done in Paris in 1924, in the heyday of Jean Borlin and his Swedish Ballet; the scenario and the decor were by Francis Picabia. It was a wild, Dada mishmash that included movies as well as live dancers. The score emphasizes not so much urban folklore, as in *Parade*, but the banalities of the theatre in general and of ballet in particular, and very often it is impossible to tell if Satie is kidding or acting in dead earnest. This is, in short, as close to a conventional ballet score as a composer like Satie can come. The album is filled out with two of the three *Gymnopédies*, those exquisite early piano pieces which Debussy orchestrated. Their performance here is perhaps the most sensitive and moving ever captured on records.

The first two discs of Ciccolini's set of Satie's piano music (Volume 1 being a stereo remake of an earlier, mono recording) have already been discussed in this magazine. Volume 3 contains the three pieces called *Dessicated Embryos*; the Three Sarabandes; the *Limp Preludes for a Dog* (which are not to be confused with the *Truly Limp Preludes for a Dog*, an entirely different set of pieces, recorded in Volume 2); the *Dream of Pantagruel's Childhood*; the Passacaglia; the suite from *The Medusa's Trap*; the *Cold Pieces*; the *Tapestry Prelude*; and four sets of children's pieces—*The Puppets Are Dancing, Menus for Childish Purposes, Picturesque Childishnesses*, and *Importunate Peccadilloes*.

There is so much here that one cannot discuss it in any detail. The selection runs from some of Satie's earliest piano works (the Sarabandes and the Passacaglia) to some of his last. Simplicity, purity, clarity, and whimsical humor are the keynotes everywhere. The best things, for my taste, are the *Dessicated Embryos*, which are not dessicated at all but are among the liveliest, wittiest, most sparkling things in the entire piano literature, and the *Cold Pieces*, which are not cold at all: among these I especially like the "Three Airs Causing One to Flee," which have the effect of causing one to sit down and enjoy their quiet, lovely melodicity as set forth in Ciccolini's masterly playing.

Absolute simplicity demands more of a virtuoso than does a grand splash. Satie requires, first of all, a fine, firm, singing tone; second, an infallible technique, for while his technical demands are not great, the performance of his music must be polished to the last degree; third, a genuinely musical heart. All these it has in Ciccolini. And it has Angel's recording too.

SATIE: *Parade; Relâche; Gymnopédies: No. 1, No. 3 (orch. Debussy).*

Paris Conservatory Orchestra, Louis Auriacombe, cond. ANGEL S 36486, $5.79 (stereo only).

SATIE: *Piano Music, Vol. 3*

Aldo Ciccolini, piano. ANGEL S 36485, $5.79 (stereo only).

Bettmann Archive

FROM FIVE ARTISTS FIVE ESSAYS ON MOZART'S PIANO SONATAS

by Harris Goldsmith

GLENN GOULD WAS recently reported to have made disparaging remarks about Mozart's Piano Sonatas. When Gould honors any segment of music with his special brand of antipathy, you know that he must be recording it. The first fruits from his newest labor of love/hate are now at hand: the first five Sonatas of a projected complete edition. At the same time, Lili Kraus (another pianist who is articulate in conversation as well as at the keyboard) has embarked on a similar mission for Columbia's affiliated Epic label, while Mozart recordings by three other artists—Daniel Barenboim, Ivan Moravec, and Christoph Eschenbach—are also at hand.

Gould's new record is altogether remarkable—which is not to say that it is altogether likable. He caresses the music, he makes it scintillate, he plays with it as a cat with a mouse. His fingerwork is exemplary—so much so that one wonders if the action of the piano he used was made lighter. His finale to the K. 282 Sonata—a veritable finger twister, by the way—is rattled off as a brilliant tour de force. The first and last movements of the G major Sonata, K. 283, seem unbelievably fast—even brutal—on first hearing, but one quickly adjusts. Quite unforgivable, however, is the ridiculous interpretation of K. 282's Adagio. Gould rattles it off with a cheerful casualness, makes an incomprehensible hash out of Mozart's dynamic markings (almost as if he were *trying* to make poor Mozart turn in his grave). Another case in point is the pianist's perverse solution to the single forte beginning the Alberti bass passage at Measure 9: Mozart surely placed that sole emphasis mark on that low B flat to call attention to the structural elision this note binds together. In thumping out all successive bass notes as well, Gould merely calls attention to himself, while transforming Mozart's work into a hurdy-gurdy tune. Nothing else need be said of Gould's transgressions in this movement, save that in the very last bar the tempo is suddenly and inexplicably halved to something approximating what the composer wanted.

But Gould plays all of Sonatas K. 279 and 280 with a delicious clarity, and even at its most arbitrary (excepting, of course, that aberrant Adagio in K. 282) his playing here is interesting. I recommend Gould's versions—diddles, zany tempos, and all—fully aware that the performer is probably laughing at the critic for the dutiful high seriousness with which he's taking his pedagogical task.

Kraus also goes in for a bit of dramatizing. Like Gould, she indulges in dynamic extremes that can verge on the theatrical. Also like Gould, she abhors insipid Mozart playing and to preclude its possibility uses all sorts of devices—caesuras, vivid black-white contrasts, even laconic thrusts of downright plangent sound. The drama she creates, however, comes from an imaginative observance of the composer's own dynamic markings. And, again in contrast to the current Gould, who prefers staccato jog-trot rhythms, Mme. Kraus employs an undulating plasticity which handsomely conveys Mozart's linearity and harmonic essence. While all three performances on the Kraus disc whet my appetite for more, this artist, quite expectedly, fares best in the impassioned double work, the Fantasia and Sonata in C minor, K. 475/457. She holds its mood with taut energy and almost unbearable tension, with a vigor that most performers reserve for Beethoven's *Appassionata* or even Bartók. In the *galante* capers of the earlier Sonatas it is possible to find Kraus a bit overpowering, but better an overdose of vitality than a deficiency of same.

Epic's piano tone—unlike Columbia's, which tends to emulate a forte-piano—is robust and realistic. Perhaps Sonatas K. 281 and 283 were recorded a little uncomfortably close to Mme. Kraus's instrument (one hears too much of the percussive mechanics of felts hitting the strings). Fortunately, the deficiency is only slight and it disappears in the finale of K. 283 (and all of the C minor work too), where the tone is deeper and more cushioned.

Moravec's treatment of the C minor Fantasy/Sonata is more relaxed and spacious than Mme. Kraus's. It is easier to listen to, more reflective, and less fraught with anguished desperation. The hallmarks of Moravec's work are limpid tone and exquisite pianistic planning. Fine as his performance of the C minor work is, I find his treatment of the late K. 570 even more appropriate and satisfying. Here the reflective serenity of his approach, the clarity of his finger articulation, and the clear, unforced line produce a reading of truly aristocratic stature. Happily, Connoisseur Society and Supraphon, which recorded the B flat Sonata, have reproduced the sound of Moravec's pianos superbly.

Barenboim is here represented by a disc that appeared several years ago on the Music Guild label. Presumably,

Westminster has chosen to reissue it out of deference to Barenboim's recent attainment of "Celebrity" status. It will not damage his reputation but it will not significantly enhance it, either. Sonatas K. 330 and 333 receive gracious, singing performances weighted a bit too heavily in romantic inflections. The less well-known C minor Fantasy, K. 396 comes off better, and in fact I prefer Barenboim's sturdy four-square vigor in that work to either Sophie Svirsky's understated account (for Monitor) or Walter Klien's mincing "Wienerisms" (his Vox Box devoted to the complete variations and shorter piano pieces will be evaluated in a later issue of this magazine). Westminster's sound, acceptable in the main, is also a trifle brittle and studio-bound. In every respect Westminster's other Barenboim Mozart collection (containing the A minor Sonata, K. 310 and yet another—unbelievably slow—C minor Fantasia/Sonata) is a far more favorable representation of Barenboim's talents.

Eschenbach's Mozart, like Barenboim's, represents the middle ground. He too could be a little more vibrant in the C major Sonata, K. 330, but his playing of that work, like everything else on his disc, is fluent, tasteful, and clear in contour. There is color and refinement here, but none of the effeminate, "pretty-pretty" bloodlessness that can make Central European Mozart such a deadly bore. In time Eschenbach will find more in the music (certainly he remains a bit too cool in the sublime A minor Rondo, K. 511, and he could have given more point to such other musical felicities as that delicious little surprise B flat cadence near the end of the K. 485 Rondo), but what he presents here has almost textbook clarity. DGG has accorded Eschenbach beautiful sound.

MOZART: ***Piano Music***

Sonatas for Piano: No. 10, in C, K. 330; No. 13, in B flat, K. 333; Fantasia in C minor, K. 396. Daniel Barenboim, piano. WESTMINSTER WST 17139, $5.79 (stereo only).

Sonatas for Piano: No. 10 in C, K. 330; No. 11, in A, K. 331; Rondos: in D, K. 485; in A minor, K. 511. Christoph Eschenbach, piano. DEUTSCHE GRAMMOPHON 139318, $5.79 (stereo only).

Sonatas for Piano: No. 1, in C, K. 279; No. 2, in F, K. 280; No. 3, in B flat, K. 281; No. 4, in E flat, K. 282; No. 5, in G, K. 283. Glenn Gould, piano. COLUMBIA MS 7097, $5.79 (stereo only).

Sonatas for Piano: No. 3, in B flat, K. 281; No. 5, in G, K. 283; No. 14b, in C minor, K. 457 (with Fantasia No. 14a, in C minor, K. 475). Lili Kraus, piano. EPIC BC 1382, $5.79 (stereo only).

Sonatas for Piano: No. 14b, in C minor, K. 457 (with Fantasia No. 14a, in C minor, K. 475); No. 16, in B flat, K. 570. Ivan Moravec, piano. CONNOISSEUR SOCIETY CM 2002 or CS 2002, $5.79.

CLASSICAL

BACH: ***Cantata No. 206, Schleicht, spielende Wellen***

Leonore Kirschstein, soprano; Margarethe Bence, alto; Kurt Equiluz, tenor; Erich Wenk, bass; Martin Galling, harpsichord; Chorus of the Gedächtniskirche and Bach-Collegium, (Stuttgart), Helmuth Rilling, cond. NONESUCH H 71187, $2.50 (stereo only).

The characters in this allegorical drama, written for the birthday of the Elector August III, are three rivers representing Poland (Vistula), Saxony, (Elbe), and Austria (Danube) and a fourth (Pleisse) representing the city of Leipzig. Picander has supplied a text rich in dramatic and pictorial elements, and Bach doesn't miss an opportunity to represent musically the quietly murmuring or swiftly rushing waters.

Bach was exceptionally precise in notating phrasing and dynamics markings for the first chorus of this cantata, providing many potentially exciting contrasts and varied rhythms. Rilling follows all of these instructions to the letter, but is hampered by an overlarge and sluggish choir and poorly focused sound. As a result, much of the buoyancy inherent in the music simply doesn't come across.

This is to be doubly regretted, since none of the *da capo* arias measures up to the delightful opening chorus or the rippling, rolling lyricism of the closing chorus. The four soloists work hard to convey the good-natured dissension among themselves, but the men have mistaken volume and pushiness for excited enthusiasm. Margarethe Bence's big, rich contralto voice is very satisfying, and she also most effectively communicates the sense as well as the sound of her part.

However, the most original contribution to the performance is Martin Galling's energetic continuo accompaniments to the secco recitatives. From the bare harmonic outline supplied by Bach, Galling creates a fascinating world of sound: the rushing arpeggios and scale passages and inventive ornamentation represent the waves and swirling waters just as effectively as Bach's orchestrated accompaniments.

Complete text and translation appear on the record jacket. C.F.G.

BACH: ***Organ Works, Vol. 2***

Trio Sonatas Nos. 5 and 6, S. 529-530; Prelude and Fugue in E flat, S. 552; Klavierübung, Part III, S. 669-689 (Catechism Hymns): Christ lag in Todesbanden, S. 695; Wir Christenleut, S. 710; In dich hab' ich gehoffet, Herr, S. 712; Fantasia: Jesu meine Freude, S. 713; Allein Gott in der Höh' sei Ehr', S. 717; Christ lag in Todesbanden, S. 718; Wir glauben all' an einen Gott, Vater, S. 740.

Lionel Rogg, organ. EPIC B3C 169, $11.39 (three discs, stereo only).

Lionel Rogg, at the age of thirty-two, has accomplished the impressive feat of recording the complete organ works of Bach twice. The first set was done between 1961 and 1964 on the large baroque-style organ at the Grossmünster in Zurich, built by Metzger in 1958. The recordings currently being released by Epic represent his second traversal of the complete organ music. (Some confusion arose in my review of Volume I, February 1968, due to Epic's scanty annotation as to which version was actually being circulated; Rogg's first set has never been available in this country.)

This second version was recorded on a truly historic instrument in Arlesheim, Switzerland, built in 1761 by Johann Andreas Silbermann, the nephew of the famous Gottfried Silbermann who was a friend of Bach. Between 1959 and 1962 this instrument was thoroughly and precisely restored to its original voicing and mechanical condition by the firm of Metzler. Some additions were made at the time, particularly to the pedal, but these were copied from another Andreas Silbermann organ in Strasbourg. Except for the addition of an electric blower, even the wind supply system is an exact restoration of Silbermann's work, which gives the tone a shimmer and life that a modern "well-regulated" instrument could not imitate. The original pitch was of course retained, leaving the instrument almost a half tone lower than current standard.

Each work in this second volume (as was true in the first) is marked by the most careful attention to the smallest details; phrasing is consistent throughout, ornamentation is employed in very good taste and for the most part is properly executed, and registrations are varied and interesting but never capricious.

Both the Trio Sonatas are iridescent and sparkling works and are played with an ebullient enthusiasm. The G major Sonata is beautifully decorated with ornaments throughout, while in the Fifth, in C major, the printed notes are allowed to speak for themselves with relatively few decorations.

One of Bach's few works published during his lifetime, the third part of the *Klavierübung* consists of a set of chorale preludes based on hymns on the main parts of the Lutheran catechism. For each of the ten hymns Bach has provided a larger chorale prelude with pedal obbligato and a smaller for manuals alone (except, however, for the hymn to the trinity, *Allein Gott*, which is given three settings, bringing the total to twenty-one). The set is prefaced by the gigantic Prelude and triple Fugue in E flat major.

It is in these chorales that Rogg's integrity and thorough understanding of Bach are most obvious, and it is here that he does some of his finest playing—indeed the finest playing I have heard of these chorales. Rogg's emphasis throughout is on utter clarity of line and texture, so that the cantus firmus may always be heard; never, however, is this done by subordinating the accompanying lines, rather by making all the lines equally distinct. In several of the chorale preludes Rogg redistributes the voices in such a way that the cantus may be played on a separate manual (or pedal), with its own tone color, thereby assuring that it does not disturb or is not disturbed by the other voices. In other chorales it is done simply by employing a crystal-clear phrasing and articulation. Each of the seven diverse chorales included on the sixth side of this set is approached in a unique and individual manner, and each is memorable for having its own individual character.

The rich, full-bodied, warm tones of this almost more French than German instrument have been very well captured and cleanly reproduced. The upper work seems not to be as bright as on other recordings of this same instrument, perhaps because here it is not so closely miked; however, it is still an extremely beautiful sound.

On the basis of these two volumes and on the live performances I have heard, I am tempted to predict that Rogg's will soon become as near the definitive recorded version of Bach organ music as anything now available. C.F.G.

BACH: *Sonatas for Violin and Harpsichord, S. 1014-19*

Hansheinz Schneeberger, violin; Eduard Müller, harpsichord. NONESUCH HB 73017, $5.00 (two discs, stereo only).

I mentioned the imminence of this Nonesuch recording when I compared the versions by Schneideran and Grumiaux in the November 1967 issue. It turns out that the new set may be recommended almost without qualification.

"Almost," because there are some things in Schneiderhan's performance that I should hate to be without—most notably, his feathery, almost disembodied tone in the Andante of the First Sonata; and also because Schneeberger is not perfectly consistent about repeats—for some extraordinary reason, he omits them in the Siciliano that opens No. 4 (unbeknown to the annotator).

Apart from these considerations, Schneeberger's performance is a source of endless delight. He has a wonderful sense of linear continuity that is the strongest of all assets in this music, and he contrives to combine the purity of Schneiderhan's style with a higher degree of violinishness. Especially impressive is his handling of fast passages on the bottom string, from which he draws a smoothly burnished tone quality quite free from romantic "fatness." Müller is a worthy partner, and the recording is fine.

Glenn Gould's Bach-for-Today

GOULD'S PROJECTED RECORDING of the complete *Well-Tempered Clavier* reaches the two-thirds mark with this record, which includes the first eight preludes and fugues of the second book. As I find myself feeling about almost everything Gould does, I am here too occasionally irritated, often enthralled, usually impressed, and constantly fascinated. Gould has an uncanny ability to make every piece of music his own, and this is nowhere more evident than in his readings on the present disc: each prelude and fugue is given a unique character which is inseparable from the performer's musical personality. He seems to be totally oblivious to the traditional tempos, phrasings, and general ambience associated with each piece. He takes them in his own way, as they are, and makes of them what he will. In listening to Gould's performances one consequently has the impression of eavesdropping on a private affair in which the pianist is playing solely for his own pleasure. In respect to these particular pieces, composed as a sort of private affair to begin with, I find the resulting sense of intimacy irresistible.

But there is much more of interest in Gould's playing than its very personal quality. In purely pianistic terms, he has an extraordinary ability to keep the texture clear at all points, a facet of his work which to my mind puts his performances above those of all other pianists presently playing Bach. He is able to bring *everything* out, not just the most important line but the subsidiary ones as well. The subject of a fugue, for example, is rarely louder than the parts accompanying it, yet is always clearly articulated. It is interesting to consider how Gould manages this. First, he uses very little pedal (but he *does* use it where it can help), thereby preventing the voices from running together and thus "homogenizing" into a vertical unit. Second, and even more important, he brings out the essential character of each voice. It is the contrasting shapes of the different lines, after all, that make the pieces so preeminently contrapuntal in conception; and if each line is phrased according to its individual shape, the texture will remain clear. In Gould's performances even the inner voices sound through without being pounded to death. Admittedly, this kind of playing makes little concession to the inexperienced listener. If one compares Gould's readings with those of, say, Rosalyn Tureck, where the main line is almost always one or two dynamic levels above everything else, one is struck by how much more actively one must involve oneself in listening to Gould. But the effort is amply rewarded: there is much more to be heard.

Naturally, in a pianistic style as individualistic as Gould's there are bound to be controversial aspects of the performances. I myself feel that Gould's habit of altering the phrasing and character of the subject in order to emphasize sectional divisions within the fugues often results in a loss of the large-scale continuity. In the D flat major Fugue, for example, the increasing use of legato after the extremely staccato opening ultimately threatens the unity of Bach's structural plan. Further, Gould's habit of emphasizing contrasts occasionally leads to questionable results. He emphasizes the change from triplets to eighths at the beginning of the D major Prelude—a sort of written-out retard—by literally retarding in the slower measure. This brings about an isolation of the eighth-note figure, a problem in terms of the over-all conception inasmuch as Bach later explicitly combines the two figures, thus demanding that they be performed at the same tempo.

