In this issue

Organs Without Pipes
a survey... by R. D. Darrell

Robert Craft
a portrait... by Eric Salzman
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CIRCLE 22 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

AUTHORitatively Speaking

Now on the music staff of the New York Herald Tribune and a member of this journal’s panel of record reviewers, Eric Salzman has combined in his quarter-century career (said career, we hasten to add, began, with violin lessons, when he was barely out of kindergarten) the roles of composer, critic, conductor, and performer. In all these guises his particular interest has been in the field of old music and contemporary music—which fact perhaps accounts for the special insight he brings to his portrayal (p. 24) of Robert Craft, whose own endeavors have been largely along the same lines. We might add that Mr. Salzman is being the subject of widespread congratulations these days as a recent recipient of a Ford Foundation grant; he will soon take a sabbatical, but we have his assurances that it will not exclude HIGH FIDELITY.

We suspect that our good friend R. D. Darrell may justifiably feel that his activities are far too well known to need celebrating in this column. Therefore we shall not say (and nobody need think we’ve forgotten our Marcus Tullius Cicero!) that Mr. Darrell has been a record reviewer since 1928, a reviewer of prerecorded tape since its inception, a pioneer in the propagation of the concept of high fidelity, and the author of countless periodical articles and a number of books for music listeners. As for his current contribution herein (“Organs Without Pipes,” p. 27), Mr. Darrell tells us that he first became interested in electronic instruments when he wrote, for the Phonograph Monthly Review in 1930, a report on the Theremin. As we’ve implied, no development in the musical arts has escaped R.D.D.’s exploration.

From overseas there comes to us this month an essay from one of our favorite British authors, Peter J. Pirie. We’re very happy to think that Mr. Pirie’s brief in favor of mens sana (see “Fie Upon Freud!” p. 31) may set a small kettle boiling. We’re also happy to have the opportunity of correcting here the impression of Mr. P. we once drew in these pages when we wrote of a “very English Englishman” apparently leading a life of quiet communion with nature in “a Sussex village.” It seems this description was a good deal more fanciful than factual: the Sussex village turns out to be a suburb of a heavily industrialized Channel port; the archetypal Englishman, a convinced internationalist of strongly anti-Establishment bent. It is true, however, that Mr. Pirie has long been engaged in a campaign on behalf of English music, and takes a rightful pride in its recent revival by the BBC and British record makers. In particular he’s pleased by the renaissance for Arnold Bax—and asks that Americans please take note.

Just two months ago one of our New York correspondents was privileged to have an interview with the Swiss-born tenor Hugues Cuenod (May, p. 22), and we thereby lost our prerogative of introducing here the author of the reminiscences of Mary Garden which appear in this issue on p. 36. We therefore simply mention that M. Cuenod followed his spring visit in this country with a trip to Rome to sing in Nozze di Figaro, with a series of recitals on the Continent, and with a commitment to appear at the Glyndebourne Festival.
from this day on, Audiotape will have a new formula. A formula unmatched by any other magnetic tape. Greater uniformity. Greater sensitivity. Greater durability. Greater clarity. Greater range. Hearing is Believing. Try a reel of today's most remarkable tape. New Audiotape!

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Residents of France who like old music and exotic animals are becoming increasingly aware of a tall, bony, boyish-looking man named Roland Douatte. For the past fifteen years he has appeared frequently at concerts and on radio and television programs as the director of his own chamber orchestra, which specializes in pre-1800 works and which he calls, in honor of the group created by Telemann and led by Bach, the Collegium Musicum de Paris. Since 1960 he has been the president, business manager, and a man of Criètre, the youngest and perhaps most scholarly of French disc makers. Still only forty-three, he has a reputation as a musicologist. And he is the owner of what must be the most extraordinary private zoo in the country.

The Criètre catalogue has from the beginning included interesting baroque compositions, along with a bit of Schoonberg and such unusual items as the music for Racine's Esther. Douatte has now added a monument: all of Bach's fourteen harpsichord concertos (five records, available separately), presented with a total of twenty-one album-size pages of notes—in fact, a small book by several learned hands. The principal soloist is Ruggero Gerlin, and the orchestra, of course, is the Collegium Musicum, conducted by its founder.

In several ways (I'll get to the zoo in a moment) the recording is evidence of a tradition which will soon be forty years old. Gerlin, who is a Venetian with a Milan background, began his connection with Paris in the Twenties, when he came here to become one of Wanda Landowska's most brilliant and ardent disciples. Now a vigorous, black-haired, honors-laden sixty-five, he is still spreading the Landowskian influence, less frequently on the concert circuit but very actively on European disc and as a professor at the Chigiana Academy in Siena. And he has kept his link with France. Performing with him in some of the Bach concertos are four French harpsichordists who have studied with him at Siena: Huguette Dreyfus, Nicole Hénon, Michèle Tedeschi, and Blandine Verlet. The other soloists are the flutists Michel Debost and Maxence Larriue, and the young violinist Régis Pasquier.

After a Salle Gaveau concert celebrating the completion of the project, I found Douatte relaxed and ready to talk about his several interests. The zoo? "That," he said, "is my grand passion, along with music. It's on some property I have south of Bordeaux. I am thinking of expanding my collection, which is now up to eighty—monkeys, birds of prey, goats, istruskhan sheep, African porcupine, South American guanaco, a Shetland pony, mouflon from North Africa. Except for the rams sometimes, they all have good dispositions, the monkeys in particular."

We returned to Bach. Since the harpsichord is no longer, strictly speaking, a revived instrument, but has begun a new evolution, and since both Gerlin and Douatte are interested in historical accuracy, sound had been a problem. "Finally," Douatte said, "we got four of the 'Bach' models manufactured by the Grupegger firm in Bamberg, and installed them in the Maronite church here in Paris for the recording sessions. The reverberation times in this building are naturally right."

