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**HIGH FIDELITY MAGAZINE**
The corporate charter of Acoustic Research, filed in the Massachusetts State House, states the purpose for which AR was founded:

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June 1962
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This feature is essential for the tape recordist who wishes his recordings of prized material to be undisturbed by sudden interference, as often happens on very weak signals. The exceptional design and advanced features of the new H. H. Scott 4310 have already established new standards of achievement in the FM Field.

IMPORTANT TECHNICAL INFORMATION: IHFM sensitivity 1.9 µv; Capture ratio 2.2 db; Signal to noise ratio 60 db; Harmonic distortion 0.5%; Frequency response 30-15,000 cps ± 1db; Selectivity 50 db; 4 FM IF stages; Cascade RF stage; Size in accessory case 15½ W x 5½ H x 13¼ D. Rack mounted model available for broadcast station use.

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.5 to 2 grams in top quality arms
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7/16" centers

AUTHORitatively Speaking

No doubt any diligent researcher among ancient archives could have presented us with the salient facts in the history of the 160-year-old Theater an der Wien. We think that very few, however, could re-create the ambiance of that house down through its many decades as has H. C. Robbins Landon in the article which leads off this issue (see p. 28). Mr. Landon, High Fidelity’s European Editor, first went to Vienna with the American occupation forces after the last war; he returned, many times, and is at present thoroughly immersed in that city. The immediate reason for his presence there is the preparation of the definitive scores of Haydn’s symphonies (eventually to be recorded, complete, in Max Goberman’s Society of Recorded Masterpieces); but quite clearly Mr. Landon does not live by Haydn alone.

Before being introduced to Leonard Buckwalter, we had never heard the term “combination man.” Mr. Buckwalter claims he once was one: i.e., the radio station functionary whose duties include those of announcer, disc jockey, engineer, and replacer of burned-out bulbs in the transmitting tower. Later, he became editor of an electronics magazine—and after two years of this form of hard labor, took up free-lance writing: his articles have appeared in a variety of periodicals, and he has two books to his credit—one on electronic games, the other on electronic experiments. (There’s a work on transistors in progress.) Mr. B. is an exurbanite, who’s often forced to commute to the city. Consequently, he writes with real feeling of “FM for motorists,” p. 32.

“Mr. Bach of London,” p. 35, returns to these pages an author for whom we have a special fondness. We’ve actually only met Charles Cudworth in person once, when he took time from a busy round of professional meetings to visit our editorial offices (and accepted a handful of someone’s home-grown tomatoes—this staff lives in the country, as everybody must by this time know); but we hear from him by letter fairly frequently. He writes us about such things as the crocuses appearing in his garden and a visit to an unpronounceable hamlet in Wales. Mr. Cudworth, Curator of the Pendlebury Library of Music at Cambridge University, is an English critic and musicologist, known especially for his work in late seventeenth- and early eighteenth-century music. Sometimes, of course, he writes to us of these things too.

This month our select group of authors from the distaff side is increased by the addition of Elizabeth J. Hodge, whose “In Their Very Voice ...” (a critique of some recordings by contemporary poets) appears on p. 38. Miss Hodge is a member of the Department of English at New York University, where she is also a candidate for the doctorate in English literature. As readers of her article here will surmise, her special field of concentration is modern British and American poetry. Miss Hodge is also an amateur of the classical guitar, a first-rate Ping-pong player, and, to our personal knowledge, a master hand at haute cuisine.

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LONDON

Since early spring the press has been rife with rumors and counter-rumors concerning Joan Sutherland's future. At this writing, it seems likely that her professional activities will be somewhat curtailed; it seems unlikely that her career will be brought to a tragically sharp cessation.

One of the unluckiest singers our age has known—plagued now by sinus infection, now by throat troubles, now by an ear ailment—Miss Sutherland has had on many occasions to draw upon a general stamina and stoicism that are, in their way, as exceptional as her florid singing above the stave. Her latest affliction is more obtinate than any she has known before. A back difficulty which she had suffered recurringly for three years became critical after she slipped and almost overbalanced while walking on to a concert platform in Antwerp. During the train journey next day to Amsterdam she was unable to sit for more than a couple of minutes in any posture without suffering acute pain. After Amsterdam she flew back to London, straphanging all the way.

Her surgeon diagnosed a worn-out disc near the base of the spine, and prescribed a course of exercises, massage, heat treatment, and a surgical corset. She was wearing the corset—a fact of course known to none but intimates—on the opening night of the imported Alcina production (Zeffirelli's) at Covent Garden. In the middle of the set was a rock representing Alcina's magic island. This the leading lady had repeatedly to climb, lie down on, and get up from, with appropriate expressions of rapture, surprise, and woe. "At the time I was not only unable to sit down painlessly," she said afterwards; "it was nearly as much of a torment to recline. My doctor had given me something to take before and during the performance. Otherwise I couldn't have got through." Although the soprano's quickly moving numbers came off brilliantly enough that evening, most of her legato singing was noticeably thin and flaccid. Who, now that the reason for it has come out, can be surprised?

Retrenchment. Faced by a crowded recital and operatic schedule on three continents, Miss Sutherland began to jettison plans ruthlessly. The first and biggest engagement to be canceled was a 23-concert Australian tour lined up for mid-June to mid-August. She threw this overboard with special regret. (It would have meant the first sight of her homeland since she left Sydney in 1951, with a purse containing £1,600 of prize money won at amateur singing contests, to carve out an operatic career in London.) A Traviata series at Covent Garden and eight Sonnambula or Ugonatti performances at La Scala seemed still possible, but there will be no other appearances on any operatic stage until her return to Milan, scheduled for next December.

Since plane travel is out of the question—and threatens to remain so for a long time—she will go to America in January 1963 by boat and sing not more than once a week. She and Richard Bonygne—her husband, manager, coach, and (now) conductor—consider that rest is as important as sun lamps, massage, and whatnot. Some months ago I asked Miss Sutherland whether she wasn't working too hard and whether it might not be a good thing to accept fewer commitments.

"It's very difficult," she sighed. "People are very persistent. You try to say 'No,' but they'll take nothing less than 'Yes.' One crams in engagements to oblige them. With jet travel they say, 'You can be here in a day'—and 'here' turns out to be three or four thousand miles away. Since my 'fabulous success' or whatever it is people call it, I have had no time for anything—no time to choose clothes, to take my little boy for a walk in the park, or just to sit down and let my mind go blank."

Certainly, Joan Sutherland would be well advised to be adamant in her present resolve to cut down her schedule. Should her condition deteriorate sharply, not only would full-sized operatic roles (Lucia, for example) be out of the question but she would be inhibited even in the recording studio and on the concert platform, where the floral music in which she specializes calls for much throwing back of the head and other movements jarring to a susceptible spine.

But Not Retirement. When I talked with Miss Sutherland, she had just launched upon an Alcina recording for Decca, London at Walthamstow under her hus-

HIGH FIDELITY MAGAZINE
The best thing that can happen to a good amplifier:

(a Fisher loudspeaker)

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JUNE 1962
NOTES FROM ABROAD

Continued from page 10

band's baton (not with the rest of the Covent Garden cast, incidentally, but mainly with other singers under Decca contract, plus a section of the London Symphony Orchestra). On the way out to the studio, she had seen the newspaper headlines: FAMOUS SINGER ILL, JOAN SUTHERLAND SHOCK, and so on. First-edition stories, wired back from Australia, suggested that she was completely crippled and had decided to retire. Naturally, she bridled. "I am far from being crippled," she flashed. "I can still stand without any pain and walk without much. I haven't the slightest intention of retiring. My voice hasn't suffered at all."

This latter claim I can endorse. Half an hour after it was made, Miss Sutherland was roulading away at one of the Alcina numbers with a purity and technical freedom that recalled her sensational "Let the bright seraphim" in another Handel piece, Sosone, in September, which was some months before her first Lucia triumph taught the world that this was going to be one of the historic voices of the century.

CHARLES REID

PARIS

History continues to repeat itself at the Paris Opéra and the Opéra-Comique. Administrator, A. M. Julien, after an excellent start three years ago and a disappointing finish last winter, has departed in the usual atmosphere of defeat and recrimination. His successor is Georges Auric, one of the members of "Les Six" and most active in recent years as a film composer. Culture Minister Malraux favors direction by a panel of experts, with the titular director merely a first among equals—modus operandi with which Julien could not agree. At all events there is no doubt about the need for some changes during the coming season.

The new Pelléas et Mélisande, scheduled for transfer from the cozy Opéra-Comique to the dangerously impressive Palais Garnier this summer, is therefore in limbo, and may remain there until next year. Controversy over this transfer was a contributing reason for Julien's departure. Rehearsals are under way, however, for Cherubini's Médée, and Pathe-Marconi is going ahead with plans to record the production. The firm hopes to demonstrate that there is nothing wrong with the Paris Opéra company that a little more music and a little less functionarism cannot cure. Rita Gorr, Guy Chauvet, and André Espinosa will sing. Georges Prêtre will conduct the Opéra orchestra. The recording will eventually be issued by Angel in the States.

Bach and Rameau. The Paris section of Deutsche Grammophon is surprisingly active in unexpected ways. At the mo-
ment it is proud of a project for another movement in the Archive series: The Well-Tempered Clavier, with the scholarly and sensitive Ralph Kirkpatrick at the harpsichord. The recording sessions will be spread out over several months, since Kirkpatrick's other engagements have had to be considered, and the results, they will tell.

For the Archive department of resuscitated glory, Marcel Couraud and the Lamoureux Orchestra are at work on Rameau's ballet Pygmalion. It was commissioned in 1748, four years after Bach had constructed his forty-eighth demonstration of temperaments.

Song of Love. Olivier Messiaen is also a religious composer, but this fact has not kept him from becoming the target of some amazing hostility. When he appeared on the stage at the end of a recent concert he unleashed an uproar that set a postwar high—or low—for Parisian audiences.

Much of what enrages certain listen-

ers, and enraptures others, can be heard in "Montreux," a work for violin and orchestra which was commissioned by Koussevitzky in 1946 and given a first performance by Bernstein at Boston in 1949. This long, complex, dazzling, and irritating work has just been recorded by Véga, with the composer on hand, and has won a Grand Prix du Disque.

Both the title (which means "song of love") and the content are evidence of Messiaen's mystical interest in Oriental sounds and rhythms, Hindu in this instance. The usual resonance of a symphony orchestra is altered drastically by extra trumpets and drums, by celestas, vibraphones and a Martenot, and by the importance of the piano part. The effect is often like the color of gamelan, amplified several times. And stereo, of course, helps.

The Véga album devotes two discs to the music and a third to Messiaen himself, chatting (in French) about his intentions. Maurice Le Roux, a pupil of the composer, conducts the Orchestre National. Yvonne Loriod, another pupil and a Messiaen specialist, is the pianist. Her sister, Jeanne Loriod, plays the Martenot. There is also a reproduction in color of a painting by Robert Delaunay. It is all very Messienic.

Bombs and Giggles. The avant-garde Domaine Musical, of which Pierre Boulez is the animator, has had a trying season. At one concert, Hans Rosenfeld and the Südwestfunk Orchestra failed to appear as advertised. They were afraid, Boulez explained (while the audience became conscious of its own heroism), of Rightist bombs. At another concert something potentially much worse occurred. Part of the hall, inspired by a trumpet glissando, gave itself up to uncontrollable giggling. Finally Boulez appeared and asked the gigglers to leave, while he and Yvonne Loriod played his Structures pour deux pianos. "This will take," he said, "exactly twenty minutes. Then you can return and demonstrate."
The best thing that can happen to a good tuner:

(a Fisher amplifier)

Even if you own one of the world's finest high-fidelity tuners—in which case it is undoubtedly a Fisher FM-Stereo-Multiplex wide-band instrument—you will not fully appreciate the unsurpassable tonal qualities of a live FM broadcast without an amplifier of the highest caliber. Not many amplifiers are capable of preserving a totally undistorted input without imparting to it a slight 'veil' of distortion in the reproduction—enough to remove that ultimate feeling of presence. Even fewer amplifiers are faultless in this perfectionist sense at a moderate price. The Fisher X-101-B single-chassis stereo control-amplifier shown here is today's most remarkable exception to the rule. It gives you 56 watts IHFM music power (28 watts per channel) with a listening quality that has astonished advanced audio enthusiasts, plus front-end control features that are exclusive to the unique Fisher X Series. The X-101-B costs $189.50*, Fisher X-100 (36 watts), $189.50*, Fisher X-202-B (80 watts), $249.50*, Fisher X-1000 (110 watts—world's most powerful control amplifier), $339.50*.
Honest weight, accurate weight—they're one and the same. People have come to look upon counterbalanced scales as assurance of accurate weight. And for good reason, too.

Springs are uncertain. They expand with heat, and contract with cold. The more you extend a spring, the more it pulls back. With every change of extension, there's a change in pulling force. Pick-up arms that use springs are susceptible to these changes. When several records are stacked on the turntable, the arm is raised; the length or extension of the spring is altered; the pulling force changes, and consequently, the force of the stylus changes, too. With warped records, the arm is constantly rising and falling, and the stylus force is constantly changing.

The Miracord Studio arm uses no springs. It is like a fine apothecary or chemist's scale—mass-balanced, and freely suspended on low-friction bearings. Stylus force is set by shifting the mass of the counterbalance. Once set, this stylus force remains constant with one or with ten records on the platter.

During actual play, the Miracord-Studio arm is completely disengaged from the automatic mechanism. It responds freely and effortlessly without the slightest trace of friction or drag.

Location of the pivot at almost the level of the record surface minimizes wow due to warped records. Tracking error geometry is at an absolute minimum—zero degrees at 2-inch radius, and slightly over 1 degree at 6 inches—and there are no resonant peaks within or even beyond the audible spectrum.

Unlike other transcription arms, you don't have to buy the Miracord Studio separately. It is an integral part of the Miracord, the only record playing instrument with a dynamically balanced turntable and mass-balanced transcription arm which you can play manually or as automatically as you please.

Miracord 10H with hysteresis-synchronous motor is $99.50; the Model 10 with 4-pole induction motor, $79.95. Prices include arm, but do not include the cartridge and base.

Make it a point to see the Miracord at your high fidelity dealer, soon—or write for new 6-page descriptive catalog.

Benjamin Electronic Sound Corp., 97-03 142nd Avenue, Corona 68, New York, Sole U.S. Distributor for ElectroAcustic® Record Playing Components
The best thing that can happen to a good antenna:

(a Fisher tuner)

Not even the most sophisticated multi-element Yagi antenna will give you completely distortion-free, low-noise reception of the new FM Stereo broadcasts in a difficult area unless the tuner it feeds has exceptional sensitivity and genuine wide-band circuitry. The Multiplex method of FM Stereo transmission makes unprecedented demands on the receiving equipment. The new line of Fisher FM-Stereo tuners—all with built-in Multiplex—meet these demands on the most advanced level of FM engineering in the world today. The Fisher FM-100-B tuner shown here has a sensitivity of 0.6 microvolts for 20 db quieting (1.8 microvolts IHFM) and incorporates the exclusive Fisher Stereo Beacon—a unique invention that automatically indicates whether or not an FM station is broadcasting in Multiplex and automatically switches the tuner to the required mode of operation, mono or stereo. The FM-100-B costs $229.50. Other Fisher FM-Stereo-Multiplex wide-band tuners from $189.50 to $419.50.


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JUNE 1962

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CIRCLE 36 ON READER-SERVICE CARD
FRANCO CORELLI

A tenor in a hurry "turns all the knobs" and finds a teacher in Caruso.

FRANCO CORELLI, who made his 1960 Metropolitan debut in Il Trovatore, seems possessed of just about every quality one could wish for in that fabled species, the "ideal" Italian tenor. His voice has been compared to Caruso's; his appearance has not been compared to anybody's, and I would guess that competition in this quarter is negligible. His warmth and directness were communicated even in conversation through an interpreter, for Signor Corelli makes up for the limitations of his English by the expressiveness of his features and his hands when he is gaining momentum in Italian. And he often gained so much momentum during our talk that his interpreter had to call a halt in mid-course in order to catch up.

Momentum, as a matter of fact, characterizes the Corelli career. In his early twenties he worked as a mechanical draftsman in his home town of Ancona, sang purely for pleasure, and gave very little thought to a career in opera. But at the urging of friends he entered the vocal competition at Florence's Maggio Musicale, won it, and within a breath-takingly brief time made his official debut at Spoleto, rushed from there to the Rome Opera, and two years later (in 1954) accepted an invitation from La Scala to open the season in Spontini's La Vestale. The La Scala opening has become almost a habit by now: Il Trovatore in December will mark his third consecutive opening night there.

Obviously, there could not have been much time, in the course of a career paced at such a tempo and begun with so little formal training, for Corelli to indulge in a leisurely approach either to vocal study or to the learning of roles. He took voice lessons in Pesaro, and later—also in haste—at Florence; such is the extent of his supervised study. But Signor Corelli had an ace up his sleeve.

From childhood, like many other Italian boys, he had loved the records of Caruso. When he took the plunge into professional singing, Caruso came to his aid. Every night for three hours Corelli would listen to Caruso recordings, analyzing, imitating, learning. It was an intense process. Caruso's over-all concept of a role did not interest Corelli so much as his actual voice production. And so he went at Caruso one note at a time, sometimes playing a single syllable or a short phrase over twenty or thirty times. "I hypnotized myself with the sound of his voice. I wanted to study the warmth and the feeling of heart in him."

Not until two years ago, however, could Corelli's absorption in these records—and his evident pleasure in the use of recording equipment itself—be indulged to the full. Now he has his own custom-built recording studio in Milan, completely soundproofed ("like a radio station") and outfitted with the best American and German tape and playback equipment. Every summer, during his "forty days' rest," he works there, studying old recordings in much the same way as before and—perhaps more important now—taping his own voice. "Only on the tape can you really hear yourself. It speaks the truth." When he works with tape, he employs the same analytical method given to his Caruso study: in his own words, he "turns all the knobs," pushing treble and bass controls to extremes in order to isolate the characteristics of the voice.

It should be made clear that in spite of his enthusiasm for the use of a tape recorder, Corelli does not claim that it can actually replace a good voice teacher. The fundamental methods which apply to all study of singing, he said, must be taught, even though they are sometimes hard to put into words. Even with the aid of recording, a singer needs someone to help him pick out the defects, because an artist with a natural voice may easily succumb to the temptation of simply enjoying it uncritically.

As for memorizing roles, Corelli finds records very helpful and uses them whenever he learns a new part. "But it does not take great intelligence to learn a role," he said. "When the part is melodic it takes six days. Something like Stravinsky, well, it takes longer, maybe even twelve days."

The experience in his own studio has, naturally enough, given Franco Corelli special insights into commercial recording (his Angel recordings of Norma and Pagliacci have already been published, and more are on the way). Every voice, he feels, has its own recording characteristics. Certain small voices will be magnified on records, while some big voices tend to be reduced to "nothing at all." His own problem has been that the exceptional size of his voice invariably prompts engineers to turn the volume controls down. Corelli went on to say, with a candid smile, that he does not want to lose on records the vocal quality which differentiates him in the opera house, and he has been experimenting with different makes of microphones to get around this difficulty. "I hear," he says, "that Frank Sinatra carries his own with him. Why should I not be as particular about my microphones? Why not, indeed?"
another REK-O-KUT exclusive!

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- Model R-320A 33½ rpm Turntable with Auto-Poise motor actuated tonearm $169.95
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JUNE 1962
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Letters

The Question of Strauss

Sir:
Glenn Gould's belief that Strauss was the greatest musical figure who has lived in this century is one that few music lovers will find themselves in agreement with. But the article ("An Argument for Richard Strauss," HIGH FIDELITY, March 1962) is brilliant, like the author. Albert Sadler
San Diego, Calif.

Sir:
It is a rarity for me to renew a subscription beyond one year, but I am instructing you to extend mine for three years— not because of the saving involved, but on the strength of Glenn Gould's illuminating article on Richard Strauss. His remarks should once and for all suffice to expose the ridiculous sense of values employed by present-day music critics and puce-setters in their frequent odious comparisons of Strauss's later masterpieces with his earlier ones.

Rudolph F. Staw, Jr.
Rochelle Park, N. J.

Sir:
How can one possibly explain Glenn Gould's inexplicable preoccupation with the late works of Richard Strauss? The music is worthy of no such admiration, and Gould's stature does not make me accept his idol worship. Sibelius gave up in despair of ever creating anything fresh and original; Strauss should have done so too . . .

George A. Rich
Minor, N. D.

Sir:
Between Richard Strauss and Fischer-Dieskau I could almost suppose that you had edited the March issue specifically for me! I heartily agree with your campaign to get more of the Strauss operas on records, and I hope something more comes of it than words. I do not know what is wrong with people who find Strauss's later work lacking in meaning or beauty, but it does seem to me that they must be listening to music not with their ears but with some portion

Continued on page 22

HIGH FIDELITY MAGAZINE

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Now is the time to come to the aid of your party!

The more you enjoy outdoor living, the more you'll enjoy the Electro-Voice Musicaster—world's finest weatherproof loudspeaker system.

A Musicaster will add to your fun wherever you are. Whether you're dancing under the stars, swimming in the pool, or relaxing around the barbecue in the backyard, music from a Musicaster adds the pleasure of outdoor high-fidelity music from your present Hi-Fi system, radio, phonograph or TV set.

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SPECIFICATIONS:
Frequency Response: 60-13,000 cps
Dispersion: 120°
Power Handling Capacity: 30 watts program
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Size: 21½" H x 21½" W x 8½" D
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Compact—only 4-11/16" square and 1\(\frac{1}{2}\)" deep.
Installs in minutes. Fast, easy, simple.

Write for complete details...or ask your dealer...

LETTERS
Continued from page 20

of their anatomy which the Creator designed for humbler purposes.
Edward Wagenknecht
West Newton, Mass.

SIR:
Readers of HIGH FIDELITY who are interested in Strauss are reminded that they may join the International Richard Strauss Society and receive its bulletin. Correspondence should be addressed to Herr Doktor Julius Kopsch, Internationale Richard Strauss Gesellschaft, Ilmenauer Strasse 10a, Berlin-Grunewald, Germany.
Herbert Pendergast
Paris, France

Service Problems—with a Happy Ending

SIR:
I have noted with interest your recent articles and letters on the problems of servicing equipment. May I describe my experience?
My Sherwood S-2000 tuner, purchased in 1957, began to give me difficulties which none of the local service men could locate. The trouble was of the intermittent kind, so devilishly difficult to find. I sent the tuner in to the manufacturer for alignment, but the trouble persisted. So I sent it back and eventually it was returned in perfect condition. In spite of the fact that the warranty had expired over four years ago, Sherwood replaced several tubes and coils, gave me a new tuning gang, put in a new oscillator circuit as well as an RF circuit, and rewired some of the other circuits—
in all for absolutely nothing. As a matter of fact, they even paid the express charges!
Thomas R. Mark
Ft. Collins, Colo.

—and an Unhappy Ending

SIR:
W. Goldstick, president of a factory representative service firm, Sigma Electronics, in his reply (“Letters to the Editor,” HIGH FIDELITY, March 1962) to H. Chaille's letter on the service situation, lists Mr. Chaille's strictures without denying any. I back Mr. Chaille. Some time ago I asked a factory representative firm if they could align my FM tuner, for which I had no factory alignment data. They also had no data but said they could. Checking the tuner after its return, I found it physically damaged and electronically inferior to its previous condition. There was very little change after three round trips, and never a word of explanation or apology.
In this instance the ninety-day guarantee referred to by Mr. Goldstick amounted to nothing more than frustration for ninety days and thereafter. I gave up long before the ninety days.
S. E. Weissman
New York, N. Y.

Continued on page 24

HIGH FIDELITY MAGAZINE
THE REMARKABLE NEW AWARD KITS BY HARMAN-KARDON

The perfect blend of form and content. This is the unique achievement of the Award Kit Series.

There’s sheer pleasure in just looking at the kit: in seeing how each component is packed precisely in the sequence in which it will be used; how the unique tool-box packaging, with pull-out trays, makes handling and identification easy.

An extraordinary instruction book lends a dimension never before available in a high fidelity kit. It contains simple, interesting explanations of how each section of the instrument works. For the first time the kit builder understands just what he is doing—as he is doing it. The handsome book is easel-bound, spiral-bound and provides complete integration of diagrams and text.

No detail has been overlooked in the creation of this exciting product group. Here is the electronic perfection and incomparable performance of the famed Award Series; the total integration of the most advanced instruction material, packaging and construction techniques. From the moment you open the kit, until the final moment when the completed instrument is turned on, yours will be a totally gratifying experience.

The Award Kits include: Model A30K—handsome 30 watt integrated stereo amplifier kit—$79.95. Model A50K—powerful 50 watt integrated stereo amplifier kit—$119.95. Model F50XK—professional FM Stereo (Multiplex) tuner kit—$129.95. All prices slightly higher in the West.

For more information write Dept. HF-6, Harman-Kardon, Inc., Plainview, New York.
FROM BOZAK RESEARCH
the world's first truly high fidelity indoor-outdoor speaker designed for modern living

Ever wish for high fidelity speakers that could bring fine music reproduction where you wanted it? One to add gayety to poolside or patio gatherings, yet follow the crowd indoors when the evening chills? One equally at home by the skating pond or by the playroom fire?

From Bozak, first with the significant developments in loudspeakers, comes such a speaker—the new Bard. Decorator designed to blend with informal atmospheres, the Bard is the most carefree speaker you can own. Weather-proof because of its exclusive cone, Bard can be left outdoors for months, yet continue to produce factory-new sound quality. Its handle lets you carry it where you want it. Its stand provides a firm foundation on uneven patio floors, becomes a bracket for wall or ceiling. Use in pairs for stereo.

Now on demonstration at your Bozak dealer.

SPECIFICATIONS
Physical: 18-inch diameter hemisphere; overall height, 21 inches; front-to-back, 12 inches; weight, 22 pounds. Finish: sandalwood beige or eggshell white with permanently protected burnished gold trim.

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Let it guide you to the wonders of stereo music being broadcast by FM Stations throughout the country. With this all new Heathkit Stereo tuner you can enjoy AM, FM, or FM Stereo...listening unlimited (and when your FM station shifts to stereo, the light turns on; automatically alerting you). Throughout this amazing unit, both professional and hobbyist will appreciate the design, performance, durability, and styling that has made Heathkit the world leader in high fidelity electronic kits. And, as always, this superb engineering is accomplished within a price range that makes this truly remarkable instrument available to anyone really interested in fine music.

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**CIRCLE 41 ON READER-SERVICE CARD**

JUNE 1962
NOW RECORD FM STEREO FLAWLESSLY

The all new Bell 2419 FM Stereo Tuner. Built-in Filters! 
High Sensitivity! Wide Channel Separation!

Here's a matched pair of stereo components that lets you do an engineer-quality job of fine recording from FM stereo multiplex broadcasts.

Special built-in filter circuits in the Bell 2419 FM Stereo Tuner provide interference-free recording. No squeal, whine or other noise that so often plagues made-in-the-home off-the-air stereo tapes.

This new Bell tuner is extremely sensitive; ideal for fringe area recording and listening. Its exceptionally stable multiplex circuits provide and maintain wide channel separation (30 db) for drift-free, consistently top quality FM reception.

The all new BELL T-347 4-Track Stereo Tape Deck. Off-the-tape monitoring! Sound on Sound! Echo Effect! Plus Duosound!

The new Bell T-347 4-track stereo recorder is the obvious companion piece to the 2419 tuner. Three motor professional tape drive provides full control and safety for your tapes through all functions and at all speeds. And, separate play-back heads mean you always know that your recording is good, because you monitor off the tape giving you a constant check of the recorded program.

Additional features permit sound-on-sound recording, while built-in, variable echo provides many special dramatic effects. And, the sensational DUOSOUND . . . the most amazing recording feature you've ever heard . . . lets you put new dimension in monaural recordings! Re-record monaural records, tapes or broadcasts with such stereo effect that many ears will not detect the difference!

Be sure to see and hear the new 2419 FM Stereo Tuner and the T-347 Tape Transport at your Bell Dealer soon! They are your answer to professional quality stereo recordings at a modest price.

You'll be absolutely thrilled by Bell's DUOSOUND!
The Sound of Music

We must begin our report on the Fourth "Festival International du Son" with a confession. Our prime intent when visiting France is not to attend high fidelity shows. But it so happens that we found ourselves in Paris recently during the very week when the "Festival" was in progress—and somehow it seemed the dutiful thing to drop by at the Palais d'Orsay Hotel and take a look at the French way of exhibiting le matériel haute fidélité.