It would be easy to take exception to other aspects of this playing, but what really matters is that Gould brings this music to life in a way unrivaled by his colleagues. He achieves what I believe should be the performer's highest aim: a rethinking of the music in today's terms. It is apparent in every note that Gould plays that he knows the music of Stravinsky and Schoenberg. His knowledge of this music has affected the way he hears Bach, and it is this way of hearing that points up the essential musical relevance of Bach for our time. This recording, in sum, is an extraordinary achievement. R.P.M.

Bach: *The Well-Tempered Clavier, Book II; Preludes and Fugues: No. 1, in C; No. 2, in C minor; No. 3, in C sharp; No. 4, in C sharp minor; No. 5, in D; No. 6, in D minor; No. 7, in E flat; No. 8, in E flat minor*

Glenn Gould, piano. COLUMBIA MS 7099, $5.79 (stereo only).

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BAX: *Overture to a Picaresque Comedy*—See Bennett: *Symphony No. 1.*

BEETHOVEN: *Sonata for Piano, No. 29, in B flat ("Hammerklavier")*

Vladimir Ashkenazy, piano. LONDON CS 6563. $5.79 (stereo only).

From the standpoint of sheer pianism, Ashkenazy has few if any peers even in this generation where exactitude and note-perfectness are ubiquitous. I must also say that in addition to being supremely well executed this *Hammerklavier* sounds substantially like the masterpiece that Beethoven set to manuscript. In other words, Ashkenazy—who generally favors a subtle smoothness and finish—has often "roughed up" that style here in order to suggest the unpretty sforzandos and gruff, even ungainly, swell markings that abound through the pages of this musical labyrinth. Even with these concessions to the unruly old master, however, there are still many places where Ashkenazy sounds to my ears a bit too suave, romantically oriented, and emotionally cool to come to grips with the staggering demands posed by this piece.

In the first movement the tempo is pretty fast, but hardly fast enough (e.g., compare Schnabel, Webster, or Rosen). In the Adagio, he moons over those Chopinesque passages a little too diminutively and is quite reluctant to pick up his hands (and feet) for the rests which separate the bass notes. In the fugue, the clarity—undeniably impressive *per se*—sounds just a mite too brittle. I feel that Beethoven was here playing Zeus and hurling lightning bolts at the poor pianist (and listener . . . those lacerating dissonances!). Though there is unquestionable electricity in Ashkenazy's supremely well-regulated scale passages, it is of the fluorescent lamp variety.

All of which means that the perfect *Hammerklavier* still has not been—probably never will be—made. Try this one along with the Schnabel (Angel COLH), Petri (Westminster), Webster (Dover). Or, if you unabashedly prefer the ripe, romantic approach, there are Barenboim (Command), Kempff (DGG), and Arrau (imported Philips) to choose from. My own favorites are the Schnabel, the Petri, the Webster, and also the Richter-Haaser (Odeon). H.G.

BEETHOVEN: *Symphony No. 5, in C minor, Op. 67* (piano solo, arr. Liszt)

Glenn Gould, piano. COLUMBIA MS 7095, $5.79 (stereo only).

It's good to have in the catalogue a sample of Liszt's incredible skill as an arranger. His gift for re-creating orchestral effects in terms of the piano is constantly in evidence here. In the absence of the piano score—and it's worthy of note that the Liszt versions of all the Beethoven symphonies are totally unavailable these days—I cannot analyze his treatment of the music in great detail. But the arrangement sounds to be a generally faithful one. A remarkably high proportion of the original is there, simply transferred in the most telling possible way to the piano, and the only noticeable changes are such minor ones as, occasionally, the alteration of sixteenth-note string tremolos to triplets to facilitate keyboard execution. There is one curious modification of Beethoven's directions in the slow movement; but of that more later.

However close Liszt is to the original, he certainly didn't, as Columbia's jacket suggests, "transcribe" the Symphony. A transcription is a literal transference of all the notes of a piece from one *notational* medium to another (for instance, from lute tablature to the modern stave); a more or less exact transference from one *performance* medium to another should be called an arrangement.

Glenn Gould's performance is, as one would expect, strikingly good in pianistic terms. But as an interpretation, I'm afraid it's ludicrous. The middle movements are the worst, for he takes both of them far too slowly. His treatment of the second movement cannot by any stretch of verbal meaning be described as "*Andante con moto*," and his observation of the *Tranquillo* which Liszt apparently, and incomprehensibly, substituted for Beethoven's *Più mosso* in the coda results in almost complete standstill. His third movement is taken at a considerably slower beat than his finale. I am aware that many conductors do the same thing here, but Beethoven's metronome markings—whose relative validity cannot, whatever one thinks of their absolute accuracy, be denied—clearly indicate the reverse relationship.

So though the release is a good idea I cannot recommend it on its own merits. On the other hand, the liner note is a fairly amusing put-on in the form of reprints from various apocryphal journals; and the record comes with a free bonus disc in which Gould, in conversation with John McClure, explains his reasons for having become a "concert dropout." On this and several other musical topics, both personal and general, he has some thought-provoking things to say, and the personality that emerges is as attractive as it is complex. B.J.

BEETHOVEN: *Trio for Piano, Violin, and Cello, No. 3, in C minor, Op. 1, No. 3*
†Mendelssohn: *Trio for Piano, Violin, and Cello, No. 1, in D minor*

Eugene Istomin, piano; Isaac Stern, violin; Leonard Rose, cello. COLUMBIA MS 7083, $5.79 (stereo only).

Of the three piano trios of Beethoven's Opus 1, the C minor was the problematic one, and caused Haydn considerable distress (he urged Beethoven not to publish it, which was enough to send Beethoven promptly to Artaria, no doubt taking the shortest route he could find). The work is no child's play, and hindsight, of course, makes it all the more interesting. Here is the hard-core development of an essentially rather insignificant thematic kernel; the already totally skilled handling of the three instruments in relation to each other; the strong, logical set of theme and variations; the abrupt outburst in the finale with which, in his early twenties, Beethoven was already expressing the craggier aspects of his temperament. Perhaps the bravest moment of the whole work is its *pianissimo* ending—the last thing one expects.

The performance is superb—never overwrought, but wearing no kid gloves, either; flexible, forward-moving, robust, and beautifully balanced. The piano frequently takes the lead in this score, and Istomin's work is stunning.

In my book, Mendelssohn never wrote anything more beautiful than the Op. 49 Trio (the second subject of the first movement almost reaches into the realm of the second subject of Schubert's C major Quintet), and the Istomin/Stern/Rose performance is worth walking miles to hear. The intertwining lines of violin and cello are luscious, the lyricism free and flowing, the quick flight of the Scherzo deft and swift. Glorious playing. S.F.

BENNETT: *Symphony No. 1*
†Bax: *Overture to a Picaresque Comedy*
†Berkeley: *Divertimento in B flat*

Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, Igor Buketoff, cond. RCA VICTOR LM 3005 or LSC 3005, $5.79.

There can be little question that the World Music Bank, under whose auspices this record was made, is an enterprising idea, even though it is easy to imagine abuses of its system of international recommendations. The plan is for music to be selected by juries in each of the subscribing countries; a master list of recommendations is then to be compiled and circulated to all other contributing countries "to bring to their attention works which are considered most worthy of performance."

When so many good composers already find it almost impossible to gain hearings in their own countries, it's entirely conceivable that such a system will make matters even worse. Until now, it has been possible to raise the beginnings of a reputation abroad, and the feedback from this can materially change a composer's fortunes at home. But as soon as something like an "official list" is in existence, it's all too likely that musicians will opt for the easy approach, take the list as comprehensive, and refuse to look any further—so that local incomprehension and even clique jealousies may mushroom, in effect, from the national to the international level.

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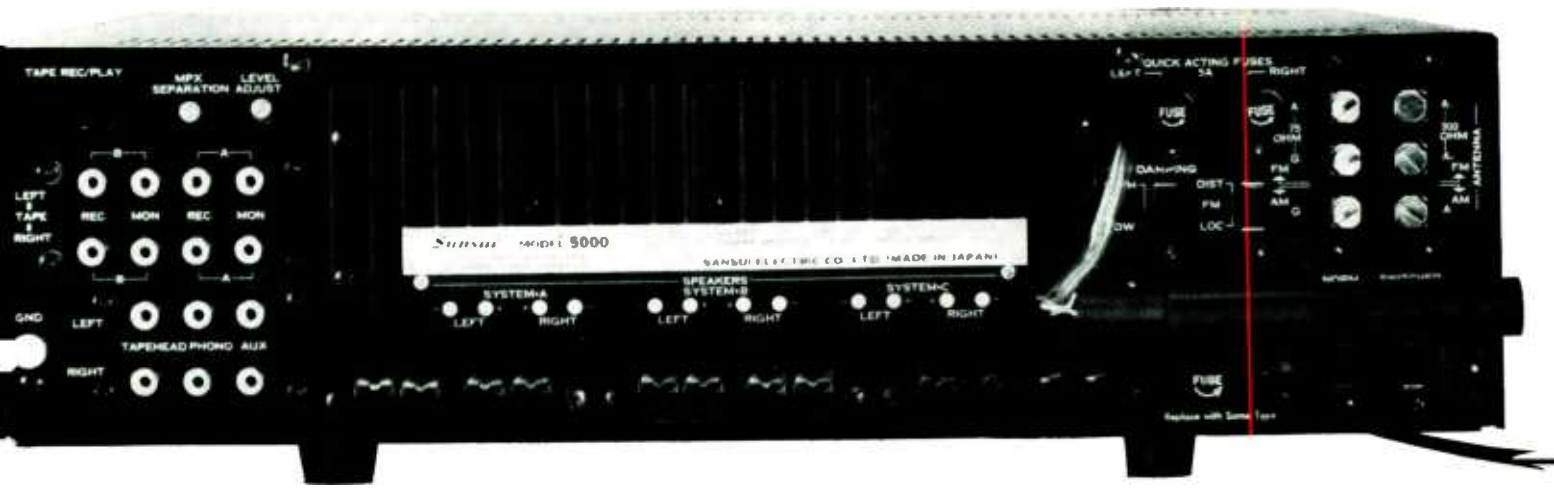

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Early Britten—by Britten and Pears

SURPRISINGLY, THIS IS the first time that Britten has conducted these two works for discs (the earlier Pears version of *Les Illuminations* was directed by Eugene Goossens). Both pieces are superb examples of string-orchestra scoring, dating from the late 1930s: the *Bridge Variations* composed within four weeks in 1937, when the composer was twenty-three; the song cycle written two years later, during Britten's stay in America. While the interest of the earlier work rests primarily in its facility of scoring and ingenuity of parody, the Rimbaud setting is an original and brilliant example of Britten's capacity for finding, within an expanded use of tonality, a structural framework to reflect the organization and sense of the text. The selection from and abridgement of Rimbaud's prose poems (the original order of which is unknown, in any case) was made in such a way as to provide a progression and juxtaposition of ideas suitable for musical treatment, and Britten's skill at such "anthologizing" is well known from later works (the Serenade, *Spring* Symphony, and *Nocturne*, among others).

The present performances are quite as fine as we have come to expect from the composer. Some high violin passages in the Variations are not perfectly tuned, but the refinement of the playing easily surpasses that of Menuhin's Bath Festival Orchestra (Angel 36303). Furthermore, Britten avoids the exaggerated tempos that Menuhin adopts in the slow variations, which hang together more satisfactorily here. The dynamic range of London's recording is faithful to the very soft playing of the English Chamber Orchestra, and the bass line registers more solidly than on the Angel disc.

In *Les Illuminations*, Peter Pears once again demonstrates an extraordinary vocal preservation; his singing seems every bit as good as on the fifteen-year-old disc with Goossens: superb diction, vocal coloration brilliantly responsive to the varying string textures, elegant phrasing, and some breathtaking glissandi. The string playing in this new version surpasses the older one by a good margin, especially in dynamic subtlety, and the stereo sound clarifies the texture immensely. Britten's reading of No. 6, *Interlude*, is the first I have heard that makes musical sense of it.

Texts and an anonymous, somewhat spotty translation, are provided on an insert. Perhaps it is unfair to single out this record, but can't London Records do something about the nasty typography used for its liner notes and libretos? The back of this jacket is set in an unpleasant type face, the lines are erratically spaced and poorly justified—and the result is thoroughly uninviting to the reader.

D.H.

Britten: *Les Illuminations, Op. 18; Variations on a Theme of Frank Bridge, Op. 10*

Peter Pears, tenor (in Op. 18); English Chamber Orchestra, Benjamin Britten, cond. LONDON OS 26032, $5.79 (stereo only).

I am sure that such Machiavellian possibilities are far from the intentions of Igor Buketoff, former conductor of the Fort Wayne Philharmonic and founder of the Bank, and I fervently hope that he will be able to find some way of circumventing them. Meanwhile, the first record produced through the project's contract with RCA Victor is to hand for review.

Repertorially speaking, it is a pretty damp squib. Only one of the three works—the 1965 Symphony No. 1 of thirty-two-year-old Richard Rodney Bennett—can even be called contemporary in anything like a substantial sense. Bennett is a composer of undoubted facility, musicality, and even charm, whose general stylistic orientation might be described as derrière-avant-garde. This, the first large orchestral piece of his maturity, is a comparatively retrogressive work, and both in orchestration and in harmonic idiom it shows strong affinities with the Walton of the early 1930s (*this* First Symphony days). It is a firmly built and not unattractive work, but I have a suspicion it may not wear very well.

Its inclusion in this record is at any rate far more justifiable than that of the other two pieces. Arnold Bax's thirty-seven-year-old *Overture to a Picaresque Comedy* is a tedious piece of work by a composer memorable only for *Tintagel* and, perhaps, one or two of the seven symphonies. And though Lennox Berkeley's unproblematical Divertimento has long been a favorite of mine (it's the kind of piece BBC orchestras were always playing on midday concerts when I was a boy), and though it could be a hit in any reasonably sophisticated "symphony pop" series, it hardly needs or deserves the advocacy of such a body as the World Music Bank, nor does it call for the financial support of the Arts Division of the Institute of International Education.

Thus, while with all my heart I wish this potentially valuable project well, I cannot feel that its recording activities have got off to a notably trail-blazing start. The actual quality of the present record is a different matter. Buketoff's performances sound excellent (I have not been able to get hold of scores), and the recording quality is as good as anything I have ever heard from RCA. The realism, both tonal and spatial, of the sound is positively startling, and adds a sense of excitement even to the less absorbing stretches of the music.

And now let us have, from the English contingent, some Tippett (Symphony No. 1?—No. 2 has recently been done by Colin Davis on the British Argo label); some Josephs (Symphony No. 2?); and some Maxwell Davies (the Sinfonia and the two Taverner Fantasies?). That will do for the *real* start.

B.J.

BERG: *Lulu*

Evelyn Lear, Donald Grobe, Loren Driscoll, Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, et al.; Berlin State Opera Orchestra, Karl Böhm, cond.

Anneliese Rothenberger, Gerhard Unger, Erwin Wohlfahrt, Toni Blankenheim, et al.; Hamburg State Opera Orchestra, Leopold Ludwig, cond.

For a feature review of two recordings of this opera, see page 69.

BERKELEY: *Divertimento in B flat*
—See Bennett: *Symphony No. 1.*

BRAHMS: *Concerto for Piano and Orchestra, No. 2, in B flat, Op. 83*

Géza Anda, piano; Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra, Herbert von Karajan, cond. DEUTSCHE GRAMMOPHON 139034, $5.79 (stereo only).

André Watts, piano; New York Philharmonic, Leonard Bernstein, cond. COLUMBIA MS 7134, $5.79 (stereo only).

In general design there is great similarity between these two orchestral performances: both Karajan and Bernstein share an easygoing *mittleuropäisch* attitude towards Brahms, which means that the rhythms are apt to get a bit too genial and that lower strings (the double basses in particular) sometimes lag fractionally behind the rest of the orchestra. On the other hand, there are differences. Karajan's performance seems the better thought-out, or at least, more fully communicated to the players. He brings out many pertinent details from the brass section, and his ensemble always caresses the ear with beautiful, creamy tone. Bernstein is sometimes more open than Karajan in his earnest emotionalism, but as the players tend to produce coarse, woody, opaque collective tone, many of his niceties simply get mangled and fall by the wayside.

'Tis a pity for were Bernstein's orchestral framework better than routinely competent, I would hail this disc as one of the best performances of the Brahms No.

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2 on records. André Watts has grown immensely since I last heard him (a year ago). For one thing, his treatment of the solo part is supremely well played. A natural pianist if ever there was such a thing, Watts produces all of Brahms's effects precisely, without conveying the least sense of strain. But he does much more than merely play the notes: his work here has poetry, proportion, and direction. Indeed, his discovery of how to impart linearity and motion to large masses of sound—in short, his conquest of matters structural and analytical—represents Watts's biggest gain in recent months. Yet for all this, his interpretation retains a delicious sincerity and directness.

Anda lacks the last-named quality. For all the finish and clarity of his work, phrasings are apt to get a bit elaborate, nuances a shade tricky. Anda's performance is a perfectly valid one, but it moves me less than those of Serkin (his latest version with Szell), Backhaus, Ashkenazy, Fleisher, Istomin, and Watts. This is but a partial listing, and it will not satisfy all tastes: those who want their Brahms "interpreted" for all it is worth will gravitate towards the Arrau version; those who want the Concerto belted out with raw virtuoso abandon will retain their Horowitz/Toscanini (in antique sound, of course) and Gilels/Reiner (fundamentally the same approach in more up-to-date sonics). H.G.

BRAHMS: *Symphony No. 4, in E minor, Op. 98*

Boston Symphony Orchestra, Erich Leinsdorf, cond. RCA VICTOR LM or LSC 3010, $5.79.

For a work of such general popularity and conductorial interest as the Brahms Fourth to lack a really sterling modern performance is something of an irony, yet that seems to be the case. Even ardent Brahmsians Klemperer and Walter failed to achieve with the composer's final symphony the artistic success they brought to the other three. Klemperer's broadly conceived, spaciously intended performance of the E minor betrays a listlessness and faintness of pulse he otherwise avoids, despite an aesthetic which is contingent upon generally slow tempos. In a word it is lethargic.

Leinsdorf's statement is a great deal more emphatic than Klemperer's. It is not a matter of quicker tempos, but solid accents and stringently articulated phrasing. Leinsdorf always gets great playing from his orchestra but all too often he bogs himself down in unyielding literalism. Happily, this does not occur here. The orchestra *is* grand, of course, and the music unfolds with blue-print clarity of detail. More importantly, Leinsdorf captures the nobility and vigor of the epical work more forcefully than most of his peers, and certainly shows more of his own personality than he generally allows.