"Tempo?" I let Gerlin decide, because of his experience, and I liked his decisions—even though in a particular movement I myself have gone a little faster. Bach was not really austere, not at all an old hommit de nuit. He had his gay and lyrical aspect. Of course you have to let that relentless rhythm pile up. It is part of the life in his music. But he winks at you every so often. He is Latin as well as German, and quite Italian in these concertos. I have been reminded of Corelli during our recording sessions."

How had he, Douatte, become so interested in older music? "At first, as a young conductor, I was simply looking for something different to play. Then I found myself caught up in it, and spent a good part of six years doing some research. Of course, in all this I am in agreement with the taste of our times. Nineteenth-century music, for all its greatness, has a dream quality. The older
Manita de Plata listens to the playback of a stereo master tape which will become "Flamenco Legend" (Connoisseur CS 263). The speakers are AR-3's.

first playback after the recording: guitarist Manita de Plata listens to himself through AR-3's

Connoisseur Society makes stereo records in 12-inch 45 rpm LP's, of the very highest quality.

Connoisseur engineers recently made a European tour, taking their recording equipment with them. They recorded Flamenco Legend (Connoisseur CS 263) with Manita de Plata in Arles, France, where this photo was taken.

Recording engineers make critical decisions on the basis of the playback sound achieved on location. Artificial coloration in the monitor loudspeakers provides false clues to work with, and tends to perpetuate itself inversely in the record. Connoisseur engineers chose AR-3 speakers as producing the sound most faithful to the tape.

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CIRCLE 58 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

Notes from Our Correspondents

Continued from page 10

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has more reality.

Critere discs are distributed in Europe
by Philips, and some—by no means all—
have been selected by Westminster for
distribution in the United States.

ROY MCMULLEN

NEW YORK

Beatrice Lillie, who
plays the bicycle-riding
medium in High Spirits
a musical adaptation of Noel
Coward's Blithe Spirit,
made her way—
presumably by car—out to a studio in
Long Island one Sunday not long ago
to conjure up a manifestation or two
before the microphones of ABC Paramount Records.
It was the company's first original-cast recording, and they
could hardly have chosen better: Miss Lillie's Madame Arcati (quaffing brandy,
whenever offered, with a slantless cry
of "Why not?!") and Tammy Grimes' arsienic-and-old-crotolplasram
representation of the recalled spirit constitute what
is certainly one of the rarer female pair-
ings on Broadway. And the songs of
Hugh Martin and Timothy Gray, as my
evening in the theatre had convinced me,
capture the essence of the goings-on
with high style.

One-take Lillie, they call her.

Miss Lillie, first on the recording
schedule, suggested the figure and the
movement of a boy of twelve as she
took her place at the mike. She was
clad in trim black slacks, an emerald-
green silk mandarin jacket, black patent
leather boots borrowed from Act I, a
pill-box hat (or perhaps one should
say the pill-box hat) executed in
the same substance as the boots, and several
yards of beads. She was as indomitable
at the mike as on stage, and put so much
into a song called Something Is
Coming to Tea that the engineers had
to call a halt while she removed some of
the beads, which had set to rattling.
The first take went swimmingly, though
Miss Lillie's only comment, as she
listened with a somewhat bemused
expression to the playback, was "It can't

Continued on page 14
Now, it's safe to buy one

Maybe you're the conservative type. Or just patient. You've wanted to buy a transistor amplifier. You know about their extraordinary peak power delivery. And that there is no known limit to the operating life of a transistor. Ponder that last. Output transistors don't go out of balance. They don't 'soften' or change after a few hours of use. The performance of a transistor amplifier does not deteriorate gradually as you use it. If only you could be sure that they would work.

Well, relax. The KLH Model Sixteen does. It works. And works. And works. Plug in a program source and turn the gain up full. Short the speaker cables or pull the speaker plugs out. You couldn't burn this one out if you tried. Not without resorting to a blowtorch. The reason you can't is that KLH has developed a unique electronic circuit which eliminates the need for fuses, circuit breakers, or elaborate countdown procedures.

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Now, it's safe to buy one.

*Slightly higher in the west

KLH designed it. KLH builds it.
be that loud!” The recording team was jubilant, but she refused to be flattered: “One-take Lillie, they call me. Wait until they hear the rest!” The rest went with the same high radiation of energy, and watching Miss Lillie render a verse such as this (in a pas sacre to her bicycle)—

“With the flick of a wrist
I can turn, I can twist;
I can lurch, I can list. I can fly”
is the next best thing to beholding her on that Raleigh on stage. “Of course it took me no time at all to decide to be in the show,” she told me. “I think some of Noel Coward’s best things are in Blithe Spirit.” And who should know better?

Blithe spirit Tammy Grimes.

I forget who remarked of Tammy Grimes, at the time of The Unsinkable Molly Brown, that she sang as if she had a jaw full of Novocain. I was pleased to note on this occasion that the dose still holds. Behind dark glasses as big as windshields, which she periodically boosted with one finger, Miss Grimes herself was almost hidden. But the voice, ranging from a purring sotto voce to a peal like a trumpet, unquestionably ranks her as one of the most beguiling spirits to have returned in many a day. On stage, Miss Grimes floats airy most of the time; in the studio she had to stay fixed, but she compensated for the relative immobility by ceiling up and unwinding as she sang like a spring in slow motion, all with a sense of rhythm that a dancer might envy.

It’s a wonderful musical, and I hope this particular Madame Arcati and the spirit she summoned from the other world will linger on Broadway for a long time.

S.F.

NOTES FROM OUR CORRESPONDENTS

Continued from page 12
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NOTES FROM OUR CORRESPONDENTS

Continued from page 14

real bulk above water. Only a small part of London's orchestral work is visible in the concert hall. Recording studios hide the greater part, and consequently provide most of the orchestral players' income. This simple fact, hardly realized by the concert-going or record-buying public, is of paramount importance in any discussion of London's present orchestral discontents, about which there has been universal confusion during the past season.