We bought a ticket at the door and entered a large room called the Exposition Statique in which various manufacturers—French, German, English, and American—had set up attractive booths to display their wares. These exhibits were not only static but silent; placards informed us, however, that demonstrations could be heard in other rooms elsewhere in the building. So we followed the crowds upstairs to the main (non-statique) part of the show.

At the top of the stairs we saw a sign saying that the next concert would take place at 3:30. Concert? Probably, we surmised, it was to be a demonstration of new recordings. And since it was almost 3:30, we decided to give it a tumble. On entering the hall, it seemed for a moment as if we had wandered onto a set of the movie Last Year at Marienbad. The Palais d'Orsay's Grand Salon is the quintessence of late-nineteenth-century grand luxe—gilt ceiling, crystal chandeliers, voluptuous murals, fluted columns, red carpeting. The plush ambiance set us to musing about Offenbach and the Goncourt Brothers and La Belle Epoque, and we were lost in reverie until the sound of applause brought us back to reality.

We looked up and realized with a shock that we were about to hear a real concert. On stage were two Canadians, a baritone and a lutanist, who started off the program with a charming group of Renaissance songs. They were followed by a young German pianist, one of Gieseking's pupils, who played Beethoven's Op. 31, No. 3. Then an excellent Dutch baritone (Bernard Kruysen, whose Valois recording of Debussy songs is reviewed on page 61) concluded the concert with Ravel's Don Quichotte à Dulcinée.

On our way out we noticed that at 6:30 the Loewenguth Quartet was scheduled to play quartets by Beethoven and Debussy in the Grand Salon. It began to dawn on us that a high fidelity show in Paris is something rather special.

We liked other aspects of the "Festival International du Son"—the bookstore, the restaurant, the spacious corridors, the well-insulated demonstration rooms (nineteenth-century French hotels were built with thick walls), the general absence of frenzy. We liked many of the exhibits too, and were pleased to note the apparent high regard in which the French hold first-class stereophony. But what lingers most in the memory are those concerts in the Grand Salon—of which at least two were presented every day, always with the participation of well-known musicians. They set a tone for the show, gave it a sense of purpose, and put the display of electronics in proper perspective. For when you get right down to it, high fidelity equipment exists to reproduce music—and it never hurts to be exposed occasionally to the genuine article.

Unfortunately, that would not seem to be the view of the Institute of High Fidelity Manufacturers, the industry organization that directs the New York High Fidelity Show. We have never seen the likes of the Loewenguth Quartet in the New York Trade Show Building (or, for that matter, at any other high fidelity show in the United States). Indeed, when Acoustic Research and Dynaco put on some live vs. recorded concerts at the Hotel New Yorker in 1960, certain members of the IHFM looked upon the event as "a competing attraction"—and the AR people were advised to cancel their plans for a similar series of concerts in 1961.

Since when does high fidelity have to avoid "competition" with live music? And why should a high fidelity show cut itself off from the art that is its sole raison d'être? This fall, when the sound of all those loudspeakers at the Trade Show Building begins to ring too loudly in our ears, we shall remember the Grand Salon at the Palais d'Orsay with more than a little nostalgia. Roland Gelatt
One of Europe's most historic opera houses reopens its doors on May 30 to continue a musical tradition stretching back to 1801.

On June 12, 1801, Vienna's famous little Freihaußtheater (or "Theater auf der Wieden," as it was alternatively called), under the direction of librettist-actor-manager Emanuel Schikaneder, closed its doors. It was the end of an era, and while Viennese theatregoers of the time were probably less nostalgic about the Freihaußtheater than are present-day sentimentalists, no doubt some sense of a vanishing past was in the air during the final performance that warm June evening.

Ten years previously, Schikaneder had rocketed to fame with the premiere of Mozart's Magic Flute; always a clever actor and born with a stage presence that made people laugh, Schikaneder's name has for posterity been irrevocably linked with that of Mozart. There were many in the audience on that evening in 1801 who had heard Mozart conduct the Magic Flute; and even apart from Mozart, the

The theatre when Schikaneder was director—and Beethoven was "house composer."
theatre was heavy with the atmosphere of Vienna's musical great. Now, however, a new theatre, the Theater an der Wien, was to open its portals.

The last performance in the Freihautheater was by way of being an introduction to the coming event. As an epilogue to a now forgotten opera by Antonio Bruni, Schikaneder produced a one-act pantomime called Thespis, in which he played the title role. Thespis (at the Freihautheater) will go into retirement until the Genius awakens him; as Thespis goes to sleep, the Genius encourages the audience to make the short journey across the river Wien, for tomorrow night Thespis (i.e., Schikaneder) will awaken to new life with the presentation of his new opera in a new theatre.

The Theater an der Wien was in fact not quite ready for its official opening on the next evening: the safety precautions against fire had not yet been completed. But the authorities—looking at the imposing list of royal personages and other notables who were to attend the opening (including the Queen of Naples, the Crown Princes, and so forth)—closed an eye in the best Viennese tradition and allowed Schikaneder to proceed as scheduled.

The curtain went up to the famous ritual “three chords” from the Magic Flute, followed by the “March of the Priests.” The prologue, “Thespis’ Dream,” continued the symbolic action of the night before. Despite the attempts of his enemies to drive him out of Athens (i.e., the new theatre), the Genius must have Thespis (Schikaneder). Herr Schikaneder himself then appeared and said a few words to introduce his new opera Alexander, with music by Franz Teyber. The work was a huge success (twenty-nine performances)—especially the finale, when Alexander and the Indian Queen were drawn across the stage in a chariot with four horses, followed by a vast retinue including forty soldiers on horseback.

Everyone agreed that the Theater an der Wien was a beautiful house; and the experts praised the efficient stage machinery, the costumes, the elaborate sets, the complicated action. The rear of the theatre opened into an elegant garden, and Schikaneder had arranged matters so that the whole back of the house could be slid away, thus making an enormous stage with a real garden far in the background. The public was given the same mixture as in the Freihautheater—operas, Singspiele, plays, ballets, pantomimes, concerts, even an occasional oratorio. Because the theatre lay outside the city walls, Schikaneder had the clever idea of renting umbrellas to people who got caught at the theatre in a rain or snowstorm.

When the fame of a man like Schikaneder is inexorably connected with someone of Mozart’s stature, historians are prone to repeat the truism, “Without Mozart, Schikaneder would have been nothing.” Possibly. But when Schikaneder approached Mozart for a new opera, the composer was, while a well-known figure, not in favor with the Emperor or the Court. At least in part, we owe the Magic Flute to Schikaneder’s courage and insight, for it is clear that he knew where to turn for the best available music. After Mozart died, Schikaneder used whatever local talent was available; and in 1803, his practiced eye fell on Ludwig van Beethoven, whom he engaged as “house composer” for the theatre. Beethoven accepted the offer at once and was given free lodgings in the theatre building. As “house composer” (together with Abbé Vogler), Beethoven began work on a big heroic opera, Vestas Feuer (text by Schikaneder), but nothing came of this plan. (The one magnificent survival of this project was later incorporated into Fidelio as “O namenlose Freude.”)

Still, Beethoven was very pleased by the arrangement, inasmuch as he could now hold concerts in the theatre; and on April 5, 1803 an “Academy” was given for his benefit. The concert included Beethoven’s oratorio Christus am Oelberge, the First and Second Symphonies, and the new Piano Concerto in C minor, Op. 37, with the composer conducting from the piano. Contrary to what one sometimes reads, this Theater an der Wien concert was a great success, not only artistically but financially.

In the fall of 1803, Vestas Feuer was officially dropped as far as Beethoven was concerned, and the composer began working on Fidelio, which was originally entitled Leonore. Schikaneder had retired from the direction of the theatre but continued, off and on, to act as producer and writer. Peter van Braun took over the theatre in 1804, and work on Fidelio, which had been interrupted, continued at full pace. Meanwhile Beethoven’s new works were often produced at concerts in the theatre—the Eroica was given its first public performance on April 7, 1805, and a year later Clement played the premiere of the Violin Concerto in D, Op. 61.

Leonore was now finished (spring of 1805), but the ultraconservative official censors forbade the performance on political grounds. The librettist, Joseph Sonnleithner, begged, argued, and finally received reluctant permission to stage the new opera. By this time it was October 1805, and French troops were approaching Vienna. With the city in utter confusion, the French army entered in November 1805; the court and most of the wealthy citizens had left, and when, on November 20, 1805, Leonore was first performed, “the Theater an der Wien was almost empty and the larger part of the audience, such as it was, consisted of French officers” (thus a contemporary report). The French did not understand the language or the style—they were used to the elegant opéra comique of Grétry or Cherubini—and Leonore was a dismal failure. After two further performances it was removed from the boards.

Politically, things had settled down by the time it was decided to try Leonore once again, in 1806. But despite widespread changes in the libretto and even in the music (German musical papers, even those who were very pro-Beethoven, had been lukewarm or even hostile to the 1805 performance, and Beethoven must have felt that the fiasco was partly
The Theater an der Wien

his own fault), the work was not a success when it was revived on March 29. It was permanently removed from the repertoire and did not achieve real popularity until its revival, with further changes, as Fidelio in 1814.

Financially, the Theater an der Wien was in constant difficulties, for despite full houses, the costs—especially the elaborate stage sets—were very high and rose continually during the Napoleonic wars. The censor was so severe that it was almost impossible to perform any serious prose plays at all, and it was not until the French occupation that Vienna was able to hear Schiller's Don Carlos. At one point a group of aristocrats (Schwarzenberg, Esterházy, Lobkowitz, and others) formed a "Society of Cavaliers" to finance the house, but this admirable plan lasted only a few years. In 1813 Count Palffy became director, and in his era a new and sensationally successful attraction was launched: children's ballets. In Cinderella no less than 176 children took part. Although Palffy had to invest his own capital in the theatre to keep it going, the children's ballets were so successful that he could almost (if not quite) make both ends meet. Unfortunately, a scandal involving some of the most prominent members of the nobility and the young girls of the ballet shocked even Viennese society, and the ballets were forbidden by the Empress.

The end of the children's ballets was disastrous for Count Palffy; and the theatre—artistically and in its physical status—began to fall on evil days. There were high spots—Schubert's Rosamunde (a failure, despite the heavenly music), Rossini's Barber, Weber's Freischlitz, and especially Schiller's Jungfrau von Orleans, in which the coronation train included four hundred extras with horses, dogs, camels, and a trained magpie. In 1825 Palffy had had enough and resigned, a ruined and broken man. (Schikaneder, by the way, had died in abject poverty in 1812.)

In the period following Beethoven's and Schubert's deaths, the Theater an der Wien recovered somewhat; but its fame no longer rested on opera and operetta but rather on prose plays. It was the great era of Grillparzer, Raimund, and Nestroy (the latter became a member of the company in 1831), whose plays with incidental music—most by Adolph Müller—became the rages of the day. For the first time in the theatre's checkered history, box office receipts covered costs, and in 1831 the "Direktion" could even afford to install gas lighting.

In the 1860s, a new genre arose: the classical operetta. The Theater an der Wien soon became the focal point of this new form, whose instant popularity made the house rich and fashionable. Offenbach's Orpheus in the Underworld and The Beautiful Helena played night after night to Vienna's elite. In 1870, the building was renovated and iron-framed armchairs were introduced. The next year Johann Strauss's Indigo was first performed and brought in the huge sum of 29,000 Gulden in one month. On Easter Sunday of 1874 Die Fledermaus gave the Viennese classical operetta its finest and most lasting success. Even the angry murmurings of critic Hanslick, who thought Eine Nacht in Venedig was rubbish, could not prevent Strauss from capturing the hearts of everyone in Vienna. The (true) story of Brahms writing the beginning of the Blue Danube Waltz on a lady's fan and signing it "unfortunately not by me, J. Brahms," is well known.

The Theater an der Wien became the "official" operetta theatre for the next half century. The line between opera and classical operetta was often thin: on the one hand the stuffy Hofoper (the predecessor of the present Staatsoper) considered Smetana's enchanting Bartered Bride too light for the "big house," and in 1893 the Theater an der Wien staged it for the first time in Vienna, with resounding applause. (Three years later the Hofoper backed down and also did the opera.) In 1897 Puccini arrived in Vienna to assist in the first Viennese performance of Bohème (which was not good enough for the Hofoper, of course). The critics said that the ovations must be for the "most attractive and handsome young man" and certainly not for the music. They found it puzzling that the audience was enraptured with the opera and that the Theater an der Wien could repeat it twenty times to full houses.

The twentieth century ushered in the new oper-

The ceiling frescoes regain their former glory.

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etta composers Franz Lehár and Leo Fall—Die lustige Witwe in 1908 was perhaps the last operetta in the great classical tradition and the end of one of Vienna's fabulous eras: the age of "wine, women, and song," of handsome officers and chambres séparées, of champagne parties in the Sacher Hotel lasting till the early morning, of cigars lit by 100-crown bills. The great war blew to bits this comfortable, corrupt, crumbling era—and with it the great days of the Theater an der Wien.

In the 1920s, lewd operetta texts verging on pornography brought the house into a disreputable state, and even Kálmán's successful Gräfin Mariza could not stave off the end for long. In the ruinous 1930s, when Vienna was at its lowest ebb, politically, financially, and emotionally, it was decided to close the theatre. In August 1935, however, someone rented the theatre and it managed to keep going (with guest appearances of Zarah Leander) until the Anschluss. when it was closed down for good. In 1940 the City of Vienna bought the theatre from its owner; but the war prevented any further performances, and the famous little house remained dark.

During the final days of the war, in April 1945, the stately Vienna State Opera was reduced to a pile of ashes, together with the Burgtheater, St. Stephen's Cathedral, and many other buildings. It was clear that it would be years before the State Opera could play in the house on the Ringstrasse. The obvious alternative was the Theater an der Wien, and on November 6, 1945 the Vienna State Opera opened the first postwar season in its new house, appropriately with Fidelio. Russian, American, and British troops were in the audience; the heating was practically nonexistent; and the atmosphere was curiously exciting. Never were the theatres and concert hall more crowded in Vienna than during those first postwar years.

I remember Josef Krips and those inimitable Mozart performances with Cebotari, Schöffler, Kunz, Seefried, and Schwarzkopf; those stirring Wagner evenings with Furtwängler; a magnificent Meister-singer with Peter Anders, conducted with passionate intensity by Meinhard von Zallinger. Then still in uniform, my friends and I often sneaked into the orchestral pit and sat with a score behind the timpani.

Time passed; the occupation ended, and Austria became the only country from which the Russians have ever left voluntarily—some people call this the Austrian Miracle. The State Opera, rebuilt at an astronomical sum, was finished, and one day the Staatsoper quietly moved out of the Theater an der Wien and, a lot less quietly, occupied its old quarters in the Ringstrasse.

No one had any time to think about the Theater an der Wien. In the heady intoxication of the new house, of Karajan, of the guest stars from La Scala, our thoughts were all on the Ringstrasse. But disquieting rumors from the River Wien kept reaching us: the Theater an der Wien was going to become a huge garage; a movie house; a vaudeville; a place for American musicals. It was going to be torn down; it was not going to be torn down.

Finally, the City of Vienna (which had lost the house after the war) bought back the Theater an der Wien for some $640,000—in the nick of time. The condition of the building was so precarious that a year later nothing could have saved it. It was decided to renovate the whole theatre and save it for posterity: work was begun, and it was found that all the original wooden crossbeams were completely rotten. The budget soared (when everything was nearing completion, the costs were estimated at four million dollars), and the City of Vienna had to dig deep into its reserves to finance the operation. But the renovation has proved a blessing: many of the original decorations—frescoes, an original curtain from the Schikaneder era—were discovered, either covered with layers of paint or (the curtain) discarded in an attic. The original acoustics, with an arched wooden ceiling, have been reconstructed; and from this point of view the theatre will be one of the finest in existence, rivaling La Scala and San Carlo. The stage machinery will be as modern as that in the big house on the Ring, and the decorations will almost equal those of the Residenztheater in Munich for taste and elegance.

There is some question what the "new" Theater an der Wien will stage. Here opinions are sharply divided. Some would like a permanent company; some want the small-scaled Mozart productions to be moved from the acoustically unglamorous Redoutensaal into the Theater an der Wien. EMI-Angel may want to record there.

At any rate, Herbert von Karajan is scheduled to open the theatre with the Magic Flute on May 30. And Karl Böhm will do a gala performance of Alban Berg's last and unfinished opera Lulu, as well as a Haydn opera. Apart from these productions, nothing has been decided yet. Stadtrat Mandl, who is the cultural officer for the City of Vienna, is not perturbed.

"I'm not worried about the house," he told us recently. "We haven't really tried to rent the theatre yet; it will all take care of itself." It is a very Viennese thought, but we have no doubt that Stadtrat Mandl is right.
FM for Motorists

In the dash, under the dash, and sometimes on the floor—today’s new car radios offer the

A new breed of sleek equipment designed to travel is now a conspicuous part of the audio scene. Born of technological windfall and the desire of music listeners for the superior sound and programming of FM while “on the road” as well as at home, these new devices can make any family car a listening room, and a few even continue to perform when removed from the automobile and carried under the arm.

The degree to which one gets static-free reception and wide tonal response with one of these new sets hinges on several factors. To begin with, all FM sets for automobile use fall into two groups: the "FM converter" and the complete FM (or FM-AM) radio. The converter is designed to work in conjunction with an existing AM car radio. It picks up the FM signal from the car antenna and changes it to an AM frequency, bearing an AM-type signal. This process, which deceives the car radio into “seeing” a standard broadcast station near 800 kc, is the least expensive way of getting FM in the car, since the converter takes advantage of existing circuits in the AM radio. The program is heard, of course, through the AM radio’s own speaker.

Necessarily, the broad spectrum of FM is funneled through the limits of the AM set. If that set is of high quality (some AM car radios, for instance, have 10-watt push-pull outputs), the use of an FM converter makes fairly good sense. Most FM programs heard with it will sound better than AM broadcasts. With an inexpensive AM car radio, however, the improvement will be less pronounced, though still discernible, since at least some of the higher audio tones not normally transmitted by AM stations will be picked up by the FM converter. In any case, with a converter the listener nets the riches of FM programming at the lowest possible cost and with the fewest installation problems.

Installing a converter actually is within the province of the do-it-yourselfer. I myself have found such typical models as the Realistic and Kinematix converters, for example, fairly simple to install. Two holes are drilled at the underside of the dashboard for attaching a mounting bracket that supports the set. Electrical connections are largely a matter of unplugging the antenna lead from the AM radio and inserting it into a jack on the back of the converter. The AM radio’s antenna jack is now clear to receive a matching plug from the converter (the fittings are standard). The final connection is of the power lead, which hooks to one of three screws on the rear of the ignition switch. There is no shock hazard involved, and the correct screw may be found in minutes by trial and error.

All converters are designed for 12-volt operation. They will not work on the 6-volt systems common to cars manufactured before 1955. You can check this easily by counting the number of filler caps on the car battery: three caps for 6 volts, six caps for 12 volts.

The complete FM car radio differs from the converter in that it comprises everything, including the audio stages. It is this independence from the
Advantages of FM Programming and Reasonably Clean Sound

By Leonard Buckwalter

AM set that makes it a higher-priced rig—and potentially one capable of producing superior sound. The design engineer has had a free hand to introduce more elaborate circuits that take fuller advantage of FM’s unique capabilities, and FM car radios often have their own superior speakers for mounting in the dash or on the rear deck.

A prospective purchaser who has just acquired a new car will probably want to get an FM-AM set, to be mounted in the dash. A set of this kind may be reused in another car by purchasing the proper installation kit (trim plate, new brackets, etc.), available from the manufacturer at about $10 to $15. For a car already equipped with an AM radio, one may buy an FM-only set, which fits under the dash.

FM car antennas have had an erratic history, but their problem has been resolved. The first FM car receiver to appear, some years ago, included an antenna that was to be attached to the windshield. Present-day designs favor the less cumbersome, familiar AM “whip” or rod antenna. In fact, most new FM car radios include a switch that allows the regular whip antenna to be shared by both AM and FM sets. The only bow to the demands of FM reception is the recommendation to adjust the whip to approximately thirty inches in length. This dimension permits the antenna to resonate through the FM band, with little sacrifice to AM performance.

How good is FM on the move? My range tests with FM converters and complete FM sets began at a point some forty miles from New York City, where the radiated power of FM stations is generally 20,000 watts. At this distance from the broadcasting station, the noise-suppressing ability of FM is meager. As the car moved along, the big problem was not the steady atmospheric hiss, a measure of which is tolerable; rather, it was the rapid flutter heard in the speaker as the signal reflected and glanced off nearby surfaces. This condition, which made listening less than unalloyed pleasure, began to taper off at the 30-mile point, where strong direct signals began to eclipse the flutter. When the car entered the primary service area of the stations (about twenty to thirty miles), the steadiness and clarity of FM reception were excellent. Given adequate signal strength, the initial experience of FM as heard while traveling at highway speeds should stir even the most jaded audiophile.

The car radio’s effective range can be increased with help from some of the available noise-suppressing devices that are designed to quiet radio disturbances created by the car’s ignition system. Many recent cars come equipped with built-in plug and distributor suppressors. Older models may be readily fitted with them. For really severe noise, special coaxial capacitors (effective at FM frequencies) may be used to replace the factory-installed units on the car’s generator and voltage regulator. Such capacitors are provided with the Blaupunkt and Motorola FM car sets.

In terms of the rigorous standards expected in

Metravo plugs into cigarette lighter outlet.
home music installations, real high fidelity in a
car is still not attainable, but perhaps this comparison
is unreasonable. What has been achieved by the
FM car radio is a considerable improvement over
AM—significant with the converter, more so in
complete FM sets. Obviously, the benefits of
the medium exist within its range limitation; it is most
suited for those driving in urban areas or in those
sections of the country where FM stations abound.
The number of FM stations is, of course, rapidly
increasing; and if the FCC abolishes “simulcasting”
(the practice whereby a station feeds an identical
program to its AM and FM transmitters) the FM
listener will have available to him an even greater
wealth of program material. As to stereo, we
queried one manufacturer, purely as a joke, on
when we might expect a stereo version of his car
FM set. He wasn’t disconcerted a bit. The casual
response: “As a matter of fact, we’ve been working
on it for several months.”

Stereo or no, rising interest in FM has produced
new designs from several car radio manufacturers.
In addition to such familiar names as Motorola,
Blaupunkt, and Becker, there is the Peptona, for
instance, which is said to fit readily into 85% of
all autos, including compacts and foreign makes.
Grundig, a familiar name in low-cost but reliable
home FM receivers, produces an FM converter as
well as an FM car receiver that requires a sepa-
rate loudspeaker. Eric, a comparatively new
company, offers an FM tuner whose audio output may
be fed through an existing car radio. Possibly
indicative of the coming trend among complete
FM car receivers is the Metravox, which utilizes a
“hybrid” circuit, partly tubes and partly transistors.
The set receives—quite handsomely—FM, AM,
and the short-wave Marine Band; will run on 6 volts
or 12 volts; and can get its power by being plugged
into the car’s cigarette lighter receptacle. A stan-
dard connector permits ready hookup to a car
antenna. The Metravox comes, with speaker, on a
wooden frame and may be simply placed on
the floor of the car. More permanent installation, in or
under the dash, also is possible.

The most striking development in car radios is
the FM portable designed to lead a triple life: at
home, under a car dashboard, or carried about by
hand. The key feature is its ability to slide out of a
dashboard bracket, while retaining the compactness
and low battery drain expected of a portable set.
The benefits of such versatility are obvious—you
can drive, walk, or repose anywhere without a
break in your listening. Sony’s new Model TFM-95,
the Grundig-Majestic “Roadmaster,” and the Dan-
ish-built Dynaco radio are among the first such
sets to be announced, and probably more will follow
soon from other sources. These sets all are essen-
tially FM transistor portable with a new touch of versat-
ility. The “Roadmaster,” for example, runs on its
own batteries for use out of a car, and may be
connected for mobile use to the 6-volt or 12-volt
system in an automobile. The Sony and Dynaco
models, on the other hand, run on their own
batteries in all types of service. Any of these
sets can be readily secured under a dash, and con-
nected to the car’s AM antenna.

My own experience with the Dynaco enables
me to report that its over-the-road performance
definitely provides a quality of sound not possible
with AM radios. There are, to be sure, the com-
promises inevitable with multipurpose equipment.
Thus, while the set plays adequately through its
self-contained speaker, acoustic quality is enhanced
by using its external speaker jack to connect a
larger speaker, such as the rear-deck type which is
becoming increasingly and justifiably popular for
all types of car radios. With any speaker, the set’s
audio output is held to a 1-watt level to minimize
battery drain, but the added speaker does help to
exploit the set’s unusually wide (for a portable)
audio response.

With FM more than well on its way to becoming
motorized, the audiophile may ask: what about
similar trends in tapes and discs? While these sub-
jects form a story beyond the scope of this survey,
I might point out simply that the advances in
miniaturization and portability which have produced
a bumper harvest of FM sets have not reached, either
in kind or in number, the tape recorder or record
player fields. Present miniaturized tape recorders
suffice for recording voice but still leave much to be
desired as musical reproducers. As to discs, the
concept of a mobile record player—which started
with Chrysler’s 16-rpm device introduced and with-
drawn six years ago—still is being developed by
others, the latest entry being a 45-rpm single-play
unit. Whatever the future brings in either or both
of these areas, at present the most palpable means
for enjoying quality sound in one’s car remains FM
radio. Certainly, the welter of recent equipment—
and its performance—is evidence that the manufac-
turers of FM car radios regard this field with serious
interest. This fact, coupled with sociologists’ pre-
dictions of more leisure and travel time for the
majority of Americans, suggests that sound-on-the-
move should enjoy a vigorous future.
BY CHARLES CUDWORTH

For twenty years the most notable personality on the English musical scene was the great J. S. Bach's youngest son, Johann Christian—better known as

MR. BACH OF LONDON

If you had been living in London—or New York or Philadelphia, for that matter—during the latter half of the eighteenth century and said that you were a lover of "Bach," you would not have meant Johann Sebastian, the great Bach, whose works swell out our contemporary record lists. You might possibly have meant his next-to-oldest son, Carl Philipp Emanuel—"Bach of Berlin" as they often called him in his own time. But more likely than not you would have yet another Bach in mind: Johann Christian, old Bach's youngest son—"Mr. Bach of London." His was the name which appeared most frequently in the music publishers' lists in those days; he was the "Bach" whose works were then most often performed in the theatres and concert halls of England, France, Italy, Holland, Germany, Austria, and even far-away America.

Johann Christian Bach, the youngest of all Johann Sebastian's numerous children, was born in Leipzig on September 5, 1735. He began to study music with his father, but was only a boy of fifteen when his father died and he was sent to Berlin, where he lived with brother Carl for several years and no doubt learned a great deal about "modern" music, as it was understood at the time in that remote Prussian capital. Then, in his early twenties, off he went to Italy—gossip said in the company of a glamorous opera singer. Whatever the truth behind this tale, it is certain that Johann Christian did move to the South, the only member of his family to abandon both Germany and the Protestant faith of his forefathers. As "Giovanni Christiano" he became a Roman Catholic and took the position of organist of Milan Cathedral.

He carried his studies a stage further too, under the celebrated Padre Martini of Bologna, the most learned theorist in Europe. But Johann Christian was not destined to be a pedantic church musician; his easygoing, romantic nature had already led him towards the theatre, and he soon began to acquire a reputation as an opera composer—to the detriment, it would seem, of his ecclesiastical duties. But Fate stepped in again; he was invited to England, to compose an opera for the King's Theatre in the Hay-
When listening to Johann Christian Bach’s music, you must not expect to be startled with dramatic crashes or to be plunged into the philosophic depths. His music was of an age of elegance, a counterpart of Georgian architecture, of the plays of Sheridan, of Gainsborough’s paintings. Overall shapeliness, the balance of phrase against phrase, graceful melodies allied with pellucid scoring and simple but appropriate harmony—these are the qualities that make his music memorable and that single him out from among the throng of his contemporaries. His use of sonata form is unusual, often there is no development section as such, but development and recapitulation are dovetailed with a neatness that reveals the skilled musical craftsman. His slow movements sing, for he learned to write his melodies in the opera houses of Italy. His finales take many a hint from French ballet music and are often built on the old French rondeau form—in fact, he often uses the French term, rather than the Italian word “rondo” with which most of us are more familiar. He was indeed a thoroughly cosmopolitan composer and one who developed strikingly during his fairly short career. There is a vast difference between the early and brilliant works for Milan and the late music which he wrote for London.