There is one element missing, however, and it's the very one that often eludes Leinsdorf. Warmth. It is that ingredient which makes each phrase sing and which allows the listener to feel that what he is hearing is as much the product of the emotions as the intellect. It is what ultimately endears Walter's recording to me, despite less than ideal support from the Columbia Symphony and a rather loosely structured last movement. (The passacaglia is Brahms at his most heady; Walter was not a heady conductor.)

Ideally, I would wish for Brahms's Fourth a marriage of logic and sensuousness. In Leinsdorf there is plenty of the former but not enough of the latter. So the wait must continue.

RCA's sound is disappointing. The bass is muddy, the treble harsh, the second and fourth movements marred by inner-groove distortion. S.L.

BRAHMS: *Trios for Violin, Cello, and Piano: No. 1, in B, Op. 8; No. 2, in C, Op. 87; No. 3, in C minor, Op. 101*—See Schumann: *Trios for Violin, Cello, and Piano.*

DODGSON: *Concerto for Guitar and Chamber Orchestra*—See Rodrigo: *Fantasia para un gentilhombre.*

DOWLAND: *Dances for Lute*

The Earl of Essex Galliard; Lachrimae Antiquae Pavan; My Lady Hunsdon's Puffe; Lord d'Lisle's Galliard; The Frog Galliard; Lachrimae Verae Pavan; The Shoemaker's Wife (A Toy); Lady Rich Her Galliard; Unnamed Piece (Almand); Sir John Smith's Almand; Melancholie Galliard; Sir Henry Gifford's Almand; Dowland's First Galliard; Mrs. Vaux's Gigge; The Earl of Derby His Galliard; Semper Dowland, Semper Dolens.

Julian Bream, lute. RCA VICTOR LM 2987 or LSC 2987, $5.79.

To say that this collection is well up to Julian Bream's habitual standard will be enough for those who are already among his admirers. Music lovers sympathetic to the music of England's Golden Age but so far unacquainted with this unrivaled Dowland player should seize the opportunity offered by RCA's superbly recorded disc; though if they are not careful to compensate for the exceptionally high level at which it has been cut, the sound they hear will resemble some monstrous electronic caricature of a lute rather than a genuine example of this supremely intimate and poetic instrument.

Of the sixteen well-contrasted pieces included, six figure also in Bream's previous Dowland recital, recorded several years ago in mono only on Westminster XWN 18429 and still available. Among these six, *My Lady Hunsdon's Puffe* perhaps loses something by the slower tempo Bream has now adopted, but there are compensating gains in delicacy of phrasing and coloration. On the Westminster disc, I regretted the omission of repeats in the beautiful *Lachrimae Antiquae* pavan (known in song form as *Flow, my tears*). I am delighted that Bream has now removed this solitary cause for complaint: the new performance, complete with all repeats, is a great advance on the old in terms of the formal sense it makes, and in consequence the emotional power of the piece is enhanced too.

The Westminster disc is still well worth having, if only for its inclusion of an impressive Fantasia and of an irresistible trifle called *Orlando Sleepeth*; but the new RCA must be regarded as first choice. B.J.

DVORAK: *Romance for Violin and Orchestra, in F, Op. 11*—See Tchaikovsky: *Concerto for Violin and Orchestra, in D, Op. 35.*

HENRY: *Le Voyage*

MERCURY SR 90482, $5.79 (stereo only).

The voyage of the title is that of the human soul from life to death and back to life, according to the Tibetan Book of the Dead. Pierre Henry's electronic score was composed for a ballet on this subject by Maurice Béjart produced in 1962 and revised in the following year. Running about fifty minutes, it is probably the longest single electronic work ever issued on a commercial disc. In a rather naïvely literal style, it takes us on the voyage of the soul from the stilling of earthly breath through various apocalyptic visions and encounters with peaceful and wrathful gods to its rebirth via the coupling of male and female spirits. The score is full of mysterious and literally wonderful sounds. It is not without imagination and power, but it is really not so much a composition as a piece of aural décor; if one takes electronic music seriously, it must stand as a prime example of what not to do.

This disc is Vol. II of Mercury's "Panorama of Experimental Music." Like its predecessor, it is poorly edited. For example, according to the label on the record, the second movement is called "*Après la Mort (Fluide* [*sic*] *et Mobilité d'un Larsen),*" and the music is as full of watery gurgles as a spring landscape in a Disney cartoon; but the notes on the jacket say nothing about fluidity or mobility nor are we told what a "Larsen" is. A.F.

KODALY: *Quartets for Strings: No. 1, Op. 2; No. 2, in D, Op. 10*

Tátrai Quartet. QUALITON LPX 11322 or SLPX 11322, $5.79.

These two quartets, the first written in 1909, when Kodály was only twenty-seven, and the second in 1918, together give a comprehensive picture of the composer's progress at a crucial phase in his development and indicate the high level of technical command he had attained at this relatively early stage. The First Quartet still reveals a residue of standard nineteenth-century academic thinking; it is constructed along traditional lines of formal organization and thematic-motivic development. Yet the

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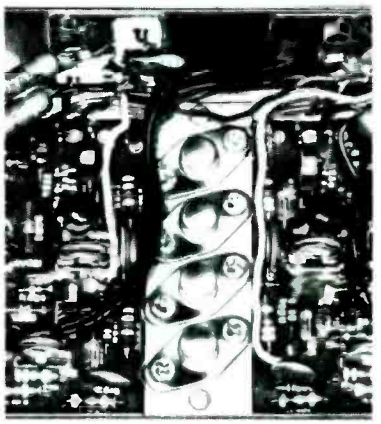

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Introducing John Eaton and His Pieces for the Syn-Ket

ALTHOUGH THIS ALBUM bears the over-all title *Microtonal Fantasy*, the specific composition of that name is the least interesting piece on the disc.

John Eaton is a pupil of Sessions, Cone, and Babbitt at Princeton, a Prix de Rome winner, a Guggenheimer, the works. He is interested in microtonal music for voice and for conventional instruments, but he is also interested in the syn-ket, which appears to be an electronic synthesizer fitted with keyboards and stuff so that it can be played live. It is named after its inventor, Paul Ketoff, and it is one of the better innovations of the century.

Unfortunately, *Microtonal Fantasy* has nothing to do with the syn-ket. It is a piece for two pianos tuned a quarter tone apart and placed at a 90-degree angle so that they can be played by one person. There are some very nice quarter-tone beat effects in the harmony; otherwise this is just another example of the dreary old Composers' Forum piano piece we have all endured so long and from so many different hands.

As soon as he turns to the syn-ket, however, Eaton comes to life. I presume there must be something in the electronic vocabulary which this instrument can't produce, but I don't know what it is. And the fact of live performance seems to add a zest and fire to Eaton's accomplishment which put it in a class by itself.

The record contains two works for the new instrument, *Prelude to "Myshkin"* and Piece for Solo Syn-ket, No. 3. Myshkin is the hero of Dostoyevsky's novel *The Idiot*, and the music suggests, at least at its beginning, "a child-like condition" wherein "sensations are received in purity and completeness, without the restrictions of either the logic of practicality or 'meaning.'" If you think music can't express things like that, you haven't heard *Myshkin*, and I herewith suggest that you repair that lack in your education forthwith. But, moving and, eventually, rich as *Myshkin* unquestionably is, the Piece for Solo Syn-ket is even better. It handles color gorgeously; it is full of vitality in every form and dimension and has something of the overflowing musicality and inventiveness one associates with Ives. Incidentally, this syn-ket can produce the softest *pianissimo* I have ever heard on a record, and that effect alone is worth the price of admission.

The disc also includes a song cycle for soprano, piano, and syn-ket. The vocal line is extremely tormented and complex, and while Miss Hirayama sings it magnificently, not one word is intelligible. One is aware only of hearing English sung with a heavy Japanese accent, and since the piano part in the first song is played directly on the strings and sounds vaguely like a koto, one immediately draws an analogy with the static, solemn, dramatic music of Japanese court ritual. This analogy is doubtless entirely false, but it does the music no harm at all.

In the second song, the voice is accompanied by the sympathetic reverberation of itself in the piano, and that is a marvelous effect. In the third song, it is accompanied by the syn-ket, which often picks up the line from the voice and carries it, at first imperceptibly, into regions of pitch and agility where no merely human voice can go. And *that* effect is hair-raising.

We have had a lot of electronic music on recent records, but one feels that the exploration of this mode has only just started in earnest and that the sky is still the limit.

A.F.

Eaton: ***Microtonal Fantasy; Prelude to "Myshkin"; Piece for Solo Syn-ket, No. 3; Song Cycle***

Miciko Hirayama, soprano (in the Song Cycle); Richard Trythall, piano; John Eaton, piano and syn-ket. DECCA DL 10154 or DL 710154, $5.79.

piece clearly points to the later Kodály, both in the original cast of many of its ideas and in its strong nationalistic flavor. The first movement opens, in fact, with a literal statement of a folk song, which is later woven into the fabric of the first movement and is ultimately revealed as the prime mover of the entire quartet. Only the last movement, a rather predictable set of variations with an overlong, amorphous coda, seems weak: but the first three movements already make manifest a real compositional personality. The Second Quartet confirms the impression. Much shorter than the First and written only in two movements, it is also somewhat tighter in construction, despite a more rhapsodic formal layout. Particularly impressive is the last movement, a free juxtaposition of several sections of different characters and tempos, all bound together into one large gesture.

Both works are played with conviction and enthusiasm, if without notable distinction, by the Tátrai Quartet of Hungary. In following the performances with a score, however, I noticed that several "adjustments" have been made. At one point, for example, the second violin plays an octave higher than notated, and a cello passage, which is explicitly indicated with the bow in the score, is performed pizzicato. (Of course, it is possible that Kodály later changed his mind and let the players know.) But such problems notwithstanding, the record is a valuable addition to the catalogue, particularly since the First Quartet has been previously unavailable in this country.

R.P.M.

MAHLER: *Symphony No. 9*

London Symphony Orchestra, Georg Solti, cond. LONDON CSA 2220, $11.58 (two discs, stereo only).

The ideal Mahler Nine continues to be a mirage. Several recent recordings have had notable virtues, but none equals Horenstein's purely as a performance—and Horenstein's ancient Vox set is cursed with recording technique that was bad even in mono days.

I have taken the opportunity offered by this Solti release to go back and check my reactions to previous sets by listening to most of them again. I have been wanting to do this particularly in the case of the Klemperer; for since I wrote my original unfavorable estimate of it (based on about three complete hearings and some spot-checking), I have come across some reviews by English critics suggesting that if Mahler himself came back to earth he couldn't possibly compete with Klemperer in this Symphony.

Now I had my suspicions about this. Though English music criticism is streets ahead of its American counterpart, its endemic fault is deification of the mighty. You can go on playing magnificently for years without recognition: but once gain acceptance as what might be called a "senior artist," and you can start to play like a pig without ever again getting less than rave notices. Klemperer is one who has lately profited from this arrangement, which has prevailed since the days when Bernard Shaw drew attention to it, if not longer.

But having listened again I have to report, sadly, that the performance is even less cogent than I thought when I first wrote about it. Quite apart from the woefully lax ensemble, point after dramatic point in Mahler's wonderful

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orchestration passes barely noticed, and the lack of control in matters of tempo sabotages any over-all conviction that might survive the slovenly details. Only a few majestic moments remain as evidence of the great performance that remains in Klemperer's mind but no longer within his technical grip.

One of his advantages—the left/right division of first and second violins—is shared by Kubelik, who has very wisely adopted this layout for his integral recording. His is an excellent performance, but it is, I think, less remarkable than either his new Third or his new First, the two symphonies that have so far followed it.

For reasons given in my Mahler discography last September, Walter, Barbirolli, and Ludwig are not in my view competitive at the highest level; nor, good though he is in some ways, is Ančerl, whose subsequently released recording I reviewed in October 1967.

Until now, therefore, Bernstein's powerful interpretation has been the closest rival to Horenstein's. Solti's new performance is also an impressive one in many ways. If its impact does not quite equal Bernstein's, the fault, I think, lies largely with the recording. Not that this can be called bad—it's some years since I have heard a positively *bad* London recording—but it has, in comparison with the exceptionally fine Columbia, two important weaknesses. Aiming laudably for an extremely wide dynamic range, the London engineers have ended by robbing some of the quietest passages (including much string writing in the first movement) of presence: you can hear them, but they don't really bite on the ear as even the softest playing can do when more effectively recorded. And compared with the rich complexity of Bernstein's string textures, Solti's, especially in divided passages, emerge rather fuzzily from the groove.

Nevertheless, the strength of Solti's passionate and meticulously thought-through interpretation is scarcely obscured. The first movement has a kind of ardent deliberation intensified by an admirable refusal to rush the more expansive passages. The instruction (thirteen measures after figure 12, Universal score) to "moderate the tempo as much as necessary" is for once given due weight, and the entry of the muted cellos, *plötzlich sehr mässig und zurückhaltend*, five measures after 7 is deeply moving in its apprehensive, almost tangible catching of the breath. Again, the flute and horn cadenza near the end of the movement is full of atmosphere. First horn Barry Tuckwell contributes glorious playing throughout, and the first flute (whose identity I'm not sure of) is no less good—indeed, all the orchestral playing attains a most exceptionally high standard.

The Rondo-Burleske third movement is done with ample imagination, and the slow finale equals the first movement in depth and musicianship—which is to say that it very nearly equals Horenstein's: certainly Solti comes closer than anyone else in matching the absolute security and rhythmic poise of Horenstein's closing pages. On the other side of the scale, Solti's idea of *poco più mosso* for Tempo II. of the second movement is not mine—the speed changes in this movement are exaggerated out of all proportion. Unaccountably too, when he controls the end of the Symphony so well, he allows the concluding pages of the first movement to run away badly. And in two places—the *Tempo I. subito* fourteen bars after 6 in the first movement, and the *etwas gehalten* twenty-five after 36 in the Rondo-Burleske—he mars the effect of a retardation of tempo, as do many conductors, by actually anticipating it.

The new release is thus not without faults. But they are less important than the virtues, and I find that Solti's performance grows on me with repeated hearings. At the very least, it runs Bernstein's close. B.J.

MENDELSSOHN: *String Symphony No. 9, in C minor*
†Schubert: *Rondo for Violin and Strings, in A, D. 438; Five Minuets and Six Trios for Strings, D. 89*

I Musici: Felix Ayo, violin. PHILIPS PHS 900177, $5.79 (stereo only).

Precociousness among composers is not exactly unheard of but it is uncommon enough to be a traditional topic for late evening conversation. The Mendelssohn String Symphony on this record is one of some ten such works written when the composer was fourteen years old. It aims towards the serious, replete with a grave introduction, much Bachian counterpoint, and a brief scherzo with the scurrying triplets that were to become a Mendelssohnian trademark. In its naïve way the work is a little gem and makes enjoyable listening.

Schubert's Rondo dates from 1816, when the composer was seventeen. There are glimpses of the dark sentiments that ultimately led to his most mature chamber works (such as the Cello Quintet) but it's basically a lighthearted affair in the manner of an eighteenth-century divertimento. Felix Ayo plays with considerable verve and achieves a sweetness of tone not always in his possession. The miscellaneous minuets and trios are products of 1813. In their brevity and catchiness they are pleasant little tidbits, just the kind of thing used by classical music radio stations for program signatures.

I Musici performs with splendid musicianship, beautiful tone, and obvious relish. Philips' sound is clean and bright. A delightful disc. S.L.

MENDELSSOHN: *Trio for Piano, Violin, and Cello, No. 1, in D minor*—See Beethoven: *Trio for Piano, Violin, and Cello, No. 3, in C minor, Op. 1, No. 3.*

MESSIAEN: *Seven Haikai*—See Schoenberg: *Kammersymphonie, Op. 9.*

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MOZART: *La Clemenza di Tito*

Lucia Popp (s), Servilia; Brigitte Fassbänder (s), Annius; Maria Casula (s), Vitellia; Teresa Berganza (ms), Sextus; Werner Krenn (t), Titus; Tugomir Franc (bs), Publius; Chorus and Orchestra of the Vienna State Opera, Istvan Kertesz, cond. LONDON OSA 1387, $17.37 (three discs, stereo only).

Of Mozart's mature operas, the first and last have fallen on evil times. The reason seems to be that both were written on the baroque *opera seria* pattern, no longer (and not yet) acceptable to the public nor, in the case of *La Clemenza di Tito*, the last opera, acceptable to Mozart either. The first of these neglected works, *Idomeneo*, is slowly staging an amply deserved comeback in Europe, but *Titus* appears to be doomed. *Idomeneo* was of the morning and the May, *Titus* of the autumn and the evening.

Titus is generally assumed to have been composed in haste, under circumstances of despair and ill health. The quality of the workmanship and the sketches do not bear this out, and Mozart was often in dire straits without any indication of his mental and physical condition showing in his music. What inhibited him here was that the specifications of this commissioned opera went against the grain of Mozart's natural dramatic instincts. Nevertheless, *Titus* still brings us in contact with an opera composer of a vitality so enormous that he seems more live than most of the musicians whose operas can be heard every day.

The libretto of *Titus* is usually ascribed to the great opera poet of the baroque, Metastasio. Actually, the famous book of 1734, set by most leading composers in the first half of the century, was "modernized." Mazzolà, the refurbisher, managed to get some action into the static *seria* pattern but was unable to remove the official and obsequious quality of homage and fealty which no longer suited the age dominated by the spirit of the Enlightenment. Commissioned for the coronation festivities in Prague, the opera had to be formal in an archaic way, a lightly veiled eulogy of the Emperor. This tone was familiar to the Italians of the previous generations but it was strange to Mozart, who was temperamentally incapable of revealing the sentiments of characters alien to him. Yet again and again, amid much that is somewhat perfunctory and a little heavy with solemnity, Mozart delights us with his old felicity and undimmed faculty to rejoice in the beautiful. In several of the arias and ensembles, in the fine choruses, and in the magnificent finale of the first act, the reflection of the summit falls on this almost forgotten opera.

Titus is weighted down with discord—human, dramatic, and musical. This discord is not resolved, even though Mozart often achieves a unity which is a tense reconciliation of opposites. His concern for uniting the substance with the shadow is consistently apparent in the technical tightness of the composition—the craftsmanship is of the finest. In one respect, then, the music of this opera is successful, often absolutely so, but the contradictions remain. Mozart's operatic technique was by this time a miraculous amalgam of the *seria* and the *buffa*, the latter clearly dominating the ensembles. Da Ponte, who sized up his composer with remarkable insight, tailored his librettos to suit this particular musical style. The libretto of *Titus*, however, offers nothing but unrelieved nobility and *clemenza*; Mozart is able to cope with this to a certain extent in the arias (after all, the Countess' great aria in *Figaro*, to mention one example, is a pure *seria* aria), but not in the ensembles. Although the latter are very good, and the *first* finale a masterpiece, the buffo ensemble technique is somewhat incongruous when applied to such texts.