One of the chief locales for this "invisible" orchestral employment is Kingsway Hall, and it was there—at a final session devoted to the Queen of the Night arias—that Otto Klemperer completed recording Mozart's Die Zauberflöte three months ago. Neither the Queen (Lucia Poppo) nor the other members of Angel's starry cast were in the news, but the orchestra was. Headlines were made by Walter Legge's announcement that "the impossibility of maintaining high artistic standards" compelled him to withdraw his support from the Philharmonia Orchestra, of which he was founder and artistic director.

"An autocrat bows out with dignity," read the Observer's valedictory fanfare. Conveniently but unjustly forgetting postwar standards achieved by the London Philharmonic Orchestra under Victor de Sabata, and glossing over the undoubted present superiority of the London Symphony Orchestra over all its rivals, the article virtually credited Walter Legge with London's orchestral salvation through: (a) the creation of the Philharmonia Orchestra, (b) the engagement of Karajan and, after him, Klemperer to conduct it.

What the article did not mention was that all this was paid for and only made possible through recording engagements.

A week later, the Sunday Times's estimate of the royalties paid by the recording company to the Philharmonia office as £50,000 annually came as a surprise.

Continued on page 20
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Video Tape at Fairchild. Ever since Ampex introduced its television tape recorder in 1956, many of us have speculated on the eventual combining of sight and sound elements in form and cost suitable for the average home. Such a system could serve many amateur interests, of which a relevant one, from our standpoint, would be to implement a "total perception concept" for serious adult fare—operas, musicals, dramas, and so on.

Promise of such a system has been rumored for some time; recently we witnessed a demonstration of one at Fairchild Camera and Instrument Corporation, Syosset, Long Island, New York. Company spokesmen emphasized that the equipment being shown was not yet a marketable product. Rather, it was a prototype built to demonstrate the new technique. They did feel, however, that eventually a machine could be manufactured (by others; Fairchild does not plan to produce this equipment itself) to retail for "well under $500."

What we saw at Fairchild was a neatly styled tape deck fitted into a console that also housed a commercial television receiver. Programs that had been taped off the air, and others that were taken live with a new Fairchild camera, were played through the set. The presentation was enjoyable and the system's technology seemed to us viable. There were, of course, the inevitable bugs of a new system. The picture occasionally had a trace of snow and some jitters. The sound in general lacked a full "high end" and at times was marred by a buzz. These faults—which Fairchild attributed to the quality of the programs that had been taped, and to an admitted need for further improvement and/or adjustment of the equipment—did not detract from the favorable impression made by the new medium. What seemed most noteworthy was the very fact of its accomplishment, albeit in terms subject to refinement.

The deck runs at a speed of 120 inches per second, using 1/2-inch-wide tape. The system is four-track, and a single track carries both video and audio information. When the tape runs out in one direction, the machine automatically reverses it and continues to play in the opposite direction. An eleven-inch reel, thus, can offer one hour of uninterrupted programming. There is, at present, a 7-second loss of signal at the instant of reversal; this is the time it takes for the tape to come up to full speed. A color picture, which necessitates using another track, would reduce total playing time by half. Stereophonic sound could be multiplexed onto the same track now used for monochrome video and monophonic audio.

The Fairchild recorder is fitted with a record head and a playback head. According to its designer, Wayne Johnson, it is at present impractical to include an erase head, and so tapes made on the machine can be erased only with a separate bulk eraser. An azimuth adjustment permits tapes made on one model to be played on another. While examining the system, we were told that the transport mechanism is built of standard parts, although the circuitry ("let the electronics do all the work") is complex, using fifty transistors. Eventually, Fairchild hopes to reduce this number to about thirty-five.

We asked about the compatibility of the video system with existing television sets. The new device, we were told, could be regarded as an "attachment" that would mate with most TV receivers, although the interconnections required might be too complicated for the average do-it-yourselfer. It would not, in other words, be as simple to hook up as an audio tape recorder, and as a rule, "wired TV sets would be easier to adapt to it than printed-circuit sets." One view expressed was that many video recorders would be sold as optional equipment with new TV sets.

The heads used in the new machine have an estimated life of 1,500 hours; a replacement head is expected to cost $15 to $20 and should be about as easy to change as an audio recorder head. Bandwidth of the video signal is, at present, 2 megacycles, which results generally in the kind of picture seen on a good TV set showing a good print of a movie. The picture we saw at the demonstration seemed quite satisfactory in terms of contrast and definition, although by way of referring this bandwidth to others we note that a commercial broadcast video recorder can handle 42 megacycles, and Ampex has made some recorders for color TV in Europe that have as high as a 6-megacycle bandwidth. The audio potential of the Fairchild (obviously not being fully exploited for the demonstration) was stated as covering from 30 to 15,000 cycles.

A major question concerns the tape to be used. So far, the best pictures have been obtained with using instrumentation tape (the coating of which has a higher resolution than that of audio tape—the oxide particles are tinier and more dense), but the oxide is less prone to rub off against heads and other delicate parts of the tape machine. At present, such tape costs upwards of $30 for a 10½-inch reel; the kind used in most of Fairchild's demonstration ranged from $40 to $50 a reel. Plainly, either the system's own technology would have to be modified to permit using lower cost tapes, or—what Fairchild feels is more probable—an increased demand for high resolution tape could reduce its cost.

Maintenance: A New Approach? Most technicians will insist that it is either illusion, or susceptible to logical explanation—but we must describe a situation that has perplexed us, and other of our acquaintance, for some time. You take a stereo system that begins to show signs of trouble; a bit of distortion every now and then, an intermittent noise, an apparent loss of bass or treble, the intrusion of something spurious on one channel, and so on. You check the system step by step—substituting other components, playing your program sources on your friend's system, asking visitors to listen with you to your system.