A fair amount of his music has been recorded at one time or another, often coupled with music by some other member of the prolific Bach clan. First, the discs currently listed in the American catalogues. J. C. Bach wrote a large amount of music for orchestra, usually in the form of three-movement symphonies or overtures—the two terms were practically synonymous in his day. His finest symphonic works were the “Six Grand Overtures, three for a single and three for a double orchestra” published c. 1780 as the composer’s Op. 18, although some of them had been written earlier, as opera overtures. No. 1 of the set, in E flat, is for double orchestra; it is a glowing work, with an enchanting slow movement, as you can hear in the Philadelphia Orchestra’s performance, directed by Eugene Ormandy (Columbia ML 5580, mono; MS 6180, stereo—Johann Christian’s double orchestra symphonies lend themselves well to stereo reproduction). This disc is backed by some of J. S. Bach’s grand organ pieces, arranged for modern orchestra. Two more of Johann Christian’s Op. 18 symphonies are also available on domestic pressings: No. 2, in B flat, and No. 4, in D, both for single orchestra, played by the Amsterdam Concertgebouw Orchestra under the late Eduard van Beinum; the coupling is Handel’s Water Music (Epic LC 3749, mono; BC 1112, stereo). Op. 18, No. 2 is J. C. Bach’s most popular work with modern conductors, and was made so years ago by that same Dutch orchestra under Willem Mengelberg. A gracious work, it began life as the overture to the opera Lucio Silla, which Johann Christian composed for the Mannheim opera company in 1776; it is notable for its subtle use of wind instruments, which at times foreshadows Beethoven, for the beauty of the oboe solo in the slow movement, and for the sparkling gaiety of the final rondeau. Its fellow symphony on the Epic disc, Op. 18, No. 4, in D major, is almost as popular, being full of good tunes from start to finish, all served up with Johann Christian’s characteristic kindly humor. The unusually passionate Symphony in G minor, Op. 6, No. 6—a fine example of that great chain of “G minor symphonies” which began with Leo and extended to Mozart and Rosetti—can be obtained in the United States from Music Guild (14, mono; S 14, stereo). Mozart himself obviously knew this terse little work by John Christian when he wrote his own “Little” G minor (K. 183)—the two symphonies have many features in common. This Music Guild disc also includes the Quintet in F, together with pieces by other members of the Bach family. Karl Ristenpart conducts the Chamber Orchestra of the Saar.

Closely linked with J. C. Bach’s symphonies and overtures are his concerted symphonies, half-way house between symphony and concerto. He wrote many examples of this form, in which he was a pioneer. One, a Sinfonia concertante scored for two solo violins and solo oboe, with orchestra, was recorded some years ago by the Vienna Symphony Orchestra under Felix Guenther (Bach Guild 504), coupled with some works by C. P. E. Bach. This is a noble work of great breadth, which seems to have influenced Mozart’s similar concertantes for two violins, and for violin and viola. Still in the orchestral field are three charming ballets from the French opera Amadis des Gaules, produced at Paris in 1779. These delightful pieces are energetically played by the Zimbler Sinfonietta (Boston 1007), coupled with music by Johann Christian’s two elder brothers, C. P. E. and W. F. Bach.

Continued on page 87
market. The English capital was then one of the most celebrated centers, outside Italy itself, for the production of Italian opera. Had not the great Mr. Handel spent the greater part of his life composing and producing Italian operas, before he turned his attention to English oratorios? Mr. Handel was only very recently dead, some three years or so before Johann Christian found himself in London. There was a void in English musical life, a fine opportunity for some new and striking personality to bring himself before the London public.

Johann Christian was no titan, compared with the departed Handel: his talents, like his build, were of a slenderer cast. But to some extent he did step into old Handel’s vacant position, and fill it too, for the next twenty years, as the idol of the British musical public. True, he wrote no English oratorios, and he set but few English lyrics to music; but as opera composer, pianist, and concert promoter he was, from his arrival in London in the summer of 1762 until his death there in 1782, the most notable personality in English musical life and, until the arrival of Haydn in the early 1790s, the most influential.

Now, as Mr. John Bach, he quickly made many friends in various walks of life. He became Music Master to King George the Third’s young Queen, Charlotte, who remained his faithful friend through all vicissitudes. He also made friends with Carl Friedrich Abel, a German composer and celebrated virtuoso of the viola da gamba, who had settled in London a few years previously. They set up house together, in Bach’s early years in London, and gave a famous series of concerts, first at Soho Square, later at Hanover Square. These Bach-Abel Concerts, as they were called, introduced much “modern” music to London audiences (including the symphonies of that rising young Austrian composer, Haydn). Their own music was “Galante” in style, of the kind which we sometimes hear described as “Pre-Classical.” Many of its melodic phrases, cadences, formal usages, etc., were taken over by the great Viennese composers for that grander style which we call “Classical;” and to this extent composers like J. C. Bach and his friend Abel paved the way for the ultimate triumphs of the great Classical composers. Johann Christian was slightly the more “modern” of the two; his sojourn in Italy had familiarized him with the very latest Italian turns of phrase—very important in an age which valued artistic “up-to-dateness” more than almost any other aesthetic virtue. But besides its modernity, Johann Christian’s music had a special “romantic” quality about it, with its ingratiating Italian melody enriched by German harmonic resource, allied to a more subtle use of wind instruments. As that curious old eighteenth-century book, the ABC Dario Musico, put it: “It would fill volumes to particularize the merits of his instrumental and vocal productions. . . .”

J. C. Bach has, indeed, been called “The Prince of the Galante.” Certainly his best music has something of that poignant blend of exquisite melody and evocative harmony which we generally think of as “Mozartean.” Mozart himself obviously had an affinity for both the man and his music, from that very early time when they first met, when Mozart, the Wunderkind, came to London to play before the King and Queen. Mr. Bach, the Royal Music Master, made much of the little boy, sat him on his knee and improvised piano duets with him, phrase by phrase. Mozart responded with a lifelong affection for Johann Christian and his music, as can easily be inferred by anyone who knows and loves the music both wrote. It is both instructive and entertaining to notice how many tunes and phrases by Johann Christian come popping up in the midst of even Mozart’s grandest works.

Little Mozart went back to the Continent; Mr. Bach and his friend Abel carried on with their own busy lives in London, playing, composing, and generally enjoying life in that insanitary but picturesque Georgian metropolis. Abel remained a lifelong bachelor, earning great fame with his gamba playing (much to the envy of their mutual friend Gainsborough, by the way—the painter aspired to be a musician and was always being seized by strange longings to master every new instrument he encountered, Abel’s gamba among them). Johann Christian married the singer Cecilia Grassi, who had appeared in his operas. In later years they lived at Richmond, and there are charming accounts of outings on the river Thames, with Madame Bach joining in vocal duets with her husband’s pupil, Miss Cantelo. Abel composed mainly instrumental works, but Bach composed music of every kind, vocal and instrumental, including some fine operas, an oratorio, many songs, symphonies, concertos, and sonatas.

It was at about this time, 1770, that the new keyboard instrument, the pianoforte, first began to be known in England. Some German makers, of whom the foremost was Johannes Zumpe, had settled in England and had begun the manufacture of those charming little “square” pianofortes (or “forte pianos,” if you like) which unscrupulous modern antique dealers often miscall “spinets.” The new instrument was first played in public by Charles Dibdin, an English composer of sea-songs and ballad-operas; that introduction was in the orchestral pit of a theatre, in 1767. The next year Johann Christian, having acquired a “square” pianoforte, gave the first public concert performance. The new instrument caught on among the fashionable ladies of England; within a few years, every provincial miss who fancied herself as a lady of taste was badgering her papa into buying a “forte piano” and gradually the splendid old double-manual harpsichords, as well as the little true spinets, were banished to attics and store-rooms. In course of time they became collectors’ pieces, and now, as we all know, fetch collectors’ prices.

Meanwhile Johann Christian became the most fashionable composer and teacher for the new instrument; he wrote many Continued on page 87
Our author discourses of recordings in which poets read from their own works by Elizabeth Hodge

"The poem, after all, only takes wing on the page; it persists in the ear."  
R. P. Blackmur

One often hears from newcomers to poetry—or from those newly come to an unfamiliar poet—the statement, "I love X's poetry but I don't really understand it." What is usually meant is, "I feel the poem, but I cannot explain it"—and there is no real contradiction here. The immediate appeal of poetry is aural rather than cerebral. Insight into the poem's total meaning comes later, when we have synthesized all of its components. And an important catalyst in this process often is the opportunity of hearing the author's own voice (or ear) in a poem.

This article is in no sense a systematic survey of recordings of poets reading their own works. It is, rather, a personal choice among available
disks, selected primarily because they demonstrate how an author-as-reader may illuminate a poem (or, occasionally, how he may fail). Reference to the "Spoken and Miscellaneous" section of the Schwann catalogue will acquaint the reader with the availability of many other fine recordings by significant writers.

Among the most popular of the recorded poets is, of course, Dylan Thomas (Caedmon TC 1002, TC 1018, TC 1043, TC 1132). Thomas' was one of the most purely beautiful voices of our time, but, more importantly, it was a voice with a wide range, capable of great power but equally capable of making the descent to the whispered phrase. The listener will often abandon thought entirely and be carried along by the sheer intensity of the experience conveyed by this poet's manipulation of sounds and images and rich metaphor in almost every line: "Or lame the air with leaping from its heats"; "from damp love darkness and the nurses twist"; "especially when the October wind with frosty fingers punishes my hair." At other times one is bewitched by the incantatory tones, as in A Refusal To Mourn the Death by Fire of a Child in London or And Death Shall Have No Dominion. Again, the voice can be gentle and tender, as in the poignant Fern Hill and the short story A Child's Christmas in Wales.

A further advantage of hearing the poet himself reading his own work is pointed up by a comparison of these Caedmon discs with Richard Burton's reading of some of Thomas' best-known poems (Spoken Arts SA 789). Burton is a superb actor and for the most part gives a faithful reading of the poems; but consider, for instance, the two versions of And Death Shall Have No Dominion. Here is the poet crying out against death in the most primitive terms, in terms which suggest that the life principle will be validated if only the cry is loud enough and long enough sustained. Thomas as reader conveys the intent of Thomas as writer. The voice rises steadily in each stanza, until the final cry-"And Death shall have no dominion"—is literally shouted. The poet's voice reinforces the voice in the poem, and the result is electrifying. Burton gives an emotionally underkeyed reading, and the effect, while interesting, seems to me to fall short of the poet's full meaning.

The poetry of E. E. Cummings is more often baffling than genuinely difficult. The bafflement may spring in part from the reader's lack of knowledge of the poet's very private world, but it also proceeds from Cummings' vagueness of imagery, a stretching of syntax sometimes to the point of incomprehensibility, and finally the writer's experiments with typography, which often obscure the meaning of the poem. Hearing Cummings read his poetry (Caedmon TC 1017) by no means clears up all these difficulties, but it does provide us with a certain key to the poems. His voice carefully indicates the pauses and establishes the rhythm of the poem, which in turn helps to clarify the work for us. He is clearly at his best with a satirical poem, such as Why Must Itself Up Every of a Park in which he is able to employ a wide range of effects, many reflecting his excellent ear for mimicry.

As anyone familiar with Cummings knows, the toughness of his poetry is more often in the language than in the emotion of the poem. The poetry is sprinkled generously with harsh and scatological language, but the effect is often sentimental and bathetic. Cummings is not a "tough guy," and his own reading demonstrates this perfectly, although he is so good a reader that he often takes the curse off some of his more sentimental lines. It is difficult, when one sees the poem on the page, to imagine an adult reciting, "yes the pretty birds frolic as spry as can fly/ yes the little fish gambol as glad as can be/ (yes the mountains are dancing together)." Cummings does, and imparts to these lines both intelligibility and a good deal of feeling.

Unhappily, all poets do not read as well as Thomas and Cummings. And unhappier still, the material included on some discs does not always represent the best or most typical work of the artist. In the case of Wallace Stevens, for instance, the results are often damaging and very misleading (Caedmon TC 1068). With one or two exceptions all of the poems on this record are from his late works, The Auroras of Autumn and The Rock. Since the record will be for some an introduction to Stevens' poetry, it is unfortunate that nothing was included from Harmonium, his earliest and perhaps his best volume—poems like Sunday Morning, Peter Quince at the Clavier, Thirteen Ways of Looking at a Blackbird, and Le Monocle de Mon Oncle.

Although Stevens always placed aesthetic considerations first, his interest, in the later poetry, is almost totally with form. It is philosophic poetry, so highly cerebral that real involvement is almost impossible. The mind wanders uncontrollably, catching at a fine phrase or image when it can. Stevens' reading, unfortunately, does little to aid the listener. It is precise, and every line is well articulated, but its essential sameness leads to monotony. The static quality of the reading often matches the tone in the poems, but one wishes for more—a change in pitch, a shading in the rhythm, etc.—and it almost never comes. The most successful reading on the record is The Idea of Order at Key West, where the singing of the girl's voice and the sounds of the sea are truly evoked.

One of the tangential benefits of recordings of contemporary writers is the opportunity offered for a reevaluation of their work. A case in point is Robert Frost, whose poetry is often held up as a shining contrast to the "deliberate obscurantism" of some other modern poets. Frost enjoys the double distinction of respectability in some academic quarters and approval by politicians, but I suspect that no one who really listens to Frost reading his poetry (Caedmon TC 1060) can continue to

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regard him as simply an "official" poet. The recording is particularly fine because it contains some of his best work—Provide, Provide, After Apple Picking, Acquainted with the Night, and The Witch of Coos—in addition to those poems which we have come to regard as "typically Frost."

Provide, Provide begins: "The witch that came (the withered hag) to wash the steps with pail and rag was once the beauty Abishag/ the picture pride of Hollywood!"; it ends: "Better to go down dignified/ with boughten friendship at your side than/ none at all./ Provide, Provide!" It would seem that few could fail to grasp the poem's naked comment about the American cult of cosmetized beauty and the short-lived fame of the "star." Frost's reading would certainly dispel all doubt. This poet's voice is deep, almost gruff, and his reading is always slow and deliberate, suggesting the accents of rural New England and evoking country sounds and smells. The timbre has a rustic overtone, reflecting not only the serenity of the country, but its sadness and isolation, as in Acquainted with the Night, and its blank horror, as in The Witch of Coos. Frost's is a modern sensibility as much as Pound's, Stevens', or Eliot's: and if we listen, we will recognize that they all inhabit the same world.

To hear the essential voice of Pound and Eliot more patience may be required. The true unbeliever might start with Eliot's recording of Old Possum's Book of Practical Cats (Spoken Arts SA 758). He may not walk away convinced that Eliot is, after all, a human being with a whimsical side, but his receptivity to the poet will have increased. As the title indicates, the entire work is devoted to the cat—his naming, categorization, and foibles. This example of Eliot has annoyed some critics to the point of unpleasant innuendo; in my opinion, the record is delightful.

Judgment as to whether Eliot is a good reader of his own poetry will be determined partly by personal taste, but more importantly by what the individual perceives in Eliot's poetry. I myself believe that the writer and reader are perfectly matched, but many disagree. Some listeners are bored by Eliot's dry, sepulchral tones and by his seeming inability to rise above a certain low key. Still others are put off by Eliot the Anglophile, whose reconstruction of American-English has resulted in some strikingly new sounds. It seems to me, however, that if we read the poems, either silently or aloud, we soon become aware of a central voice which runs through most of them, a voice that approximates Eliot's own. (The poems cited are on Spoken Arts SA 734.) There is the voice of Prufrock ("polite, cautious and meticulous/ full of high sentence but a bit obtuse") who asks in an emotionally numbed tone, "Do I dare to eat a peach?" In Portrait of a Lady the voice is that of the man "who can be seen any morning in the park, reading the comics and the sporting page"; in Ash Wednesday, one hears the voice of the speaker who has looked deeply at total Hell, rejected it, and gropes towards a new faith. And there are the many voices in The Waste Land, looking for some kind of meaning in an arid, sterile world. The most hopeful cry they hear is from a past, better than the present, but irrevocably lost.

The meaninglessness of present-day existence, the failure of the individual to communicate or even to objectify his own feelings ("It is impossible to say just what I mean") are the dominant themes of most of Eliot's poetry. It is difficult to conceive that the voice which articulates these feelings in the poems can be very different from the voice we hear in the readings.

Ezra Pound, though vocally separated from Eliot by a good major sixth, usually shares with him the title of Eliest Poet, nastily sprinkling through his work obscure symbols, classical allusions, and foreign tongues in order to confound us. Everyone should withhold total disapproval of Pound long enough to listen to his Caedmon recording (TC 1122). Pound's voice is rich and deep, often angry, though not, I think, arrogant, as has been suggested. There is affection and exaggeration in some of his readings, but for good reason (Pound, whatever else he may be, is seldom capricious).

The acridly sardonic reading of Cantico del Sole—"The thought of what America would be like/ If the Classics had a wide circulation/ Troubles my sleep"—almost alone justifies the price of the record. Whatever Pound's emotional problems may be, the voice in this poem is alarmingly rational. And no less rational is the voice of the poet in the Hugh Selwyn Maunderly sequence: "For three years, out of key with his time,/ He strove to resuscitate the dead art/ of poetry. . ." but unfortunately " . . . he had been born in a half-savage country." There is authority in the readings—the authority of a real anger at the ugliness and sterility of so much of American culture ("The tea rose tea gown etc./ supplants the mousseline of Cos!"). The anger extends to the statesmen who campaign for peace and deliver war to the electorate, and waxes mighty at the fate of the artist in America who has been told too many times to "give up verse, my boy, there's nothing in it."

Record companies have, to their credit, also recorded many writers not usually considered as being in the "mainstream" of contemporary poetry. I shall mention here only two of these, John Betjeman and James Stephens.

Betjeman's reading (Spoken Arts SA 710) is highly skilled, but most of his poetry is too idiosyncratic, too bound up with its author's own region of the English countryside to be very meaningful to most American listeners. But a more particular objection with regard to Betjeman's reading is a certain effeteness which, I suspect, will annoy many people. Continued on page 73.
The consumer's guide
to new and important
high-fidelity equipment

EQUIPMENT REPORTS

Audio Dynamics ADC-85
Pritchard Pickup System

AT A GLANCE: Audio Dynamics Corporation's Model ADC-85, named the "Pritchard Pickup System" after its designer, combines the well-known ADC-1 cartridge with a new wooden tone arm. The arm itself, Model ADC-40, accommodates other high compliance cartridges as well and is priced at $39.50. The complete ADC-85 system is $85. Tests performed at United States Testing Company, Inc., confirm that the arm-cartridge combination is designed as an extremely lightweight pickup system, capable of very high performance at tracking forces of 0.75 gram or lower.

IN DETAIL: Although the ADC-40 is not the first wooden tone arm to appear, it incorporates some noteworthy features. The body of the arm is tubular in shape, and is machine-tapered from specially treated walnut stock in order to suppress extraneous resonances which otherwise could color the pickup's response. A plastic plug-in shell fits neatly and readily into one end of the arm for convenient installation or removal of the cartridge. Although the arm was designed primarily to complement the extremely high compliance of the ADC-1 cartridge, it will do the same for most of today's high quality, high compliance cartridges and permit smooth tracking at unusually low stylus forces.

The arm is affixed to its vertical mounting post through a gimbal assembly on a set of bearings that are, in USTC's view, virtually friction-free. The arm mounting post also contains a cleverly built-in arm rest which is quite convenient to use and which eliminates the need for a separately mounted arm rest. Over-all design is simple, neat, and functional, and its very small rear overhang (1 3/4 inches) permits the arm to be used on any turntable.

Installation was found to be relatively quick and easy, requiring the drilling of only one center hole. The pivot base is held to the mounting board by three wood screws. Rubber isolation mounts are provided between the base and the mounting board. Beneath the board, the underside of the mounting post contains a five-pin jack into which a prewired cable assembly is connected for feeding the cartridge's signals into a pre-amplifier. The cable includes a separate grounding lead, which renders the system hum-free. This type of pre-fabricated cable assembly, which eliminates the need for fusing with under-the-turntable terminal strips, is a definite convenience as well as a secure form of hook-up which happily is finding its way into more and more high quality equipment.

Balancing the arm is a painless chore, following the instructions furnished. Tracking force then is obtained by adjusting the rear counterweight. Featured with the arm is a side-thrust compensator which exerts a constant lateral force on the arm in the direction away from the center of a record. This device consists of a small, machined weight suspended on a thread which must be looped over a hook on the arm rest, a chore which should not prove difficult for anyone who has ever threaded a needle.

The recommended tracking force for the ADC-85 system is 3/4-gram. At this extremely low force, the

REPORT POLICY

Equipment reports are based on laboratory measurements and listening tests. Data for the reports, on equipment other than loudspeakers, is obtained by the United States Testing Company, Inc., of Hoboken, New Jersey, a completely independent organization which, since 1880, has been a leader in product evaluation. Speaker reports are based on controlled listening tests. Occasionally, a supplementary agency may be invited to contribute to the testing program. The choice of equipment to be tested rests with the editors of HIGH FIDELITY. No report, or portion thereof, may be reproduced for any purpose or in any form without written permission of the publisher.

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system tracked very well. Pushing things to a greater extreme, USTC found that even at a force of 1/2 gram, the ADC-85 still tracked quite well on all but heavily modulated passages.

To observe what effect the side-thrust compensator had on the system's output, USTC studied cartridge output signals on an oscilloscope. The system put out a very clean waveform, with low needle talk and virtually no distortion except for a slight amount in the 10- to 14-kc region. The extent to which this high order of performance could be attributed to the side-thrust compensator could not be determined, since removal of the device had no significant effect. In other words, with or without it, the ADC-85 remains a top performer.

A quick check on the performance of the ADC-1 cartridge itself was made, using the new CBS Laboratories STR-100 test record. The cartridge's left-channel output was measured to be 6 millivolts at 1 kc and 5 cm/sec peak velocity. The right channel showed a 1.7 db greater output. (These figures, incidentally, indicate substantially higher signal levels than were reported in the past on an earlier sample of the ADC-1.)

Frequency response of the left channel was found to be flat within plus or minus 2 db from 20 cps to about 11 kc, and was up 2.7 db at 12 kc, and down 2.4 db at 20 kc. The right channel had a generally similar characteristic, except for a low-frequency rise of about 2.5 db below 100 cps, and a high-frequency rise to plus 3.5 db at 10 kc, dropping off to minus 1 db at 20 kc.

Channel separation was measured at 1 kc as 23.6 db from right to left, and 37.7 db from left to right. At 10 kc, these figures decreased to 11.6 db from right to left, and 23.6 from left to right. In general, to sum up, the ADC-85 stands as a very fine product. Its listening quality can be characterized simply as full, clean, and transparent. And while the new arm and cartridge comprise a fine "integrated" pickup system, either can be used with other cartridges or arms, respectively.

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**Harman-Kardon "Festival" TA-5000X**

**AM and Stereo FM (Multiplex) Receiver**

**AT A GLANCE:** This latest entry in Harman-Kardon's "Award" series is a good example of the new type of "all-in-one" instrument ushered in by FM multiplex stereo. It consists of an FM stereo tuner with built-in multiplex facilities, plus an AM section, and an integrated stereo amplifier. The amplifier handles not only the received broadcast signals, but provides complete controls and power amplification channels for external stereo and mono program sources, such as phono and tape. United States Testing Company, Inc., found that the tuner section has adequate sensitivity, and that the amplifiers provide better than 20 watts of clean power on each channel. Dimensions are: 16 inches wide by 6 1/4 inches high by 13 3/4 inches deep. Weight is 40 pounds. Price: $299.95; WW-80 walnut enclosure, $29.95; CX-80 metal cage, $12.95.

**IN DETAIL:** Front panel controls on the "Festival" include volume, blend, and balance controls common to both channels, and separate bass and treble controls for each channel. A function selector has positions for tape head, phono cartridge, auxiliary, AM, FM, AFC, and FM stereo. Slide switches are used to control channel reversal, equalization characteristics (RIAA or NAB), loudness contour, and insertion of the scratch and rumble filters. Above the tuning knob at the right end of the front panel is a tuning meter, which operates in both the AM and FM modes as an effective tuning aid. Below the tuning knob is a stereo headphone jack, designed for use with low-impedance (4- to 16-ohm) stereo headphones. When a headphone plug is inserted into the jack, the speakers are disconnected from the output transformers.

On the rear of the receiver, input jacks are provided for two high-level stereo inputs (auxiliary and ceramic phono) and two low-level inputs (tape head and magnetic phono). In addition to the speaker terminals, high-level tape output jacks are provided.

A total of 17 tubes is used on a relatively compact chassis. The FM tuner section is fed from a 300-ohm balanced antenna input, and features a tuned, grounded-grid RF amplifier (1/2-6AQ8); a low-noise triode interstage 
(1/2-6AQR); a Colpitts oscillator (1/2-6BL8); three IF stages (6AJ8, 1/2-6BL8, and 6FQ7); a gated-beam limiter (6BN6); and a Foster-Seeley diode discriminator. A reactance-type AFC circuit (1/2-6BL8) is also used.

The AM tuner section, which can be fed from either a built-in ferrite loopstick antenna or a long external antenna, consists of a high-gain RF pentode amplifier (1/2-6BL8), a heptode converter (6AJ8), an IF stage (1/2-6BL8), and a vacuum-tube detector (6FQ7).

The multiplexer adapter section of the TA-5000X contains two tubes and four germanium diodes. The input stage to the adapter is a cathode follower (1/2-12AX7),...
containing in its cathode circuit an SCA filter to shunt out frequencies above 53 kc. Two 19-kc amplification stages are provided (½-12AX7 and ½-6BL8) which amplify the 19-kc pilot and feed a 38-kc doubler circuit (½-6BL8). The 38-kc regenerated subcarrier is fed into a transformer, at the secondary of which are obtained two 38-kc signals, 180° out of phase. These two signals are fed to opposite sides of a resistive bridge circuit, into which is also fed the composite stereo signal. The bridge output is fed into a ring detector containing the four matched germanium diodes which detect the L and R signals and suppress the reinserted 38-kc carrier. The audio signals are then passed through a deemphasis network to the audio amplifier.

Initial preamplification of the low-level signals in the audio amplifier section is performed in 2-12AX7 stages, which also provide the proper equalization (RIAA or NAB). The preamplifier stages, as well as the first audio stage (½-12AX7), use DC filament voltage to minimize hum pickup. This stage is followed by a second audio stage (½-12AX7), a phase inverter (½-12AU7), and push-pull output tubes (7355). The audio output transformers on the TA-5000X are fairly hefty, as is the power input transformer, and the power supply uses silicon diode rectifiers to supply the B-plus voltages.

The IHFM sensitivity of the FM tuner section was measured to be 8 microvolts at 98 megacycles. While this sensitivity is lower than in several better and costlier tuners, it is adequate for satisfactory reception on mono and stereo in all but fringe areas. Total harmonic distortion, measured with 100% modulation (75-kc deviation), was found to be 1.2% at 40 cps and 400 cps; it rose to 1.9% at 1,000 cps. THD at 30% modulation was measured to be 0.44%.

Intermodulation (IM) distortion, taken by the IHFM method, was 0.45%. Capture ratio was 5 db. Dial calibration on FM was generally very good, becoming excellent at the low end of the FM band. FM frequency response was excellent, being measured as flat within plus 0 and minus 1 db from 20 cps to 20 kc.

The performance of the AM section could hardly be considered as characteristic of sophisticated AM design, but still was considered to be significantly better than what is available from typical AM radios. Its

Square wave response of the amplifier to 10 kc, above, and 50 cps, below.
IHF M sensitivity was 260 microvolts, which could not be improved by adjusting the AM front end or IF sections. The THD was 1.9% at 30% modulation, and frequency response was flat within plus 0 and minus 3 db from 20 cps to 4 kc, dropping off to minus 6 db at 6.5 kc. In our view, the AM section is of marginal importance to most serious listeners, what with the replacement of AM-FM stereo broadcasting by the newer FM multiplex form of stereo. Thus, the greatest point of design compromise inevitable in this type of "all-in-one" logically should show up in its AM section, which—in the TA-5000X—is exactly the case.

In the FM stereo mode, the TA-5000X performed quite satisfactorily. Frequency response was flat within plus or minus 2 db from 20 cps to 15 kc, and channel separation was maintained above 15 db from 20 cps to 10 kc, with a maximum of 31 db at 400 cps. Channel separation dropped to a low of 11 db at 15 kc, which is adequate. Channel separation from right to left, and from left to right, was almost identical throughout the audio band, which bespeaks a very well-designed circuit.

The THD on multiplex operation was 3.5% at 40 cps, and 1.5% at 1,000 cps. Suppression of the 19-kc pilot and 38-kc subcarrier signals was excellent, thus assuring no "birdies" in off-the-air recordings.

The audio amplifier in the TA-5000X provides 24.5 watts of audio power per channel at 1,000 cps before clipping occurs. At this level, the THD was 1.3%. When both audio channels were driven simultaneously, the amplifier put out 19.5 watts per channel for 1.3% THD. The amplifier's power bandwidth extended from 35 cps to 17 kc. At half-power (12.25 watts), the amplifier's THD remained under 1% from 50 cps to 13 kc, rising to 2.7% at 20 cps, and 1.7% at 20 kc.