But perhaps the principal discord was created by the absence of Mozart's favorite subject: flesh and blood lovers. There are four male characters in the opera but two of these are sung by trebles; one was originally a castrato part, the other was composed for a mezzo. In a true baroque opera the castrato part can be lowered for tenor or baritone and theatrical and dramatic illusion can thus be created, at least for those who love the living theatre (the purists can keep their Urtext and adore it in silent contemplation). But *Titus* is not a true baroque opera; it has fine, animated ensembles in which the "men" carry the upper parts; any transposition would simply destroy the ensembles. So, all we can do is to enjoy the fine music and grieve about the lack of dramatic life, characterization, and vocal contrast. For, indeed, if posterity has failed to find this opera satisfactory, the fault is not with its matter but with its manner: *Titus* is a drama without possessing the full dignity of passion.

Except for two of the singers who are not up to par, the performance is excellent. Kertesz has a sound feeling for style, tempo, and balances, the orchestra is alive and does not pussyfoot in the accompaniments; the impressive accompanied recitatives are particularly well done. Both orchestra and chorus are first-class. The outstanding member of the cast is Teresa Berganza. She has a great and accurate voice, beautifully equalized and with plenty of color, and she knows how to bend a melody. Brigitte Fassbänder is also good and nicely on pitch, though her voice is not so warm as Berganza's, while Lucia Popp is quite adequate. The important part of Vitellia is disappointingly sung by Maria Casula. She has a large voice but it is insecure. At times, especially in slow legato passages, she manages fairly well, but when carried away by dramatic fervor she is consistently off pitch, in the fast *seccos* embarrassingly so. Tugomir Franc also exhibits an unfocused voice, but Werner Krenn, who sings Titus, is a fine, stylish singer with a pleasant voice. The sound is very commendable, and a welcome feature of this interesting recording is the excellence of the notes, by Erik Smith. The Italian libretto and a literate English translation are also included. P.H.L.

MOZART: *Concerto for Clarinet and Orchestra, in A, K. 622*
†Weber: *Concerto for Clarinet and Orchestra, No. 1, in F minor, Op. 73*

Karl Keister, clarinet; Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra, Rafael Kubelik, cond. DEUTSCHE GRAMMOPHON SLPM 136550, $5.79 (stereo only).

A fine pairing here—showing, if one cares to look at the matter historically, the flair for drama and for orchestral color which the years between Mozart's composition (1791) and Weber's (1811) ushered in. Weber in the opening movement of Op. 73, sets the stage for an opera that is all but visible, and throws the solo instrument into an almost threatening confrontation with the orchestra. He also (in the second movement) places clarinet and brass in a juxtaposition that is nothing short of heaven-sent (strange that Mozart never hit on this). Weber's finale, a thoroughly saucy rondo, is at times as delicate as chamber music.

The performances are expert and unstrained. The Mozart is done in a benevolent, let-the-music-speak-for-itself manner; in the slow movement—and only there—the clarinet seems just a bit prosaic. I have heard more done with phrase shaping in this work, but seldom heard it rendered more purely. The performance of the Weber, a more extrovert work to begin with, has no shortcomings whatever. As for the recorded sound itself, a special note on the stereo separation, which makes a happy thing of Mozart's snatches of dialogue between first and second violins. S.F.

MOZART: *The Impresario*

Reri Grist and Judith Raskin, sopranos; Richard Lewis, tenor; Sherrill Milnes, baritone; Leo McKern, speaking role; English Chamber Orchestra, André Previn, cond. RCA VICTOR LM 3000 or LSC 3000, $5.79.

I hate to be a kill-joy, but this is a grievously wrongheaded effort. Mozart's brilliantly observed and limpidly composed little comedy of operatic manners has been supplied with a new English libretto by the conductor's wife, Dory Previn, "who herself," George R. Marek's liner note tells us, "is a librettist of considerable attainments." Well, that she may be, but this particular job shows a quite astounding insensitivity to the demands of the music and even of plain common sense.

If it were just a matter of translation I might grin and bear, though I always prefer to hear vocal music in the original language. But what Mrs. Previn has done is to graft a completely new story on the original book, which was as much concerned with dramatic fashions—the rivalry of the Corneille and the Shakespeare schools of tragedy—as with people of the theatre. Again according to Mr. Marek, who co-produced the recording with Peter Dellheim, the "libretto [of *The Impresario*] interests no

one any longer." I'm sorry, but it interests me a good deal, and certainly more than the commonplace amorous triangle Mrs. Previn has put in its stead.

Instead of allowing the two rival prima donnas to be simply auditioning, she has contrived to have them sing their respective showpieces in character. This not only means that she has had to give new, and often inappropriate, words to the two arias. It also means that she has had to jettison Mozart's dramatically nugatory but musically essential contrast between two opposite types of singer. That is why I have have not included the characters' names in the listing at the head of this review. To those who know the piece it would have been merely confusing. For Madame Silberklang has become "Miss Sweetsong," and Madame Herz is transmuted into "Madame Silverklang"—which, quite apart from the impropriety of the switch, is a bastard formation if ever there was one. The whole distinction between the dramatic soprano and her lyric-coloratura rival is thus lost, and in making sense of the drama Mrs. Previn has made nonsense of the music.

Depredations even so wholesale could be forgiven, if only the new words had been applied to the music with a reasonable degree of skill. But again, our interloper shows no sign of the most ordinary powers of observation. Time and again, a verbal sentence will begin smack in the middle of a musical phrase; or on the other hand an emphatic formal close in the music will be rendered absurd by its correspondence with a mere comma in the text. The test of parody, in the technical sense of the fitting of words to existing music, is whether it sounds like natural word setting. This effort falls down consistently.

I am sorry to belabor the point so, but the situation is made the more frustrating by the very excellence of the performance. André Previn's direction of the admirable English Chamber Orchestra is wonderfully sympathetic—the playing of the overture, one of Mozart's finest, has a quality of luxuriousness that recalls Giulini. And the two sopranos come closer than any I've ever heard to a worthy evocation of the queens of song they are impersonating—sorry, *ought* to be impersonating. The recording is lovely.

In sum, some splendid work has gone to waste here. But if you've never heard the music, the devil take my scruples. It's vintage Mozart, and otherwise unavailable.

B.J.

MOZART: *Piano Music*

For a feature review of recordings of Mozart's piano music by Daniel Barenboim, Christoph Eschenbach, Glenn Gould, Lili Kraus, and Ivan Moravec, see page 72.

PROKOFIEV: *Symphony No. 6, in E flat minor, Op. 111*

Moscow Radio Symphony Orchestra, Gennady Rozhdestvensky, cond. MELODIYA/ANGEL SR 40046, $5.79 (stereo only).

Gennady Rozhdestvensky's recording of the Prokofiev Sixth Symphony confirms the impression of his mastery of this composer's symphonic style that I felt in listening to his account of the Fourth Symphony (reviewed here in March). The disc also confirms my misgivings about the quality of the Moscow State Radio Symphony Orchestra.

Rozhdestvensky not only is sympathetic to Prokofiev's quirky melodic style, but he also manages to keep the composer's square-cut rhythms from cloying, never allowing the theatrical rhetoric of the work to degenerate into vulgarity. Unfortunately, the inadequacies of the orchestra are more evident here than in the less challenging Fourth Symphony, and to some extent they must be charged to Rozhdestvensky. The virtual submergence of the piano and harp through much of the first and second movements, for instance, and the generally opaque sound of the *forte* tuttis may indicate that this very talented musician is deficient in fundamental orchestral technique. Rozhdestvensky, however, cannot be held responsible for the oboe tending to sound like a bad trumpet (and vice versa) or for the horns' miserable Russian vibrato that makes them sound like saxophones; and in any case I would rather have Rozhdestvensky's sensitivity in this

work than either Ormandy's or Leinsdorf's unsympathetic approach, despite their technical command. P.H.

RODRIGO: *Fantasia para un gentilhombre*
†Dodgson: *Concerto for Guitar and Chamber Orchestra*

John Williams, guitar; English Chamber Orchestra, Charles Groves, cond. COLUMBIA MS 7063, $5.79 (stereo only).

John Williams slips into the opening measures of the Rodrigo Fantasia with a sense of lazy drift that is the mark of a master; in fact, the utter ease of his execution throughout the two works on this disc is one of its most distinguishing characteristics. He is undoubtedly one of the two or three best guitarists living.

The Rodrigo work, a neo-Renaissance suite based on themes (*c.* 1667) of Gasper Sanz, is so skillfully orchestrated and agreeable that it pains me to remark that it eventually becomes a well-bred bore. Stephen Dodgson, the 44-year-old English composer who is a special favorite of Williams', has written a concerto that is also very well wrought—knowing in its juxtapositions of soloist and orchestra, its thematic interlocking, its contrast among the three movements. After a number of hearings it still makes no very strong impression on me as a work with much personality, but it does admirably by the guitar and no one can blame Williams for taking it up. The English Chamber Orchestra meets the challenge of numerous sectional solos in the Rodrigo beautifully. S.F.

SATIE: *Parade; Relâche; Gymnopedies: No. 1, No. 3* (orch. Debussy)

Paris Conservatory Orchestra, Louis Auriacombe, cond.

SATIE: *Piano Music, Vol. 3*

Aldo Ciccolini, piano.

For a feature review of these recordings, see page 71.

SCHOENBERG: *Kammersymphonie, Op. 9; Three Pieces for Orchestra (1910)*
†Messiaen: *Seven Haikai*

Yvonne Loriod, piano, Strasbourg Percussion Group (in the Messiaen); Domaine Musical Orchestra, Pierre Boulez, cond. EVEREST 3192, $4.98 (stereo only).

I'm not sure that recorded performances of Schoenberg's first *Kammersymphonie* are getting better, but they certainly are getting faster, as evidenced by the following timings: Horenstein, 26:19; Scherchen, 24:00; Craft, 20:10; Boulez, 17:17 (the score suggests twenty-two minutes). Now a variation of nine minutes in a score of this length is quite considerable; even granting that Horenstein's traversal is on the sleepy side, Boulez fails here to convince that much is gained by such speed. Part of the difficulty, certainly, is the use of a recording hall with a monumental echo—the very last thing you would think appropriate for a work of such detail and complexity—and the resulting acoustic smog is so overwhelming that I cannot in conscience recommend this recording. Although a few passages do gain from the up-tempo, the combination of speed and resonance is usually such that you simply can't hear what should be going on. Craft's version, although it loses force and direction as it proceeds, remains the preference, but we are still waiting for a really satisfactory version of this important, albeit difficult work. (There are two other versions of the 15-instrument original: one for a larger complement of the same instruments, the other a much later rescoring for full orchestra.)

The remarkable little orchestral pieces (of which the third and last is incomplete) were written in 1910, and complement the Op. 19 piano pieces as explorations of the path that Webern was shortly to follow. They were first discovered in 1957 among Schoenberg's manuscripts, and have been previously recorded by Robert Craft. There isn't much to choose between the two recordings, but Craft's sounds a bit cleaner, and his celesta is less obtrusive (there is no dynamic marking for it in the manuscript, however).

The extension of our acquaintance with Olivier Messiaen's recent music continues apace on the reverse of this disc. The *Seven Haikai* (the title "indicates merely that the seven pieces are short, like the Japanese poems of that name") were written in 1962, and are for an ensemble of winds, trumpet, trombone, 8 violins, xylophone, marimba, piano, and a good deal of percussion. Although rather less pretentious than some other Messiaen works, this one seems to me interesting only for a few effects of sonority (e.g. the "Gagaku" movement). The performance is impressive, and the objectionable echo of the other side is absent.

Jean-Claude Eloy's notes on the Schoenberg works have been abridged from the French Adès jacket, but ornithologists, at least, will be pleased to find that Everest has left Messiaen's guide to the birds of Japan more or less intact. D.H.

SCHUBERT: *Rondo for Violin and Strings, in A, D. 438; Five Minuets and Six Trios for Strings, D. 89*—See Mendelssohn: *String Symphony No. 9, in C minor.*

SCHUBERT: *Sonata for Piano, No. 20, in A, D. 959; Waltzes and Ländler (21), D. 145, D. 365, D. 366, D. 783, D. 790, D. 820, D. 969, D. 779*

Bruce Hungerford, piano. VANGUARD VSD 71171, $5.79 (stereo only).

Hungerford's reading of the penultimate Schubert Sonata joins those of Schnabel (Pathé COLH) and Serkin (Columbia) in conveying the dramatic, structural, and thus "unpretty" aspects of this masterpiece. In point of emphasis, he strikes a midpoint between the former's colorful lyricism and the latter's monumentalism. Hungerford's tone quality is a bit more delicate than that of either of these players, though all three project the many latent Beethovenisms in this quite atypical score. Serkin, with his slower tempos and observation of the exposition repeat in the first movement, achieves the grandest effect, and Schnabel, with his widely changing tempos (particularly in the storm section of the Andantino) probably achieves the easiest, most natural-sounding flow. Hungerford attempts much the same kind of "harmonic pointing" favored by Schnabel, but occasionally sounds a mite contrived in doing so; he lets go more—to great effect—in the overside Ländler, the inclusion of which gives this new Vanguard edition its chief advantage over two superlative rivals. At bar 142 of the Sonata's slow movement, incidentally, Hungerford joins Schnabel in playing a G sharp in the right hand, while Serkin and Rosen (on a discontinued Epic version) substituted a G double sharp. Both are perfectly valid alternatives, the G sharp appearing in the Breitkopf & Härtel Urtext, the double sharp in the Henle and Universal Urtexts. In effect, though, the G sharp is by far the more exotic sounding in this particular context. H.G.

SCHUMANN: *Fantasia in C, Op. 17*
†Brahms: *Sonata for Piano, No. 2, in F sharp minor, Op. 2*

Ludwig Olshansky, piano. MONITOR MCS 2127, $2.50 (stereo only).

Olshansky's *Fantasia* is a beauty. His performance is one of nobility and total commitment. It radiates warmth continually, yet never approaches sentimentality. I find his way with the piece especially moving after listening to Horowitz' brilliantly *pianistic* account (on Columbia) and Geza Anda's detached performance (on DGG); both of the latter bring intellect to bear but fail to communicate the passion of one of Schumann's most passionate keyboard works.

The peculiar Brahms Op. 2—a crazy-quilt of youthful excess, raw talent, and scattered souvenirs of late Beethoven—fascinates because of its creator's ultimate fulfillment. On its own it stands shakily, and it's not really hard to understand why it is seldom performed. Olshansky tempers the music considerably, smoothing out dynamic contrasts in order to impose cohesion on the rambling whole. For this reason it is less tempestuous—but more durable, I think—than Katchen's version (on London). Olshansky even succeeds in implying a mellowness associated with Brahms's later music.

The recording has some preëcho and a warm, slightly diffuse, atmosphere. S.L.

SCHUMANN: *Trios for Violin, Cello, and Piano: No. 1, in D minor, Op. 63; No. 2, in F, Op. 80; No. 3, in G minor, Op. 110*

†Brahms: *Trios for Violin, Cello, and Piano: No. 1, in B, Op. 8; No. 2, in C, Op. 87; No. 3, in C minor, Op. 101*

Trio Bell'Arte (in the Schumann); Mannheim Trio (in the Brahms). Vox SCBX 591, $9.95 (three discs, stereo only).

Schumann's big year for chamber music was 1842 (the three string quartets, the piano quartet and quintet), and anything in the medium he wrote after that time has traditionally been assigned to limbo. The piano trios fall into this category (the first two were composed in 1847, the last in 1851), and it is amusing to remember that the blasting they took from the Schumann contributor in Cobbett's encyclopedia caused so much loss of editorial sleep that Mr. Cobbett took the unprecedented step of employing a devil's advocate in the person of Fanny Davies, a pupil and friend of Clara Schumann. We are thus treated to a delightful display of in-fighting wherein the original contributor finds, for example, the G minor Trio so weak as to be interesting only as "a mournful forerunner of the tragic end," and Miss Davies cites the slow movement of this same work as an example of "how much greatness can be compressed into a short space." So let none fear to cast his vote; a precedent is set for pro and con.

As a matter of fact, the situation is not so clear-cut. There are individual movements of fine romantic ardor (the openings of No. 1 and No. 3) and also of sweet, delicate lyricism. There are also some alienating features—a frenetic quality to much of the music that I find exhausting, a peculiar neglect of contrast between movements when the senses fairly cry for it, a tendency to wax long-winded on short ideas. But on the whole, these works seem to me to betray little more laboriousness than is typical of Schumann's earlier chamber music, which seldom attained the spontaneity of expression of the songs, the symphonies, or the piano works.

The Bell'Arte Trio, giving us here the only complete set of the trios on LP currently in the catalogue, does an impressive job with the music, not balking at the tremendous expenditure of energy required, and not slighting the more relaxed and occasionally quite grand melodic lines either. The violin is a bit harsh-toned on the four-part chords of No. 1, but they are quickly done.

The Brahms trios—the third complete set to be issued within the past few months—clinch the bargain here: they are very good indeed, less overtly dramatic and intense than the Istomin/Stern/Rose version, and occasionally, but not consistently, quite similar in style to the Beaux Arts. The Mannheimers miss nothing of Brahms's sweep and stride, and they provide performances very easy to live with. Recorded sound both sets of trios emphasizes stereo separation to a noticeable degree. S.F.

STRAUSS, FRANZ: *Concerto for Horn and Orchestra, in C minor, Op. 8*—See Strauss, Richard: *Concertos for Horn and Orchestra.*

STRAUSS, RICHARD: *Concertos for Horn and Orchestra: No. 1, in E flat, Op. 11; No. 2, in E flat*

†Strauss, Franz: *Concerto for Horn and Orchestra, in C minor, Op. 8*

Barry Tuckwell, horn; London Symphony Orchestra, Istvan Kertesz, cond. LONDON CS 6519, $5.79 (stereo only).

Richard Strauss had a particular affection for the horn. In his additions to Berlioz' orchestration book, he wrote that the improvements made on the horn during the nineteenth century were the most important single factor in developing the technique of orchestration after Berlioz. His two horn concertos, one written early in his life and the other near its end (yet they are peculiarly similar in many ways), are the chief fruits of this interest and are, in fact, the first significant works in this genre to be composed after the four great concertos of Mozart.

It is a well-known fact that Strauss came by his interest in the horn honestly; his father, Franz, was the greatest horn virtuoso of his age and was for years the principal hornist in the Munich Court

Orchestra as well as a Professor at the Bavarian Royal Academy of Music. What is less well-known is that the elder Strauss was also a composer, one who, as might be expected, specialized in pieces for the horn. Richard, in his delightful article entitled "Reminiscences of my Father" (published in *Reminiscences and Recollections*), fails even to mention that his father wrote music. The present recording should serve to set the record straight, but I'm afraid interest in the elder Strauss's concerto will be primarily human and historical. The work is stiff and extremely derivative (derivative of just whom depends upon the particular passage in question), and shows none of the dash and flamboyance so characteristic of the music of the younger Strauss. Nevertheless, the piece is certainly well made, clearly indicating that Franz Strauss was a musician of no small accomplishment; and hornist Barry Tuckwell gives it a most sympathetic reading.