Nothing, however, either pinpoints the trouble or eliminates it. Then, one day, you have a hearty breakfast and proceed to dismantle the system completely. Every cable is unplugged from every chassis, speaker leads are disconnected, power cords are pulled out, the cartridge is removed from the arm, the components themselves are removed from wherever they are installed and placed on the floor. You stop short of removing tape heads and pulling knobs off control shafts.

Methodically, you next reassemble and reinstall the whole system, as if you had just acquired it. You turn it on, and lo!—it sounds beautiful: the trouble has disappeared. "Who can explain it; who can tell you why?"

We are quite certain that we cannot, but we are equally certain that this sort of thing does happen. It has, in fact, happened to us twice in the past three years: we have had reports of similar shenanigans from others. So the phenomenon is documented, if not proved. To thousands of perplexed stereo owners, then, who may be plagued by unknown audio bugs, we recommend the tear-it-down and put-it-together-again technique; to science and engineering we bequeath this new mystique, perhaps some day to be understood, measured, and known—may we hope—as the Eisenberg Effect.
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NOTES FROM OUR CORRESPONDENTS
Continued from page 16

and not least to the orchestral players who make music as a team under that name. The additional knowledge that the recording companies will now no longer pay royalties as such to any orchestral institution provided them with a possible explanation of why their founder and artistic director believes that the time has come for them to disband. Regretting his decision, and with democratic rather than autocratic dignity, the players have decided to continue their corporate existence as a “new” Philharmonia Orchestra. They have the support of Klemperer and of the record manufacturers, and the good will of the public. But Elisabeth Schwarzkopf (in private life, Mrs. Walter Legge) withdrew from a Verdi Requiem she was scheduled to sing with them under Giulini at the Royal Festival Hall on April 26.

Limited Accommodations. The builders are now in complete possession of that much-discussed auditorium on the South bank of the Thames. Work in connection with the new approaches and enlarged foyers will keep it closed until the grand reopening on February 1, 1965. The lack of comparable accommodation is bound to hamper public orchestral activity in London during the coming winter. With commendable foresight, the London Symphony Orchestra has chosen the period when the Royal Festival Hall will be closed to go on a world tour. It will be making the American concert circuit in the fall, with Georg Solti and Colin Davis sharing the podium. This will be the orchestra’s first visit to the United States in fifty-two years.

A Suffolk Herring. Benjamin Britten’s comic opera Albert Herring has been very successfully recorded by Decca/London under the composer’s direction. The sessions took place not in a London studio but, at Britten’s request, in the Jubilee Hall at Aldeburgh, the small town on the Suffolk coast where he lives and presides over an annual festival. It is a sign of his eminence and of the unique position he occupies in British music that the record company was impelled to wait on his pleasure in East Anglia rather than he on theirs in the metropolis.

Undoubtedly, practical wisdom rather than personal pride dictated his choice. Not only is the story of Albert Herring set in the neighborhood, but members of an orchestra transplanted that distance from London for a week are unlikely to attempt other, possibly disturbing, engagements during the same period. Britten’s wishes have ensured concentration and continuity as well as an authentic atmosphere for his sessions.

FELIX APRAHIANAN

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The American Conductor

Robert Craft, whose career we examine on p. 24, is an example of that rarest of rare birds: a successful American-born and -trained conductor. Yet the American musical community and the American public can take very little credit for his accomplishment. The fact is that Craft reached his present position through his association with Stravinsky, through appearances in Europe, and through the foresight of a few people at Columbia Records.

Similarly, the handful of other Americans who have built successful conducting careers are special cases. Lorin Maazel is active chiefly abroad, where he is accorded far greater recognition than he is at home. Thomas Schippers came to prominence through his association with Menotti, and much of his international reputation derives from his acclaim in the Old World. It was through radio that Alfred Wallenstein, who stands almost alone among an older generation, became widely known, and at present he has no orchestral post at all. In point of fact, Leonard Bernstein remains the solitary example of an American conductor in charge of one of this country’s top-ranking orchestras. You can count the other American conductors who play more than a local role in our musical life on the fingers of one hand: Lukas Foss, Robert Shaw, Howard Mitchell.

There are plenty of fine young American instrumentalists, singers, even composers, in evidence: where are the conductors? Why did not a single American place in the Dimitri Mitropoulos International Competition held in New York last spring? Some of the reasons are clear. Many of our gifted young conductors were simply outclassed by their European counterparts. Others, among them some of our most promising potential candidates, did not care to risk their fragile, fledgling careers in a contest.

Obviously, a conductor, if he is to get anywhere at all, must conduct—for his own benefit and for everybody else’s. On the Continent, subsidized orchestras, radio stations, provincial operas, and small-city symphonies offer talented young people a chance to be heard—and to acquire professional expertise. Appointment to more prestigious posts does not follow inevitably, but it is likely. In America, on the other hand, opportunities for experience and exposure are few and far between. Furthermore, although the conductor who takes a job outside one of the few big metropolitan centers may lead a useful, important, and rewarding musical life, he almost certainly will remain in obscurity. The musical minors in the American league simply do not (if the pun can be pardoned) form a progression to our musical majors. Big league orchestras here are expensive and highly institutionalized organizations run by conservative Boards, who pay the deficits, rarely take chances, and know what they like: the tried and true, a glamorous name (preferably foreign), and a certified reputation (preferably from abroad).

Subsidized plans like the Ford Foundation Project at the Peabody Institute in Baltimore and the various assistant conductor posts opened up around the country have done much to help matters. Robert La Marchina, an alumus of the Peabody project, has been recently signed by the Metropolitan Opera; Werner Torkanowsky, holder of a Naumburg grant, got a New York Philharmonic appearance. The three-year assistant arrangement at the same orchestra has turned up some notable young talents. But these various projects have not provided for enough real concert experience and, in spite of efforts to avoid the stigma, they continue to give the impression of being student or apprentice programs.