At the 1-watt level, the amplifier's frequency response was within plus or minus 1.2 db from 5 cps to 56 kc, which is outstanding for this class of equipment. The fact that flat response could be measured with the tone control knobs in the indicated or "mechanically flat" position, is itself unusual for this type of unit and indicates very careful engineering, since "mechanically flat" is not always "electrically flat" in combination amplifiers. USTC points out that the high-frequency transient response of the TA-5000X, as shown by the 10-kc square wave, was better than it has yet seen in any control amplifier or receiver. Only the smallest amount of high-frequency ringing was present. At 50 cps, the tilt of the square wave response shows some phase shift, although it actually is less than observed in some costlier units. The amplifier's damping factor was on the low side, being 2.7.

IM distortion in the amplifier remained under 1% up to 8.8 watts, and rose to approximately 2.1% at 20 watts. The amplifier's signal-to-noise ratio was 81 db on the high-level input, 47 db on the tape head input, and 43 db on the phono input. Sensitivity for 24.5 watts output was 300 millivolts (mv) at the auxiliary input, 1.28 mv at the tape head input, 78 mv at the ceramic phono input. Channel separation in the stereo mode was better than 41 db up to 10 kc.

The amplifier's equalization characteristics were excellent, remaining within 1 db of the nominal RIAA and NAB curves, except for a slight droop in the NAB response above 12 kc which increased to 3 db at 20 kc. The tone control and loudness contour characteristics were good. The scratch and rumble filter characteristics were somewhat severe, and in addition to reducing rumble and scratch on poor program material would also tend to further limit such material. The rumble filter cut the bass response 5.6 db at 100 cps, and 12.2 db at 60 cps. Below 60 cps, the rumble filter provided attenuation at the approximate rate of 12 db per octave. The scratch filter cut the high frequency response by 8 db at 3 kc and 12 db at 5 kc, above which frequency its response fell off at the rate of 9 db per octave.

Summing up, it appears that within the limitations of space and cost imposed by an all-in-one equipment, the TA-5000X represents an excellent engineering compromise. Its most severe limitations—judged by rigorous high-fidelity standards—are in the AM section which is of relatively minor importance anyway. As to its FM section and stereo amplifier sections, admittedly there are better tuners and better amplifiers available as separate components—the same manufacturer's own Citation line, for instance. However, where both installation space and price must be held down, the measurements—confirmed by listening tests—indicate that the TA-5000X would represent a very good choice.
Fisher Model KS-1

Speaker System Kit

AT A GLANCE: The KS-1 is the first speaker system in kit form to be offered by Fisher. It consists of woofer, midrange, and tweeter cone speakers, crossover network, wires, hardware, grille cloth, and neat walnut or birch cabinet which is ready for finishing by the owner. The completed system is of the new "slimline" variety (it measures 18 inches wide by 24 inches high by 5½ inches deep); it may be positioned wherever convenient, and even may be hung on the wall. Prices: in birch, $59.50; in walnut, $64.50. A factory-wired version also is available, as model KS-1A: in birch, $84.50; walnut, $89.50.

IN DETAIL: The KS-1 is a three-way speaker system using a 10-inch woofer, a 5-inch midrange speaker, and a 3-inch tweeter. Frequency dividing points, provided by an L-C-R network with a 6-db octave slope at the crossover frequencies, are 1 kc and 5 kc. The speakers themselves are specially treated for best response in their respective ranges. Thus, the woofer uses a soft compliant "surround." The cones of the midrange unit and tweeter are held in completely sealed metal housings, rather than the usual open or sectional frame found on most speakers. The seal has the effect of acoustically isolating these units to prevent possible interaction with the woofer cone in the confines of the relatively small enclosure. The seal also pressure-loads each driver for smoother response and to help control its useful output. In effect, it acts as a sharp acoustic filter to cut off the speaker's response below a given frequency. No level controls are furnished for the midrange and tweeter, and listening tests indicated that none are needed since the three drivers sound nicely balanced with each other.

The sound of the KS-1, while not spectacular, was fairly smooth, and in view of its compactness, it had little trace of a "canned" or "honky" quality. Aside from a slight peak in response between 2.5 and 3 kc, and another at about 450 cps, response generally was quite clean throughout the system's range, with no significant unnatural effects discernible. Bass output held up nicely to about 70 cps, which seems to be the KS-1's resonant area, then rolled off gradually to about 40 cycles and even a bit below that point, but not at the kind of output level suggested by a 60-watt amplifier with the volume control turned past the halfway mark. At the very high end, response was checked to a little beyond 17 kc.

While not "omnidirectional," the highs were not overly directive. With a little speaker placement experimentation—fairly simple in view of the size and weight of the KS-1—a satisfying location can be found for a pleasing spread on both stereo and monophonic programs. The over-all sense of sound is not awe-inspiring, but does seem to project an apparent "system size" that is bigger than one might suspect from the physical dimensions of the KS-1. The bass, while not reaching as far down as some larger systems, was fairly clean and free from boom; the midrange was most smooth; the highs, clean but lacking some of the "open" or "airy" quality associated with costlier systems. This impression varied with program material, and the KS-1 seemed most satisfactory when handling percussion and woodwinds. The male voice was nicely "bottomed" but not overly heavy. Female voices sounded very well balanced, with an easy-to-take quality, particularly on popular music with light orchestral background.

All told, the net impression of the KS-1 is one of a modest job very well done. Considering its cost, high efficiency, and adaptability in terms of installation convenience, the Fisher KS-1 should acquit itself satisfactorily in a home music system in which space and budget are limited, and which uses a medium- to low-powered amplifier.

How It Went Together: For anyone with the slightest experience in kit building, the KS-1 should prove child's play. For a totally inexperienced hand, it provides a painless introduction to kit building. With its very clear instructions, and few, simple assembly steps, there is every assurance that anyone can build this unit successfully in no more than one and a half hour's time. While doing so, the builder is afforded some insight into how a three-way speaker system goes together: how the drivers relate to the crossover network, how the connections are taken from inside the cabinet to the terminals on the rear panel, how a grille cloth is applied, and so on. The main business of wiring, which of course would be the crossover network, is already done so that virtually all that is expected of the kit builder is to position and install the drivers and make a few wiring connections. Fasten a piece here and there, tack down the grille cloth, and fit the front and rear panels of the cabinet. The materials supplied are as generous in portion as the instructions are in clarity; when finished, we had left over more than half a tube of Duco cement, several tacks, and a few wood screws.
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TEN YEARS in the record business is a long time. Think back to 1952. In that distant era Van Cliburn and Joan Sutherland were names known only to friends and family, stereo recording was still up in Cloud Nine, and twisting was something you did to wire or thread. Classical record sales were dominated by one musician, an eighty-five-year-old Italian conductor, who that year made a recording which was far to outdistance all previous best sellers. Sessions for the Beethoven Ninth Symphony conducted by Toscanini were held in the spring of 1952 and the album was issued in September. Before long RCA Victor had disposed of 224,000 Ninnths in the United States alone—and without benefit of record club.

But times change. In 1954 Toscanini retired and his legend began to dim. Radical improvements were made in orchestral recording techniques. And, as often happens after the death of an extravagantly praised artist, the Toscanini reputation went into decline. So did his record sales.

Today, we are informed, Toscanini versions of standard repertoire no longer “move” in the stores. The 1962 customer values up-to-date sonics above all else and puts his money on the latest engineering rather than the finest interpretation. It is significant that RCA Victor's slogan has changed from “The Music You Want When You Want It” to “The Sound That America Loves Best.”

All this is by way of sobering prelude to a report on the resurrection of Toscanini's recordings with the Philadelphia Orchestra. During the season of 1941-42, Toscanini had refused to conduct the NBC Symphony because of a dispute over artistic policy; and that winter, as a result, he was free to accept a guest engagement with the Philadelphia Orchestra. “The conductor,” wrote Charles O'Connell in The Other Side of the Record, “was amazed and delighted with the orchestra. Its quickness, agility, musicianship, glorious tone, and unique sonority were a revelation to him, as well they might be, for neither in Europe nor in America had he ever conducted an orchestra the equal of this one at the time of which I speak. At the first rehearsal he went completely through the program without once interrupting the orchestra. At the end, he bowed, smiled, told the men that there was nothing he could suggest to improve the performance, and walked off the stage in high good humor.”

Mr. O'Connell, who was music director of Victor Red Seal records at the time, immediately set up some recording sessions. “We never,” he relates, “approached any recordings with such careful, such painstaking, and such exhaustive preparations of men, machines, and material. . . . Only the most advanced recording techniques that we knew were employed. The orchestra was 'on its toes' ready and eager to give its very best. The conductor was neither harried nor hurried, and presented himself at the recording sessions apparently in a happy mood.” Seven major works were put on wax: Schubert's Symphony No. 9, Mendelssohn's Midsummer Night's Dream music, the Tchaikovsky Pathétique, Strauss's Death and Transfiguration, Respighi's Feste Romane, and Debussy's La Mer and Iberia.

Not one of them was ever issued. The chief stumbling block seems to have been of a technological nature. In February 1942 the country was at war and RCA was already running into certain shortages. Apparently a substitute acid was used in the electroplating process, and the masters emerged (again to quote Mr. O'Connell) “pitted, pocked, and perverted.” The scratching, crackling, and popping on the test pressings proved so annoying that the Maestro and the people at Victor eventually gave up in disgust and disappointment. The cost and effort of the sessions were written off, and for twenty years the masters lay forgotten in RCA's Camden vaults.

A few months ago, Walter Toscanini and his engineer John Corbett decided to find out whether these Philadelphia Orchestra recordings could be salvaged. The original metal stampers were sent from Camden to the Toscanini recording laboratory in Riverdale. There they were played with a pickup specially designed for the purpose and transferred to tape via some elaborate electronic filtering circuits. Subsequently, pops and ticks were edited out of the tape. The results are truly astonishing. Surface hiss has been reduced to a tolerable level, extraneous noises have been removed, and the lightweight, highly compliant pickup has revealed glories in the grooves that were never suspected in 1942. There is no mistaking the magnificent tonal imprimatur of the Philadelphia Orchestra or the spacious acoustics of the Academy of Music. Best of all, Toscanini's “high good humor” during this Philadelphia interlude is vividly apparent in his interpretations. The 1942 account of the Schubert Ninth, for instance, has a plasticity and relaxation surpassing either of the later versions with the NBC Symphony.

The next chapter of this “Philadelphia Story” is up to RCA Victor. We queried Alan Kayes, the present Red Seal manager of artists and repertoire, on RCA's intention. “Up until now,” he told us, “the material has not been considered suitable for manufacture on disc. We are looking into it again, however.” Perhaps an expression of interest on the part of prospective customers would incline RCA Victor toward a favorable decision. Letters should be addressed to Mr. Alan Kayes. RCA Victor Records, 155 East 24th Street, New York 10, N.Y. We look upon the Philadelphia resuscitations as something of a test case. If they can be brought out with success, then we may hope to get some of the other unissued Toscanini performances that await release—broadcasts with the NBC Symphony (including the complete Romeo and Juliet of Berlioz), rehearsal sessions, and the series of BBC Symphony concerts that were recorded in Queen's Hall by His Master's Voice in 1935. All of this material is on tape in Riverdale. It now needs a public—and a willing record company.
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High Fidelity Magazine
At the climax of the Triumphal Scene: Vickers, Merrill, and Price.

A New Stereo Aida—Sometimes Touching on Greatness

by Conrad L. Osborne

Almost every music critic feels called upon at one time or another to get in his innings on the question of the “perfect” opera. It is customary to inform the reader that a set of aesthetic rules both catholic and objective is being employed to determine the “perfect” opera’s identity, and then to go ahead and name the opera that is one’s own favorite.

The question of perfection is of course an idle one. I could name a number of operas that seem to me to realize almost completely the possibilities set by the selected form: Don Giovanni, Nozze di Figaro, Rigoletto, La Traviata, Carmen, Tristan und Isolde, Die Meistersinger, Falstaff, Pelléas et Mélisande, Wozzeck—maybe more. Perfect. Yet when we speak of “the perfect” opera my instinctive choice is invariably between only two—Aida and Otello. A solid case can be made for Aida from almost any standpoint. It is good enough to make a strong impact under the worst performance conditions (and frequently has to); yet no opera benefits more from thoughtful production and strong casting. It is one of the very small number of operas that are customarily performed in their entirety—even the “perfect” operas of Mozard are not held to be perfect enough to perform without sizable cuts. In addition, Aida is the most popular of all operas.

The only serious charge that is leveled against it with any frequency is that it sacrifices completeness of characterization to completeness of the “grand” opera form. But this doesn’t seem to me to be true; or rather, it seems a bit beside the point. The characters are not probed in great depth because the drama is primarily one of situation. They do not really evolve because the action springs directly from their inflexibility or their powerlessness in the face of passion. The music, of course, is incomparable in the economy and accuracy with which it

June 1962
pinpoints what is going on with these characters. The first-act trio for Aida, Amneris, and Radames—one of the lesser numbers in the score—is a prime example of a verse that, unexceptionably constructed ("perfect") scene, the states of mind of these three (which must make for tragedy) are set forth with unparalleled exactitude. And of course the thing that makes the Trieste and La Scala versions of the Tour de force is not the excellence of the writing in the dances, marches, and choruses (though this music is some of the best of its sort ever written), but the genius with which the principals are brought face to face with each other and with the drama's central conflicts.

In any event, there is probably hardly an opera lover alive who does not count Aida among his most cherished properties. And record companies have, despite the difficulties and expenses involved, gone out of their way for several decades to supply a disc version, both Victor and Columbia turned out 78-rpm sets during the Thirties, and since the coming of microgroove there have been at least eleven versions available domesticaly, RCA Victor's 78 and Reprise's version, issued as a set of four, but not the best of which. The first, chronologically speaking, was the 78-rpm La Scala version, with Giannini, Pertile, Minghini, Cattaneo, and Inghilleri heading the cast. The singing was variable but always big-scaled, and there was an aura of excitement and "class" about the production. Next came what could have been the "dream" version—Caniglia, Stignani, Gigli, Bechi, Pasero, and Tajo, under Serafin. But with the leading artists far past their best singing days, the set proved a disappointment. Then, in the Fifties, we were given two versions—Toscanini's and Perlea's—which remain in the catalogue. The former is offset slightly by the presence of Riccardo in the cast headed by Milanov, Barbieri, Bjoring, Warren, and Christoff. Angel assembled a strong cast in the mid-Fifties (Callas, Barbieri, Tucker, Gobbi, Zaccaria, under Serafin), but the erratic conducting, so-so engineering, and almost but not quite vocalism of some of the singers kept the set from the front rank. London made a try with Tebaldi and Del Monaco early in the LP era, but the supporting cast was uninteresting, as was the conducting. EMI, however, produced two versions that are idiomatic, competent, and routine.

Since the dawn of stereo, there have been two versions—a second try by London, and this new Victor set. I have never been an enthusiastic Londoner; the sound is excellent, as are the contributions of Simionato and MacNeil. But Karajan seems to have looked on the opera as a lengthy ritual. and his tempos are so stately as to bring the score to a virtual halt. Tebaldi has had much to do, but is not unlikely to have been below her best form, and the Radames of Bergonzi and the Ramfis of Van Mill are at best intelligent compromisers with the requirements of these roles.

Victor's latest entry is, in my opinion, the closest approach on records to an entirely satisfactory Aida. Its conductor, Georg Solti, has come much closer to Verdi here than in his recent Ballo in maschera for London. Perhaps this is partly due to the differing demands of the two scores. Successful leadership of Aida depends, I think, on two qualities before all others: an unflagging intensity, coupled with a grasp for grand design. In Ballo (a much more problematic and uneven score, to begin with), a coruscating intensity and a lightness of touch are of much greater consequence. (I do not mean that these things count for little in Aida, but the sense of drive and the constant white heat present in the later score cannot be applied to this thing, just couldn't.) One magnificent section leads into the next in an admirable pointed way, and the proportions are beautifully judged. Solti occasionally throws in a highly personal, almost eccentric note—as with the accent on the penultimate chord of the slaves' dance in Act II, Scene 1—but in nearly all cases these little statements strike me as being absolutely "right."

The cast is loud and clear all up and down the line—six major ships of war steaming down the oft-rafted channel. On the female side, things just couldn't be better. Leontyne Price's Aida is nothing less than a revelation. The sheer loveliness and ease of her singing is enough to win the most jaded listener; I have seldom heard so consistent an outpouring of tone. One of the three or four most thrilling moments in grand opera for me occurs at the climax of the Triumphant Scene, when the soprano's voice can be heard soaring above full chorus and orchestra. Of course, the soprano must be the genuine article; my own opera-going has provided me with only four able to rise to this particular occasion in the huge Metropolitan—Welch, Milanov, Tebal- di, and Rysanek. Miss Price does not have the sheer caliber of voice of any of these ladies, but the tone is so true, so beautifully focused, that it comes right through the center of the massed sound. And when she breaks away for her melting solo line just before the reprise of "Mia..la..miseria," the effect is heart- breaking. But the thing that really sets the Price Aida aside from all others is the unfailing sense of musical direction. Her singing is always going, and it is going somewhere definite. This lends a glowing directness and passion to her interpretations, the character alive every step of the way.

Price is matched note for note by the French mezzo Rita Gorr, who pours her sizable, full-bodied voice into the role of Amneris. Gorr keeps her princess aristocratic; there is no booming raw charm in the name of "power," and no distortion of the music in the name of "passion." There is just a wealth of free, rich, even tone, intelligently colored, soft or full of punch as the occasion demands. The scene between Aida and Amneris—especially from Amneris's "Radames...vive!"—is one of those points to the end—is memorable indeed, with Price giving us an incomparable aural picture of the anguished, prostrate slave, and Gorr thundering out one crushing phrase after another with awesome ease.

The male casting, while still imposing, is not quite on this level. Jon Vickers is a sensitive and gifted singer, but he never really sounds like an Italian dramatic tenor. His voice has little of the typical Italian liquidness or ring, and such phrases as "All' silenzio grace di tau- nil" make little effect. Then too, he seems to shy away from anything that might seem like simple singing out, and tends to let the line fall into disarray as he progresses from note to note. Still, there are very attractive moments in the Scene, and the final duet finds him at his best. Robert Merrill's Amonasro falls somewhat short of the high standard recently set by his Germont and Ashton; here, he indulges his tendency for what I would call "woofing"—the production of a large, unmottled puff of sound. In the opera house, his Amonasro is woofed practically from beginning to end, but on the recording he restricts himself to a few isolated woofs, as in his opening lines: "Quest'assai...chlo' vesi...vi dieno che il mio...re, la mia...Woof ho...difee..." for instance. Most of the sound he produces is, as usual, resonant and homogeneous. Giorgio Tozzi is not quite at his best, either, especially in her first two scenes, and in any case his voice is a bit light for the role. It is rather a shame that neither Victor nor London has yet made use of Jerome Hines in this role of Amonasro. The King is Plinko Clabassi, and though his acting is not as impressive as he was on the Perlea set, he is still much above average in the role.

In sum, we have an exciting performance, one that at a few spots touches on greatness. It is certainly to be preferred over the stereo competition, and most listeners will probably find it the most interesting of all the available recorded editions.

VERDI: Aida

Leontyne Price (s), Aida; Mietta Seghele (s), A Priestess; Rita Gorr (ms), Amneris; Jon Vickers (t), Radames; Franco Riccardi (t), A Moor; Robert Merrill (b), Amonasro; Giorgio Tozzi (bs), Ramfis; Plinko Clabassi (bs), The King. Chorus and Orchestra of the Rome Opera House, Georg Solti, cond. • RCA Victor LM 6158. Three LP. $17.94.
by Robert C. Marsh

Mahler's Third and Ninth: Both Worthy Tributes

Mixed emotions are inevitable as one receives these fine Mahler recordings, the Ninth Symphony conducted by Bruno Walter, and the Third by Leonard Bernstein. The latter album is dedicated to the memory of Dimitri Mitropoulos, the former serves as a memorial to Walter himself—and each reminds us of the loss of those unique Mahler advocates and artists. Their place remains unfilled, although we can now recognize too that in Bernstein the composer is finding a new and most effective spokesman.

The more eloquent of the two sets is, naturally, Walter's, first because he is performing the stronger of the two scores, and secondly because I am sure he was playing it as a personal tribute to his beloved friend and master. The product of eighteen hours of work in late January 1961, this statement of the Mahler Ninth serves in a way to transfer to other conductors and the world a score which Mahler never lived to play and which Walter introduced to the public in Vienna, the year following the composer's death.

Last September I visited Bruno Walter in his sunlit home in Beverly Hills, and we discussed Mahler's last works. The immediate object of my call was to confirm my impression that Walter disapproved of all efforts to complete the Mahler Tenth, which has recently become an object of much hypothetical reconstruction. "Wouldn't Mahler have destroyed the finished score?" I asked, "if I had thought that others would try to write conjectural endings for this music?"

"Absolutely," Walter said. "Mahler often went on revising his music after it had been published. Many of the effects he wished were so daring, so severe in their departure from tradition, that even he felt the necessity to hear them, to play them himself, before he was sure that his writing represented his exact intentions. The Fifth Symphony he revisited throughout his life. . . . You know," he went on, "everything Mahler wrote was the product of his own inner struggles. No one who had not experienced that battle of the spirit could write as he did. No work of Mahler's was finished until he had fought through to the end and made it a complete expression of himself. Only he could end that process, and he would resent furiously anything incomplete, tentative, half-hatched being given to the public as his art. I have played without qualms the Ninth Symphony and Das Lied von der Erde because I know he was confident that his music was finished and worthy. But I have never played the two movements of the Tenth Symphony, even though I agree they are perfectly playable, because Mahler would not wish me to do so. I am not sure they are really the man."

In his little book on Mahler, Walter reaffirmed his confidence that the Ninth was, in fact, Mahler's fulfillment as a composer. It is permeated with a sense of departure, a carry-over from the prolonged farewell which closes Das Lied von der Erde, but with it a "transcendental sense of redemption." The two outer movements are both slow, "a long-drawn-out funeral song," while the second movement is "the Austrian country dance . . . employed with consummate mastery and delicious grace." The scherzo "shows once more Mahler's stupendous contrapuntal mastery." In the finale one hears "a peaceful farewell . . . the clouds dissolve in the blue of Heaven."

The scope with which Mahler uses the orchestra to express these things was so great that no monophonic recording could more than suggest the impact of the work. This is true even of Walter's Vienna set of 1938, which he never especially liked because of its extraneous noises and technical limitations. Even so, he was in no hurry to remake the record in stereo but waited until four years of work with his Los Angeles recording orchestra had proved that group a sensitive and reliable vehicle for the realization of his intentions. There has been a fair amount of comment in print on this matter, and let it be said for the benefit of posterity and the presently curious that in September of 1961 Bruno Walter was pleased with the Columbia Symphony, referred to it as his orchestra, and apparently felt no desire to make recordings with any other group—although presumably he could have had either the New York Philharmonic or the Philadelphia Symphony if he had wished.

Walter was, moreover, basically uninterested in his old recordings ("They take too much from the imagination") and delighted with stereo ("It asks nothing of you; it is just like being in the concert hall"). Unlike most musicians of his generation, this conductor ended his days an outspoken enthusiast for stereo and a connoisseur of the fine art of sound reproduction. He considered his most recent work for the microphones a true and satisfying likeness of his performances. He was only sorry, he told me, that he could contribute so little to the engineers in their search for better results. Most of those who hear the present recording will probably feel, as I do, that he had already contributed more than his share.

In addition to the Symphony the album includes one disc containing excerpts from Walter's rehearsals and an interview (recorded some years back) by Arnold Michaelis. Both are likely to be precious documents of the Walter heritage, and most listeners will be delighted to have them as friendly memorials of the man. So well do they project the warmth of their protagonist that the listener must feel almost as though he himself had known Walter. As for the performance of the Ninth, it fulfills all expectations. Mahler's enormous orchestra spreads before one in stereo, yet the lines are wonderfully clear. If you follow with a score, you can see for yourself that you hear everything, and what you hear is pretty much an exact transfer to sound of the printed page. Listening in this way, I had the uncanny sensation after a time that I was hearing Mahler himself conducting—so fully does the recorded performance seem an extension of the composer's notation. Walter's special gift as a Mahler con-
ductor lay in his ability to unify the composer's vast constructions, a gift that grew out of a sure feeling for tempo and a confident grasp of the musical significance of the many tempo changes in these scores. If you play the new Walter set against its only real competition, the Ludwig version, you will sense immediately the wider, broader and firmer thematic statements; and see on, where the Ludwig becomes jumbled and the Walter remains clear, you will respect the latter's skill in shaping the inner voices of the music as well as its overall outlying development. A great performance of the Mahler Ninth calls for a huge virtuoso orchestra, the mastery of a difficult and personal musical idiom, and the degree of control needed to play upon the complex registers of the ensemble with full knowledge of what every man is supposed to be doing at every moment. There will never be many conductors so endowed. We were fortunate to have Bruno Walter and doubly blessed that he could leave us his achievement in such substantial form. This is a recording of genuine historical significance.

Its companion set, if not of comparable importance, is nonetheless a welcome and impressive release which honors both the conductor and the orchestra in which he has worked. Dimitri Mitropoulos once expressed the wish that he might die while climbing a mountain. If we take this in its symbolic sense, as a wish to die while striving to scale some height, its realization was granted, for it was in a rehearsal of Mahler's Third Symphony (at La Scala, Milan) that death came to Mitropoulos in November 1960. The present recording of that work, duplicating performances heard in New York the following year, shares their dedication to his memory.

My last talk with Mitropoulos took place in New York the winter before his death. He was working in Vienna in which he was participating in the Philharmonic's Mahler Centennial. Speaking of the Third Symphony, he pointed out its links to Schubert, which he felt were just as important as the overhead stylistic ties to Wagner, and its unique qualities as an expression of folklore and the love of nature. Written in Steibich am Attersee, one of Mahler's favorite summer retreats, the music of the Third is soaked with the atmosphere of the Hällengebirge (literally, Hell Mountains) which tower over the lake and valley. Bruno Walter visited Mahler in 1895 while the score was first being sketched, and as his gaze rested upon the overhead stressed lines, he exclaimed, "No need to look there any more—that's all been used up and set to music by me." (You hear it in the first movement.)

It would be a mistake, however, to regard any Mahler symphony as something less than sophisticated. The Third contains straightforward nature painting, true—one of its greatest attractions is the third movement, in which a solo post horn sings to us as the traveler winds through the Austrian woods and the chirps, cuckoos, rustlings, and patterings are all genuine enough: but these things make up only one dimension of the work. "I think it strange," Mahler wrote in 1896, "that most people in thinking of 'nature' always think only of flowers, little birds, the aroma of the forest, etc. The god Dionysus, the great Pan, nobody knows." To see this five-movement symphony right, I think we must regard its first three movements as a statement of a Dionysian view of the world, which Mahler then juxtaposes with Nietzsche's call to self-awareness and, immediately succeeding, a superficially naïve statement of faith in man's hope. In fact, none of these metaphysical considerations is actually necessary for the enjoyment of the Third, which can be regarded as a hundred minutes of attractive thematic material effectively developed and orchestrated with sublime craftsmanship.

"What conductors so often fail to realize," Mitropoulos told me, "is that, like Salome or Elektra, this is a full evening of music in itself. Nothing more is required. I now feel there should be an intermission after the first movement (it lasts thirty-three minutes in this recording) so that the audience has an opportunity to refresh its senses. The first time I did this in Europe I expected all sorts of protests and criticism for breaking the work, but nothing of the sort took place. People came to me and said, 'Now for the first time we were able to relax and enjoy the entire symphony.'" Symphonies that are really entire concerts have an obvious difficulty in finding performances, and it is the scope of the Mahler Third, rather than its contents, which has transformed its hearings. In addition to an enormous orchestra, two choirs and a solo voice are called for, plus a solo post horn and a first-rate concertmaster. The music itself is in the same vein as the Fourth Symphony (which takes some themes from its predecessor). The opening measures are an Austrian folk song in a lusty rendition by eight horns; the scherzo borrows from one of Mahler's own songs, Abibung im Sommer. Yet each of these elements is perfectly fused into the new context. We hear this music for the affirmative work of art that it is. Mahler called it his "gay science."