As for Richard's two concertos, they are admittedly not among his best compositions, but they are dazzling, virtuoso pieces which make virtually impossible demands upon the soloist. Few hornists, in fact, even wish to attempt them. Once again, Tuckwell's performances are very impressive, but here he must stand comparison with the late Dennis Brain, whose mono-only Angel recording of both concertos with the Philharmonia Orchestra under Wolfgang Sawallisch is still listed in Schwann. Measured against that standard, certain flaws become apparent. Tuckwell, for example, is unable to articulate the fast runs with the incredible clarity Brain managed to achieve; nor is his intonation so consistently certain. I am also struck by an occasional lack of rhythmic security, particularly at the opening of the last movement of the Second Concerto. Finally, his sound at times reveals a blurred, fuzzy quality, notably in passages containing large leaps, the bane of every French horn player.

But make no mistake, Tuckwell is a first-rate hornist, probably as good as anyone around today; and he plays all the pieces with real style and understanding. Certainly this recording is well worth acquiring. R.P.M.

TCHAIKOVSKY: *Concerto for Violin and Orchestra, in D, Op. 35*
†Dvořák: *Romance for Violin and Orchestra, in F, Op. 11*

Itzhak Perlman, violin; Boston Symphony Orchestra, Erich Leinsdorf, cond. RCA Victor LM 3014 or LSC 3014, $5.79.

As sheer violinism, Itzhak Perlman's second disc for RCA Victor is beyond cavil, distinguished by solid, luscious tone and impressively secure technique. Interpretatively, however, the performance of the Tchaikovsky Concerto reveals that this brilliant young artist has yet to achieve the individual touches that would give his work flair. The over-all effect is blandly impersonal.

Perlman does little to add expressive nuance, or to mold phrases in a manner that would lend them the shape and direction they must have if they are not to degenerate into perfunctory passagework. Curiously lacking drive and urgency, the first movement does not rouse itself until the coda. The Canzonetta is attractively played, but the opportunity the second theme offers for a change of mood, tonal color, and shading is passed by. Perlman lunges into the finale with grim determination. Though he restores all seven traditional minor cuts (none amounting to more than twelve bars), thus allowing us to hear fifty-six measures usually excised, his bowing is too heavy for the gossamer, scherzolike quality of the music. When the final victory comes, it is joyless. In all, then, this is not an interpretation that will quicken many pulses. The Heifetz/Reiner and Oistrakh/Ormandy versions are to be preferred.

That Perlman *can* move the heart is demonstrated by his ravishing performance of Dvořák's exquisite Romance in F, suffused with smoldering ardor.

Murky, overresonant sonics—severely attenuated in highs, with considerable overloading distortion in the orchestral tuttis. And there is a noticeable tape splice eleven bars before the last entrance of the main theme in the Tchaikovsky finale—the violin suddenly jumps towards the left speaker. M.S.

WEBER: *Concerto for Clarinet and Orchestra, No. 1, in F minor, Op. 73*—See Mozart: *Concerto for Clarinet and Orchestra, in A, K. 622.*

XENAKIS: *Metastasis; Pithoprakta; Eonta*

Yuji Takahashi, piano (in *Eonta*); French National Radio Orchestra, Maurice Le Roux, cond. (in *Metastasis* and *Pithoprakta*); Paris Instrumental Ensemble for Contemporary Music, Konstantin Simonovic, cond. (in *Eonta*). CARDINAL VCS 10030, $3.50 (stereo only).

As Roland Gelatt reported in HIGH FIDELITY last month [see "Music Makers," page 20], we in this country are now being given an opportunity to hear the work of the Greek composer Iannis Xenakis, one of the major phenomena on today's musical horizon. This fall will see the release of the Nonesuch project Mr. Gelatt described. Meantime, Vanguard brings us the first recording of Xenakis' music to appear in America. It is as much a milestone as was the first recording of Stravinsky or Boulez.

Xenakis, formerly an architect, surrounds his music with an elaborate mythology of mathematics. Some of it is provided in the leaflet accompanying this disc. I fall off at the end of the first line, but, as Olivier Messiaen points out in remarks quoted on the record jacket, these pieces make their way as *music*; one can forget about "congruences modulo z" and all the rest of that nonsense and enjoy them completely for their appeal to the ear.

Metastasis (*Transformation*) was writ-

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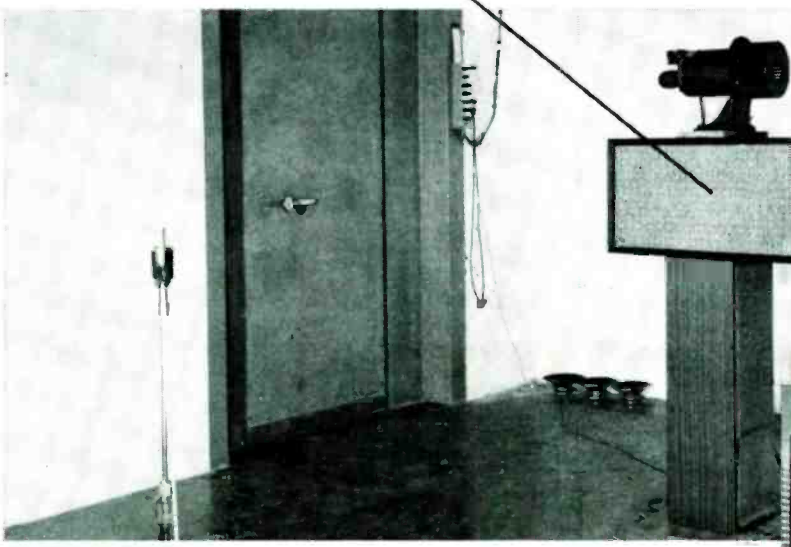

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but they were designed for music.

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ten in 1953. It is, among other things, "an attempt to prove that the human orchestra could outclass, in new sonorities and finesse, the new electronic means that had set out to eliminate it." So the most cerebrally calculating of composers dedicates himself to a humanistic case: what is involved here, of course, is not a sentimental dichotomy between brain and heart but proof of the fact that the brain is at least as human as the heart if not a great deal more so.

Metastasis does produce a whole set of new sounds, of great elegance and finesse. This is achieved in part through the fact that in it sixty-one instrumentalists play sixty-one separate parts, many of them string glissandi, independent but carefully calibrated. This is not all there is to the piece, however; it has a Varèse-like strength and smokiness.

Pithoprakta (which will also appear on the Nonesuch release, by the way) should be Xenakis' great hit number, his *Bolero* or, better still, his *Sorcerer's Apprentice*. As the composer himself puts it, this work—the title means "Actions by Means of Probabilities"—involves "a dense granulation, a veritable cloud of sonorous material in movement." Some of the highly charged particles of which this cloud is composed are the sounds produced by all the string players tapping on the bodies of their instruments, large and small. Some are produced by tricky bow effects, some by slides, some by plucking. When well played, as it is here, the total effect, both as a demonstration of orchestral virtuosity and as a composition in musical color, is as astonishing as it is exhilarating.

The two orchestral pieces fill one side. *Eonta* (*Beings*) is a work of 1964 scored for piano, two trumpets, and two trombones. The piano has a dense and rather wonderful texture of its own against which the brass instruments deploy some of the most exciting snarls, snorts, runs, and rips since the *Galaxies* of Henry Brant set the musical world agog a quarter of a century ago.

Performances are obviously of the best, and the recording (which won a Grand Prix du Disque) is altogether in keeping. A.F.

Iannis Xenakis—a music of astonishment and exhilaration born from mathematics.

RECITALS & MISCELLANY

ALFRED and MARK DELLER: *Duets for Countertenors*

Morley: *Sweet nymph come to thy lover, Miraculous love's wounding, I go before my darling.* Purcell: *Sweetness of nature.* Schütz: *Erhöre mich, Der Herr ist gross.* Monteverdi: *Currite populi, Angelus ad pastores ait, Fugge fugge anima mea, Salve Regina.* Blow: *If I could my Celia persuade; Ah Heaven! What is't I hear.* Deering: *O bone Jesu, Gaudent in coelis.* Jones: *Sweet Kate.* Anon.: *Ah my dere Son.*

Alfred Deller and Mark Deller, countertenors; instrumentalists. CARDINAL VCS 10022, $3.50 (stereo only).

The duets recorded here range from a Tudor carol to works of Blow and Purcell, but most of the disc is drawn from the period around 1600, a time of particular felicity as far as writing for two voices was concerned. Three Morley duos and Robert Jones's sly *Sweet Kate* are for voices alone, the two parts chasing each other in circles like the playful sport of a sixteenth-century lover persuing his nymph. The contemporary accompanied duet like the expressive Schütz pieces with their biting suspensions or the racing urgency of Monteverdi's splendid *Fugge fugge* tended to be a more musically compelling form.

Deering's duets are rather bland attractive works which imitate without rivaling Monteverdi. Blow's *If I my Celia* also recalls this earlier style, but in *Ah Heaven* we get some of that marvelous duet writing reminiscent of his ode on Purcell's death. Blow's tribute to Purcell was no doubt inspired by the many gorgeous duos for countertenors to be found tucked away in Purcell's odes and verse anthems. The lovely melodies and elegant graces of *Sweetness of nature* from the Birthday Ode for Queen Mary in 1692 are a good case in point.

A father and son team of countertenors is such a phenomenon that one might forgive it even if the singers were not very good. Luckily this pair can stand on their own merits. In his solo, *Currite populi*, son Mark reveals a voice somewhat darker in the lower registers than his father's, giving rise to suspicions that he might be happier as a tenor. As yet he lacks the exquisite finesse that characterizes his father's singing, but aside from an occasional disagreement on vowel sounds their voices blend marvelously. S.T.

NEW MUSIC FROM JAPAN

Miyoshi: *Concerto for Orchestra.* Takemitsu: *Textures.* Mayuzumi: *Mandala Symphony.*

NHK Symphony Orchestra, Hiroyuki Iwaki, cond. ODYSSEY 32 16 0151 or 32 16 0152, $2.49.

Okiro Miyoshi's *Concerto for Orchestra* is a brief, brilliant, dissonant, tonal piece closer to the tradition of Honegger's symphonic poems than to anything else I can think of. Miyoshi studied in Paris and obviously absorbed the best ideas which Paris had to teach.

Textures, as the title indicates, is a study in timbres, very richly and elaborately worked out and employing the full resources of the symphony orchestra. This piece by Toru Takemitsu is a distinguished contribution to the tradition of those, like Xenakis, whom one might call the contemporary sound composers paralleling the contemporary school of color painters.

The *Mandala Symphony* of Toshiro Mauzumi is long, solemn, atonal, meditative, and, like much connected with Oriental religions in their contacts with the West, a bit on the shallow, theatrical side.

Recordings are excellent and performances are presumably authoritative. A.F.

THE PUPILS OF FRANZ LISZT: *Vol. 1, Eugen d'Albert; Vol. 2, Emil von Sauer*

In Vol. 1—Beethoven: *Andante favori, in F; Ecossaises; Rondo a capriccio, Op. 129 ("Rage Over a Lost Penny"); Sonata for Piano, No. 18, in E flat, Op. 31, No. 3: Scherzo; Sonata for Piano, No. 21, in C, Op. 53 ("Waldstein"): Rondo.* Bax: *Mediterranean.* Carreno: *Kleiner Walzer.* D'Albert: *Capriolem, Op. 32, Nos. 2, 4, 5; Gavotte and Minuet, Op. 1; Myrtocle's Aria from "Die Toten Augen."* Goosens: *Casperle Theatre from "Punch and Judy Show," Op. 18, No. 6.* Mozart: *Sonata for Piano, No. 11, in A, K. 331: Turkish March.* Schubert: *Impromptu in F minor, D. 935, No. 4.* In Vol. 2—Chopin: *Etudes: Op. 10, No. 3; Op. 25, No. 7; Waltz in A flat, Op. 42; Impromptu No. 2, in F sharp, Op. 36.* Liszt: *Valse oubliée No. 1; Consolation No. 3, in D flat; Concert Etude No. 2: "Gnomenreigen."* Mendelssohn: *Scherzo, Op. 16.* Sauer: *Frisson de feuilles, Concert Etude No. 6; Galop de concert.* Strauss-Schulz-Evler: *Blue Danube.*

Eugen d' Albert, piano (in Vol. 1); Emil von Sauer, piano (in Vol. 2). VERITAS VM 110 and VM 114, $5.79 each (two discs, mono only).

It would be difficult to imagine two more divergent musical personalities than Eugen d'Albert (1864–1932) and Emil von Sauer (1862–1942). Sauer was a pianistic lapidarian who kept his technique in a state *par excellence* to the end of his years; D'Albert—ob-

viously a man with little inclination and less patience for the niceties of piano playing as such—devoted much of his latter-day energies to composing. Thus, it is not surprising to find Sauer's sheer digital refinement unduplicated by D'Albert—who, to put it bluntly—sometimes stormed the keyboard like a wounded wild boar. But there were other differences as well: Sauer was obviously a suave, lyrical poet whereas D'Albert was a wild rebel, a musician with a volcanic, explosive temperament.

The present collection makes a much better case for D'Albert's musicianship than anything I had previously heard of his playing. Granted, the slovenlinesses and eccentricities are at times extreme; still and all, the player's tremendous personal force somehow manages to emerge through the maze of distorted sound (*c.* 1910 and, of course, early acoustical) and various other muddles. In the Beethoven selections—particularly the two excerpts from the Sonatas—one can get a good idea of D'Albert's supercharged grasp of form. This, despite the fact that the *Waldstein* finale was truncated in a Procrustean manner to fit the 78-rpm sides. In the Schubert Impromptu, D'Albert's breakneck speed and violent angularities add up to what might be called "caricatured Schnabel." (While on the subject of that piece, it might be observed that although D'Albert here eschews the horrendous ascending scale at the end that accompanied the written-downward one on his 1905 Welte Mignon piano roll performance of the same work, he still cannot resist spoiling the wonderful effect Schubert contrived by inserting two trite spurious concluding chords! Such were the barbarous customs of the day.)

You will get none of these violent jolts and shocks on the Sauer record, but the odds are that you will get a good deal more musical satisfaction from that artist's playing. Up until now, microgroove collectors have only known the Pathé import disc of the two Liszt Concertos (with another Liszt pupil, Felix Weingartner, wielding the baton). That recording was made towards the end of the artist's career, and shows a septuagenarian's excellent preservation of his resources. The current reissue is of presumably earlier origin, and thus has quite a bit more brilliance, fleetness of touch, and sheer flexibility. The sound, while not particularly good, is thoroughly listenable—and far, far superior to that of the ancient D'Albert items. It takes no great imagination to discern why Sauer's artistry was prized so highly by pianists and other *cognoscenti* in the old days. My, how he could sing on the instrument! H.G.

REPEAT PERFORMANCE

A SELECTIVE GUIDE TO THE MONTH'S REISSUES

BACH: *Brandenburg Concertos, S. 1046–1051.* New York Sinfonietta, Max Goberman, cond. Odyssey 32 26 0013 or 32 26 0014, $4.98 (two discs) [from Library of Recorded Masterpieces originals, 1962].

In the budget category you could scarcely go wrong with this excellently played set of *Brandenburgs.* Goberman opted for the "authentic" approach, devising an instrumental combination as close to Bachian purity as is currently feasible. There is, however, nothing at all austere about the conductor's practical application of musicological findings. nor about the ebullient playing of his hand-picked musicians—most particularly that of Melvin Broiles, who negotiates his troublesome trumpet part in No. 2 with hardly a trace of effort.

A special attraction here are alternate earlier versions of the Adagio and Trio II movements of No. 1 and a shorter version of the harpsichord cadenza to No. 5. The differences are not spectacular, but Bach scholars should be happy to have them on tap for immediate audible comparison. As in all the Goberman recordings, the sonics are bright and to the point.

BACH: *Goldberg Variations.* Glenn Gould, piano. Columbia MS 7096, $5.79 (rechanneled stereo only) [from Columbia ML 5060, 1955].

Since the initial release of this recording some thirteen years ago, Glenn Gould has become a controversial figure in the music world, both for his compellingly individual performances and for his outspoken opinions. There can be little argument, however, that his brilliantly played *Goldberg Variations* has already achieved the status of accepted classic. Immediately arresting is the technical virtuosity which assures linear clarity even during the thorniest contrapuntal passages (this music was, after all, designed for a two-manual instrument). Even more extraordinary is the inevitably correct musical character with which Gould clothes each variation—and this without inappropriate coloration devices made possible by a modern piano, but solely through subtle agogic accents and a thorough comprehension of Bach's structural and stylistic designs.

The superfluous need for a rechanneled version when the original mono is still listed in the catalogue merely demonstrates the lamentable direction of today's stereo-only market. The sonic differences are fortunately not dramatic—some may even prefer the slightly mellower, more diffuse acoustic of the rechanneled disc. For my tastes the bright *secco* quality of the mono provides a more appropriate frame for Gould's precise pianism.

KODALY: *Háry János: Suite.* **STRAVINSKY:** *Movements for Piano and Orchestra.* **EINEM:** *Ballade for Orchestra, Op. 23.* Margrit Weber, piano (in the Stravinsky); Berlin Radio Symphony Orchestra, Ferenc Fricsay, cond. Heliodor H 25069 or HS 25069, $2.49 [from Deutsche Grammophon LPM 18828/SLPM 138828, 1963].

Kodály's Hungarian folkism, Stravinsky's terse serialism, and Gottfried von Einem's faceless neoromanticism—I can't imagine what sort of listener would be equally attracted to these oddly juxtaposed selections.

There are more opulent versions of the Kodály, but Fricsay provides a lean, sinuous interpretation characterized by an honest vigor which immediately appeals (this was the conductor's last recording, by the way). Margrit Weber—the dedicatee and first interpreter of *Movements*—gives a gentle performance here that contrasts markedly with the sharper contours and rather cleaner orchestral playing of the Stravinsky-led version on Columbia with Charles Rosen. It's good to have a second recorded edition available though. On the other hand, Einem's collection of banalities hardly seems worth recording at all. Excellent sound.

RAVEL: *L'Enfant et les sortilèges.* Suzanne Danco (s), Flore Wend (ms), Hughes Cuenod (t), et al.; Motet Choir of Geneva; Orchestre de la Suisse Romande, Ernest Ansermet, cond. Richmond R 23086 or SR 33086, $2.49 [from London A 4105, 1954].

It may well be that *L'Enfant et les sortilèges* is Ravel's finest creation. In addition to his customary immaculate craftsmanship (the score is a virtual lexicon of instrumentation upon which composers are still drawing), Ravel suffuses with music of uncharacteristic warmth and humanity, Colette's little tale of the naughty boy whose toys come to life to teach him a lesson in love and tenderness. From the child's first temper tantrum to the animals' final benediction, the opera is brimful of musical delights.