It is still the typical situation that a gifted conductor like Kenneth Schermerhorn must content himself with a local post and that such artists as John Canarina, Seymour Lipkin, and Jorge Mester have only very limited access to top orchestras and a larger public. Some conductors have begun to make their way as specialists: Thomas Dunn and Abraham Kaplan as choral conductors and old-music men; Gustav Meier, Arthur Weisberg, Arthur Bloom, and several others in contemporary music. At least these people have actually been heard and—often under very trying circumstances—have had some chance to show what they can do. The potential is abundant and readily available but it remains a kind of underdeveloped national resource: if we are really serious about our maturing cultural, artistic, and musical life, we ought to figure out quickly how to bring that potential to its full realization.
BY ERIC SALZMAN

Portrait of

Robert Craft

—Conductor, Collaborator, Catalyst—

Stravinsky’s well-known associate is also a Schoenberg man and a Schütz man—and very much his own man.

The twentieth century used to be neatly divided in half. The spoils of modern music were split between the big powers: Stravinsky and Schoenberg, mortal enemies, each with his own camp, spheres of influence, musical dominions. It was a solemn and historic opposition, unalterable and everlastingly irreconcilable—except that it doesn’t exist any more.

Robert Craft is a Stravinsky man; he is also a Schoenberg (Berg, Webern) man. But he is not merely a representative of the new détente; he has actually been a key figure in bringing it about. As Stravinsky’s close associate, he has been able to convey to that master some of his own perceptive enthusiasm for the modern Viennese school and twelve-tone music. Through his concert work and his recordings of the music of the three modern Viennese masters he has been able to convey the same sort of insight and understanding to an increasing public. In a way, the synthesis of the seemingly opposed aesthetic outlooks of a Stravinsky and a Schoenberg suggests the character and range of the musical and intellectual outlook of Bob Craft. He is a classicist but an introspective one, a rhythm-and-articulation man who is caught up in the problems of structure, an idea man who is deeply involved in sensuous and expressive projection.

Craft is a fine interpretative musician and excellent musical mind in his own right, but, inevitably, the question of his relationship with Stravinsky claims first attention. For the last decade he has been working closely with the composer, sharing podiums all over the world with him, preparing all of his concert and recorded performances, talking with him for publication and not for publication. And although Stravinsky certainly found his late “third period” style and expression by himself—in the way any great creative artist must—it is no secret that it was Bob Craft who showed how the abyss between neoclassicism and twelve-tone neochromaticism could be bridged and who helped put the old man on his latter-day trail.

The Craft–Stravinsky relationship began some fifteen years ago. While still a student of composition and conducting at Juilliard, Craft had organized concerts of music by Stravinsky, Schoenberg, Webern, and others more talked about than performed: later he had formed the Chamber Art Society with many of the same performers (its series of Town Hall concerts are still quite well remembered in New York). In 1948 the group decided to present Stravinsky’s Symphonies of Wind Instruments, only to discover that no set of parts could be found in New York. Finally, in desperation, Craft wrote directly to Stravinsky, who replied that he was preparing a new version of the original 1920 score and would like to conduct it himself. When Craft protested that the Society could not possibly afford
such an honor. Stravinsky immediately offered to appear without fee. The composer came to New York, conducted the Symphonies and another of his works, and then asked Craft for help in preparing rehearsals for the ballet Orpheus, at that time to be staged by the New York City Ballet. The two men have been collaborating ever since.

For Craft it is something of a trial by now to be constantly regarded as Stravinsky's "assistant," with his own potentialities sometimes pushed to the background. Craft puts in two-thirds to three-quarters of the work in preparing a Stravinsky performance for which, in the end, he receives no credit at all. Even where he has part of a program to conduct in his own right, the major part of the rehearsal time and, inevitably, most of the real effort, will be expended on the music that the older maestro is scheduled to conduct.

Certainly, in describing the Stravinsky-Craft syndrome, one idea should be quickly laid to rest: that of the Master-Apprentice relationship. Craft is, in some sense, Stravinsky's "right-hand man," a kind of combination Master of Ceremonies, Chief Interlocutor, Assistant Idea Man, and Associate Manager of Stravinsky International Enterprises, Inc. Besides an endless series of round-the-world tours and the continuing Complete-Works-of-Stravinsky-on-Records project, the firm's activities include the series of Stravinsky-Craft dialogues now going into a fifth volume. These remarkable little books have provoked endless controversy with regard to their contents and with respect to how they are achieved and what is really by whom.

"Look," says Craft in this connection, "they are coauthored; both our names are on the title page. But don't think that what Stravinsky says in print isn't really what he wants to say." The material is actually compiled from notes and jottings collected by Craft over long periods and only later organized into dialogue form. Craft is of course aware that there are many difficult, petulant, and even contradictory things in Stravinsky's pronouncements over the years. "These things," the young conductor insists, "are significant for what they tell us about Stravinsky, for the insight they give us into the operation of a great creative mind."

In a very real sense, the best of Craft is to be found in his own recordings. Craft was a pioneer in contemporary-music recording; such a project as his complete works of Webern is remarkable testimony to his courage and skill at overcoming enormous difficulties. But this album, like much of his earlier new-music recording, is essentially outdated. As the recent Berg and Schoenberg sets bear witness, both the conductor and Columbia Records have come a long way in the recording of contemporary works with rich sound and the kind of expressive shaping of structures which they demand. Craft has also been closely identified with old music and most particularly with Gesualdo, Schütz, and Monteverdi (composers associated with the chromatic, pretonal, expressive crises of the late Renaissance and early baroque—an age having much in common with that part of the twentieth century with which Craft is so closely involved).

Typecasting, however—whether as Stravinsky's associate, as a purely contemporary-music man, or as an expert in old music—is something to which Craft objects. "Obviously," he points out, "it's a terrific handicap to be stereotyped. People think of you in a certain way and absolutely refuse to break what becomes a comfortable mental habit. For example, everyone thinks I tour with Stravinsky all the time; actually I do a great deal of my conducting on my own. And I am always having to deal with impresarios who think of me only in terms of contemporary music—by which they mean Schoenberg and Stravinsky."