The only previous recording of the Third was a Vienna production directed by F. Charles Adler for the SPA label. It was a good job and served its purpose faithfully. Indeed, its statement of the fourth movement remains superior to that of the new set, primarily because of the greater vocal artistry of Hilde Rössl-Majdan over Martha Lip- ton. The Bernstein performance, however, is certain to dominate the catalogue from now on. The obvious advantages of stereo recording in a work for such massive forces have been fully realized. Instrumental and vocal choirs have been ideally placed, and the result is an amazing degree of transparency coupled with the warm reverberation of plaster walls and wooden floors (the recording was made in the Manhattan Center, but the phonophonic form the sonics are rewardingly round and rich, the detail clean and bright. And if Columbia's engineers have done their best for Bernstein, he, in turn, has done his best for them. This is surely superior to any of his Mahler recordings. The style is consistent and consistently right; the necessary flexibility in tempo is guided by a sure grasp of what Mahler was after; and the entire concept of the work is obviously founded on both knowledge and love. Much of the ensemble playing is radiantly beautiful.

The length of the movements necessarily makes for some awkward breaks. Both versions split the first movement across two surfaces, and since it is sectional in construction, no real harm is done. Adler divides the third movement so that he may follow the composer's directive and play the fourth and fifth without pause. Bernstein leaves the third movement intact, but the break between the fourth and fifth now falls across two surfaces. I don't care for this (probably Bernstein doesn't either), and the obvious solution is to resort to tapes for first movement becoming one reel, the second, third, and fourth another, and the finale a third.

Mahler calls for a post horn in B flat, and presumably that's what Adler uses, since such instruments are available in Europe. Bernstein employs a trumpet in D, which sounds exactly the same to me and offers more trustworthy intonation. The solos, played by John Ware, are likely to recall themes from Rosenkavalier, which, if the listener is reminded, was written fifteen years after these pages came from Mahler's pen.

Taking all factors together, one can hardly imagine a finer memorial to Mitropoulos, a more appealing Bernstein performance, or a better means to break to discover. The release of this album and of the Walter Ninth would seem to call for a tribute to everyone concerned.

MAHLER: Symphony No. 3, in D minor
Martha Lipton, mezzo; Women's Chorus of the Schola Cantorum, Hugo Ross, dir.; Boys' Choir of the Church of the Transfiguration (New York), Stuart Gardner, dir.; New York Philharmonic, Leonard Bernstein, cond.
- COLUMBIA M2L 275. Two LP. $9.98.
- COLUMBIA M2S 675. Two SD. $11.98.

MAHLER: Symphony No. 9, in D minor
Columbia Symphony Orchestra, Bruno Walter, cond.
- COLUMBIA M2S 676. Three SD. $11.98.
CLASSICAL

ADAM: Overture, Si je suis roi—See Chabrier: Bourrée, fantasia; España; Fête polonaise; Marche joyeuse.


- Columbia ML 5713. LP. $4.98.
- Columbia MS 6313. SD. $5.98.

The Brandenburg is nicely done, on the whole. Stokowski seems to employ a large body of strings, but he keeps them down very low when the concertino is in action, and in the tutti they play with a delightful tone. Only twice does he slip into the old romanticate way of interpreting: in the course of each of the fast movements he makes one unnecessary and completely unconvincing retard. If the harpsichord is sometimes too high, that is a fault of many recordings with smaller orchestras; indeed it turns up here even when the three solo instruments are playing alone. In the slow movement a double bass plays softly along with the left hand of the harpsichord, an effective touch I do not recall encountering before in this movement. The soloists—William Kincaid, flute; Anshel Brusilow, violin; Fernando Vellutini, harpsichord—are first-class. Vellutini achieves variety in his long cadenza by sensitive phrasing and octave-coupling. The first two of the chorale preludes are tastefully done—if this music must be practiced at all—but the third ends in a blaze of Wagnerian brass. Gorgeous sound, in both versions. N.B.

BACH: Clavier Works

Joerg Demus, piano.

- Music Guild 17. L.P. $4.12 to members; $5.50 to nonmembers.
- Music Guild 17. SD. $4.87 to members; $6.50 to nonmembers.

Demus' previous recordings of Bach have not been notable for poetry or insight, but on the present disc he seems to have got rid of some of his inhibitions and his playing comes alive. The lyricism and charm of the Capriccio on the Departure of His Beloved Brother are nicely brought out here, as is the passionate sweep of the Chromatic Fantasy, whose fugue is played with perfect clarity and considerable nuance. There are also six little pieces from the second Notebook for Anna Magdalena Bach, and a competent reading of the Italian Concerto. There are better performances on records of the Fantasy and the Concerto played on a harpsichord, but I don't know any better ones of any of these works played on a piano. N.B.

BACH: French Suites, S. 812-817 (complete)

Thurston Dart, clavichord.

- Oiseau-Lyre OL 50208. L.P. $4.98.
- Oiseau-Lyre SOL 60093. SD. $5.98.

Mr. Dart makes a strong case for his belief that these Suites were conceived primarily for the clavichord. Within the narrow dynamic range of that instrument he achieves a considerable amount of nuance, but not that flow of sound that appears successively in top voice, bass, and middle voice in a manner that would not be possible on a harpsichord. The sarabandes are especially well done: here Mr. Dart's songlike sustaining of the melodic line is matched among harpsichordists only by such masters as Landowska and Kirkpatrick. The rhythmic pulse is steady but not metronomical, and the special character of each movement is conveyed, a careful distinction being made, for example, between courantes of the French type and those in the Italian style. In some passages bass and middle voices come through more clearly than the top part. Sometimes, of course, this is clearly intended by the player, but at others it is the top part that bears the burden and the balance should be reversed. I found it helpful to keep the treble controls turned up higher than usual. N.B.

BACH, C. P. E.: Concerto for Harpsichord, Piano, and Orchestra, in E flat

Fasch, J. F.: Sonata for Flute, Two Recorders, and Continuo, in G

Quantz: Sonata for Recorder, Flute, and Continuo, in C

Instrumentalists; Concert Group of the Schola Cantorum Basiliensis. August Wenzinger, cond. (in the Bach).

- Archive ARC 3173. L.P. $5.98.
- Archive ARC 73173. SD. $6.98.

The Bach offers the rare combination of the retiring champion of concert keyboard instruments working for a brief moment in history in peaceful coexistence with his brash young successor. It is an attractive piece that pits one of the solo instruments against the other in dialogues and echo passages; occasionally, as in the slow movement, they split a melody between them, and sometimes they run along pleasantly together in thirds and sixths. I Stadlmann is the excellent harpsichordist, and Fritz Neumeyer plays on a reconstructed late-eighteenth-century piano, whose light tone and rhythmic ping accord very nicely with the harpsichord. The works by Johann Joachim Quantz (1697-1773) and Johann Friedrich Fasch (1688-1758) are cast in the baroque sonata pattern (slow-fast-slow-fast). In these agreeable compositions the recorder, shortly to leave the musical arena for a long sleep, disports itself playfully with its companion. The recording is finely balanced and clear, with stereo a particular advantage in the Bach concerto where the harpsichord and the piano are heard on separate tracks. N.B.

BARTOK: Concerto for Violin and Orchestra, No. 2

Igor Oistrakh, violin. Moscow State Symphony Orchestra, Genady Rozhdestvensky, cond.

- Arts-MK 1576. L.P. $5.95.

Russians always emphasize the free, rhapsodic, "gypsy" qualities of Bartok's music, even though Bartok himself made it abundantly clear that the Central European folk music in which he was interested stood quite apart from the music of the gypsies. Still, Oistrakh plays so well that one must grant his interpretation much respect. The Moscow State Symphony is not the best in the world, but the engineering here is satisfactory enough. A.F.

BEETHOVEN: Sonatas for Piano


Fou Ts'ong, piano.

- Decca F.M. W 19002. L.P. $4.98.
- Westminster WST 17002. SD. $5.98.

This is a worthy addition to the catalogue—the feeling for Beethoven's musical vocabulary is spontaneous, the approach is wholly sympathetic, and all the difficult passages are carried by an unnerving sense of the style—but I do not feel that the record really does Mr. Fou Ts'ong justice. For one thing, he does not have a really first-class piano (the upper octaves are shallow in tone), and for another, the engineering is undistinguished. (The stereo, in particular, is undervaluing of its higher cost.) Having heard the pianist in this music in recital, I can testify that there is a range of nuance and projection in the live performances which has eluded the makers of this disc. R.C.M.


Phyllis Curtin, soprano; Florence Kopleff, contralto; John McCollum, tenor; Donald Gramm, bass; Chicago Symphony Chorus and Orchestra, Fritz Reiner, cond.


The Beethoven Ninth usually seems to bring out the Mr. Hyde in conductors, and it is delicious (if somewhat diabolical) to speculate why. My theory is that the music itself is of such overwhelming stature that exponents become overwhelmed by it, and thus attempt to worry their interpretative abilities into something they feel is commensurate with the task. In any case, this symphony has (with the exception of the Tchaikovsky's) a larger gallery of performance-caricatures than any...
other known to me. On records, for example, we have the execrably played Furtwängler-Beethoven, and this detracts from the singing and compelling in tempo. Then, too, there is the misguided Dr. Klemperer, who systematically imposes his expected "style" on the score (A feature of Reiner’s conducting) and turns Schott into a stolid andante. There are many more such examples from so-called specialists, and of the more celebrated conductors. In this section, Toscanini proved himself morally strong enough to withstand the temptation to "interpret." His performance is a true re-evaluation. (Another cause for complaint as Szell and Krips have also given honest accounts of the music, but on a lower plane of inspiration.)

Toscanini is a masterful horn-technician, and a knowledgeable, experienced musician with a goodly amount of temperament. On this recording, however, he fumes and frets over trivial details, distracting and belaboring the musical totality. It is the same story, over and over: an impressively massive first movement is suddenly checked at meas. 138, for instance, so that Reiner can demonstrate his ability to mold the overlapping woodwind and muted viola music of the "Ode to Joy" gets off to a limp start and thus weakens what was, until then, an imposing projection of the music. Puccini has some beautiful cantabile string playing, but Reiner’s mood is self-consciously elegiac and the static tempo fails to build to a strong climax.

The second movement, however, comes off very well (it usually does, for its steady swagger poses fewer problems of phrasing. Here, Reiner’s bejeweled balances and rhythmic control are most convincing. Reiner eschews the adjustments in the orchestra introduced by Wagner and adhered to by Krips, Szell, and Toscanini, proving that it is possible to make the music "sound" as Beethoven wrote it. The Chicago conductor observes the first repeat of the Scherzo section but omits the second. Although I personally feel that both should be taken, my sympathy is on the side of the exact text, and I will admit that the second part can forego repetition more much more readily than the first.

The orchestral playing, is, as could be expected, excellent. There is, however, some disagreeably sour oboe playing in the second-movement trio, and some frizzy trumpet attacks in the Recapitulation of the finale. These minor lapses become annoying on repeated hearings, and it is surprising that they were not corrected. The chorus is well trained, but tends to sound a little woolly in comparison to the superbly luminous Robert Shaw-led groups which grace the Szell and Toscanini issues. The RPO is unexceptional, although I wish the Gramm wouldn’t substitute "Fluenza" and "Floyd" for "Freude." (Norman Scott, who sings the part on the Toscanini set, is also culpable on this score, incidentally, and it is rather amusing to hear these artists sharply rebuked each time by the choruses, who sing these words correctly.) RCA’s sound is somewhat distant, and strong for a high-fidelity effect. The quartet is placed rather remotely (in simulation of concert hall reality, no doubt), and there is a goodly amount of reverb in the stereo mono, the big bangs of sonority have a tendency to boom oppressively. The stereophonic edition alleviates the problem by adding a lot of finely etched detail.

I am not partial to Reiner’s conduct-

ING the style in general. I find it slick, coldly objective, and slightly irritating because of specifics such as those cited in detail above. I am, however, fully cognizant of the fact that he is one of the master precisionists of our time, and certainly this Ninth is among the finest versions in the catalogue. My preference is still decisively for the Toscanini, but if you forego its supreme glory for the added spread of stereo sound, investigate the Szell set. The latter also offers a handsomely performed Eighth, thus automatically scoring over the Reiner, which gives you a surprisingly raw-toned, heavily played First Symphony, further blemished by almost total lack of repeats and out-of-tune timpani playing in the second movement.

H.G.

BEETHOVEN: Symphony No. 5, in C minor, Op. 67; Egmont Overture, Op. 84
Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra, Wilhelm Furtwängler, cond.

DEUTSCHE GRAMMOPHON LPM 18724. LP, $5.98.

Furtwängler recorded the Beethoven Fifth three times, with the Berlin Philharmonic in 1937 and 1947 and with the Vienna Philharmonic in 1954. American record collectors got to know the first version through Victor’s pressings of the HMV mono and the second edition is currently in the catalogue as a German Electrola disc. This is the first appearance on the domestic market of the second version, and it counts as an event of real significance.

Although all three performances are similar in spirit, no two are paced exactly the same. For years the 1937 set has served me more or less as a paradigm of what the work should go, and I have wished that it could be brought up to more trouble with the masters. however, with the result that a satisfactory transfer cannot be managed as quickly as the Furtwängler edition. Unfortunately, the 1954 edition could not serve in its place. Although a notable recording by all standards, it lacked the dreamy, mysterious interplay of light and shadow, the Olympian qualities of the older set. The seven years between the two recordings, however, must mean a lot of Furtwängler’s psyche to permit him to reach such heights again.

In none of those years was I stripped away in this newly issued recording, and we find the conductor in a moment of triumph—returning to his beloved orchestra in May of 1947 with Hitler dead, the nightmare ended, and hope reborn. The circumstances demanded a great statement of the Fifth, and it was forthcoming. Playing the three versions against one another for several hours, I have concluded that 1947 is now my choice. The sound, of course, is enormous and improved by the HMV mono as it is before, and the impact of many details is doubled simply by the fact that they now may be heard clearly. The 1937 set remains interesting, but music is an auditory art, and I am prejudiced in favor of performances which register in the ear rather than the imagination.

This is a very broad but propulsive reading of the score, notable for the rugged strength it conveys and the assurance with which it hurries on and upwards to produce a kind of transfiguration of the work. The development and coda of the first movement are unsurpassed on records, and no conductor ever matched Furtwängler in carrying the listener over the ghostly bridge that links the Scherzo to the Finale.

The sound of the present version is comparable to that of the Vienna set in my HMV pressings. However, both the Symphony and the Egmont Overture in stereo are a broadcast and are uncorrected. There are some audience noises, orchestra noises, an occasional misplaced note, and—very occasionally—ragged attacks. These matters do not bother me in the least, but don’t say you weren’t warned.

The performance of the Egmont, though not as overwhelming as that given the Symphony, is a spacious and noble one.

R.C.M.

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The Westminster listener is the selective listener.
is that the score is just not good enough; simple modulations seem to have presented Borodin with nightmarish worry, and an entire section to sonata form with considerable inpietude. The music written for his comic villains, Skula and Eroshka, is almost devoid of interest, and the piece entitled Yaroslavna is only a little better. The orchestration, largely accomplished by Glazunov and Rimsky-Korsakov after Borodin's death, is generally more effective.

But Borodin possessed an unusual melodic gift, making for moments of Tchaikovskian lyricism, and an ear for exactly the right chord. The musical talents sustain the work on a high level throughout Act II (the "Polovtsian" act), from its sensuous opening into the attractive love duet, onto the fugue aria for Igor, then to Konchak's genial air, and finally into the Polovtsian Dances. There are some dramatic bars in the Prologue centering around the evil omen of the sun's eclipse, and there is of course Galitsky's wonderful scene. The Act I scene between Galitsky and Yaroslavna may have some good points, and the Act III duet for Igor and Yaroslavna is an appealing one. My personal experience with a number of recent recordings of performances (I have never seen the opera) has brought me to an interesting perspective—I find that it all goes down much better on paper, but it seems to hard to look at it any other way. What happens, essentially, is this: Igor and his son Vladimir lead the army off to war against the Polovtsians, and their best wishes are considered direly. Igor's wife, Yaroslavna, is given the bumm's rush, though left unharmed. Meanwhile, Igor's army is thrashed, and he and Vladimir captain along with many of their followers. But the Polovtsians turn out to be a fun group—they treat their captives with an almost childlike reverence, and their camp is filled with maidens both beautiful and congenial. Their leader, Konchak, is perfectly charming, a sort of Khrushchev-Disneyland-going mood. They all spend much time dancing and singing. Igor isn't guarded at all, and so, after a few subjects and the sort of escapades and return to save the city from the Polovtsians. He thus not only ruins the Russians' prospects of joining in Konchak's merrymaking, but brings to an end the pleasantly decadent rule of Galitsky. Skula and Eroshka, of course, quickly change sides again, and the people are easily persuaded to join in. Igor is once more the right man for the job.

What this amounts to is an ironic parable of fickleness. Ideals that are loudly advanced at war against the Polovtsians, are totally forgotten by the beginning of the first scene; furthermore, this seems anything but shocking, since the only one to insist on a war of principle is, apparently, Igor. Even Vladimir, who makes some menacing noises in the Polovtsian, falls in love with Konchak's daughter and doesn't bother to join in his father's escapades. We don't imagine that Borodin really set out to write this quasi-Brechtian comedy, but that's what he's wound up with, with all the high Wagnerian themes turned upside down. The Polovtsians are vastly more likeable than the Russians. Konchak seems a much more pleasant fellow than the humorless Igor, and Galitsky, though perhaps on the inconsiderate side, is merely a medieval ancestor of the Huch Hefner image. Yaroslavna is a bit of a pest. I seem to have the sense that when viewed in this light, much of Prince Igor's ponderousness falls away, and the work seems a good deal more viable.

This recording presents the customary three-act version, omitting what was originally intended as the third of four acts. It is apparently taken from the tapes that were used for the recording that was available on the Period label several years ago. However, since it has been some time since it was withdrawn from the catalog, it is indeed worth a second look close. The performance as a whole is better integrated than the London edition, which forms the only prior competition. The individual casting, though, is not any stronger. The outstanding singers are the baritone Ivanov and the bass Reizen. The former does a fine, round dramatic baritone, handled with ease and musicality. His version of the big Act II aria is vocally topflight, but lacking in dramatic weight. Borisenko's Konchak is steady here than in most of her past recorded performances, but the prevailing sharp quality and the occasional overemphatic scoop at the music are still evident. Lemeshev shows his customary sympathetic tone and muscularity. It remains some rather surprising pitch vagaries, and signs of wear in the low register. Pirogov's Galitsky is laboriously sung and convoluted. His voice is chesty way. Igor's earnest wife, Yaroslavna, is given the bumm's rush, though left unharmed. Meanwhile, Igor's army is thrashed, and he and Vladimir capture along with many of their followers. But the Polovtsians turn out to be a fun group—they treat their captives with an almost childlike reverence, and their camp is filled with maidens both beautiful and congenial. Their leader, Konchak, is perfectly charming, a sort of Khrushchev-Disneyland-going mood. They all spend much time dancing and singing. Igor isn't guarded at all, and so, after a few subjects and the sort of escapades and return to save the city from the Polovtsians. He thus not only ruins the Russians' prospects of joining in Konchak's merrymaking, but brings to an end the pleasantly decadent rule of Galitsky. Skula and Eroshka, of course, quickly change sides again, and the people are easily persuaded to join in. Igor is once more the right man for the job.

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5 The wider track allows for a very wide, previously unheard of range of dynamics without distortion.

6 The great tensile strength of film and the sprocket drive effectively eliminates any pitch changes due to “tape stretch.”

7 Signal to noise ratio is far superior.
DEBUSSY: La Mer; Nocturne, No. 2, Fêtes; Image, No. 2, Ibérie
Orchestre des Concerts Colonne, Pierre Dervaux, cond.
| Command CC 3311008. LP | $4.98 |
| Command CC 11008. SD | $5.98 |

Command takes great pride in its 16-mm film process of recording, and the results here fully justify that pride. La Mer uses the broadest symphonic spectrum of any orchestral work by Debussy, and it is all admirably registered, from the subtlest glint of light on the crest of a wave to the grand, cathedral-like sonorities of the deep. The performance, while not the most profound imaginable, is very able, and the performances of Fêtes and Ibérie on the other side are superb. All told, a most distinguished addition to the discography of the Debussy centennial year. A.F.

DVORAK: Slavonic Dances: Op. 46; Op. 72
Bamberg Symphony Orchestra, Josef Perle, cond.
| Vox VUX 2001. Two LP | $5.95 |
| Vox SVUX 52001. Two SD | $5.95 |

Dvořák’s Slavonic Dances have the magic property of sounding more appealing every time one hears them—certainly when they are as well presented as they are here. Perle sends them with a real inner glow; if his tempos are a bit broad, they never interfere with the lively spirit of the compositions. The orchestral playing is first-rate, and the well-separated stereo reproduction more than makes up. Though competing versions occupy only three disk sides, the lower price of the present album helps to make it one of the preferred stereo editions of these dances. P.A.

DVORAK: The Spectre’s Bride
Drahomira Tikalova, soprano; Beno Blachut, tenor; Ladislav Mráz, baritone. Czech Singers Choir and Czech Philharmonic Orchestra, Jaroslav Krombholc, cond.
| Artia ALP 196/97. Two LP | $9.96 |
| Artia ALPS 196/97. Two SD | $11.96 |

Here is a genuine horroratorio, if I may borrow the Hoffnungism. It relates one of those delicious tales wherein a maiden’s dead lover returns to take her in wedlock. She follows him faithfully and unquestioningly on a wild spirit ride, during which he gradually divests her of such protective items as a medallion and a prayer book. She is finally carried off into the world of the dead, but her last-minute prayers save her from the fate of her damned lover.

The score is a perfectly wonderful creation, full of a splendid narrative drive and magnificent descriptive music. The choruses are impressively developed, and the whole movement of the work is kept on an accelerating curve to the final realization. Nothing is left undone or undertaken. Fortunately, everyone involved is “in” the work from start to finish. Krombholc keeps everything going in properly possessed fashion, and chorus and orchestra bring every bar to life. Of the three soloists, the baritone Ladislav Mráz, whom I haven’t heard before, is much the best, singing with brilliance and mellowness, and ought to sound fine in the Italian repertory. Beno Blachut, though not in his best form, is still adequate, and Drahomira Tikalova somewhat more than that in her best moments. The sound is not the ultimate in clarity or depth, but has good spread, and never descends to muddiness or edginess. Notes and text are provided. This set is highly recommended, both for the work itself and for the performance. C.L.O.


GERSHWIN: Second Rhapsody; Variations on “I Got Rhythm”; Cuban Overture (arr. McRitchie); Porgy and Bess: Medley (arr. McRitchie)

| Capitol P 8581. LP | $4.98 |
| Capitol SP 8581. SD | $5.98 |

The first stereo edition of the Second Rhapsody is so dazzingly played and recorded that this too often neglected showpiece can hardly fail to win a new
The young Hungarian pianist Tamás Vásáry, piano, occupies a prominent position in music history as the first complete setting of the Ordinary of the Mass by a single composer. Its sharply dissonant counterpoint and raw open fifths and fourths should have no terrors for listeners accustomed to modern music. It is performed here by four singers supported by instruments of medieval lineage, such as shawms, recorders, a trombone, and a regal. The two-four-part organa by Perotin, master of music at the Cathedral of Notre Dame when it was new, are powerful and evocative works in which three voices spin out curious and extended elaborations on single syllables over long-held notes in the bass. No one knows how Perotin’s works were actually performed in thirteenth-century Paris, but perhaps it is permissible to wonder whether these sacred compositions were

In Memoriam 1876-1962/A legacy from beloved conductor Bruno Walter

WALTER MAHLER

Symphony No 9

The deluxe album includes a bonus record of Dr. Walter rehearsing the orchestra and a recorded interview with Arnold Michaelis.

COLUMBIA RECORDS

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intended to have the bouncy, dancelike rhythms they are given here. The cor- net has some trouble with the pitch, but singers and instrumentalists perform valiantly, and the sound is lifelike. N.B.

MAHLER: Symphony No. 3, in D minor
Martha Lipton, mezzo; Women's Chorus of the Schola Cantorum. Hugo Ross, dir.; Boys' Choir of the Church of the Transfiguration (New York), Stuart Gardner, dir.; New York Philharmonic, Leonard Bernstein, cond.
• COLUMBIA M2L 275. TWO LP. $9.98.
• COLUMBIA M2S 675. TWO SD. $11.98.

MAHLER: Symphony No. 9, in D minor
Columbia Symphony Orchestra, Bruno Walter, cond.
• COLUMBIA M2L 276. THREE LP. $9.98.
• COLUMBIA M2S 676. THREE SD. $11.98.

For a feature review of these recordings see page 51.

MENASCE: Sonata for Viola and Piano; Sonata No. 1, for Violin and Piano; Sonata No. 2, for Piano; Instantâeux, for Piano
Lillian Fuchs, viola; Joseph Fuchs, violin; Artur Balsam, piano (in the Sonatas); Joseph Bloch, piano (in the Sonatas and Instantâeux).
• COMPOSERS RECORDINGS CRI 154. LP. $5.95.

It is difficult to believe that Jacques de Menasce is dead. If you traveled even a little in modern-music circles in New York at any time in the Forties and Fifties, you were bound to run into him, with his fur-collared overcoat, his affable, kindly ways, and his keenly intelligent analyses of the new things people were playing. Peace to his ashes! Here is some of his music. It had precious little attention during his lifetime.

The two string sonatas are remarkable for the fluency, ease, and idiomatic richness of their writing. They must be a joy to play, and they are genuinely a delight to hear, thanks not only to the composer but to superlatively fine interpreters in this instance and to the excellent recording they have been given. The piano solo pieces are also remarkably felicitous; the "Instantâeux" ("Snapshots") are whimsical children's pieces which, marvelous to relate, real children actually like; at least those I tried them out on responded more emphatically in their favor. A.F.

MENDELSSOHN: Songs Without Words (complete); Variations sérieuses, in D minor, Op. 54
Rena Kyriakou, piano.
• Vox VBX 411. THREE LP. $8.95.

The Songs Without Words are not nearly as popular as they once were, and the reason for their decline in status is really not very hard to explain. Unlike the Chopin Mazurkas, the Schubert Moments musicaux, the Schumann Novelettes, and the Schumann Bagatelles. Mendelssohn's little pieces are truly uncomplicated from the emotional standpoint. In fact, they are even naive in their simplicities and, in an age such as ours people tend to mistrust anything so totally lacking in conflict. Artists therefore either tend to ignore these forty-eight little vignettes (here, in my opinion, if one includes the additional Song published posthumously and not included in the present collection), or they distort them by injecting them with an uncalled-for "significance." Rena Kyriakou, however, never makes the mistake of being pretentious.

On this excellent set of discs we are given a most stylish and sympathetic integral performance of the series. The playing is definitely that of someone who has a basic love for the idiom and has also the sensitivity, imagination, and technical control to convey that love to the listener. Since Miss Kyriakou's subjectivity is always kept under stringent control, however, none of the pieces is overprojected. Especially successful are the Songs No. 29, No. 19, and No. 13, in which the legato melodic line is molded over an ostinato bass. To cite one example, the Song of the Traveler is judiciously shaped, taut, and yet relaxed, and it is also the most subtle in her treatment of rubato here and her portrayal of the traveler is really just that, whereas Novace's overly broad characterization, for instance, depicted a loiterer. I also like the present artist's finely judged tempo for the Spinning Song, and the Joyous Peasant dances without constraint under her agile fingers. What a pleasure it is to hear such enviably accomplished and yet such musical playing.

The Variations which round out Side 6 in the set are more organizational in structure and more dramatically severe than the Songs Without Words. Miss Kyriakou plays with a scintillant cohesion and amply conveys the graver nature of the composition. She, in deed, quite at times even under a virtual vacuo when she is called upon to be so.

The piano tone throughout the set is basically natural although there is occasional fuzziness on the high tones, and my copy of the Variations had a periodic surface swish. All in all, this is an album to welcome with outstretched arms, and it is a bargain in addition.

H.G.


MOZART: Concertos for Piano and Orchestra: No. 14, in E flat, K. 449; No. 16, in D, K. 451
Walter Klien, piano; Pro Musica Orchestra, Paul Anger, cond.
• Vox PL 11650. LP. $4.98.
• Vox STPL 511650. SD. $4.98.

This performance of the splendid D major Concerto was recently included in a "Vox Box" (V BX 111, reviewed in these pages in October 1961). It is an excellent one, if not quite the equal of its only competitor, a Serkin recording on Columbia. I do not know of a better reading on records of the E flat major Concerto. Klien sings the lovely phrases of its Andantino, and in the fast movements he is capable of clear, delicate, non-legato runs as well as of smoothly flowing rapid scale passages. The finale of this work is a particular charmer, its lightheadedness concealing the supreme skill of its construction. The tempos throughout are made with considerable finesse (the second and last movements of K. 449 are especially satisfying in this respect), the balances in both works are perfect, and the playing is a model of taste and clarity. It is given. Best of all, the conductor has been invited to make his usual appearance and, at a very reasonable price, to take advantage of the opportunity.