Ansermet leads a performance of considerable polish, although neither he nor his efficient soloists are able to conjure up the special magic of the old Columbia version under Ernest Bour (perhaps Seraphim will someday resurrect that wonderful recording). The Suisse Romande does some spectacularly fine playing, however, especially in the woodwind department. While the early stereo sound is admirably ripe (London's mono-only edition was excellent in this respect too), there are no serious attempts at stagecraft and the balances unduly favor the orchestra.

STRAUSS, RICHARD: *Elektra.* Anny Konetzni (s), Daniza Ilitsch (s), Martha Mödl (ms), et al.; Chorus and Orchestra of the Florence May Festival, Dimitri Mitropoulos, cond. Everest S 459/2, $5.00 (two discs, rechanneled stereo only) [from Cetra 1209, 1951].

Elektra was something of a Mitropoulos specialty. Unfortunately death prevented the projected studio recording which was to have taken place after the conductor's Vienna performances. The old Cetra version, recorded live at the Florence May Festival nearly twenty years ago and now reissued, is not really a satisfactory substitute for what we might have had. The over-all reading crackles with the familiar Mitropoulos excitement, but the orchestra is rarely up to the score's demands and there is far too much ragged playing.

Martha Mödl's chilling Klytemnestra is the only commendable vocal contribution. Anny Konetzni has the right heroic quality for Elektra, but she sounds exhausted from the very beginning, and resorts to all kinds of unpleasant cheating tactics in her struggle with the notes. The piercing Chrysothemis of Daniza Ilitsch and Hans Braun's stolid Orest are no help—nor is the antiquated sound, although Everest has somehow succeeded in brightening the original sonics considerably.

VERDI: *Aida.* Herva Nelli (s), Eva Gustavson (ms), Richard Tucker (t), Giuseppe Valdengo (b), et al.; Chorus and the NBC Symphony Orchestra, Arturo Toscanini, cond. RCA Victrola VIC 6113 or VICS 6113, $7.50 (three discs) [from RCA Victor LM 6132, recorded in 1949].

This probably is the most maddening operatic recording ever released. Everyone knows that Toscanini never had the services of uniformly first-rate singers for his complete operas and the *Aida* cast was arguably the worst of the lot. Tucker is a fine Radames (more poet than soldier and very correctly so), but the others are barely passable—the ladies, in fact, are downright inadequate.

Toscanini, however, plays the score with such passion, honesty, and scrupulous attention to musical and dramatic details that in spite of mediocre singing one is constantly gripped by the opera and its troubled characters. Performances of *Aida* often seem cold and one-dimensional, smothered in exotic grand opera trappings. Not so here—Toscanini finds something fresh and true on every page. While very much a recording *sui generis*, this is an *Aida* that all opera collectors should own.

The mono reissue was not submitted for review, but even the rechanneled version is far superior in sound to its original Victor counterpart: the welcome sense of added airy spaciousness almost defeats the infamous acoustics of Studio 8-H.

PETER G. DAVIS

Continued from page 70

challenging in opera. Vocally and musically demanding, they are also of extraordinarily psychological complexity and call for acting that is entirely natural, free, and continuous—exactly the sort which most opera singers can't bring off. Everything rides on the title role—without someone who can justify the whole commotion, the opera has no *raison d'être.*

Fortunately, we have two fine performers to head the two casts, and both have made a specialty of the role, though Anneliese Rothenberger's experience in it is all rather recent, however intense. With a respectful and slightly sad nod in the direction of Miss Rothenberger, I must again say that I prefer DGG's selection —Evelyn Lear is altogether extraordinary. There is no question that some of the music is tough for her (some of the music is tough, period); it is real *Hochsopran* writing, and Miss Lear is not a real *Hochsopran*, at least at this point. But the role is chiefly a question of dramatic imagination—and, on records, the ability to make that imagination audible (particularly for those of us who have not seen Miss Lear in the role).

The great temptation in the playing of the part is to make it too consciously that of a sex goddess. Lulu is of course aware of her magnetism, and exploits it. But the magnetism is not something that she plays, it is something that she *is*; she could not under any conditions help being that way. There is no question of her being immoral; she is amoral: she functions in accord with her own necessities, and since no other consideration can possibly outweigh a person's real, selfish necessity, she will commit any act, behave in any way, to serve that necessity. And so long as she sticks with this bit of self-knowledge, its peculiar sort of innocence protects her. It is her failure, for once, to recognize her own true need (to possess Schön, the man who had once rescued her from misery, who shaped her life, and who, alone of all the men she contacts, needs her and yet does not worship her or project onto her qualities she cannot have) that leads her to destroy her own identity—Alwa is strictly second-generation. And her degradation becomes complete when she attempts to turn her very self, both physical and spiritual, into a commodity. (Says Schigolch in Act III of *Büchse der Pandora*, just after Alwa has had his head knocked in by Kungu Poti: "She doesn't understand the situation. She can't make a living off of love because her life *is* love.")

Interestingly, the only character besides Lulu who moves us, and who is treated with some dignity by both Wedekind and Berg, is the Countess Geschwitz, Lulu's Lesbian beau-belle. Her identity may be unfortunate; it may be even reprehensible, in terms of the society from which she is so clearly isolated. Certainly she suffers the most obvious degradations in her humiliating pursuit of Lulu, her painful eagerness to submit to any trial, however mean, to prove herself worthy of so much as a kiss, a word of kindness. But however much she may hate herself and her life, she has at least remained true to her own identity; she has embraced her fate, and has had the courage to will what she could not deny. And while Lulu's descent leads her to a death which can only horrify us, it is Geschwitz who is given the heartbreaking lines that close the opera—lines which reaffirm her faithfulness to her nature.

It is this sense of Lulu *being* what she is that Lear seems to me to catch so well at so many points—the character's awareness of herself, and her half-conscious recognition of where she must lead each situation, playfully but urgently, to bring about what she must extract from it. A listen to her repeated cries of *"Er schlägt mich tot!"* in the first scene, as her first husband bangs on the door for admittance and Lulu maneuvers herself into the most compromising possible position with the painter while affecting to do just the opposite—all this, caught so precisely, reveals the character for us. And Lear's singing is certainly strong and able, even though the tessitura is sometimes taxing for her.

Rothenberger makes a curiously neutral impression. I found her distinctly capable and individual when she did the part in New York, and a performance I saw in Hamburg in March was even better, partly because the State Opera there is a much more congenial spot for this production and singer than the Metropolitan, but partly because she had obviously worked on the role in the interim. But on records, where the characterization must be entirely with the voice, not as much comes over. It is a pretty sound, and more the sort of sound for the role than Lear's. But it is not at the service of as interesting a projection; it seldom luminates in a specific way. Much of the dialogue emerges with a strange brassiness—*her* cries of *"Er schlägt mich tot!,"* for instance, sound like a teeny-bopper Elektra by comparison with Lear's. I still enjoy her narration of her release from prison and I am sure that, if hers were the only available Lulu, we should be most grateful for work of such competence and intelligence. It's a good, solid performance.

When it comes to Dr. Schön, I find myself disagreeing with Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau's approach to the role yet preferring it to Toni Blankenheim's interpretation. If Fischer-Dieskau has a consistent interpretative failing in opera, it is his love of overemphasis; it is this that turns his Count Almaviva, for example, into such a thoroughly dislikable person. And in my opinion, it throws his Dr. Schön into a false light. Schön has long ago accepted Lulu for what she is. He has a difficult time reconciling himself to his need for her; he is perpetually caught between that need for his wish for an uneventful, "normal" life with a reasonably dignified self-image. In many ways, he symbolizes the society on which Wedekind was commenting with such contempt: propped up by position, full of pious and intellectual self-delusion, eager to maintain the lie of order and gentility—yet shot through with a prurience all the more powerful for being suppressed and lacking the courage even

to admit the existence of its baser side.

Schön, at least, has confronted the situation and is painfully aware of his dilemma, even resigned to it. With the dictation of the letter, he even brings himself to the realization that he cannot have both sides of himself at once. It is a complex character to play, because Schön himself does not know what he really wants at almost any given point—he is always confused, ambivalent, half-aware of what he is doing. Fischer-Dieskau does not allow us to see this much of the time. The scene with The Painter is, so far as I am concerned, a misreading: this Schön browbeats him, eggs him on, needles him incessantly. It is true that the end result of this scene is The Painter's suicide, but that surely results in part from the very coolness and reasonableness with which Schön sets forth the facts about Lulu. Even if we accept the interpretation that Schön is consciously driving The Painter to suicide, he is certainly shrewd enough to realize that the one thing The Painter will not be able to stand is the notion that everyone in town accepts Lulu's nature *as a matter of course*, while The Painter foolishly sees her in the never-never colors of his own feminine ideal. So he initiates a quiet, adult, man-to-man chat. Slit, gurgle, arrrgh. Fischer-Dieskau goes another way entirely, as if he shared The Painter's outrage. I can't buy it.

All the same, Fischer-Dieskau *sings* the role, enlivening the music and providing us with a listening experience of some quality. Blankenheim, a respected veteran of many character roles in leading German houses, renders the whole part in that loud, ugly, vibratoless tone which so many German low-voiced singers seem to find expedient or even desirable. German audiences don't seem to mind, and perhaps Americans won't, either—but I just can't listen to this sort of sustained roar for two hours, especially as magnified by a potent stereo system. Further, it destroys a good share of the potential effect in the music by making everything sound the same—if this is singing, who needs *Sprechgesang?*

In the supporting roles (several of them highly important), Angel has a clear edge, though not a wide one. Of greatest significance is the part of Alwa, a most interesting figure (though regrettably not developed in the opera as it stands to anything like the completeness he has in the plays) who is given a large amount of important music to sing, nearly all of it hard. Berg asks for a *Jugendliche Heldentenor*, which is insane, for there never has been and never will be a voice of that category capable of singing this tessitura. The only practical answer is a fat lyric tenor—Wunderlich would have been about right in vocal terms. Gerhard Unger is usually thought of as a *Spieltenor*, but he has shown in this role that his voice is capable of substantial sound over a wide range. In fact, he handles the fiendish duet at the end of Act II with remarkable poise and to fine effect, and gives us a thoughtful portrayal to boot. DGG's Donald Grobe has a pleasant enough lyric tenor and does a straightforward job with the part, but he does not cope with the big outpourings as successfully as Unger and disappears beneath the orchestra on several occasions. (The engineering may be partly at fault here, though the relative sizes of voice sound about right to me.)

As The Painter, Angel's Erwin Wohlfahrt also seems to me superior to DGG's Loren Driscoll—stronger of voice and more impassioned—though Driscoll's work is of high competence. Josef Greindl and Kim Borg are both splendidly repulsive and entertaining as Schigolch (Schigolch makes most of the valid comments about his fellow characters); Borg does more to make his nature audible, but Greindl is excellent. Both Feldhoff and Kusche are good too, Feldhoff having the firmer and clearer vocal sound, but Kusche characterizing equally well and rendering the music somewhat more accurately.

As to the Countess Geschwitz, it is hard to choose between DGG's Patricia Johnson and Angel's Kerstin Meyer. On the whole, Meyer makes a more definite thing of it up until the final lines, which Johnson floats most movingly and beautifully, up at the original pitches. (Meyer takes it down, and in truth, this is another rather unreasonable demand of Berg's—"*Dramatischer Mezzosopran*," says the score's listing, and then the final pages call for a *piano* A natural and B flat.)

I guess what it comes down to is a preference on my part for the DGG performance, for its superiority in conducting and the two leading roles. The sound of both recordings is exceptionally fine for live circumstances; Angel has a slight edge in terms of voice/orchestra balances. So far as I am concerned, it has by this time been shown conclusively that live recordings need not be inferior in any important way to the studio variety, and they almost invariably offer performances of more concentration and energy, even when spliced together from several different performances. Don't consumers agree?

BERG: *Lulu*

Evelyn Lear (s), Lulu; Barbara Scherler (s), The Schoolboy; Patricia Johnson (ms), Countess Geschwitz; Donald Grobe (t), Alwa; Loren Driscoll (t), The Painter; Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau (b), Dr. Schön; Gerd Feldhoff (b-bs), The Animal Trainer and Rodrigo; Josef Greindl (bs), Schigolch; Berlin State Opera Orchestra, Karl Böhm, cond. DEUTSCHE GRAMMOPHON 139273/75, $17.37 (three discs, stereo only).

Anneliese Rothenberger (s), Lulu; Elisabeth Steiner (s), The Schoolboy; Kerstin Meyer (ms), Countess Geschwitz; Gerhard Unger (t), Alwa; Erwin Wohlfahrt (t), The Painter; Toni Blankenheim (b), Dr. Schön; Benno Kusche (b-bs), The Animal Trainer and Rodrigo; Kim Borg (bs), Schigolch; Hamburg State Opera Orchestra, Leopold Ludwig, cond. ANGEL SCL 3726, $17.37 (three discs, stereo only).

THE LEES SIDE

THE CONSUMMATE ARTISTRY OF PEGGY LEE

AMONG THE MORE dismal haunts of our sad and stumbling society are nightclubs. If they were ever places of pleasure, it was before my time. Preposterously expensive, they are being put out of business by records and their own sullen and sometimes vaguely sinister atmospheres.

There are, however, a certain few artists whom I'll go to see in spite of the claustrophobia ("the clausters," as Woody Herman calls it) these places consistently engender. On top of the list is Peggy Lee. I'll go to see Miss Lee anywhere, any time, and her visits to the Copacabana are among the highlights of New York's entertainment year. Peggy Lee is my favorite female singer.

There arose in the 1940s a school of singing that, for lack of a better term, I think of as Stanislavskian. This approach came from several sources. The late Russ Colombo and Bing Crosby were among them. Billie Holiday was another source. But the "method" came to flower in the Forties with, I submit, Frank Sinatra and Peggy Lee.

The microphone sired the change. No longer was it necessary to belt out your message. A certain few singers began to grasp that the microphone had the effect of putting the listener's ear inches away. The microphone did not create an artificial style of singing; on the contrary, it restored naturalism. It made it possible to bring the voice back to natural volume.

Sinatra and Miss Lee began to deliver songs as if they were spontaneous creations. Sinatra's curious genius lay in his ability to project the impression that he meant everything he was singing and the words were being made up as he went along. Miss Lee did the same thing, though in a stylistically different way.

One factor was conviction—and that's an intangible, beyond analysis. But certain aspects of the method can be specified. One of the important ones was the rephrasing of songs. If the words to a song did not fit the music in a natural speechlike way, Sinatra and Miss Lee would alter the melody slightly. Take the Rodgers and Hart song *It Never Entered My Mind*. If you phrase the opening line the way the music is written, it comes out "Once I laughed when—I heard you saying . . ." That's inappropriate to the meaning. The right way to sing it *for the sense of it* is "Once I laughed—when I heard you saying . . ." Like Sinatra, Miss Lee developed this kind of reinterpretation into a high art.

She was rooted in Billie Holiday, and for some time sang with a distinct resemblance to her, though that has long since become a diminished factor in her style. She reduced the volume of her voice to its lowest audible level. If you think that's easy, as opposed to wide-open belting, try to stay in tune and maintain some support under the voice while doing it.

Miss Lee created the impression that she was singing directly and privately to you. (For a male listener it could be, and still can be, stupefyingly sexual.) For the dawning age of the LP, this quality of the personal was important. For, as Archie Blyer once pointed out, a record is listened to usually by one or two persons. I would add that if there are more people present, they're probably not listening anyway—they're talking.

Miss Lee had always impressed me, but I began to be electrified by her work with the 10-inch "Black Coffee" LP she made for Decca. Her best was yet to come. As far as I can see, she's still evolving and growing.

Miss Lee today is the most mature, the most authoritative, the most sensitive, and the most consistently intelligent female singer of popular music in America. During her shows at the Copa, both the laymen and the professionals in the audience are barely breathing, as they hang on every word of every song.

She has all but impeccable taste in material, and I suspect that the occasional lapses are due to a weakness for doing favors for song-writer friends. Unlike most singers, she doesn't repeat herself. I know singers who have been doing essentially the same material for ten years. Yet every visit to the Copa finds Miss Lee with an entirely new act and new (and always superb) arrangements. She puts together a large orchestra of the best musicians in New York to play them.

Her pianist and accompanist for several years has been Lou Levy. California-tanned and with gray-white hair ("my good gray fox," she calls him), he'd be enough to distract the attention of the ladies of the audience from an artist of any less command than Miss Lee.

Lou sets her up with a long vamp from the orchestra. She comes onto the floor slowly, usually in a loose-fitting robe that makes her look like a high priestess at some elegant but pagan rite. She starts with a swinger, as almost everybody does. But her swingers *swing*. She has marvelous time herself, and the rhythm section usually is built around the propulsive drummer Grady Tate and bassist Ben Tucker. Then she'll go into a ballad. Often she'll introduce new songs right at the beginning, saving the old favorites—which the audiences demand—for the end. This is contrary to usual procedure. But she wants you to hear these new songs, listen to them and *understand* them.

As her act unfolds, you realize that Peggy Lee is a great actress. In one song, she'll be the fragile rejected girl of the Dick Manning—Luiz Bonfá ballad *Empty Glass*. Then, with a wink and a bawdy wave of the arm, she becomes instantly the frowzy London hooker of *Big Spender*. Then, perhaps, she'll become the mature woman finding love on a new level in *The Second Time Around*. Or the happy, round-heeled jet-setter of *When in Rome*. Or the wistful woman contemplating her vanished youth in *What Is a Woman?* Toward the end of her act, she throws dignity to the winds and does her utterly, delightfully silly reading of *Fever*.

To see a fine actress build a convincing characterization in the ninety minutes of a movie is impressive enough. But to see Peggy Lee build fifteen characterizations in the course of an hour is one of the most impressive things I've seen in show business. How does she accomplish these instantaneous transformations? I don't know. It mystifies me.

Miss Lee was recorded by Capitol on two evenings of her April engagement at the Copa. It is an album I'll await eagerly. If it's like her other albums, it will be a fine piece of work; no one understands the medium of recording and its requirements more subtly than she does. But it will have more meaning for me from having watched her work so often. Those who haven't had that experience have missed a joy.

She's one of the greats. GENE LEES

THE LIGHTER SIDE

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

SYMBOL ✻ DENOTES AN EXCEPTIONAL RECORDING

✻ **THE FREE DESIGN: Kites Are Fun.** Chris, Bruce, and Sandy Dedrick, vocals; orchestra, Chris Dedrick, arr. *Kites Are Fun; Make the Madness Stop; My Brother Woody;* nine more. Project 3 PR 5019, $4.79 or PRS 5019, $5.79.