Craft would like to do not only more old, old music but also more standard repertory. In fact, he is now beginning to conduct some of the standards in the smaller towns where he is engaged. "The point is," he continues, "that I am not a specialist in the music of any particular period; I am a specialist in the music I like. I conduct only pieces I love and that certainly includes great portions of the standard repertory."

The list of works that Craft loves is surprisingly varied. It includes the Italian bel canto operas of the last century (a taste that Stravinsky shares); certain works of Richard Strauss (a taste Stravinsky most emphatically does not share); a few other non-Viennese, non-Stravinskian twentieth-century works (but surprisingly few); and it also includes some of the boldest and most fascinating masters of the baroque and earlier. Towards all this, Craft's attitude is fundamentally that of a very cultivated man who is a good musician and who can realize intellectual ideas in sound. For example, in performing twelve-tone music, he is interested in row technique, not as theoretical abstraction but as vital

Stravinsky and Craft: four decades are quietly bridged.
musical process: structure as unfolded through expressive motion. To take another, very different example, his interest in Strauss—specifically in a series of late works which he regards as strongly neo-classic and which he even relates (by parallelism, not by influence) to Stravinsky's work of the same period—takes shape in a new and very contemporary, characteristically Craftian performing view.

A slim, bespectacled man who goes about his business with a quiet conviction, Craft gets at a piece of music from a number of angles—from the intellectual-logical-analytical side, from a study of the personality of the composer and his milieu, from his experience with the music as sound and structure. His approach has been called analytic, but the term is misleading if it implies only a kind of theoretical approach based purely on textual analysis. Craft likes to get inside the musical text and he likes to verbalize about it. But the kind of intellectual and musical thinking which he brings to bear on interpretative problems is a comprehensive one: he is fascinated by a whole range of historic and artistic problems and in a way that is rare among performing artists. It is probably safe to say that, among a rising generation of intellectually oriented young musicians, none is more widely read or more engaged in the great aesthetic questions of our time.

Craft likes to talk about these things but not on rehearsal time. He is also a musician who realizes his ideas in a purely empirical way. Years of working with difficult contemporary music have enabled him to perfect a rehearsal technique of extraordinary clarity, refinement, and (more important) efficiency. His quiet, practical, sure, precise, matter-of-fact technique is appreciated by musicians but it has brought some criticism down on him. He is, his critics say, too much concerned with small matters of articulation and detail; the results, they insist, are often unexpressive and lacking in a sense of big phrase and line. If this is true—and at times there has probably been some justice in the charge—it is usually a corollary of the difficulty of the music, the inexperience of the players, and inadequate rehearsal time.

These problems have cropped up at recording sessions as well as in concerts, and Craft now tends to think of many of his old records as pioneer efforts done under adverse conditions. He plans to do the entire Webern album over again in stereo, for instance; he calls this project an obligation as well as a piece of personal vanity. (Perhaps he is overly hard on the admittedly inadequate Webern set, which, when it first appeared, was widely applauded as a remarkable feat. Certainly that album has historical importance as a kind of turning point in Webern performance and comprehension for many musicians and music lovers.) In any case, while circumstances may sometimes have forced Craft to concentrate on accuracy and articulation at the expense of bigger issues, it is the bigger issues that are in fact most important to him.

Actually, Craft is at his best, it seems to me, in recording sessions, where he has the opportunity to work carefully, analytically, and reflectively. Watching the sessions for Apollo musagète in Columbia's Stravinsky-by-Stravinsky series a while back was like taking part in a master class in intelligent musical preparation. Craft's initial concerns are clarity, proper inflection, and shaped rhythmic phrase. Every dynamic, every articulation, every phrasing, attack, rhythmic and dynamic relationship is subject to scrutiny and careful shaping. Though some of the final decisions about tempos and big-phrase motion are naturally left to the composer himself, the groundwork has been completed.

When Craft went to California with Stravinsky almost fifteen years ago, he did not leave behind his old interest in the works of the Viennese school.

"When I was sixteen," he recalls, "I heard Stravinsky conduct Le Sacre du printemps and Schoenberg lead his Pierrot lunaire only a short time later. You can imagine the effect these experiences had on me when I tell you that they have been the most important of my life. I have had an almost equal interest in the works of these men and I have been fortunate enough to know them both."

The dominating passions of his musical life are reflected in his current recording plans. In addition to helping prepare the Stravinsky works, he is going ahead on Columbia projects which amount to the complete works of the Viennese School. In addition to remaking the Webern album (including some recently discovered additions to the composer's known work), he will continue with the Schoenberg series; a third volume is out, including the Kol Nidre and the Second Chamber Symphony, and plans are under way for recording such rare, important works as the Gurrelieder, Moses und Aron, Von Heute auf Morgen, and the unfinished oratorio Jacob's Ladder. A key twentieth-century work and a half-way stop on the road to twelve-tone music. There are plans for a new Wozzeck with Fischer-Dieskau in the title role and, hopefully, a new recording of Berg's Lulu. Craft (in conjunction with the composer, theoretician, and Berg expert George Perle) has been hot on the trail of the third act of the Berg opus, never yet brought to light but apparently essentially complete, thus permitting a full realization of this twentieth-century masterpiece.

As if all this weren't enough, Craft is also down for some old-music recording (including a complete set of the Responsorium of Gesualdo), a couple of major European tours, another book of dialogues with Stravinsky (as usual, "the last"), and what the conductor calls a "pop" book on contemporary music. A hard to imagine Craft's doing anything that could be described as "pop." But he has always been interested in communicating—verbal and musical communication on a high and literate level, but a genuine and penetrating communication for all that.
A Survey

ORGANS WITHOUT PIPES

Whether electric or electronic, factory-assembled or kit-built, the pipeless organ is flourishing as never before.