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Continued on page 62

Jacques de Menasce: belatedly heard.
Although Rosalyn Tureck is a thoroughly established artist with a large concerto following in this country, only two of her Bach piano recordings are listed in the domestic catalogue. Fortunately, there are four new ones available from England, superbly played and recorded. Perhaps the most winning of the HMV discs is "An Introduction to Bach" (ALP 1747), a collection of fourteen pieces ranging from the easy marches and minuets of the Anna Magdalena Böölein to the more complex Aria and Ten Variations in the Italian Style, Bach's only work in this form other than the Goldberg Variations. Miss Tureck's edition of the music, together with a set of essays, has been published separately in three volumes by Oxford Press, supplementing the fine album notes. This pianist's authority as a performer is in part dependent on a dynamic control and clarity of part-playing which few of her colleagues can match and on a relaxed, witty way with this music which is quite unparalleled.

Recordings by Yehudi Menuhin are constantly being issued in the United States, but they are being withdrawn too. Gone are the Bartók Sonata for Unaccompanied Violin (written in 1944 for Menuhin) and the Sonata No. 1, for Violin and Piano (1921), both once available on RCA Victor. They can be had now—in newly recorded performances—on a single Electrola disc (E 80544). These recent versions are better than the earlier ones in every way. Menuhin plays with more drive than before, and in the unaccompanied sonata this drive—along with his highly persurative accentuation—helps to carry off a rugged solo more than twenty minutes long. Missing are the occasional tonal nuances and quick accents that Ricci displays in his new London recording, but Menuhin is more powerful and has a stronger grasp of the structural logic of the piece. Never before has this work sounded more like a contemporary recreation of the Bach solo sonatas that served as Bartók's partial model. In the 1921 sonata the balance between the violin and the piano, played by Hephzibah Menuhin, is exactly right, and so is the performers' impressionistic approach to this exercise in the application of twentieth-century dissonance and rhythm to classical sonata form. The intelligent pairing of these two Bartók works and the clean sonics also contribute to making this a highly recommendable disc.

The cup fairly ranneth over in a Pathé album (DTX 247) of four previously unreleased choral works. Poulenc's Litanie à la Vierge Noire for three-part children's choir and organ, written in the same period as the Organ Concerto and the Mass in G, alternates the incisive chords of the organ and the calculated monotony of the indefinite vocal cadences most effectively. Fauré's early Messe basse, with its innocent voices and sweet harmonies, is a precursor of the Requiem. The singing of the children is angelic, and so are the female soloists in Fauré's short Tantum Ergo, Op. 65, No. 2. There are more earthy doings in Bartók's Six chants populaires hongrois. Sung in French, with the women's and children's voices occasionally chanting polyphonically and a full orchestra punctuating freely, the songs have some of the lusty abandon we associate with Off —but they remain Hungarian. The record concludes with Honegger's Cantique de Pâques, dating from 1918, another work for soaring high voices. The performers are the Maîtrise d'Enfants and the French Radio Orchestra conducted by Jacques Jouineau, with Henriette Robin as organist. The stars are the children, with their reedy, seemingly disembodied voices and effortless phrasing.

A study in Mozart's Mass in C minor, K. 139, written when he was thirteen for the consecration of the Waisenhaustkirche in Vienna. This Mass has often been cited as an example of Mozart's reliance on Italian models, his early use of the minor key, and his mixing of "learned" and galante styles. But listening to this performance issued in the Musica Sacra series by Schwann of Düsseldorf (AMS 16), we learn once more that musico-logical considerations pertain to Mozart's musicality—the graceful melodies, the impeccable balancing of voices. The orchestration is quite large for so young a lad to have handled: strings, two oboes, three trombones, four trumpets, and timpani. The combined Salzburg Rundfunk and Mozarteum Orchestra and Chorus are conducted by Ernst Hinreiner, and the soloists are Maria Taborsky, Margarete Kissel, Erich Zureck, and Hartmut Müller—performers unknown on this side of the ocean, but all excellent. The record itself is "stereo compatible," better with a stereo cartridge than with a monophonic one.

Where to Get Them
Imported labels are now being stocked by an increasing number of dealers in this country. A list giving the names and addresses of the principal U. S. importers will be sent on request.


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a sort of Czech counterpart to Massenet's Scènes alsaciennes et Scènes pittoresques. Here we have a musical picture of a typical Sunday in a village, complete with church service, children at play, lovers, folk dancing, and the quiet of nightfall. It is the final nocturne which is the most touching section of this attractive, if not profound, work. In the Tatra is a symphonic poem depicting the vastness of the mountains, whose majestic solitude is interrupted by a dramatic, albeit most musical storm. Although it lacks some of the excitement of Smetana's tone poems, it could well grace an occasional concert program. Both compositions are played with devotion by the excellent Czech Philharmonic, and both have been adequately recorded.

P.A.

[Continued from page 60]

NOVÁK: Slovak Suite, Op. 32; In the Tatra, Op. 26

Czech Philharmonic Orchestra, Václav Talich, cond. (in the Suite). Karel Ančerl, cond. (in In the Tatra).

* SUPRAPHON LPV 211. LP. $5.98.

Vitezslav Novák (1870-1949) is a Czech composer remembered chiefly for his Perpetuum Mobile for violin. It is interesting, therefore, to encounter two of his larger works for orchestra. Both were inspired by his experiences as a mountain climber in the border region of Moravia and Slovakia, where he spent several summers absorbing the atmosphere and observing the people of the area. From this grew his Slovak Suite, a thinly veiled scheme to win friends.

OVERTON: Sonata for Viola and Piano; Sonata for Cello and Piano

Walter Trampler, viola; Charles McCracken, cello; Lucy Greene, piano.

* EMS 403. LP. $5.50.

Two wonderfully rich, dramatic, colorful, and intricately composed sonatas magnificently played and splendidly recorded. The more one hears of Hall Overton, the better he seems. A.F.

PEPPING: Passionsbericht des Matthias

Spandauer Kantorei, Gottfried Grote, cond.

* CANTATE 640208/09. Two LP. $5.95 each.

A "motet passion" composed in 1949-50. The work is entirely choral, is very long, contains some lovely passages, but is mostly a bore. The recording was made ten years ago and shows it. A.F.


QUANTZ: Sonata for Recorder, Flute, and Continuo, in C—See Bach, C. P. E.; Concerto for Harpsichord, Piano, and Orchestra, in E flat.

SCHOENBERG: Pierrot lunaire

Ilona Steingruber, soprano; instrumental ensemble, Vladimir Golschmann, cond.

* Vanguard VRS 1082. LP. $4.98.


* Music Guild 16. LP. $4.12 to members; $5.50 to nonmembers.

There is no doubt in my mind that this remake by Badura-Skoda and Demus of the Fantasy is the best edition currently issued in the catalogue. There is more stride and cohesion here than in their earlier reading for Westminster; and if the interpretation misses some of the exciting profile and angularity that made the deleted Epic disc by Helen and Karl Ulrich Schnabel so authoritative, the players also mercifully avoid the mannerisms of nuance and tempo apparent in the recent Command release by Hambro and Zayde. For example, Badura-Skoda and Demus play the opening motto simply and not too slowly and make the transition to the first dramatic

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passage smoothly, whereas the Command team linger over the opening, accelerate a few measures later, and then lurch unconvincingly when they reach the first climax. Both new versions are splendidly recorded, but I prefer the sound of the instrument on the Music Guild disc and also the more natural stereophony. (One piano, rather than two instruments is apparently used here.)

About the other works on this disc, I can only restate my views on the interpretative style of the present finel integrated pair. Badura-Skoda and Demus play tastefully, modestly, and fluently—qualities much to the advantage of the works at hand—though they do lack something of the sharpness and animation I look for in this music. H.G.

SCHUETZ: Kleine geistliche Konzerte and Symphoniae sacrae
Soloists: Westfälische Kantorei, Wilhelm Ehmann, cond.
* CANTATE 640212. LP. $5.98.

SCHUETZ: Wie lieblich sind deine Wohnungen; Ich hebe meine Augen
Soloists: Westfälische Kantorei, Wilhelm Ehmann, cond.
* CANTATE 642201. Ten-inch LP. $4.98.

These records include a fine selection of pieces from collections published at various periods in Schütz's long career. The twelve-inch disc contains one item from Part I (1636) of the Kleine geistliche Konzerte and seven from Part II (1639). These are for one to five soloists and continuo. In the first item, "Ich hab mein Sach Gott heingsetzt," there are interpolations by a five-part choir. These are all sensitive settings of the texts, most of which are from the Bible. The texts are unfortunately not printed here, but their sources are given. Especially striking is "Meister, wir haben die ganze Nacht gearbeitet," which reaches an ending of memorable intensity. On the same disc are three Latin pieces from the first book of Symphoniae sacrae (1629) and a German one from the second (1647). These are for soloists, two high instruments, and continuo. Outstanding here is the ecstatic "Veni de Libano," from the Song of Solomon.

Most impressive of all are the two pieces on the ten-inch disc, from the Psalms of David (1619). These are elaborate works for double chorus (here supported by instruments) and strongly influenced by Giovanni Gabrieli, with whom Schütz had studied in Venice. Both are very beautiful, and "Wie lieblich" in which a high chorus is opposed to and combined with a low one, is thrillingly rich.

One of the tenor soloists is tight-throated, and one of the sopranos rather "white" in the upper part of her range, but the other performers are all very competent. Aside from a slight echo on the twelve-inch disc, the sound is good, although the double-choir pieces would be more effective in stereo.

N.B.

SUK: Serenade for Strings, in E flat, Op. 6
Czech Philharmonic Orchestra, Václav Talich, cond.
* SUPRAPHON LPV 5. LP. $5.98.

Josef Suk composed this charming serenade at the age of eighteen, in response to the suggestion urged by his teacher and future father-in-law, Antonín Dvořák, that he stop writing gloomy works in a minor key. Not surprisingly, it echoes much that is in Dvořák's own disarming Serenade for Strings, in E; but this does not rob it of its beauty or appeal to the listener. The late Václav Talich, who knew Suk and Dvořák and who was one of their foremost interpreters, performs the work with great tenderness, sensitivity, and loving care. His interpretation is excellent; however, a recent recording by Emanuel Vardi and the Kapp Sinfonietta (available in both mono and stereo) offers a polished performance, perhaps not quite as sensitive as Talich's, and the beautiful sound of some of New York's top string players.

For some inexplicable reason, Talich's performance runs to a full two sides of the disc, whereas Vardi's is complete on one side, and is coupled with the Tchaikovsky Serenade for Strings. With interpretations about equal, the Vardi version is by far a better buy. P.A.

TCHAIKOVSKY: Swan Lake: Ballet Suite
Philadelphia Orchestra, Eugene Ormandy, cond.
* COLUMBIA KL 5708. LP. $5.98.
* COLUMBIA KS 6308. SD. $6.98.

The elaborate packaging of this album is out of balance with the music it contains. While we are given an extensive essay by Leo Lerman on Swan Lake and its principal protagonists through the years—profusely illustrated
with photographs from the Dance Collections of the New York Library—we are not told such essentials as what excerpts are included in the present suite and where they fall in the scheme of things. In fact, Ormandy has selected most of the usual excerpts for inclusion in the suite, but he has made some strange omissions. Thus, in the Black Swan pas de deux of Act III, he leaves the listener hanging on an unresolved chord at the end of the Waltz and skips to the Coda; and near the beginning of the ensuing Dance of the Cygnets in Act IV, he omits four measures in the repeat of a phrase. Stylistically, his interpretation is a skillful blend of balletic and concert elements, enhanced by the supertalented playing of the orchestra and sumptuous sonics in both mono and stereo. But such a lavish presentation as this album would be more appropriate to a recording of the entire score, or at least the portion of it that is usually danced.

P.A.

TORROBA: Concierto de Castilla, for Guitar and Orchestra

Renata Tarragó, guitar; Orquesta de Conciertos de Madrid, Jesus Arambarri, cond.
- COLUMBIA ML 5722. L.P. $4.98.
- COLUMBIA MS 6322. S.D. $5.98.

The Spanish composer and arranger Federico Moreno Torroba (born in 1891) is conductor of the very same Orquesta de Conciertos de Madrid which performs on this disc (how strange that he doesn't conduct his own piece!). His Sonata for Guitar and Harp has been circulating widely, and in fact Renata Tarragó plays its middle movement in the short recital which rounds out this record.

Whereas the Sonatina is attractive in its joyous lyricism and simplicity, the malévolé seems to wear rather thin in the larger framework of this concerto. Subsequent hearings, and even different interpretations, will of course confirm or disprove my initial reservation, but as of now, the music impresses me as being a sort of dietetic, salt-free rewrite of Prokofiev's Third Piano Concerto. The spinning bars of that masterpiece are clearly echoed in Torroba's third movement, but whereas Prokofiev quickly shuts the bittersweet, necromantic mood with a strain of irony, the present work seems content to go nowhere in particular for an entire movement.

Perhaps the composition would sound more convincing if it were presented with tighter rhythmic focus and wider dynamic contrasts. Renata Tarragó plays fluently and rather listlessly. She is a fine instrumentalist, but not a very dynamic or compelling one. Certainly both John Williams and Rey de la Torre, in their disparate ways, bring more style to Torroba's Andante.

The other works included on Side 2 are: Andante Largo and Minueto in D, both by Fernando Sor, a prelude by Gacimundo Tarragó (the guitarist's father), and a work by Rodrigo. En los Trigales. The recording, made by Columbia's Spanish affiliate Hispavox, is very full-toned and resonant.

H.G.

VERDI: Aida

Leontyne Price (s); Aida; Mietta Sighele (s), A Priestess; Rita Gorr (ms); Amneris: Jon Vickers (t), Radames: Franco Ricciardi (t), A Messenger; Robert Merrill (b), Amneris: Giorgio Tozzi (bs), Ramfis; Plinio Clabassi (ts). The King's Chorus and Orchestra of the Rome Opera House, Georg Solti, cond.
- RCA VICTOR L M 6158. Three L.P. $14.94.
- RCA VICTOR LSC 6158. Three S.D. $17.94.

For a feature review of this recording, see page 49.

VIVALDI: Concertos: in F, P. 279; in G minor, P. 404; in A, P. 230; in B flat, P. 406. Sonata in A minor, F. XV, No. 1

Soloists: New York Sinfonietta, Max Goberman, cond.
- or o Library of Recorded Masterpieces, Vol. 2, No. 5. L.P. or S.D. $8.50 on subscription, $10 nonsubscription.

This marks the first appearance on microgroove of P. 279, 404, and 230, so far as I can discover. P. 279 and 230 are symphonics for strings. Both have dancy or cheerful fast movements and interesting Andantes. The slow movement of P. 279 is broad and songful and full of wide leaps; that of P. 230 is a mysterious piece constructed out of a continuous dotted figure. Noteworthy in P. 406, a concerto for oboe, violin, and strings, is the rollicking first movement. P. 404 is a trio for flute, violin, and bassoon, and continues, and the Sonata is for the curious combination of flute, bassoon, and continuo. Neither

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of these works struck me as outstanding in any respect, except for the clean, accurate playing of difficult florid passages in the latter by Harold Jones, flute, and Anthony Checchia, bassoon. As usual in this series, the harpsichord realizations are imaginative—though perhaps a bit too assertive in the slow movement of P. 230—and stereo is put to effective use in the division of the violins in that concerto.

N.B.

WAGNER: Orchestral Excerpts
Pittsburgh Symphony, William Steinberg, cond.

In this recording Command's 35-mm film-mastering medium again reinforces its claims to exceptionally wide dynamic and frequency spectra; the present disc processing is immaculately quiet-surfaced as well as free of preecho and distortion; and of course the Wagnerian sonorities are ideally stereogenic and dramatic materials to exploit the prowess of the Pittsburgh players no less than that of the engineering staff. There are moments of considerable vehemence here when the fortissimo high strings and brass are penetratingly intense—yet probably no more so than they must be when heard from a well-front seat in the concert hall—while the percussive and bass thunders have tremendously solid impact, and the quieter passages are beautifully lucid.

Steinberg is an exponent of the "fast" school of Wagnerian interpreters and his high-powered Ride and Entrance of the Gods may seem a bit perfurlatory to some tastes. But he is eloquently restrained in the Magic Fire Music (prefaced by a good part of Wotan's Farewell) and Siegfried's Funeral Music (incessantly labeled "March" here—a mispropism I had thought long discredited), and his Journey is invigoratingly giocoso. There have been better performances of these excerpts, but surely none has been more thrillingly recorded.

R.D.D.


RECITALS AND MISCELLANY

ROGER BLANCHARD ENSEMBLE: "Chapels of the Princes (Français I)"
Pierre Froidebise, organ; Roger Blanchard Ensemble, Roger Blanchard, cond.

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WEBER, NO. 1

 Contents: Rhapsody, Ruptures and Rotarians, News from the American Dream World, I Remember the East Side Singing, Honeycomb and Fountain Pies, Small Face Growing Smaller. Send for Catalog. Vanguard 754 W. 14 St. N. Y.

CIRCLE 77 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

been noted specialists in this repertory, and in fact they have made previous recordings of the Chabrier, Fauré, and Satie pieces which enjoyed a respected tenure for a long time, first on 78s, later on microgroove transfers. The Debussy Suite, rarely heard in its original form as a piano duet, used to be available in a worthy version by the duo pianists Ethel Bartlett and Rae Robertson. The present performers give immensely brilliant, vivid, various readings, full of shapely balance and rhythmic finesse. Moreover, they subtly differentiate between the more bravura demands of Chabrier and the poised miniatures of Debussy and Fauré (Dolly, by the way, is a children’s suite written for Dolly Bardac, Debussy's stepdaughter). I have always regarded Satie’s Pieces in the Shape of a Pear as rather formless in spite of the clever title—the pearls seeming to have been purloined. M. and Mme. Casadesus, however, balance the lines so clearly and play with so much charm and humor that they almost succeed in convincing me otherwise.

The crystalline reproduction aids the sparkle of the playing. None of these compositions is currently available in rival editions, but the present ones are so fine that none need be for quite some time.

EILEEN FARRELL: "The Voice of Eileen Farrell"


This disc is nothing but a collection of bleaching fragments—truncated versions of arias, single notes, and whatnot, not topped by a postephore six-minute run-through of hucked-up bars of Tristan, strung together into a parody of the Reader’s Digest concept. Under the circumstances, Miss Farrell’s prevailingly attractive singing—and the competence of Blankenburg and Petrik—are almost beside the point. Miss Farrell has, in an event, recorded most of this music (complete) elsewhere. The sound is very close-to and somewhat harsh, and the accompaniments by the undernourished studio orchestra are plonking and perfunctory. I might add that something of a low is reached in the rushed, metronomic performance of the Trovatore fragment. Nothing further need be said.

C.L.O.

DIETRICH FISCHER-DIESKAU: Operatic Arias


Not everyone will take to Fischer-Dieskau’s silky, pointed baritone as the ideal vehicle for the Italian and French operatic repertoire. As one would expect, there is a good deal of cultivated, intellectual singing on this record. I was very favorably impressed by this version of the Pearl Fishers aria, for instance; this is not an easy piece of music to pull together, and Fischer-Dieskau gives it the correct organization and proportioning for maximum effect. It is also interesting to hear “Avant de quitter ces lieux” sung as a quiet, lyric expression of farewell, almost introspective in its A and C sections—though the baritone must sing it a full tone down to make the impression. (Why doesn’t someone try recording it in English—the language in which it was originally written?) Less praiseworthy is the interpretation of the “Toreador Song,” where Fischer-Dieskau misses what would seem like his very natural opportunity to render the air as an elegant chanson. Instead, he falls into traditional ranting, especially in the second verse—why is it that so many baritones seem to think that “Tout d’un coup” on “fa la la la” is the loudest line in the entire opera? There is much interesting tone painting in the Italian arias, with the Forza scene, particularly valedictory aria, and the “Di Provenza” sung with delicacy and taste. For this listener, though, nothing can replace the warm, direct, rolling sound of a really Italianate voice in these pieces, and this is not Fischer-Dieskau’s to command. The accompaniments reflect care (a chorus is even brought in for the few lines in the “Votre toast”), and the sound is superb in both editions.

C.L.O.

ANDOR FOLDES: Piano Recital


With so much of the solo instrumental playing of our day offering us unwanted displays of exhibitionistic “individuality,” it is a rather welcome contrast to find so much of the recorded performances of Andor Foldes displaying here. This Hungarian pianist seems able to slip unobtrusively into any given style and offer an idiomatic rendition. Perhaps I should say almost any given style, since his Mephisto Waltz is a shock on the first hearing. Mephistopheles portrayed here is a serious, bespectacled young scholar whom any responsible parent would
be very glad to have for a son-in-law!

It is to be expected from his previous recordings that Mr. Folds would find the cryptic little Beethoven F major Sonata particularly congenial, and he gives us a Lucullan woe, reading graced with wonderfully crisp fingerwork in the *Legato*. The Bach is performed with a warmer, more vibrant color palette, and like the Beethoven it is architecturally very convincing. The Brahms Waltzes could possibly take a little more nuance and rhythmic lift, but this is very debatable. As for the remaining works, I was most pleasantly surprised by the tenderness and reflection which are evoked in the Chopin Nocturne and Debussy Prelude. I also applaud Folds for the deliberately *gris*, purposefully quirky understanding of the Poulenc idiom. I would have thought these things to be well outside this pianist's range of sympathies.

The sound is very fine on both versions. Although I found the monophonic copy to have less background noise.

H.G.

POVLA FRIJSH: Art Songs


It alone, repeated exposure fills the Hall for several recitals in the course of a single season; over a period of many years (from 1915 to 1947), repeated exposure did not lessen her appeal for audiences.

Frijsh's extraordinary way with recital audiences sprang not from her voice alone, for it was far from remarkable. It was the combination of her unique ability for projection of the musical and textual content of a song with her indefatigable interest in the discovery of new repertoires—plus, one gathers, the elusive element of personal magnetism—that enabled the Town Hall label preserves to number and confine to the early stages of her career; indeed had it not been for her unique insight into the song literature, she could hardly have classified as more than a *dame*. This collection of her recordings under the auspices of the Town Hall label preserves at least the audible elements of her talent.

The limitations of the voice are of some concern in the opening Dvořák group, where even the artist's unusual rhythmic incisiveness fails to make up completely for the absence of purely vocal dash or color. The real range of her powers is not evident, in fact, until she undertakes Schubert's terrifying *Gruppe aus dem Tartarus*, which is fully as demanding as *Doppelganger* or *Gaudyend* in terms of sustaining and projecting the totality of poem and setting. Frijsh is able to summon a voice that is to say, Fischer-Dieskau's as thread is to hemp; yet she (and Dougherty, whose playing is absolutely stunning throughout the recital) fills in the whole Dantesque picture in frightening detail. From here to the end of the record, the impression persists that vocal power and quality are almost irrelevant: she is able to vivify not only such delicacies as *Viel Glück zur Reise*, *Schwalbe* or *Dans le forêt du charme et de l'enchantment*, but such dramatic items as *Le Miroir de Rosemonde* as well. It is to be doubted that any non-French singer has ever gotten under the skin of the *melodie* with greater success (Mme. Teyte included); and the Scandinavian numbers are, naturally, imitable.

To judge by the not inconspicuous surface noise, Town Hall has been obliged to make transfers from copies, rather than the Victor masters; but the job has been well done, and this difficulty, like so many others, disappears from view as the artist takes over.

C.L.O.

**MORAVIAN FESTIVAL CHORUS: Arias, Anthems, and Chorales of the American Moravians, Vol. 2**

Ilona Kombrink, soprano; Aurelio Estanislao, baritone; Moravian Festival Choir and Orchestra. Thor Johnson, cond. • COLUMBIA ML 5688. LP. $4.98 • COLUMBIA MS 6288. SD. $5.98.

The Unitas Fratrem, popularly known as Moravians, who came from Germany in the middle of the eighteenth century and established communities in Pennsylvania and North Carolina. Maintained the highest degree of musical culture to be found on the North American continent in their time. Their ministers were also composers, and they turned out hundreds of religious arias, anthems, and chorales which are now coming to light in quantity, thanks to the Moravian Music Foundation and its director, Donald McCorkle. Last year Columbia brought out a disc of Moravian music by the same performers as are employed here; this second record intensifies the impression of the first and adds some valuable new facsimiles to the picture.

These preacher-composers remind one often of Handel and Bach, not so much because of sedulous imitation as of a

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Now! The identical world-acknowledged SIMILARITY of Creative spirit, for these reality were creative men. This is especially true of the Moravians, geniuses, John Antes and John Frederik Peter, who are well represented in the second volume as in the first. In one magnificent aria, however, Christian Ignatius Latrobe reminds us that the Moravian heyday was in the last quarter of the eighteenth century; his aria could easily be sung by Pamina in one of the more solemn moments of The Magic Flute. But the finest thing in the present set is an aria called It Is Finished, credited on the label to "J. Haydn—J. Antes." This, of course, is the concluding aria in Haydn's Seven Last Words of Christ, but how Antes came to arrange it we are not informed.

In fact, we are given no information about this record at all. The first volume was fully annotated, with information about the compositions. Volume 2 merely has a very general essay about the Moravians; the names of the pieces are given on a small box at the bottom of the sleeve but for the names of the composers one has to refer to the label. It is very sad to see a first-class musical like McCorkle hamstring in this way.

The performance by the chorus and orchestra is first-class and the singing of Miss Kombrowski, who carries the main burden of the record, is magnificent. Estaminato, however, is on the wobbly side. The engineering leaves nothing to be desired.

A.F.


Philadelphia Orchestra, Eugene Ormandy, cond.

• COLUMBIA PHM 1. TWO LP. $7.98.
• COLUMBIA PHS 1. TWO SD. $3.98.

Just how fabulous a bargain this sampler program actually is can be realized only after one compares its come-on prices with the complete list of contents. The closest recording represented (the Hungarian Rhapsody) dates back to 1939, but most of the others are drawn from quite recent releases and in general display Columbia's most impressive technology—in monophony scarcely less effectively than in dynamically expansive stereo. And if many of the performances are routine (in the repertoire Ormandy himself is more often conscientious than zestful), the Philadelphians' most "routine" playing not only puts to shame the singing and playing of lesser orchestras but consistently affords the "magnificent sound" promised in this album's super-title.

ROBERT SHAW: "Hallelujah and Other Great Sacred Choruses"

Sara Endlich, soprano; Florence Kopleff, contralto; Jon Humphrey, tenor; Thomas
LEOPOLD STOKOWSKI: "Inspiration"

Norman Luboff Choir, New Symphony Orchestra of London, Leopold Stokowski, cond.
• RCA Victor LM 2591. LP. $4.98.
• * RCA Victor LSC 2591. SD. $5.98.

For the novice listener who feels he must sample excerpts from major works as an intermediary step to the study of complete recordings, Robert Shaw's anthology of oratorio and Mass excerpts will be helpful. And although only the pieces in Latin ("Lacrimosa" from Mozart's Requiem, Kyrie from Beethoven's Missa Solemnis, and Credo from Schubert's Mass in G) are sung in the original language, they all are performed with earnestness and fervor. The range is a wide one too, for there are English versions of the final chorus, "Rest Well," from Bach's St. Matthew Passion, the "Hallelujah" from Handel's Messiah, and "The Heavens are Telling" from Haydn's Creation, the "Watching Over Israel" from Mendelssohn's Elijah, and "How Lovely Is Thy Dwelling Place" from Brahms's Requiem. The soloists (in the Beethoven and Haydn selections) are colorless, and the sopranos of the two-hundred-voice amateur chorus often overintens; but the men are excellent, and the group has been recorded without the not uncommon large-choir blurring. The orchestra apparently is of full size (the label circumscribing, "members of . . .,
presumably is dictated by contractual obligations), and the recording robustly lucid in both editions, if of course vastly more impressive in stereo (as it is in the simultaneously released 4-track taping, FTC 2103).

Although I have reservations about the validity of the "sampler" approach to masterpieces, Shaw's serious merit's respect. On the other hand, Stokowski's treatment of familiar shorter works of a more or less religioso nature (also simultaneously released on tape, as FTC 2102) seems to me to represent inexusable license. Bach's lovely Jesu, Joy of Man's Desiring and "Sheep May Safely Graze" must have been transcribed from instrumental transcriptions, as if the infinitely more piquant original scores had been lost: the Victorian-hymn version of Gluck's "Dance of the Happy Spirits" is the silliest of sentimentalizations; other works are somewhat less brazenly rescued but no less emotionally "devoctionalized." Tchaikovsky's Peter Ibbetson is sung quite simply and Deep River with dramatic richness, but the album as a whole is best characterized by the treatment of the Doxology, which begins very quietly in an original and effective arrangement, only to wind up in Hollywood pyrotechnics. It should be added, however, that even if the obviously small-sized Luboff Choir is overamplified in uncomfortably intimate miking, its members, especially the superb basses, sing like fallen angels: that Stokowski has never elicited from any orchestra lusher tonal coloring or more golden sonorities; and that the engineers have wrung the last drop of some grandiloquence out of the technological potentials here.