While various of my colleagues in the critical fraternity, if that mutually suspicious little group can be called such a thing, have been claiming to hear all kinds of Depth and Significance and New Art Form and Revelation of Our Time and stuff like that there in rock music, I have been looking to the young musicians still in school as an antidote to my general pessimism. There *is* a brilliant new breed of musicians coming up in this country, but they aren't coming *out* of the rock field. I've been expecting, on the contrary, that these studied young writers and players would start getting *into* the rock field and improve it. At last it may be happening.

The Free Design consists of Chris, Bruce, and Sandy Dedrick. They're the progeny of Art Dedrick, a trumpeter and arranger from the big band era (Rusty Dedrick, the trumpeter, is their uncle). The leader of the group is twenty-year-old Chris Dedrick, who is working for a Master's degree at the Manhattan School of Music. He plays guitar, trumpet, and recorder and arranges—and I mean the word in its professional sense of imagining effects and putting them on paper, not in the screw-around-until-we-find-something sense of the rock people. Dedrick wrote most of the songs on this album—musically fresh songs with lyrics filled with images that make sense, while at the same time regaling the mind with pictures. One of the few non-Dedrick tunes in the album is Paul Simon's *59th Street Bridge Song,* wherein he sets up an echo vocal that is quite odd and charming.

Vocally, they're marvelous. They have impeccable intonation, intonation like Jackie Cain and Roy Kral. Sandy Dedrick owns a soprano of remarkable purity, which she uses with calm, sensitive control. Their ensemble work involves moving voices that are startling in a field distinguished chiefly for unison and the easiest possible harmonies. In the title song, for example, a unison splits into a minor second, F and E; then a D is added beneath it; and the whole thing stays beautifully in tune.

"I want to make," Dedrick says, "a more studied musical approach to rock-and-roll than just shouting. There are other ways of building excitement than to have the drummer get louder." Amen. A voice in the young wilderness.

Unlike the majority of today's rock groups, the Free Design made this, their first album, in the standard three three-hour recording sessions. The editing was done in less than one eight-hour working day. So much for their professionalism. The result is immensely satisfying, excitingly musical. Lovely, absolutely lovely work. G.L.

Chris, Bruce, and Sandy Dedrick: their Free Design is a lot more than shouting.

FELICIANO! José Feliciano, guitar and vocals; Ray Brown, bass; Milt Holland, percussion; Jim Horn, flute and recorders; George Tipton, arr. *Light My Fire; Sunny; In My Life;* eight more. RCA Victor LPM 3957 or LSP 3957, $4.79.

The only criticism that could be made of past albums by guitarist/singer José Feliciano is that, as one reviewer put it, he does too many things too well. Feliciano's fiery skill and rhythmic tensions are so strong that he is able to apply them successfully to a number of diverse styles at whim, from jazz to Latin to blues and back, sometimes confusing the listener. But not here. This time Feliciano has applied all his ferocious energy to one musical idiom: rock.

His playing and rough, soulful singing are full of conviction and sincerity. This only points up the irony of the situation. Certain songs are so bereft of harmonic or melodic interest that Feliciano resorts to wild solo runs, beautifully executed and bitterly inappropriate. He also interjects complex rhythmic and melodic figures (as in Paul McCartney's

And I Love Her), creating the aural illusion that the music is more than what it is. The album is enhanced by a superb rhythm section and arranger George Tipton.

This is a first-rate album, both technically and emotionally, and a first-rate example of how an intensely talented musician can make a forceful mark even with inferior material. Imagine how Feliciano would sound with good music. M.A.

* **ARS NOVA.** Jon Pierson, bass trombone and lead vocal; Wyatt Day, rhythm guitar, piano, organ, and vocal; Maury Baker, percussion and organ; Giovanni Papalia, lead guitar; Bill Folwell, trumpet, string bass, and vocal; Jonathan Raskin, bass, guitar, and vocal. *Pavan for My Lady; Zarathustra; Automatic Love; Song to the City;* six more. Elektra EKS 74020, $4.79 (stereo only).

Ars Nova is the generic term for music of the fourteenth century. It's also the name of a classically trained rock group that utilizes motifs from Guillaume de Machaut to Richard Strauss and Stravinsky. They're a fascinating and pretty gutsy little entourage.

For at least a month before the album was released, *Pavan for My Lady* was given fairly heavy airplay; ironically it is the least interesting song. Overadorned with baroque-ish filigree, it is contrived and fad-oriented; the rest of the material is much better.

There's a great deal of humor, though much of it will be lost to the ears of the illiterate. *Zarathustra* caricatures the pomposity of some of Richard Strauss's *Also sprach Zarathustra;* the balloon is burst with a quotation from Stravinsky's witty *Pulcinella.*

Fields of People, an evocative little piece with "period" charm, seems to be based upon an anonymous lute piece dating from the early seventeenth century. I'm generally bored by this type of rock with its pseudo-baroque veneer that seemingly captivates pop and jazz audiences today. But the Ars Nova has succeeded in bringing serious music to rock elements while maintaining allegiance to rock's basic ingredients of grime and sweat. So don't let musicology scare you off; this group generates exciting music.

I'd also like to offer my own belated thanks to Elektra, which continues to put out rock recordings of astounding sonic quality—spacious, transparent, and utterly free of distortion. S.L.

SIMON AND GARFUNKEL: Bookends. Paul Simon, vocals and guitar; Art Garfunkel, vocals. *Overs; Punky's Dilemma; Hazy Shade of Winter;* eight more. Columbia KCS 9529, $5.79 (stereo only).

Here at last is the album Simon and Garfunkel have been promising for so long, their first since "Parsley, Sage, Rosemary, and Thyme." S and G have had a busy year, and while prolificacy is no criterion for quality, it must be noted that the duo (especially Simon, who writes all their material) work with painful slowness. They've been in and out of the studio working on this album for over a year.

Over-all, this set doesn't hold up quite so well as the "Parsley, Sage" album, but as always with Simon's songs, the good ones are excellent. Paramount among them is *Old Friends,* a young man's sad and uneasy reflection upon what it must be like to be old ("How terribly strange to be seventy . . ."). Also good is *America.*

The album's primary fault lies in its lack of theme. Even after a year's work, the set seems pieced together in haste. Both *Fakin' It* and *At the Zoo* were previously released as singles. As such, they are commercially oriented (although *Zoo* lilts pleasantly) and not altogether appropriate here. Simon wrote *Mrs. Robinson* for Mike Nichols' film *The Graduate,* but little of it actually showed up in the movie. It is not one of Simon's better lyrics. However, the success of *The Graduate* did much to boost Simon and Garfunkel's flagging position on the sales charts.

The only arranger credit listed is that of Jimmy Haskell (who arranged Bobbie Gentry's *Ode to Billie Joe*) for his sensitive and disturbing work on *Old Friends.* The fact is that a good deal of the album is arranged to some degree by producer John Simon, who should have received credit.

Simon and Garfunkel are among the few real talents in the new pop field, and are also probably the only "prestige" name in that field. However, if they intend to continue releasing only one album a year, they would do well to see that it's a more consistently impressive show than this one. M.A.

JOSH WHITE, JR. Josh White, Jr., vocals and guitar; orchestrations by Morty Jay. *Early Mornin' Rain; Leaving On a Jet Plane; Suzanne;* seven more. United Artists UAL 3627 or UAS 6627, $4.79.

Surely it is not easy to be the son of a well-known performer. The difficulty is compounded when the son decides to go into his father's line of work. Such has been the situation for Josh White, Jr., whose father has long been one of the pillars of all that is fine about folk music and blues.

While Josh, Jr. has been performing successfully in college concerts for some time, this is his first album for United Artists. In it, one can hear a distant echo of the father and new directions of the son.

One thing Josh, Jr. has gained from his father is respect for his songs. The program here is interesting and varied, including *That's My Song,* representing Josh, Jr.'s early work, and Leonard Cohen's *Suzanne,* representing the singer's newer and more thoughtful proclivities.

The sweetness of Josh, Jr.'s voice works both for and against him. In *I Will Love You,* his gentle tone is warm and touching. In *The Impossible Dream,* his quietude is out of place, hampering the song's vitality. Josh, Jr. seems to reserve the power of which he is capable for such driving, folk-oriented material as *I Wish I Knew How It Feels to Be*

Free. No doubt, time will enable him to transpose his energy levels more appropriately from one song to another.

The best track is *Goin' Out Of My Head,* performed with grace, assurance, humor, and a fine rhythmic sense. The album's one dismaying flaw occurs in *What Now My Love,* which Josh, Jr. sings completely in major despite the fact that certain segments are written in minor. This does not appear to be an arrangement decision, but rather a mistake in learning. That such a foul-up was allowed to occur is a mystery. Where was the producer? One hates to think that he was there and didn't notice.

Despite the flaw, this is a most relaxed listenable album, and the admirable debut of a pleasing talent. M.A.

GEORGE SHEARING: Shearing Today. George Shearing, piano; unidentified quintet; orchestrated by Julian Lee. *Don't Sleep In the Subway; Echoes in the Night; Love is Blue;* eight more. Capitol ST 2699. $4.79 (stereo only).

With so many nondescript mood music albums on the market, one tends to dismiss most of them as so much high-grade supermarket music. But periodically, music lovers should make a point of rediscovering George Shearing.

Once an innovator in jazz (his albums are still listed in the jazz section of the Schwann catalogue), Shearing has in recent years settled into recording lush albums using large string sections and choruses plus his famous piano-vibes quintet sound. Shearing still plays as beautifully as ever.

In his new set, Shearing shows his quiet thoughtfulness with Teddy Randazzo's overworked *Goin' Out of My Head* by using Gershwin's *Prelude No. 2* as the basis of the arrangement. Also included is Johnny Mandel's lovely *A Time For Love.*

The days of jazz, as a breathing musical style, are gone. There is nothing left for Shearing or anyone else to innovate. But in Shearing albums, you can count on finding the work of a hugely talented and seasoned man who has found a tasteful, if calm, way to make a good living at music. M.A.

ARTHUR PRYSOCK: To Love or Not to Love. Arthur Prysock, vocals; orchestra. *No More in Life; I Love Her; September in the Rain;* eight more. Verve 5048 or 6-5048. $4.79.

When great vocal stylists are discussed, Arthur Prysock's name rarely comes up. People tend to dismiss him as a sort of amalgam of Nat Cole and Billie Eckstine. He does, in fact, lean towards Eckstine, even using some of his tag endings intact.

But the more I listen to him, the more I think Prysock has his own sound, and his own approach. If he owes debts to other singers, who doesn't? He is instantly recognizable, and the gimmicks he used in the past have been refined into legitimate devices.

He does good material and, lately, he's been using first-rate arrangers—in this album, they're Torrie Zito, Don Sebesky, Frank Hunter, and Mort Garson.

Tasteful and good. G.L.

PAT COOPER: You Don't Have to be Italian to Like Pat Cooper. Pat Cooper, vocals; unidentified orchestra; recorded live at Town & Country, New York. United Artists UAL 3600 or UAS 6600, $4.79.

It has been argued, with some justification, that ethnic humor is disappearing. Various pressure groups (name a three-letter league) have all but obliterated a heritage of humor.

Years ago there was a need for such action. Humor slurring various ethnic groups proliferated on vaudeville stages across the country. Often the most successful comics weren't even members of the ethnic groups they caricatured (Willie Howard, Chico Marx, Parkya Karkus). Today, as a nation, we breathe easier about these things, and we have seen a renaissance of ethnic humor on record. The latest album is entitled "You Don't Have to Be Italian to Like Pat Cooper."

Yes, you do. Specifically, you should be a member of his family, who seem to comprise the convulsed audience at this live session. There is little funny, and particularly Italian-funny about this album. It is second generation, second-hand humor—and the universality of ghetto humor is highly overrated.

Ironically, the segment which gets the most reaction from the shrill audience is *Puerto Rican Holiday.* In dialect, Cooper drops every deadly tasteless line that Bill Dana missed as José Jimenez.

There are two songs on this disc: *You Don't Have to Be Italian* and *Conchetta.* Both are clever. They were written by two gentlemen named Mel Mandel and Norman Sachs. T.P.

LIZA MINNELLI: Liza Minnelli, vocals; Peter Matz, Nick De Caro, Bob Thompson, and J. Hill, arr. *Happyland; For No One; Married;* eight more. A & M P 141 or SP 4141. $4.79.

People who are knowledgeable about the mechanics of singing have said that Liza Minnelli would be lucky to last another five years should she continue to misuse her vocal equipment. Miss Minnelli's recent guest appearances on TV have underlined the point. Despite her considerable showmanship, her voice has been in shockingly bad shape, disastrously off-key and presented with a devil-may-care attitude that adds yet another dimension to listener discomfort.

Thus it is with pleasant surprise that we note Miss Minnelli's restraint in this album. Much of her singing is subdued, therefore attractive. It is only when she screams that she is unbearable.

Miss Minnelli also appears to be getting a better fix on what she wants to sing about, as reflected in the interesting program of songs here. Most notable are the works of Randy Newman: *Happyland, The Debutante's Ball* (I prefer Tony Randall's recording) and the gripping *So Long Dad.* The rest of the songs reflect Miss Minnelli's newly defined image, but are not nearly so good as Newman's songs. Perhaps for the sake of Garland nostalgia, *My Mammy* is included, but even this gets a fresh treatment.

For my tastes, this is Liza Minnelli's first notable album. M.A.

SERGIO MENDES AND BRASIL '66: Look Around. Sergio Mendes and Brasil '66, vocals and instrumentals; Sergio Mendes, Dave Grusin, and Dick Hazzard, arr. *Roda; Look for Love; Tristeza;* seven more. A & M P 137 or SP 4137, $4.79.

Sergio Mendes and his group were one of the first Brazilian ensembles to work recently in the U.S.—and the only Brazilian group to have succeeded. They first recorded for Capitol in 1965, during the height of the bossa nova enchantment. They then called themselves Brasil '65, featuring singer Wanda de Sah and guitarist Rosinha de Valença. Miss de Sah left the group and went on to record her own album on Capitol, then faded away. I don't know what became of Miss de Valença.

But Sergio Mendes never lost his footing. He now heads a group called Brasil '66 (apparently '66 was a good year and they want to stick with it), featuring his trio plus two new girl singers.

Since Mendes' move to A & M, the group sounds less Brazilian, more polished. Chances are they're making more money. Purists may be put off by their commercial 'overtones (the two girls half-dance as well as sing in polite rock fashion). Nevertheless, the group's music is clean, harmonious, and relaxing.

Inasmuch as the record features frequent and well-performed vocal solos from the girls in the group, isn't it about time that Mendes included on his albums the names of the group personnel? M.A.

JAZZ

GARY McFARLAND: Does the Sun Really Shine on the Moon? Gary McFarland, vibraharp; Jerome Richardson, soprano saxophone and flute; Marvin Stamm, flugelhorn; Sam Brown, guitar; Richard Davis or Chuck Rainey, bass; Donald MacDonald or Grady Tate, drums; Warren Bernhardt, organ. *God Only Knows; By the Time I Get to Phoenix; Lady Jane;* eight more. Skye SK 2, $5.79 (stereo only).

There are those, apparently, who think I get a good deal of ego satisfaction from reading enraged mail from readers. But the fact is that I've grown so used to it that I rarely read it at all. It takes something rrrreally big these days to puff me up and send me walking with a smile in the sunshine, contentedly contemplating my image as a desecrator of sacred places, beater-upper of little old ladies in wheelchairs, and thief of grab-bags from slum children.

The last time I got a real charge of that kind was a couple of years ago, when one label did a total froth-mouthed nut-out over one of my reviews, canceled their advertising in the publication I was then writing for, demanded that I never be allowed to review one of their records again, and sailed off in a large and leaky dudgeon.

When that sort of thing happens, you know you've *achieved* something. And now it's happened again, though on a more modest scale, to be sure. I really must thank the girl from Skye Records who called Peter G. Davis, this magazine's harassed and long-suffering music editor, and asked that I not review Gary McFarland's new album, on account of my "personal vendetta against him." Now isn't that a nice compliment for a power-crazed monster like me to receive? I was very touched.

So touched, in fact, that I decided to listen to the record, which had by that time wandered into the hands of Morgan Ames. She wasn't going to review it, finding it only passing pleasant. So you see, if it hadn't been for that nice lady at Skye (a label of which Gary is part owner, by the way), it would have slipped by me unnoticed.

This allegation of "vendetta" (that's what critics are always accused of having when they don't like something) goes back a few months to a review I wrote of two of Gary's albums, saying that his talent hadn't grown as much as it should have. That review was agonizingly difficult for me to write, for Gary and I had been friends. And I felt the friend-

ship would be terminated the moment Gary read that review, an estimate that evidently was correct.

The problem, folks, is that I respect Gary McFarland more than Gary McFarland does. This man has *talent*, a very big talent; and he's shuckin' and jivin', apparently content to sleep-walk along, turning out superficial (albeit pleasant) little market albums like this one, which put no strain on his brain or ability, or anyone else's. A little bossa nova; a little edge of rock; a little whistling; a little hummin'-an'-vibin'. Talent grows when you use it to its limit and try to exceed it; it stays the same if you work too safely within its boundaries.

This is a nice, little album. I expect much more than nice little albums from Gary McFarland. G.L.

✻ **MONTY ALEXANDER: Zing!** Monty Alexander, piano; Victor Gaskin or Bob Cranshaw, bass; Roy McCurdy or Al Forster, drums. *Girl Talk: You're My Everything: Zing;* six more. RCA Victor LPM 3930 or LSP 3930. $4.79.

The Unlikely Talent of the Month Award goes to Monty Alexander, a delightful twenty-three-year-old Jamaican jazz pianist.

It's always a pleasure to watch an artist grow. I attended Alexander's first recording session several years ago in California. He was about twenty then and already sizzling. I had not heard him since until this album, his first for RCA. Alexander seems to have developed in all directions at once.

The authority in Alexander's playing can be attributed to the fact that he has been working professionally in the best musical circles since he was sixteen. His skill, taste, and entertainability can be attributed to hard work and good judgment.

While the future of jazz is dark today, except as an antique style, several factors make young Alexander's future bright. One is the obvious enjoyment he takes in entertaining. Another is his ability to produce musical momentum. Alexander works closely with his rhythm section. His arrangements are careful and exciting, building tension, releasing it, then catching it up again. The listener can be assured he's in good hands.

There is a great deal of genuine but sick new talent on the market these days. Congratulations to Alexander and RCA for presenting at least one powerful and healthy young talent. M.A.

✻ **JONATHAN KLEIN: Hear, O Israel.** Herbie Hancock, piano; Jerome Richardson, flute and tenor and alto saxophones; Thad Jones, trumpet and flugelhorn; Jonathan Klein, French horn and baritone saxophone; Ron Carter, bass; Grady Tate, drums; Antonia Lavanne, soprano; Phyllis Bryn-Julson, contralto; Rabbi David Davis, reader. National Federation of Temple Youth 101, $5.00 (by mail from National Federation of Temple Youth, 838 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y. 10021).