BY R. D. DARRELL

The recent rise in public favor of the pipeless (i.e., electric or electronic) organ is a phenomenon that may astonish some organ purists, but it is news that even they can hardly ignore. In the last decade sales have risen from 16,000 units in 1953 to 120,000 in 1963 and purchasers include not only small churches and other organizations of limited financial resources but a good many private citizens. Considerations of cost and space have of course worked in the new instruments’ favor, but so too have the increase in the variety of models available and the work of progressive designers in eliminating, or at least minimizing, sonic deficiencies once justifiably criticized. In some quarters, indeed, it is felt that the rise of the electronic organ has roughly paralleled that of the high fidelity movement itself.

Certainly the instrument has acquired a mushrooming representation on records, most recently with ventures into serious repertoires, and the audio aficionado undoubtedly finds special interest in its dependence on familiar (as well as novel) circuits and components and in the supreme challenge its kit-form models afford.

Among today’s pipeless organs are models that differ markedly in size, functional versatility, and sonic quality. Prices range from around $500 for a factory-built model—or $350 for the cheapest spinet in kit form—to $3,000 and higher. Not surprisingly, the range in facilities and qualities between a simple “chord” or single short melody keyboard organ and a full-size instrument with a standard AGO (American Guild of Organists) console (two or three 61-note manuals and 32-note pedal board), multiple speaker systems, etc., is relatively as great as that between, say, a portable mono record player and a multicomponent, wide-range stereo sound system.

All of these instruments utilize vacuum-tube or transistor preamps, with power amplifier and speaker systems ranging from a single channel and built-in speaker in the smaller models to two or more channels (for each manual and the pedal-clavier, say),
SOME YEARS AGO the simpler of the two basic methods of generating musical tone audio signals was to start with familiar instrumental sources—vibrating strings, reeds, etc. Their actual acoustic output was disregarded or muffled, however, and the vibrations converted directly (via electromagnetic, electrostatic, or other transducers) into equivalent audio waves suitable for amplification and speaker reproduction. Today, this technique is most commonly exemplified by the electric guitar, but in the Twenties and Thirties it was characteristic of a variety of electric pianos, string instruments, and organs. One of these last, the Everett Orgatron, enjoyed some well-deserved success both in its original form and as further developed by Wurlitzer for that company’s Class-IV models, production of which has been suspended only recently.

A related but more elaborate technique is to photograph or engrave the sound waves of actual organ pipes (or of other instruments) on mechanically rotatable discs from which the complex waveforms are picked up by photoelectric or electrostatic scanning. Many instruments of this type were devised, and some marketed (by Welte in Europe, and by Baldwin—and perhaps others—in this country), but since the recent discontinuance of Kimball’s photoelectric models the only surviving American example seems to be the Electro-Voice D-20 model (electrostatic).

The second basic method is to dispense entirely with conventional sources and to create tones from the very start by either electromechanical or electronic circuit techniques. Strictly speaking, only instruments in the latter subcategory should be called “electronic.” Those using electromechanical tone generation are more accurately designated “electric” (a term Hammond insists on for its principal line), even though they also employ electronic circuits for later amplification purposes.

Electromechanical generation of sine waves (i.e., pure tones), which serve both as fundamentals and as synthesized harmonic series for each pitch tone, is the oldest and (via Hammond) probably best-known electro-organ technique. It was first practiced as far back as 1897 by Thaddeus Cahill, whose monstrous contraption—called the Telharmonium—achieved something of a sensation in the early 1900s and won favorable comment from so celebrated a musician as Busoni. Lacking tube-amplification means in those days, the Telharmonium could be heard only via telephone receivers and was very bulky. But it paved the way for Laurens Hammond’s entirely practical invention, first demonstrated in 1935, of a system using tiny “tone-wheel” sine wave generators, electromagnetic pickups, and drawbar control of the synthesized musical tones’ variable harmonic content. Despite criticism of its too “flutey” and “thuddy” tonal characteristics, this system proved to be so successful that it has been maintained essentially the same (except for later refinements and reverberation features) in all current Hammond models except the smaller, all-electronic S-100 “chord” and F-100 single-manual spinets.