R.D.D.
NO STRINGS—the new musical with words and music by Richard Rodgers—is not another Oklahoma, another Carousel, or another King and I, but it is certainly going to be around for a long, long time. Moreover, it is one of those shows whose score makes a far stronger impression on records than in the theatre. Its book—which tells of an affair between a no-good American novelist from Maine and a highly paid fashion model from (as the dialogue delicately puts it) "north of Central Park"—is improbable, poorly motivated, and ineptly resolved. And the physical production is busy to the point of distraction. Musicians, liberated from the confines of the orchestra pit, wander across stage playing flutes or piccolos, and a variety of sets and props are wheeled, swiveled, tilted, and placed by ladies of the chorus, often during musical numbers. The general commotion on stage makes it difficult to concentrate on either Rodgers’ music or his lyrics, and I left the theatre with a feeling that neither amounted to much.

The original cast recording, to which I have listened many times in the quietness of my own living room, forces me to revise my opinion of both. For a neophyte lyricist, Rodgers’ rhymes pass the test—not with honors, but at least with success. In The Man Who Has Everything some of Lorenz Hart’s facility with words seems to have rubbed off on his onetime partner, and in The Sweetest Sounds, No Strings, and Look No Further there are indications that Rodgers has absorbed some of the sentiment so prominent in the lyrics.

Richard Rodgers on His Own

"No Strings." Original Cast Recording. Capitol O 1695, $5.98 (LP); SO 1695, $6.98 (SD).
of Oscar Hammerstein. But Rodgers also has his own personal touch with words, and a personal viewpoint too, and both are expounded in good, eminently singable verse. By current standards, the music is quiet and thoughtful, and its charms grow with additional hearings. In some numbers the composer seems to be returning to his style of the Thirties. And even though it is not all top-drawer Rodgers, who could match this score today?

The dominating personality, both in person and on record, is Diahann Carroll, a singer who can take hold of a number, shape it, bend it, and explode it if necessary with enormous skill and effect. In all, she has nine numbers (quite a load) and in every one she is brilliant. Her romantic vis-à-vis, the novelist from Maine, is played by Richard Kiley. He fails to impress me on the recording, in much the same way as he failed in the theatre, but the part is ungraciously written, and perhaps he does as much with it as anyone possibly could. With so many songs reserved for the leads, Rodgers necessarily had to skimp on songs for the rest of the cast. The highly attractive Noelle Adam is given one amusing song, La La La, which her partner Alvin Epstein valiantly tries to translate into English (it comes out as La La La). Bernice Massi, as a predatory oil heiress from Tulsa, belts out Eager Beaver in the Ethel Merman manner and is conspicuously present in the quintet Be My Host. As a wealthy Parisian bon vivant, Mitchell Gregg sings of the joys and sorrows of The Man Who Has Everything, a wry and amusing confection.

In the stereo version, this music is presented in well-spread, lustrous, and extremely satisfying sound. The mono version, on the other hand, is one of the coarsest-sounding discs I have heard in some time, particularly in its edgy reproduction of Diahann Carroll’s and Richard Kiley’s voices. J.F.I.

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**Japanese Favorites, Past and Present**

"Music from the Land of the Rising Sun."

*Orchestra and Chorus. Jack de Mello, cond.*

Reprise R 6017, $3.98 (LP); R9 6017, $4.98 (SD)

In 453 A.D. a Korean king sent eighty musicians to Dai Nippon to attend the funeral of the Emperor Inkyo. Thus, for Japan, began a process of relentless musical acculturation that continues to our own day. By the eighth century, Chinese and Indian influences had reached the island empire, and even the music of far-distant Arabia and Turkey had begun to echo through the pine forests of Honshu and Kyushu.

A gradual trickle of melody from abroad continued even through the centuries of Japan’s enforced isolation, but, with the introduction of the phonograph in 1896, the trickle swelled into a sudden deluge. By 1911, European influences had so engulfed Japan that the Tokyo Academy of Music had to create a special commission to insure the survival of traditional songs and dances. For the generation that followed, the *koto* and the piano, the *samisen* and the violin coexisted in Japanese households and upon Japanese stages. The end of World War II, however, all but sounded the death knell of the old ways. The postwar frenzy for Americanization has so transformed Japanese popular music, for example, that today’s hit along the Ginza is virtually indistinguishable from its Broadway counterpart.

Jack de Mello’s orchestral portraits of Nipponese favorites—both past and present—accurately reflect this increasing cosmopolitanism. While he serves the contemporary scene well, most listeners will find both greater charm and greater durability in the older traditional songs such as Night of the Thirteenth Moon, Earth Heritage, and particularly Moonlight on the Ruined Castle. The latter, probably the most popular of perennials within Japan, is all somber nostalgia. In the best traditions of Japanese art, past and present seem to melt together in this ghostly evocation of a pale midnight moon limning a ruin where once proud samurai walked; now all is quiet, empty, dead—and the castle’s crumbling shadow falls across the sake cups of the onlookers. The message, in musical terms, is the same as that of so much Japanese verse: consider the evanescence of man and his works. Another
"Great Themes from Hit Films." Enoch Light and His Orchestra. Command RS 33835. $4.98 (LP); RS 835 SD. $5.98 (SD).

I've already thrown more than one hat in the air over Command's sound spectacles, and can only repeat the gesture for the present super-brilliant recording of film music. Out of these movie themes—Exodus, Never on Sunday, La Dolce Vita, Moon River—may be all too familiar, yet I don't think any of these was more attractively presented than in these exciting performances recorded in such magnificently pellucid sound. The Lew Davies' arrangements, which I've already thrown more than once in this review, here depict the state of the art and intense contrast, in terms of the declamatory syncopations of Don Costa. Every last note of the musical score, whether it be bowed stringed, reed, woodwind or brass, was recorded with such success that it could be brought out in a bold brassy sound, give them a fine martial swagger, and turn them into as attractive a set of non-melodic instrumentals as anyone has ever thrown. The electric appeal of this media is the same as for the picture and its sound. My only complaint is that these LPs are sold only through department and variety store outlets, and there are so few of them that any young artist could easily sell more this way than in a movie theatre. The sound is the very best, and the LP sounds constricted, though it is actually more expansive than that heard on many competitive labels. J.F.I.

"Potpourri par Piaf." Edith Piaf; Orchestra of Robert Chauvigny, Robert Chauvigny, cond. Capitol T 10295, $3.98 (LP); ST 10295, $4.98 (SD).

Here is yet another confirmation of Piaf's supremacy among the chanteuses of our era. Her strong, supple voice and intense emotional projection impart haunting life to the people of these songs—to the mournful lover of Mon Dieu, the despairing stroller of La Ville Inconnue, the sad prostitute of Marie Traversee. This last, her first major success, is the great success of immediate appeal, stands in the great line of such previous Piaf successes as L'Accordeoniste and Le Petit Homme. Piaf's world is the world of the singer and her listeners, and she is her listeners. Nonetheless, this is the true measure of her greatness, and Potpourri is her finest until the next. Of the two versions, I preferred the sharp focus and intimacy of the monophonic disc. O.B.B.

Mario Escudero. Mario Escudero, guitar. ABC S 396. $3.98 (LP); ABC S 396. $4.98 (SD).

Even more strikingly than in his previous releases, Escudero here transcends the typical flamenco program. In part this may be a result of restricting the dance-step and castanets-playing collaboration. It is in this case less a single artist, Anita Ramon (this subsidiary label) than an experiment with the varied sonorities of the long Piroo a la Solea and the charming interplay of gleaming colors in Pura Animal! Superbly recorded, these aural witchcraft and melodic enchantments would be a bargain at any price. R.D.D.

"Point of No Return." Frank Sinatra; Orchestra, Axel Stordahl, cond. Capitol W 1676, $4.98 (LP); SW 1676, $5.98 (SD).

"Sinatra and Strings." Frank Sinatra; Orchestra, Don Costa, cond. Reprise R 1004, $4.98 (LP); R9 1004, $5.98 (SD).

When Sinatra left Capitol some months ago, several unused sides reposed in that company's vault. The simultaneous release of this material is of an album made by the singer's own newly formed company, Reprise, proves to be a decided windfall for the Sinatra following. The Capitol disc finds Sinatra reunited with his old arranger-conductor, Axel Stordahl, who has provided excellent arrangements (utilizing strings, woodwinds, and brass) for the series of melancholy songs the singer has chosen. Stordahl's work gives these numbers a delicate, poignant quality, further enhanced by Sinatra's exceptionally sympathetic performances. On the Reprise record the imaginative scorings of Don Costa, using almost identical instrumental forces, are equally complementary to the singer's stunning performances of songs in a slightly happier vein. In a set so consistently lovely, it is almost unfair to single out the singer's beautiful performance of Come Rain or Come Shine and his lovely version of Star Dust (the rarely performed, only for particular admiration. There is very little to choose between the two stereo versions, although I think the body and clarity of the Capitol product give it a slight edge. For all Sinatra fans, the word is buy both discs: they are great. J.F.I.

"Marching Down Broadway." Phil Lang and His Orchestra. Decca DL 4200, $3.98 (LP).

Philip Lang's brilliant band arrangements for Frank Sinatra, now translated deck out in a bold brassy sound, give them a fine martial swagger, and turn them into as attractive a set of non-melodic instrumentals as anyone has ever thrown. Lang has been particularly successful with Seventy-Six Trombones, Buckle Down Winowski, and Wintergreen for President, all of which, I might point out, were originally written in march tempo (as, of course, was The March of the Mexican Children, but Rodgers' pseudo. Original piece was written as an instrumental. The more mature masterpiece and does not respond well to being blown up to full size, or larger). At the same time With a Little Bit of Luck and Grand Imperial Cirque de Paris—which I had not imagined as likely to turn out well under Lang's treatment—also emerge as quite spanking marches. Decca's mono sound adds a great deal to the realism of the performances. J.F.I.

"Hearty and Hellish." The Clancy Brothers; Tommy Makem. Columbia CS 8571, $4.98 (SD).

Taped live at Chicago's Gate of Horn, this program directly communicates the electric appeal of this finest of Irish assemblages. Cannily, the quartet exploits the ballads they and their audience know best—Whiskey, You're the Devil, The Rising of the Moon, The Jolly Tinker, etc.—but neatly changes pace with such offbeat items as Mr. Moses. These four young men bring Irish ballads as well as a healthy dash of sophistication to their material, and everything they sing reflects their own obvious joy de vivre. Their merry way with an Irish ballad would melt the resistance of Colonel Blimp himself. O.B.B.

"50 Guitars Go South of the Border." Vol. 2. Tommy Garrett, cond. Liberty 1.LMM 13016, $4.98 (LP); LSS 14016, $5.98 (SD).

The sequel to Garrett's first success (the sequel to LMM 13005 or LSS 14005 again features Laurindo Almeida's expressive soliloquies and, even more impressively, the astounding range of timbres and sonorities commanded by imaginative arrangers and a remarkably versatile ensemble. Again, too, the pan-
in this country. At times this quality is an asset, particularly when he is doing a humorous, typically British poem like The Hunter Trials, or when he is describing his love for a sturdy female athlete in A Subaltern’s Love Song. But with one or two exceptions, his serious poetry leaves one indifferent. The exception on this record is False Security, a poignant story of the loneliness and horror which a small boy experiences when he attends a party and overhears his hostess saying, “I wonder where that common little boy came from.”

It is always a delight for me to hear a rich Irish voice, and James Stephens possesses one of the finest. But too much of the time, his reading exhibits the characteristics that Americans have decided are typically Irish, a cuteness and a mannered quality far beyond what the poems demand. The effect is Barry Fitzgerald. The recording (Spoken Arts SA 744) is worth hearing though, if only for poems like A Glass of Beer and Danny Murphy, which are certain to please nearly every listener.

The eye and ear are indeed inseparable in the fullest enjoyment of poetry. And as we read a poem over and over again, each time closing in a little more on its total meaning, so through repeated listenings to the poet’s own reading of it we can come to a deeper comprehension.

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I fancy we shall be seeing and hearing more of her, Mr. Kert, so fine in "West Side Story," is also a dynamic singer.

The older leads, Eileen Heckart and Morris Carnovsky, neither of them really singers, have been given some indifferent numbers, although Miss Heckart makes the most of "My Son, the Lawyer" (helped out by a chorus which might have stepped right out of "Bye, Bye Birdie's "Telephone Song"). Bibi Osterwald, a grand singing comedienne, gets lost in the shuffle, except perhaps in "Harmony," which she shares with a trio of male singers. This leaves us Shelley Berman, whose name was doubtless expected to lure in the customers. Mr. Berman has just two numbers—"Beautiful," which shouldn't be held against him, and "Revenge." It seems that in the theatre the latter literally tore down the house; on the record it's just another song.

United Artists is to be complimented on the wonderful sound on each edition.

The stereo, with its extraordinary clarity, breadth, and suggestion of theatrical bustle, is especially fine. J.F.I.

"The Montgomery Brothers in Canada." Fantasy 3323, $3.98 (LP).

The great guitarist Wes Montgomery holds the Fender guitar only in a poignant duet with brother Monk on bass, "Angel Eyes," and an odd, rhapsodic "Beaux Arts"—yet these must surely rank among the high spots in his entire discography. Brother Buddy is featured (here as a vibist) in a buoyant "This Love of Mine" and a more rambling "You Don't Know What Love Is," but these last two pieces are less distinctive than the vibrant "Jeanine," odd "Snowfall," and even odder if more indecisive "Green Dolphin Street," in which honors are more evenly shared among the three brothers and ringer Paul Humphries on drums.

Except for the lusty applause and considerable background noise, it would be hard to tell this is an on-location recording (at an unspecified Canadian night club). For it has the sharp-focused vividness of studio technology.

R.D.D.

"Nat King Cole Sings/George Shearing Plays," "Shearing"; string choir, Ralph Carmichael, cond. Capitol W 1675, $4.98 (LP); SW 1675, $5.98 (SD).

If this album is typical of what can happen when these two ex-jazz musicians get together to make music, I hope Capitol will repeat the experiment. It is a long time since Nat Cole presented such a fine collection of songs, and longer still since he sang with such artistry and good taste. The voice may have lost some of its more caressing qualities, but the singer can still express the romantic sentiments of these numbers with a good deal of ardor; and with "Shearing" lightly swinging, the accompaniments providing perfect support, nearly all of them really take off. The one fly in the ointment is the use of the stripped choir which sometimes takes the edge off Shearing's work and adds an unnecessary amount of syrup to the arrangements.

J.F.I.

"Greek Folk Songs," Yannula Pappas; Leo Taubman, piano. DaVinci D 202, $4.98 (LP).

The exotic Mediterranean character of Greek folk songs—with their peculiar overtones of antiquity and Asia Minor—enchants the ear upon first hearing. This quality, refined by the talents of various arrangers, here gleams through the limpid
melody and chiaroscuro emotion of the ballads Miss Pappas has chosen. Most notable are five settings by Ravel and a profoundly appealing lullaby called "Nanourtsma." Miss Pappas' mezzo is sure and controlled, and these are obviously her home grounds.

O.B.B.

"It's About Time." Joe Morello, drums, with His Sextet and Orchestra, RCA Victor LPM 2486, $3.98 (LP); LSP 2486, $4.98 (SD).

The album title here adroitly refers to the guiding choice of selections (each features the word "time" in its title) and to the belated rise to stardom of the drummer hitherto best known as a sideman in Dave Brubeck's Quartet. Morello's skill and inventiveness are ably demonstrated in these sextet performances as the zestful Just in Time, Mother Time, Every Time, etc., where he generously shares honors with Phil Woods on alto sax, Gary Burton on vibes, and John Bunch on piano. The outstanding work, however, is Bunch's highly original trio Fatba Time, in which he, Morello, and bassist Gene Cherico disport by themselves. Except in an atmospheric Every Time We Say Goodbye, the addition of an often ostentatious brass ensemble produces less distinctive performances and tempts Morello himself into excesses. But the recording is clean and bright throughout—liltle less natural and effective on monophony than in the stereo edition.

R.D.D.

"Folklore from Hungary." Orchestra and Chorus of the Duna Ensemble (Budapest), Béla Vavrinecz, cond. Westminster XWN 19008, $4.98 (LP); WST 17008, $5.98 (SD).

This carefully conceived panorama of Hungarian traditional melodies encompasses eight provinces and thirty-seven separate selections. Sunlight and gaiety shimmer through most of the program, but the most memorable songs—as Have You Ever Seen a Dog Rose? I Left My Beautiful Homeland, A Little Bird—possess a kind of wistful sadness that lingers hauntingly in the ear. Clearly emphasizing the visual appeal rather than stark authenticity, Conductor Vavrinecz guides Budapest's Duna Ensemble firmly if a bit hastily through their extremely listenable repertory. The stereo version, in addition to offering no great separation or depth, suffers from somewhat hollow sound: it falls appreciably short of its quite adequately engineered mono sibling. Unhappily, no texts and no translations were provided with the review records.

O.B.B.

"Honeymoon in Spain." Gran Orquesta de Profesores Solistas, J. Casas Augé, cond. Capitol T 10300, $3.98 (LP); ST 10300, $4.98 (SD).

Nothing conjures an image of Spain more eloquently than the flashing rhythm of the pasodoble. Its varied strains can evoke Castile's cloudless skies, the tragic toreros of Andalucia, the sparkling señoritas of Aragon, and the dark glory of Seville. Several are an incredibly effective distillation of all of these, listen to the brilliant, multidimensional treatment recorded España Cahi by Maestro Augé and his virtuosos. This is a showstopper—but then so are La Morena de mi Copla, El Guao Montés, Cielo Andaluz, and the other eight pasodobles on the disc. Capitol's stereo—unquestionably the version of choice—is all crisp separation and crackling transients.

O.B.B.

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Lit Hardin Armstrong, Riverside 401, $4.98 (LP); 9401, $5.98 (SD).

Two front lines are joined to a common rhythm section in these selections, part of Riverside's "Living Legends" recordings made in Chicago last fall. There's a rough lustiness in some of the pieces, but for the most part roughness rather than lustiness is the dominant motif. Bill Martin and Art Nabors, trumpets, and Al Wynn, trombone, get in strong solos, but they are surrounded by a great deal of mediocrity, emphasized by the contemptuous corniness of Darnell Howard's solos. Three of the selections--"Chu's Blues," "Boogie Blues," and "Boogie Me"--were included in Riverside's sampler album from these selections, Chicago: The Living Legends (389/90).

Chris Barber: "American" Jazz Band.
Laurie 1099, $4.98 (LP).

During a visit to the United States in 1960 the English trombonist Chris Barber briefly deserted his own band to record with an American group that included Sidney De Paris, trumpet, in a sampler album from these selections, Chicago: The Living Legends (389/90).

Duke Ellington and His Orchestra: "All American" in "Jazz." Columbia CL 1790, $3.98 (LP); CS 8590, $4.98 (SD).

The score for Ray Bolger's new musical, All American, has provided the Ellington band with the basis for one of its most dispensable records. The tunes have not struck a responsive chord in Ellington, and the arrangements and performances are, for the most part, perfunctory. Ray Nance, Johnny Hodges, and a walloping cornet motif. The Gil Evans arrangements are routine, and there is a wonderfully Ellingtonian motif they missed entirely, but it brushes these tunes only lightly and occasionally.

Bill Evans: "Waltz for Debby." Riverside 399, $4.98 (LP); 9399, $5.98 (SD).

Evans is a pianist whose fragile, almost wisfiful style seemingly could be blown apart by the least disturbance. His six solos on this disc (recorded at the Village Vanguard before an audience that must have been eating voraciously, if one can judge by the churning of chinaware in the background) are laid out in careful, deliberate fashion with the melody always strongly in evidence. Yet for all their quietness and lack of superficial flash, there is an underlying tension in these pieces that prevents one from either accepting them in a completely relaxed manner or from being really stimulated by them. Evans seems to feel closed in, and to be searching for an open, fresh approach even while he plays himself into tight, tense situations.

The Gil Evans Orchestra: "Into the Hot." Impulse 9, $4.98 (LP); S 9. $5.98 (SD).

Superficially, this title is rather misleading, since Evans does not seem to have had much to do with the session beyond opening the studio door for the musicians involved. More specifically, the program is split between Cecil Taylor's group and arranger Johnny Carisi, using men who might conceivably be in Gil Evans' orchestra if he had one. One of Carisi's three selections is an exotic mood piece, another showcases a brightly swinging guitar solo by Barry Galbraith, while the third is a neat, dancing tune that focuses first on Harvey Phillips' agile tuba and then on Phil Woods' strong, flowing alto saxophone. Taylor and a quartet play two pieces, one of which, Bulbs, is an extremely effective bit of organizing. In "Round Two" the two saxophonists (Jimmy Lyons and Archie Shepp) achieve a Mingus-like ensemble effect over Taylor's relentlessly churning piano. A trumpet and trombone are added for his third selection, a long development of melodic lines which are slowly and deliberately built up and pulled apart. The styles of the two groups range from middle- to far-out and, within that area, are often stimulating.

Erroll Garner: "Plays Misty." Mercury 20062, $3.98 (LP); 60662, $4.98 (SD).

This is vintage Garner from the days before his romanticism and liveness were foretold by the formulaic expectations of his concert audiences. Garner's hallmarks have not changed very much, but his performances, are completely relaxed, and the simplicity and directness evident in the present performance have often been missing in his more recent work. The recorded sound is rather thin on some pieces, but otherwise this is a satisfying collection in Garner's most personal style.

The Al Grey-Billy Mitchell Sextet. Argo 689, $4.98 (LP).

Grey and Mitchell, trombonist and tenor saxophonist respectively, are both fugitives from Count Basie's band and alumni of the last Dizzy Gillespie big band. Both are nominally gutsy performers, and their sextet has strong visceral qualities even though Mitchell sometimes overemphasizes his corny vitality on the pieces, recorded at a concert at the Museum of Modern Art in New York last summer. Grey has a superb manipulator of the wa-wa mute, gets a great deal of exhilarating variety from his horn with open and muted variations. He also plays baritone horn in somewhat ponderous fashion but, in combination with pianist Gene Kees' alto horn, this gives the group a wide expanse of color selectivity. These are middle-ground performances, pleasant enough even though they lack the bite one might expect.

Wolody Herman Quartet: "Swing Low, Sweet Clarinet." Philips 20404, $3.98 (LP); 600004, $4.98 (SD).

What a pleasure to hear a warm-toned, straightforward clarinet swinging in a relaxed quartet setting. The uppermost qualities of these performances. Herman's honest emotional projection, the understanding support of Nat Pierce at the piano. Chuck Andrus on bass, and Gus Johnson on drums, and the compatible tunes (Rose Room, Sweet Lorraine, Someday Sweetheart, Summit).
Ridge Drive, among others) make this disk one of those simple pleasures that add the essential seasoning to life.

Earl "Fatha" Hines and His Band: "A Monday Date," Riverside 398, $4.98 (LP); 9403, $5.98 (SD). This contribution to Riverside's "Living Legends" series is uncomfortably revealing of Earl Hines's present situation. Though some of the six-man group's playing is slickly superficial, tourist trade stuff, complete with noisy drum solos and squalling clarinet. the potentialities of the disc remain through West End Blues and Yes, Sir, That's My Baby: trumpeter Eddie Smith is superb (very few trumpeters could follow Louis Armstrong's timing on West End Blues and leave so strong an imprint of their own personalities), and clarinetist Darrell Howard abandons his coarse exaggerations to play with some measure of sincerity. Although Smith creates the high spots, trombonist Jimmy Archey is the most consistently effective performer throughout the disc, blowing beautifully turned little huffs and puffs into just the right places. Hines's piano work is polished and bright, but his two vocal efforts do nothing to raise the level of the set.

Jazz in the Classroom, Vol. VI: "A Tribute to Quincy Jones." Berklee 6, $3.95 (SD).
The sixth disc recorded by the students of the Berklee School in Boston is devoted to compositions by Quincy Jones, and presents the high creative standards he has maintained. More than that, the record reveals a well-disciplined band, a pair of imaginative young arrangers in Mike Gibbs and Chris Swanson, and several unusually good soloists topped by Gary Burton on vibes, Swanson on trombone, and Steve Marcus, a gutty tenor saxophonist who also has a strong, individual way with the soprano saxophone. Of special interest is an unusual quartet—vibes, trombonist, bass, and drummer—that does fascinating things with Jones's Bo's Bloos.

Quincy Jones and His Orchestra: "The Quintessence." Impulse 11, $4.98 (LP); 911, $5.98 (SD). Quincy Jones's writing has a fascinating mixture of melodiousness and guttiness, and he manages to get many of these qualities from the musicians who play with him here. The ensembles are rich-voiced, and the soloists rise from them as though they were riding on a streak of lightning. The two most notable solo men—and they seem to enliven almost every big-band record made in New York these days—are Phil Woods, who has matured into a superbly lyrical alto saxophonist without losing any of his lithe drive, and Joe Newman, whose rasping, shouting trumpet style invigorates any piece he moves into. A fine big-band set.

Duke Jordan: "Les Liaisons Dangereuses." Columbia 813, $3.98 (LP); 813 S, $4.98 (SD). Jordan seems to be one of the most easily overlooked musicians in jazz. He was one of the most influential early Charlie Parker records and was one of the most creative players working during the bop period, yet he emerges from the Fifties and most as a nonentity. Now, after remaining in obscurity for nearly a decade he appears to have written the background tunes for the French film Les Liaisons Dangereuses, but is apparently having trouble getting credit for them. Although at least two of them, No Problem and The Feeling of Love, are hauntingly effective and the performances frequently quite moving, the potential of the disc has been diluted by trying to stretch limited material too far. Three different versions of No Problem take up all of one side, and two versions of The Feeling of Love occupy most of the other. One of each would have been sufficient, and would have left room for some of Jordan's other fine tunes. The five-piece ensemble includes trumpeter Sonny Coles, playing beautifully in one of his very rare appearances in a small pickup group, and tenor saxophonist Charlie Russe. Jordan does not push himself forward but his piano work is, as always, thoughtful, graceful, and swinging.

Oscar Peterson Trio: "West Side Story." Verve 8454, $4.98 (LP); 68454, $5.98 (SD).

Now that Oscar Peterson has finally hit his stride with Ray Brown, bass, and Ed Thigpen, drums, his records are maintaining a consistently high standard. Whatever the reasons for his glib displays of virtuosity in the past, his playing is now much more relaxed and valid. This is particularly noticeable when he brings Brown's bass and Thigpen's drums up into front-line status with his piano, and undertakes imaginative development of Leonard Bernstein's themes. The old Oscar occasionally shows up, as in the hammer and swing on Thursday Night, but for most of the way this is an absorbing set in which a very gifted pianist allows his gifts to be apparent.

André Previn and J. J. Johnson: "Mack the Knife, Bilhoo Song, and other Kurt Weill Musics." Columbia CL 1741, $3.98 (LP); CS 8541, $4.98 (SD).
The unusual combination of trombone and piano, with rhythm accompaniment, playing both popularized and unpopularized Weill-Brecht material, has stimulated Previn and Johnson to extinction rewarding performances. Previn's originality in devising settings that bring out the Brechtian cynicism in Weill's music, and Johnson's own abilities to handle the American style exercises to flowing, full-bodied playing combine to create excellent realizations of off-beat ideas. Previn also finds much more provocative resources in his piano work than he has in many of his jazz efforts. Like Johnson, he has abandoned glibness to seek a more emotionally meaningful form of expression. The tunes are taken from Mahagonny as well as Happy End and The Three-Penny Opera.

Ike Quebec: "Heavy Soul." Blue Note 4093, $4.98 (LP). Quebec is one of several jazz stars of the Forties who, after a long absence, has recently returned to activity (others are Howard McGhee, Dexter Gordon, and Leo Parker, who died shortly after beginning his comeback). Quebec is a tenor saxophonist who write's the music for the crowd is one of Lester Young. The combination gives him a big, swaggering tone which he uses to much better advantage than Hawkins normally would. More than that, he has taste, a creative outlook, and a sound sense of structure—qualities that guide him past the pitfalls into which most current tenors stumble. As a result, his playing sounds fresh and vital even when he is working in the currently overdone style. It is a delight to hear a tenor saxophonist as long as the record, from Hawkins and Oliver Nelson who can use dynamics, shape, and melodic line in his playing without being disturbed by the disc's title—none of the opportunistic banality it implies is found in the performances. Quebec has chosen a good program of blue notes and ballads (which he handles beautifully).