The relationship between jazz and religious music, which has been somewhat suspect during the past ten years, seems to be moving onto a rational and viable level. This is a third stage in the religio-jazz development. The first stage goes back to the old New Orleans bands that swung out on standard hymns, a process that eventually reduced *When the Saints Go Marching In* to the status of *Yes, We Have No Bananas*. The jazz groups of the Fifties and Sixties which draw very directly on gospel music are carrying on this same vein but in less hackneyed fashion. The second stage came in the late Fifties when jazz liturgies, jazz Masses, and other jazz services began to be composed, couched in musical terms that seemed to have more to do with contemporary "serious" music than with jazz of any period, contemporary or not. Whatever its classification, most of this second stage religious jazz was arid music, more closely related to gimmickry than to religion or to jazz.

The breakthrough into the third stage might be traced, as with so many jazz trends, to Duke Ellington, whose first concert of sacred music brought a fresh, honest sound of jazz into the church. That concert and Ellington's more recent second sacred concert were not part of any form of service—they were simply Ellington in church. But the same forthright jazz approach that Ellington used has now been employed as a part of two services—Phil Wilson's "Prodigal Son" (Freeform 101), performed as a service in a Congregational Church (reviewed in June 1968), and Jonathan Klein's "Hear, O Israel," a jazz Sabbath service originally created for a conclavette of the New England Federation of Temple Youth.

One of the distinguishing factors of both Klein's and Wilson's jazz services is that, like Ellington's sacred concerts, they use first-rate jazz musicians. Wilson's service was completely free-form improvisation but Klein's is in the more familiar style of jazz composition—sketches on which the musicians can improvise. With Jerome Richardson, Thad Jones, and Herbie Hancock as the soloists and Ron Carter and Grady Tate providing the rhythmic support, the level of these performances is consistently high. Hancock appears to be the central force in the group. He sets the tone, establishes directions, and plays several strong solos. Richardson is also a vital factor on his saxophones and particularly with his flute on a bossa nova *Kidduch*. Two voices are worked in very effectively, tying the traditional sound of the service to its jazz aspects and, at one point, taking on the coloration of Lambert, Hendricks, and Ross. This is a service that really swings. If there can be a valid relationship between jazz and religion, this would seem to be the basis on which it should be done. J.S.W.

FOLK

✻ **TIBETAN FOLK AND MINSTREL MUSIC.** Lyrichord LL 196, $4.98 or LLST 7196, $5.98.

Another impeccably produced entry in Lyrichord's superb library of ethnic recordings. As ever, there is no compromise, no vulgarization, no phoniness. Musically, this is the way it really is in the broad plateaus and plunging valleys of the world's most altitudinous state. The suzerainty of China has, of course, once more made Tibet a forbidden land: Peter Crossley-Holland taped this material largely in Ladakh and Sikkim, both long permeated with the culture of Tibet. He has captured the lovely, lonely songs of the nomads who drive their flocks from high pasture to high pasture, the reedy poignance of a shepherd's flute, the vigorous cadences of farmers' work songs.

An entire side is devoted to the more sophisticated efforts of professional musicians who perform at village fetes. Of particular interest in this genre is the hard-driving, percussive music employed to excite spectators at polo games (this sport originated in Tibet, by the way). Given the vicissitudes of field recording, the stereo sound is quite adequate. The album is recommended to interested parties. O.B.B.

✻ **THE WINDS OF GOD: A YOUTH FOLK MASS.** The St. Paul's Youth Choir, Milton Williams, director and cantor; mono. $3.95 or stereo, $4.95 (by mail from Y.F.M., 1035 Pine St., Menlo Park, Calif. 94205).

Of all the American-contrived jazz, folk, etc. Masses I have heard, this one from St. Paul's Episcopal Church in Burlingame, California, strikes me as the most memorable. All of the tunes come from the international body of traditional song and, somehow, none seems out of place in the context of the liturgy. There is something startling, yet apt, in the progression from *Michael, Row Your Boat Ashore* to an ancient plain-song *Kyrie* to the African *Kumbaya*. *The Lord's Prayer* is sung to a lilting, swinging West Indian tune; the *Sursum Corda* to an air from the Southern Appalachians. There is even a Hebrew chant, *Ovinu Malkeinu*. The powerful bass of conductor Milton Williams shapes a gripping climax with the unaccompanied spiritual, *Were You There?*—an evocation as stark and tragic as the cross that rose on Calvary. This expression of ecumenicism—in human as well as ecclesiastical terms—has been conceived and performed in sensitivity, imagination, and reverence. O.B.B.

HUNGARIAN HISTORICAL SONGS. János Németh, cimbalom; Sándor Burka, tárogató. *The Moonlight; I Wrote a Letter; Rakoczi's Repentance;* nineteen more. Qualiton LPX 10099, $5.79 (mono only).

This fascinating, off-beat release features the haunting sounds of Hungary's two national instruments, the cimbalom and the tárogató. The former, not unlike the xylophone, is all mellow warmth in the hands of János Németh. The tárogató, a double reed wind instrument of ancient lineage, once spurred on the dreaded Janissaries during the Turkish conquests; later it rallied heroic Hungarians to the banner of Prince Rakoczi in the struggle to maintain a national identity. Virtuoso Sándor Burka employs a 125-year-old tárogató to raise, in aching melody, the past glories and remembered tragedies of his nation. The songs—fresh and memorable as the unforgettable sounds of the instruments—linger in the memory. In a sense, this is a far-out record. But it's well worth the journey. O.B.B.

CARLOS RAMOS: Lisbon Fado. *Casa Sem Amor; Noite de Natal; Torre de Belem;* nine more. United Artists 14533 or S 15533, $5.79.

This long overdue addition to the catalogue represents the American premiere of Portugal's finest male *fadista*. The antithesis of glamor, Carlos Ramos is fat, dumpy, and sliding down the shady side of middle age. But nightly in Lisbon, crowds flock to his austere cellar club in Bairro Alto to listen enthralled to the Old Master. Fados are always sad—almost neurotically so—and Ramos' quiet, almost understated interpretations drive home their hopeless grief. Portuguese admirers label his rough, husky voice a *voz de bogaço*, perhaps best translated as "whisky baritone." For fado, such a voice is the *sine qua non*. In the gloomy, melodic cosmos of fado, Carlos Ramos is the male counterpart of Amalia Rodrigues and this record will tell you why. Regrettably, UA provides neither texts nor translations; even the song titles are given only in Portuguese. Many potential purchasers will rightfully find this a fatal flaw. How many pennies did you save, UA? O.B.B.

GUITAR QUARTET OF MARTINHO D'ASSUNCAO: Lisbon by Night. *Rapsodia Portuguesa; Bailarico Minhoto; Romarias do Norte;* nine more. London International SW 99455, $4.79 (stereo only).

Compared to the Spanish guitar, the stubbier, bulkier Portuguese counterpart (known unaccountably in Portugal as a *viola da França* or French violin) possesses a kind of contralto quality admirably suited to the wistful melancholy of most Portuguese songs. Martinho d'Assunção's four instrumentalists present a plangent sampling of mostly non-fado melodies that, while exciting no cerebration, succeed in beguiling the ear and easing the soul. O.B.B.

THEATRE & FILM

✻ **JACQUES BREL IS ALIVE AND WELL AND LIVING IN PARIS.** Original cast album. Elly Stone, Mort Shuman, Shawn Elliott, Alice Whitfield, vocals; music by Jacques Brel; English lyrics by Eric Blau and Mort Shuman. Columbia D2S 779, $9.59 (two discs, stereo only).

Art d'Lugoff, owner of the Village Gate, where *Jacques Brel Is Alive* is being presented, thinks that this show is going to be an important germinal influence on American popular music. He is quite right.

Brel's acerbic songs, growing out of the tradition of the *chanson réaliste*, are the most unusual of our time. John Lennon is *not* a poet; Bob Dylan is *not* a poet. Brel is. There is a kind of genius in his lyrics, and it transforms his ferocity, lifts his work far out of the class of maudlin preachiness, fashionable anger, and sniff-nosed finger-pointing that passes for meaning in current American popular music. Perhaps it is the difference between America and France: we moralize, the French observe. Moralizing is antithetical to accurate observation. Comparing Belgian-born Brel's work with current protest material is like comparing the blistered reality of Lenny Bruce's work to the superficial social criticism of Mort Sahl.

For those who don't know French, of course, Brel's work has been inaccessible until now. That's the reason this show, and this two-disc album, is so important. It opens a window on an unusually interesting mind.

The show, which has been running for months in the big downstairs room of the Village Gate, is one of the most interesting in New York. Simply staged with its four singers and four musicians, it is intense, disturbing, relentlessly interesting, and bitterly funny. The most startling thing is the way in which Eric Blau, who did most of the lyrics, has captured Brel's essence in a language that is unsuited to it. French is a high-speed language; English articulates but slowly. French songs of the *chanson réaliste* tradition tend to be thick with eighth-notes. Transforming them into English is like taking a line written for the trumpet and assigning it to the trombone. It is no accident that classic French poetry runs in Alexan-Charles Aznavour, incidentally); but English is uncomfortable with anything longer than iambic pentameter. These are technical points, but unless they are apprehended, the brilliance of Blau's English adaptations can't be appreciated.

You can feel, of course, his frustration over the poverty of rhyme in English. French is rich in rhyme. In the end, he resorts to half-rhyme, and false and defective rhymes. He's to be forgiven for this; and only the educated ear is likely to catch it anyway.

Mort Shuman, incidentally, comes closest to the feeling of Brel's own performing style, with a harsh and biting attack. Elly Stone, with her rapid little vibrato, even *sounds* French.

I would urge you to get this album and/or see the show. If Brel is new to you, you're about to discover another kind of song. G.L.

✻ **THE PARTY.** Music from the sound track of the film. Composed and conducted by Henry Mancini. RCA Victor LPM 3997 or LSP 3997, $4.79.

I ran into Henry Mancini recently in New York. He said, "Hey, I've got a new album coming out. I used Jimmy Rowles all through it. I just let him *go*." Mancini and I have a thing about Rowles. We are part of a small group of people who love his playing madly.

Rowles is one of the most underappreciated musicians jazz ever produced. About the only place you can get to hear him is on Mancini albums. With a tone of liquid gold, fast fingers that permit him to play some of the most sinuous legatos in the business, and a very personal rhythmic imagination, Rowles weaves filigrees through many of the Mancini scores. Until now, he was most prominently featured in *The Pink Panther*. He gets still more playing room here.

Actually, there are a lot of jazz people in solo spots here—all the Mancini regulars, including Jack Sheldon on flugelhorn, Plas Johnson on tenor, Ronny Lang on sundry flutes, Larry Bunker on vibes, and Shelly Manne on drums. It used to be fashionable to denigrate the jazz segments of Mancini's scores on grounds that they "didn't swing," always a convenient condemnation since it is so hard to disprove. It's now impossible to say that, however: Mancini's bass player is Ray Brown, the testicularity of whose playing knows no match.

All the Mancini trademarks are evident here: warm and polished melodies; lovely string and woodwind writing; touches of jazz when it is called for. There's one extremely funny track—the last of the album. The movie features Peter Sellers as a sitar player from India. Under Mancini's direction, Bill Plummer plays some of the funniest sitar you ever heard. And, tongue-in-cheek, Mancini throws in some of the awkward, rather stumbling harmony used by the rock players.

In one place, Mancini makes his admiration for Rowles obvious by having the chorus sing the latter's name. Rowles is heard best on a waltz track called *Elegant*, which certainly describes his playing.

T'anks, Hank. G.L.

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THE TAPE DECK

BY R. D. DARRELL

Operas. Prime Donne and Other Assets. RCA Victor's complete recording of Verdi's *Ernani* (TR3 8004, 3¾ ips, triple-play, approx. 129 min., $17.95) has many notable attractions (for which, see below), but purchasers will surely note first—and much welcome—a conspicuous change in this company's packaging. Included in the reel box itself is a notes-and-libretto booklet in a seven-inch format. RCA's apparent shift in policy leaves Angel alone among major producers of complete opera tapings to cling to the awkward practice of providing only a postcard which has to be mailed in to bring a copy of the twelve-inch booklet prepared for the disc edition and impossible to file together with one's boxed tapes. The smaller format minimizes any pictorial value the original booklets may have had, but that seems a small price to pay for the important advantage of having the libretto and notes immediately accessible.

Verdi's first score to establish his fame outside Italy, *Ernani* remains an arrestingly enjoyable work—even more so, I think, in recorded form than in stage productions, where the weaknesses of plot and characterization are apt to be more evident. The present performance is dominated by Leontyne Price at her vocal and interpretative best; Carlo Bergonzi also is in fine voice, and the rest of the cast acceptably so. While Thomas Schippers' orchestral direction is on the routine side, he evokes from the RCA Italiana Opera Chorus (which plays a more than usually important role in this opera) some outstandingly spirited work. Best of all, perhaps, the dramatic impact of the performance is enhanced by admirably wide-range and big-auditorium-authentic stereoism.

The first reel edition of Bellini's *Beatrice di Tenda* (London/Ampex EX+ LOG 90136, two reels, approx. 60 and 93 min., $19.95) proves this opera to be no real match for either *Sonnambula* or *Norma*, its predecessors of two years earlier (1831). The primary appeal here is to *aficionados* of *bel canto* in general and to Joan Sutherland fans in particular. Vocally, the star is characteristically virtuosic; dramatically, she is (no less characteristically) nondescript. The supporting cast is on the whole agreeably competent, and the Ambrosian Choir's singing and London Symphony Orchestra's playing attest to a marked growth in Richard Bonynge's conductorial skill. The recording reveals the London engineers' familiar expertise but none of their fondness for sonic spectacularity—except perhaps for an acoustical liveness so marked as to make occasional solo passages sound excessively echoey.

In contrast to London's relatively orthodox sound-stage technology in *Beatrice* is the plethora of sensational sonic effects in Richard Strauss's *Elektra* (London/Ampex EX+ LOH 90137, two reels, approx. 54 min. each, $12.95). Regular operagoers may object to such sensationalism as distracting, but listeners whose principal experience of opera is via recordings may well find that this kind of sound-staging thrillingly intensifies the stark drama of the grim tragedy itself. In any case, this performance—conducted by Georg Solti, starring Birgit Nilsson, and featuring Regina Resnik as a marvelous Klytemnestra—is an electrifying one. Add the sonic power and weight with which both the singers and the Vienna Philharmonic players have been recorded, the further advantage of an uncut score . . . and it may not be too hard to put up with the excessive door-slams and hysterical screams. . . . (I might remind those who prefer a more conventionally staged recording that they already have a first-rate, if less exciting, choice: the August 1966 DGG version starring Inge Borkh and conducted by Karl Böhm—taped in a single double-play reel, 100 min., at $11.95.)

While the question remains moot whether theatrical works benefit by engineering effects that cannot be achieved in the opera house itself, certainly there can be no doubt that it is vital for recording technology to avoid any unnecessary miniaturization or dilution of the live performance. To my ears, the EMI producer of the recent Angel *Aida* starring Birgit Nilsson and conducted by Zubin Mehta (Y3S 3716, 3¾-ips, triple-play, approx. 140 min., $17.98) has sought to achieve sonic transparency at the high cost of losing authentic big-auditorium expansiveness. The recording per se is admirably lucid and bright; the dynamic range is admirably wide; but in the big ensemble scenes (the quintessences of this score) the soloists sound almost segregated from each other. Although Nilsson, Corelli, Bumbry, Sereni, et al., sing well enough and the Rome Opera Chorus and Orchestra are hard- and fast-driven by Mehta, for the grandeur that *Aida* demands the preferred tape choices are still the 1960 London version (with Tebaldi and Von Karajan) and the 1962 RCA Victor version (with Price and Solti).

More Biggs on the Pedal-Harpsichord. The latest E. Power Biggs reel from Columbia (MQ 975, 74 min., $7.95) is unusual in many respects—not least, perhaps, in the practical matter of its single-play price for the equivalent of three disc sides (the tape reasonably omits the fourth-side Bach-Ernst and Bach-Vivaldi Organ Concerto filters). This is the first integral tape edition of all six Bach Trio-Sonatas, S. 525-30, as well as these works' first recorded appearance in pedal-harpsichord, rather than organ, performances. There is, of course, good musicological justification for playing these works on the pedal-harpsichord (which Bach's sons and pupils certainly used for practicing them). More vitally, however, there are excellent aesthetic justifications, for these delectable little sonatas are far better suited to the pedal-harpsichord than are the larger works (Passacaglia and Fugue, Toccata and Fugue in D minor, etc.) which Biggs chose for his first recital reel in this medium (Columbia MQ 790) a couple of years ago. The robust recording does full justice to the magnificent Challis instrument used here, while the attractions of Biggs's cleanly articulated, vivacious performances are augmented by his illuminating annotations, with notated musical examples, in an eight-page accompanying leaflet. In short, this is an exceptionally stimulating reel for anyone, as well as a "must" for every Bachian collector.

Mehta as Modern Romantic. Who would have thought that any young conductor today would have true empathy for early Schoenberg and mid-period Scriabin? Yet this surprise is forthcoming in Zubin Mehta's recording with the Los Angeles Philharmonic of Schoenberg's ultra-chromatic *Verklärte Nacht*, Op. 4, (string orchestral scoring) coupled with the Russian mystic's *Poème d'extase*, Op. 54. The former work is a first tape edition; the latter was first taped by Stokowski for Westminster in 1960, but that version is markedly inferior in orchestral playing, by the Houston Symphony, as well as in recorded sound. Although both these works are generally considered to be hopelessly antiquated nowadays, they are miraculously rejuvenated by Mehta and his orchestra (whose anonymous trumpet soloist copes magnificently with the high-register passages). Moreover, the Culshaw production team achieves here stereo recording that is exceptional, even in these days, for its ideal spectrum balance and a lucidity accomplished without any recourse to "spotlighting" from a listening vantage point apparently well back in the hall (London/Ampex EX+ LCL 80202, 40 min., $7.95).

The same engineers are just as impressive, but the same artists are less distinctive in their Stravinsky *Petrouchka* (1947 revision) and *Circus Polka* (London/Ampex EX+ LCL 80204, 37 min., $7.95). I still prefer the composer's own 1962 performance of this ballet scoring (for Columbia) or Ansermet's 1960 taping (for London) of the original 1910–11 score. One point in favor of the new tape over its disc counterpart though: the tape reverses the disc sequence which had the silly little *Circus Polka* anticlimatically following the tragically moving final pages of the ballet.

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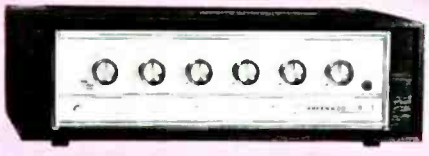

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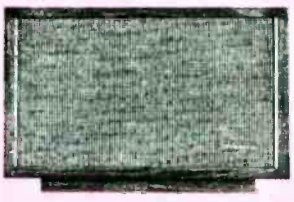

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