"South Side Blues." Riverside 403, $4.98 (LP); 9403, $5.98 (SD). One of the four blues albums represented in this collection from Riverside's "Living Legends" series—Mississippi Sheik (Walter Vinson). Mama Yancey. Little Brother Montgomery. and Henry Beman. Vinson makes the only contributions of value. He has a grainy, leathery voice and a relaxed and sometimes lazily petulant attack that is harmonious past the point where the superficial merit and basic inadequacy of amateurs. The venerable Mama Yancey can still phrase skilfully, but her tone is thin and thin to be a useful vehicle. Montgomery appears only once as a singer, in a routine performance, but he is a very helpful piano accompanist for Mrs. Yancey and Benson.

Lennie Tristano: "The New Tristano." Atlantic 1357, $4.98 (LP); S 1357, $5.98 (SD). The New Tristano, unaccompanied and unimpeded (no multiple taping this time), spends most of his time rolling out single-note right hand lines over a walking bass, often allowing them to become fascinatingly involved with each other. The heart of the disc is a piece called C Minor Compound, in which Tristano's originality and his most creative ingenuity are kept at an incredible boiling point for almost six minutes. It is an amazing performance which makes the rest of the disc's efforts seem so solutely pallid: scarcely surprising, as Tristano seems to have poured all of his energy into this one piece. The effort: the result: a magnificent achievement.

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**BEETHOVEN: Concerto for Piano and Orchestra, No. 1, in C, Op. 15; Sonata for Piano, No. 22, in F, Op. 54**

Sviatoslav Richter, piano; Boston Symphony Orchestra, Charles Munch, cond. • RCA VICTOR FTC 2070. 48 min. $8.95.

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

Van Cliburn, piano; Chicago Symphony Orchestra, Fritz Reiner, cond. • RCA VICTOR FTC 2096. 48 min. $8.95.

**GERSHWIN: Concerto for Piano and Orchestra, in F; Variations on “I Got Rhythm”; Cuban Overture**

Earl Wild, piano; Boston Pops Orchestra, Arthur Fiedler, cond. • RCA VICTOR FTC 2101. 46 min. $8.95.

Unusual as it is for one manufacturer to contribute simultaneously three such outstanding additions to the piano concerto repertory, it's even more extraordinary that such a release trio should be so rewarding in technical, as well as executant and musical, appeals. In the Beachams, first everything is matchlessly right: Richter's relaxed yet zestful and sensitively colored pianism; the Bostonians' playing, vigorous in the tuttis, delicately balanced with the soloist elsewhere; and the ideally transparent, airborne stereoism. Even the fine Backhaus taping (London) can't compete here; indeed this new RCA reel is likely to remain hors concours for a long time to come. Van Cliburn is up against sternier competition; but if he still has to match the maestro's grandeur of phrasing and powers of integration, he reveals more maturity here than in his recent Beethoven Emperor. His (and Reiner's) predominantly muscular approach does greater justice to the music's heroism than to its moments of introspection, but on first encounter at least the sheer impact and impetuous sweep here are electrifying. The clangorously rich recording is very much to the point. There is enormous dramatic and sonic excitement too in the even more boldly panoramic recording of the Gershwin concerto, and Wild's reading reveals a deep personal involvement in and understanding of the music. He and Fiedler obviously regard this work as something more than an excursion into "symphonic jazz." The Concerto in F is not only treated here as a standard classical work but sounds like one. This is unquestionably the best recorded version to date. The lighter added attractions include the 1 Got Rhythm Variations and the Cuban Overture (in which Fiedler discloses more picquancy and point than any previous recording conductor).

The processing of each of these tapes seems flawless, but interruption-conscious purists will regret that all three—like their disc counterparts—involve a sideturnover within the major works.

**BEETHOVEN: Symphonies: No. 4, in B flat, Op. 60; No. 5, in C minor, Op. 67**

Columbia Symphony Orchestra, Bruno Walter, cond. • COLUMBIA MQ 369. 65 min. $7.95.

**SCHUBERT: Symphonies: No. 5, in B flat; No. 8, in B minor ("Unfinished")**

Columbia Symphony Orchestra (in No. 5); New York Philharmonic (in No. 8); Bruno Walter, cond. • COLUMBIA MQ 391. 53 min. $7.95.

Normally, the profusion of current issues precludes review release to reissues so long after their original release dates as these two, but even a belated opportunity to memorialize the late Bruno Walter can't be passed up. These may not rank among his greatest performances, but every bar breathes his unmistakable signature and glows with his heart-warming eloquence. Yet in commending them to his innumerable friends, it is uncomfortably necessary to warn more objective tape collectors that these distinctively Walterian approaches may not satisfy some tastes as well as rival versions. Lyrical as his Beethoven Fourth and expansive as his Fifth may be, there are those who, like myself, will find more zest and lucidity in Ansermet's version of the former and more dramatic drive in Reiner's version of the latter. And unfortunately the full-blooded recording here tends to be too heavy at the low end, while at the high end it reveals only too candidly the frequent overintensity of the Columbia Symphony strings.

The Schubert coupling is more satisfactory technically, except for some slight labboard imbalance in the Fifth, and it is particularly interesting in fueling the controversy over the relative merits of the California free-lance ensemble and the New York Philharmonic. To my ears the latter has all the best of it. I still prefer Reiner's tauter, more objective treatment of both works, but there is no denying that Walter's Unfinished has a romantic glow and fragrance that must move the hardest heart.

**BIZET: Orchestral Works**

Symphony in C; Jeux d'enfants (Petite Suite), Op. 22; La jolie fille de Perth Suite.

Orchestre de la Suisse Romande, Ernest Ansermet, cond. • LONDON LCL 80090. 50 min. $7.95.

The musical and sonic equivalents of air-borne thistledown. The four-move- ment Jolie fille de Perth Suite will charm listeners of all ages, but may well be especially relished by children and newcomers to the so-called "serious" repertories. Ansermet and his men play these works with angelic sweetness and the recording is a model of transparent delicacy and vibrant naturalness.

**BLOCH: Schelomo**

Schumann: Concerto for Cello and Orchestra, in A minor, Op. 129

Leonard Rose, cello; Philadelphia Orchestra, Eugene Ormandy, cond. (in the Bloch); New York Philharmonic, Leonard Bernstein, cond. (in the Schumann). • COLUMBIA MQ 422. 45 min. $7.95.

Two tape firsts, of which the barbarically colored Hebrew Rhapsody is particularly welcome. The opulent-toned Philadelphians and the richness of stereo make far more of the darkly lambent score than ever was possible in Rose's well-remembered 1951 LP version. Rose himself is perhaps less dramatically outspoken now, but his phrasing and tonal coloring are notably more assured and subtle. They become somewhat mannered, however, in the more calmly songful Schumann Concerto, and Bernstein's accompaniment seems a bit impatient at times, and even blatant in the fortissimo tuttis. Here, too, the forward-miking of the soloist strikes me as less appropriate than the balancing in Schelomo.


London Symphony Orchestra, Peter Maag, cond. • LONDON LCL 80083. 48 min. $7.95.

Except to those who already cherish the disc edition, this release will be one of those delectable "sleeper" discoveries which brighten one's whole musical life. I've always enjoyed what I thought to be the somewhat naive charms of the Fingal's Cave Overture and Scottish Symphony (and up to now have treasured the fine 1959 Van Remoortel 2-track taping of the latter), but until I heard how appropriately the overture serves as a prelude to the larger work,

Reviewed by R. D. DARRELL

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TAPE DECK

Continued from preceding page

and until I was cast under Maag's in-

comparable spell, I'd never realized the

full measure of Mendelssohn's genius for
evocative tone painting. Like the little
Bizet and Schubert Fifth Symphonies,

but with even more substantial musical

rewards, this Scottish program has an

inexplicable fragility about it, and

places it among one's most precious posses-
sions. Maag's performances are shear

magic, and their delicious sonic nuances
could be more purely recorded. The

otherwise excellent tape processing hasn't

equitely eliminated whispers of fluttery

background noise in the quiet passages,
but this is a trifling distraction indeed.

STRAUSS, RICHARD: Salome: Sal-


Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra, Herbert

von Karajan, cond.

• LONDON LCL 80078. 48 min. $7.95.

Only a day after I had played this reel,
alI could recall was the opulence of
its ultratransparent and airy floating
orchestral sound—as aurally seductive as
stereo has always given us in any medium.
If it is not as brilliant at the high end
as some recent "spectaculars," there cer-
tainly is nothing lacking in percussive
transients or any unbalancing of the fre-
quency spectrum to give added weight
to the lows. But Karajan's fastidious
readings are certainly depersonalized
here. He does convey the fairy-tale at-
mosphere of Till, but none of its mor-
dant wit and irony; his Salome is sinuous
and very feminine indeed, but sophis-
ticated rather than barbaric; and his
Death and Transfiguration builds up to
sonorously impressive climaxes, but for
all its compassion never involves the lis-
tener in the protagonist's suffering and
redemption. You must look elsewhere
for more illuminating interpretations of
these works, but you are unlikely to find
any other versions more aurally en-
chanting... which may well be enough
for most collectors.

VIVALDI: Gloria

Mimi Coertse, soprano; Ina Dressel, so-

prano; Sonja Drake, contralto; Vienna

Academy Chorus; Vienna State Opera

Orchestra; Hermann Scherchen, cond.

• WESTMINSTER WTC 153. 31 min.

$7.95.

Scanty as the Vivaldi tape repertory may
be, it now includes (at long last!) one of
the great Venetian's choral works, not
to be surprised at (on discs) Gloria. It's an
ideal choice, too, for it combines resplendent baroque grandeur
with moments of heart-wrenching tender-
ness, and the Vienna Philharmonic version
has been justly acclaimed by Nathan
Broder as "by all odds the finest re-
cording" of this great work.

Except for the preecho anticipations of
the opening string tones, the tape transfer
is excellent. At first one may feel that
the chorus here is a bit too small or that
lack of reverberation limits its sonic
weight, but as the work progresses
Scherchen's carefully calculated propor-
tions, as well as his persuasive expres-
siveness, convincingly justify themselves
in leading up to the affirmative climax

of the Cum Sancto Spiritus fugal finale.
Now the least of the charms here are the
lovely singing of the soloists; the stereo
antiphonies; and the piquant fluidity

of the organ in the continuo accompaniments.

WILLI BOSKOVSKY: "Loliops aus Wien"

Boskovsky Ensemble, Willi Boskovsky, cond.

• VANGUARD VTC 1639. 50 min. $7.95.

It would be embarrassing simply to re-
peat my rave review of the Boskovsky
"Bonbons aus Wien" tape of last Feb-
ruary, but frankly I just can't do more—or
less—than reapply the very same praise
to the music, performances, re-
cording, and processing here. If there's
anything to quibble about (apart from
the necessary temporal limits of the pro-
gram itself, which I'd prefer to go on
twice as long,) I'm blissfully oblivious of
it. And the present selections are if
anything even more delectably chosen
and varied than before: Zingarese and
Katherine-Tänze by Haydn; a generous
selection of Schubert's German Dances
and Ecossaises; the real lavender-and-
old-lace Stelzmauller-Tanz and Schnoffl-
Tanz by the now obscure Vinzenz Stelz-
mann, and Johann Peter and the mature
Lanner, the Op. 1 Wiener Länd-
ler and Op. 180 Ahend-Sterne Waltzer;
and no less than four spirited reminders
that Johann Strauss, Sr., had no cause
to feel overshadowed by his more fa-

rous sons—the Seijler and Gitana galops.
Hofball-Tänzer, and an American
Polka, Op. 137, no less catchy vivacious
than Johann Jr.'s Op. 117 with the same
title.

EUGENE ORMANDY: "Serenade"

Tchaikovsky: Serenade. Borodin: Noct-
turne. Barber: Adagio. Vaughan Wil-

liams: Fantasia on "Greensleeves."

Philadelphia Orchestra, Eugene Orman-
dy, cond.

• COLUMBIA MQ 431. 44 min. $7.95.

Except for a faint intrusion of spill-over
between a couple of selections, the super-
latively rich and broadspread re-
cording here is surely as impressive as
the luminous Philadelphia string choir
ever has enjoyed. Ormandy's expressive
readings long have been popular in an
earlier recording and now they are even
more sumptuously and emotionally pro-
jected.

JOAN SUTHERLAND: Operatic Re-
cital

Paris Opéra Chorus and Conservatoire
Orchestra, Nello Santi, cond.

• LONDON LOL 90040. 47 min. $7.95.

Released on discs over two years ago,
Miss Sutherland's first recital program
has since been overshadowed by her
very much more widely acclaimed "Art of
the Prima Donna" and the complete Lucia
already on tape. Yet the belated re-
lease in this medium of the earlier pro-
gram is still a welcome one. Dramati-
cally, the Australian soprano has made
the great advances since these performances
(arias from Lucia, Ernani, I Vesperi sicil-
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Continued on next page
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TAPE DECK
Continued from preceding page

"The Fourth Dimension in Sound.”
Shorty Rogers, flithorn and corn. Warner Brothers WSTC 1443, 27 min., $7.95.


A memorable jazz-tape month brings us two more outstanding reals which represent modern styles as effectively as Condon and Jones. Gray releases demonstrate the vitality of older ones. Rogers’ program demonstration is featured as a sonic spectacular demonstration of multiple track techniques in Warner Brothers’ “stereo work shop” series, and indeed it is one of the most lucid and piquant exemplars of its kind, particularly notable for its sonic freshness and crystalline clarity. Yet even its technological triumphs are likely to be overlooked in one’s mesmerized absorption in the fragiley cool, subtly nuanced and understated chamber music making by Rogers and his imaginative sidemen. The settings, presumably by Rogers himself, are distincively original throughout (it’s only arbitratively that I might single out those of Speak Low, Kook-a-Ree, Waltz, and To hoo; and best of all, the stereoscopic effects and Shelly Manne’s percussive incongruities are consistently utilized to meaningful purpose.

The on-location Davis album is remarkable on other realistics. Particularly recorded in apparently close miking and with some obvious need of monitoring, the tonal qualities, especially of Miles’s own trumpet and Hank Mobley’s tenor sax, are far from attractive in themselves. The settings, presumably by Rogers himself, are distincively original throughout (it’s only arbitratively that I might single out those of Speak Low, Kook-a-Ree, Waltz, and To hoo; and best of all, the stereoscopic effects and Shelly Manne’s percussive incongruities are consistently utilized to meaningful purpose.

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By Schory’s own standards this is an almost routine program, likely to amaze only those who have never before heard his ingeniously deft scorings, the superb pluming of his ensemble, or the ultra- brilliant, robust stereism and acoustical spaciousness which have made his earlier releases outstanding in their field. Perhaps there’s a bit too much emphasis here on “stereo action” motion (the xylophonist in particular undergoes dizzying gyrations!) Yet all this is not to say that anyone else is capable of such spirited divertissements as the present Bolero Diablo, Offenbach Can-Can, Ave Maria, and Lizburgh, and that Schory seems content to rest on his laurels rather than to explore still more novel domains.

"A Kostelanetz Festival.” N. Y. Philharmonic, Andre Kostelanetz, cond. Columbia M. Q. 420, 37 min., $7.95. The typical Philharmonic program beat is beaten out in slam-bang fashion and powerfully recorded. What gives it more than cutlet interest for once is the in-
clusion of two recording firsts: the pompously flatulent Tchaikovsky Ouverture solennelle which the composer conducted at the Carnegie Hall opening ceremonies in 1891, and a much more interesting, spiritedly prancing Johannesv Festival Overture, by William Walton. The latter was obviously much more carefully rehearsed and is played with far more genuine verve than the other selections: Debussy Fêtes, Offenbach Can-Can, Gounod Faust Waltzes, Saint-Saëns Samson et Delila, Bacchanale, Anderson Belle of the Ball, and Chopin Military Polonaise.

"Sing Out!" The Limeliters, RCA Victor FTP 1110, 29 min., $7.95. Unlike their two earlier live RCA Victor programs, the latest release by the talented Gottlieb-Hasslev-Yarbrough trio is a studio recording. Technically, it is as good or even better, although I don't care much for the occasional soloist spotlighting, but musically it is considerably less effective. To be sure, there is the familiar jauntiness and infectious spirit at times (as in Charmin' Betsy, Gilgarry Mountain, The Lion and the Lamb, etc.), but without audience responsiveness the comic spoken bits seem ineffectual.

"Songs of the Soaring '60s," Vol. 1. Roger Williams, piano, with Orchestra, Frank Hunter and Ralph Carmichael, cond. Kapp KTL 41038, 36 min., $7.95. There are no changes in style as Williams' historical survey series catches up with the latest favorites, but as always, his suave cocktail hour sentimentality is consistently enlivened by genuinely lyrical grace and purely recorded tonal qualities. Particularly ingratiating are The Green Leaves of Summer, Portrait of My Love, Sailor, and Green Fields; but I for one would welcome more of the animation confined here mainly to the Jaunty Bilbao Song and Calcutta.

"Tonight Only!" Carmen McRae: Dave Brubeck Quartet. Columbia CQ 413, 44 min., $6.95. Even Miss McRae's expressive voice and restrained style cannot endow such naive materials as the Brubeckian Weep No More, Briar Bush, and Strange Meadowlark with any real distinctiveness, and most of the instrumental pieces here are frankly salon doodlings—redeemed only by Eugene Wright's bass playing in his own Talkin' and Walkin', and by Paul Desmond's soliloquies in his own Late Lament. The transparent, stereophonic recording is rather too closely miked.

"Young and Warm and Wonderful." Peter Nero, piano. Orchestra. Marty Gold, cond. RCA Victor FTP 1119, 38 min., $7.95. It is only in an excitingly driving, virtuoso "concerto"-styled Thou Swell and the piquantly contrapuntal The Way You Look Tonight that Nero flashes again the distinctive imagination and eclat which made his first appearances so notable. But if these are the sole highlights, they are memorable ones, and the rest of the program certainly is mood music at its most ingratiating—both in interpretive romanticism that never slops over into schmaltziness, and in the warmest imaginable reproduction of inherently attractive piano and orchestral sonorities.

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Burlap Overlap. One of the most successful meal walls we know of, in the home of New York high fidelity dealer-installer James Marlowe Jewell, is hardly a wall at all. Actually it is a panoply of burlap stretched across studs to create a "false wall." Behind it are speaker systems, power amplifiers, sound-reflecting panels, and even a workbench and private storage space. The front side of the burlap façade forms one wall of a large, tastefully furnished room whose other (real) walls are painted the same natural "potato" color of the burlap. The illusion of architectural unity is aided by having a portion of the burlap extend to overlap an adjacent wall.

Motivating this visual deception is Mr. Jewell's theory that speaker enclosures must not be seen. He has thus become a master at interior camouflage—not only in his own sound room but in the homes of clients where he plants woofers and tweeters in spots carefully chosen from an acoustic standpoint to create room-filling stereo.

"Naturally," says Jewell, "there is no pat formula for this type of installation. I am guided by two rules. One is that reproduced music sounds better when the sound sources are unseen. The other is to use, rather than be defeated by, existing or required furnishings and architectural members."

Following these precepts, Jewell—a former successful opera and concert singer—has installed sound systems in some of New York City's most palatial homes. "I do not advertise," he says, "and you will see no sign outside my place. My business depends on the personal recommendations of previous clients and most clients are referred to me by decorators. I charge the prevailing catalogue price for components, plus a consultation and installation fee. When you wire a house for stereo and must work with such ground rules as 'Don't disturb that vase on the third shelf,' or 'Not one wire must show,' or 'Controls must be accessible without the need for the client to stoop or bend,' there must necessarily be additional charges. I also maintain equipment after I sell it, but since I start with only the best components there really is not much of a servicing problem. Too, I spend time teaching a client all the functions of the equipment."

If Jewell's modus operandi is somewhat atypical, its translation in terms of an installation does seem to satisfy, for a select clientele, the aesthetic and psychoacoustic requirements for good music reproduction. Jewell will spend hours, for instance, balancing a speaker hidden under an end table with another mounted behind a breakfront. Wiring always is cabled and may be hidden in furniture legs, or directed through openings made in carpets or in the floor itself. Controls and program sources, although always accessible, are integrated to suit the client's taste. Jewell's own sound system is controlled from a long, low cocktail table (which he re-modeled from an old air-coupler woofer). A turntable and tape deck are installed in the top surface of this table, while tuner and preamplifier are mounted in cutouts below. The subtle coloring of the burlap "wall" and the room's soft, indirect lighting combine with the excellent response of the equipment to help create a wide range of acoustic impressions, from the precise focus of a chamber group to the spread and depth of a full orchestra. With the larger music works, particularly grand opera, one gets an impression of sitting at a strategic spot in a very good hall or theatre. The music becomes so prominent in such a setting that the wall from which (or rather, here, behind which) it emanates seems to widen and recede. The result is psychoacoustic magic, with an illusion of the music becoming "free" from its obvious dependency on reproducing equipment.

Jewell relishes his role as artificer and is pleased when visitors are astonished at the illusion created by his burlap "wall." He once entertained the president of a leading department store for whose design department he hoped to install sound systems. At one point, the store executive leaned against the burlap, assuming it was a real wall. "He didn't quite go through it," recalls Jewell. "Burlap is pretty tough and there are those beams, you know. But before he could say anything, I told him: Good. If it fooled even you, then it's a success. We did business after that."

Twin-Channel Itch. Stereo headset users whose ears itch may be allergic to the foam plastic cushions used on some models. If so, a remedy suggested by reader Dr. Julian S. Brock of Richmond, Virginia, costs little and may help a lot. Dr. Brock, whose own ears became inflamed after using his headphones, reports that "The problem was solved for approximately seventeen cents by applying two cloth coasters (for regular size drinking glasses) over the inner sides of the phones. They fit beautifully, and they very conveniently have a hole in their centers that gives the appearance of having been made to cover an earphone."

Footnote to Portables. Our favorite current bit of nonsense is the story of the lady who returned a portable radio she had received as a gift. The set worked fine, she told the surprised dealer, but it came with a built-in "Marine Band" and she disliked martial music.

Compact Turntables. Rek-O-Kut, which has slimmer things down at one end of the reproducing chain with its Audax speakers, now reduces dimensions at the other end with its new line of Rondine turntables. The Rondine 2 is a trim 1 1/2 by 14 1/2 inches and thus may be installed almost anywhere including those handy drop-in hideaways used in many cabinets. The new platters, which start at $79.95, are furnished with automatic arm, manual arm, or no arm.

Plea for Tapes. Five hundred reels of magnetic recording tape are needed at the Veterans Administration Hospital in West Roxbury, Massachusetts, reports Hermon Hoser Scott, for use in an educational therapy program in which paraplegic patients read books into a tape recorder. The programmed tapes then are distributed to blind students throughout the country. New as well as used (but re-usable) tapes should be sent to "Textbooks on Tape," c/o Mr. Hermon Hoser Scott, President, H. H. Scott, Inc., 111 Powdermill Rd., Maynard, Mass.

Excelsior! Hard on the heels of our report in the March issue on the Korting tape recorder, in which we pointed out that the operating manual for this imported unit "is rather poorly written by American standards," comes word from the Korting people that the manual has been rewritten. The new version now is being supplied with all Model MT158S stereo recorders.

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Another American release offers two of J. C. Bach's keyboard concertos—in D, Op. 7, No. 3, and in G, Op. 13, No. 5—coupled with brother Carl's famous D minor harpsichord concerto. They are well played by Fritz Neumeyer (harpsichord) with the Wiener Solisten (Vanguard BG 616, mono; BGS 5040, stereo) and are winning examples of the composer's Italianate approach to the concerto form.

Many more of Johann Christian's works have been issued by European companies, and most of them are available through dealers specializing in imports. The English Oiseau-Lyre label features the French Wind Ensemble playing his four lively wind quintets, works worthy to be compared with the similar wind divertimentos by Mozart, Dittersdorf, et al. (OL 50135). Two of his symphonies—Op. 9, No. 2, in E flat, and, again, Op. 18, No. 4, in D—are played on OL 50007 by the Lamoureux Orchestra conducted by Pierre Colomb; the coupling is Haydn's famous harpsichord Concerto in D, played by Isabel Nef. Another unusual Oiseau-Lyre disc includes the Flute Quartet in F, Op. 8, No. 4, as part of a recital for flute and strings, with Jean-Pierre Rampal as solo flute (OL 50188, mono; SOL 60018, stereo).

A fairly recent Pye disc (CCL 30170, mono; CSL 70043, stereo) features a recital by the London Harpsichord Ensemble, in a program of eighteenth-century music, and includes Johann Christian's Harpsichord Concerto in E flat, Op. 7, No. 5; the soloist is Millicent Silver. More harpsichord concertos are to be savored in a pair of Harmonia Mundi-Angelco productions. One of them includes concertos in C minor (mislabeled "D major") on the jacket) and in G (HMAC 30113); the other couples Johann Christian's F minor Concerto with Carl Philipp Emanuel's fascinating Double Concerto for Harpsichord and Piano (HMAC 30524). The work both of the Italian instrumentalists and of the French engineers is first-rate. Still another Harmonia Mundi-Angelco production brings us a Flute Concerto in D, an Oboe Concerto in F, and the above-mentioned G minor Symphony, Op. 6, No. 6 (HMAC 30112).

There's a good French Vox record (DL 463-2) devoted to Mr. Bach's music, with two of the great double-orchestra symphonies: the well-known Op. 18, No. 6, in D, and the even more magnificent Op. 18, No. 3, in D, a splendid piece conceived on truly regal lines. These two symphonies are played by the Mainzische Staatskapelle, conducted by Günther Kehr, and they are coupled with two of the Op. 11 Quintets, played by an able group of soloists. The French catalogue also makes a nod in the direction of Jean-Christien's keyboard sonatas. On a five-inch EMI disc (41027) you will find the sonatas in G, Op. 5, No. 3, and in C minor, Op. 17, No. 2, played by Françoise Petit.

The sacred music is represented on only one record, but that is a magnificent one. AMS 19 (stereo), which contains the great Dies Irae for double chorus and orchestra. Otherwise Johann Christian's vocal music has been rather sadly neglected. Surely some enterprising company should take note of the opera Temistocle, a marvelous work which is about to enter Universal Edition. And the French opera Amadis has a good deal more of interest in it in addition to the three dances already recorded.

Mr. Bach of London

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sonatas for it, and concertos (which, incidentally, Mozart was to take as a pattern when he came to write his own concertos for the keyboard). Now, in the early 1770s, "the English Bach" was at the height of his fame. His music was sung and played throughout the world, wherever European music was to be heard; publishers vied to print his music; impresarios invited him to Mannheim and Paris to compose and produce operas in their opera houses.

We catch a glimpse of him as he moved about his affairs in London: at Vauxhall, where his songs were known and loved; in the opera houses; at Hanover Square, where his music, no less than his charming manners and ready wit, delighted his fashionable subscribers. Gainsborough painted a likeness of him, for dispatch to Bach's old mentor, Padre Martini: "A speaking likeness..." wrote Bach in his accompanying letter. We see him going by coach from the house of one fashionable pupil to another, the teaching of his pupil in those days, not the other way about! Once he was stopped and robbed by a highwayman on one of the heaths outside London; Mr. Bach lost his watch, but saved his conscience by his steady refusal to identify the possible thief. The diarists and writers of the time often mention him. Fanny Burney tells how his name was brought up at her father's house, when Dr. Johnson was present; the Doctor, who was no music lover, professed ignorance of Bach's name, with a famous "And pray, sir, who is Bach? A piper?"

In the end, Johann Christian paid the price of a too easy popularity. Like many public idols, he fell into neglect. Newer idols came along: Muzio Clementi, Johann Schröter, many others. Generous and careless, easygoing in money matters, Bach came upon a time when the guineas no longer came pouring into his coffers, when the subscribers and the pupils alike fell off, and he found himself in severe financial difficulties. A dishonest housekeeper added to his distress, and in the end he seems to have simply died of worry, on New Year's Day 1782. He was buried in a pauper's grave, in St. Pancras' churchyard in London. His stanch friend the Queen paid some of his debts and helped his widow to return to her native Italy, accompanied to the last by John, the coachman who had been with Mr. Bach from the time when he first came to London. "And so," wrote Mrs. Papendiek, who as Charlotte Albert had known Bach from the time she was a little girl, "this man, of ability in his profession, of liberal kindness in it, of general attention to friends, and worthy character, was forgotten almost before he was called..." Papendiek remembered him all her life, and the young Mozart remembered him, too. A few months after Johann Christian's death, the twenty-six-year-old Mozart wrote to his father: "Have you heard that the English Bach is dead? What a loss for the musical world!" Some ten years later, Mozart was to follow his older friend into a pauper's grave—sad fate indeed for two of the most genial creators of music the world has ever known.

J. C. Bach on Records

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