All-electronic tone generation was first devised for monodic instruments like the famous Theremin of the Twenties and the European Ondes Martenot, Croix Sonore, etc. In these models, two radio-
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<th>Manufacturer</th>
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<tr>
<td>Allen Organ Co. Macungie, Pa.</td>
<td>II, III, IV, V</td>
<td>Individual oscillators; transistors; tubes/transistors</td>
<td>&quot;Whind Sound &amp; Random Motion&quot;; &quot;Gyrophonic&quot; speakers; &quot;Chiff&quot; &amp; &quot;C&quot; attack effects</td>
<td>SD serious demo; few commercial</td>
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<td>Artisan Organs</td>
<td>III &amp; IV kits; V</td>
<td>Individual oscillators; frequency division; tubes</td>
<td>&quot;Bond Box&quot;; Electro-Vibe; Glottenspiel</td>
<td>LP demos: 1 serious, 1 hymn, 2 pops</td>
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<td>Baldwin Piano Co. 1801 Gilbert Ave.</td>
<td>III, IV</td>
<td>Master oscillators; frequency division; tubes</td>
<td>&quot;Panoramic Tone&quot; reverb; Baldwin-Leslie &amp; &quot;Chora-Tone&quot; speakers; &quot;Tempomate&quot;</td>
<td>LP &amp; SD pop demos; several commercial</td>
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<td>Conn Organ Corp. Elkhart, Ind.</td>
<td>III, IV</td>
<td>Individual oscillators; transistors/tubes</td>
<td>&quot;Fun-Master&quot; effects; Leslie speakers; &quot;Strabotuner&quot;</td>
<td>LP serious &amp; light demos; various commercial</td>
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<td>Electro-Voice, Inc. Buchanan, Mich.</td>
<td>II (3), II a, IV</td>
<td>Master oscillators; frequency division; tubes</td>
<td>Variable reverb; tremolo speaker systems</td>
<td></td>
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<td>Estey Electronics</td>
<td>I, II, II a</td>
<td>Master oscillators; frequency division; tubes/transistors</td>
<td>&quot;Stereof,&quot; &quot;Chorus,&quot; &amp; &quot;Split&quot; vibrato; &quot;Rhythm Percussion-Master&quot;; &quot;Vibra-Glide&quot;</td>
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<td>Gulbransen Co. 2050 No. Ruby St. Melrose Park, Ill.</td>
<td>II</td>
<td>Individual oscillators; transistors</td>
<td>&quot;Omega&quot; reverb &amp; percussion control; Leslie speakers</td>
<td>45 EP &amp; LP pop demos; 1 commercial</td>
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<tr>
<td>Hammond Organ Co. 4200 W. Viversey Ave. Chicago, Ill.</td>
<td>I</td>
<td>Individual oscillators; tubes</td>
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<tr>
<td>Heath Company Benton Harbor, Mich.</td>
<td>II, III, IV</td>
<td>Sine wave wheels; electromagnetic pickup</td>
<td>Drawbar harmonic-mixture control; Hammond reverb</td>
<td>Many commercial (incl. 2-LP instruction course)</td>
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<tr>
<td>W. W. Kimball Co. 15th &amp; Cherry Sts. Jasper, Ind.</td>
<td>II, III (4)</td>
<td>Master oscillators; frequency division; transistors/tubes</td>
<td>Variable-repeat percussion-effect kit</td>
<td>7-in. pop demo; 4-LP instruction course</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kinsman Mfg. Co. Locania, N. H.</td>
<td>II, III (5)</td>
<td>Master oscillators; frequency division; transistors/tubes</td>
<td>&quot;Magic Tone Selector&quot;; Leslie speakers</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Lawrey Company 7273 Nc. Cicero Lincolnwood, Ill.</td>
<td>II, II a, III</td>
<td>Master oscillators; frequency division; tubes/transistors</td>
<td>&quot;Automatic Orchestra&quot; &amp; &quot;Glide&quot; controls; Leslie speakers</td>
<td>7-in. pop demo; various commercial</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Magnavox Company 270 Park Ave. New York 17, N. Y.</td>
<td>II, III</td>
<td>Master oscillators; frequency division; transistors</td>
<td>&quot;Spatial 3-D&quot; sound system; Manual-Balance control</td>
<td>Demo in preparation; 3-LP instruction course</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Minshall Organ Co. 28 Birge St. Brattleboro, Vt.</td>
<td>II</td>
<td>Master oscillators; frequency division; tubes</td>
<td>&quot;Tone Arama&quot; speakers; &quot;Chorus-Generator&quot;</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rodgers Organ Co. 2040 N.W. 272nd Ave. Hillsboro, Ore.</td>
<td>IV, V</td>
<td>Individual oscillators; transistors</td>
<td>Wide-range tone cabinets; up to some 1,000 individual oscillators in 3-manual models</td>
<td>1 LP SD commercial</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Schober Organ Corp. 43 West 61st St. New York 23, N. Y.</td>
<td>II, III, IV kits, IV</td>
<td>Master oscillators; frequency division; tubes/transistors</td>
<td>Plug-in &quot;stop&quot; circuit-boards; &quot;Reverbo-Tape&quot; unit; &quot;Auto-Tuner&quot;</td>
<td>7-in. pop demo; LP serious &amp; pop demo</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thomas Organ Co. 8345 Hayvenhurst Ave. Sepulveda, Calif.</td>
<td>II (6), III, IV</td>
<td>Master oscillators; frequency division; transistors/tubes</td>
<td>&quot;Vibra-Magic,&quot; &quot;Play-Mate&quot; rhythm; &quot;Color-Go&quot; keyboards; Thomas-Leslie speakers</td>
<td>7-in. &amp; LP pop demos; 4-LP instruction course; few commercial</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wurlitzer Co. De Kalb, Ill.</td>
<td>II, II a, III</td>
<td>Master oscillators; frequency division; transistors</td>
<td>&quot;Side-Man&quot; rhythm; &quot;Spectra-Tone&quot; vibrato; variable reverb speakers</td>
<td>Various commercial</td>
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Notes:
1. Small chord and/or melody models: short single manual, usually with chord-buttons.
2. Spinets: generally two manuals (44, or 37, or 49 notes each), 13 pedals.
3. Large spinets or small consoles: two manuals (61, or 56, notes each), generally 25 pedals.
4. AGO-Standard consoles: two or three manuals (61 notes each), 32 pedals.
5. Large chord buttons or special chording facilities.
6. Larger spinets or small consoles: two manuals (61, or 56, notes each), generally 25 pedals.
7. AGO-Standard consoles: two or three manuals (61 notes each), 32 pedals.
8. In some cases, these special features are built-in; otherwise they are available as optional accessories at extra cost. Nearly all models normally include various vibrato/tremolo, reverberation, chimes and other percussion effects. (generally with "sustain" and automatic "repeat" features).
9. Electro-Voice also produces a special II-class student-class training model to be used with a headphone-monitoring, teacher demonstration-and-communication system.
10. Former Kimball models using complex waveform wheels and photoelectric scanner apparently have been discontinued.
11. Latest information unobtainable at press time.
12. See Heath above for the Heathkit version of a Thomas II-class model.
13. The former Wurlitzer IV-class models using reed tone-generators now have been discontinued.
frequency waves were heterodyned to produce an audible "difference" tone (essentially the "squeal" of early radio receivers) which could be varied in pitch by hand-movement variations of the capacitance in one of the RF oscillator circuits. But inasmuch as this technique proved to be less practicable for keyboard control, it was largely abandoned in favor of direct generation of multitone in audio-frequency oscillator circuits—the method which, in this country at least, is favored for all true electronic organs today.

Apart from minor design-differences in the oscillator circuits, the major distinction here is between the provision of a large number of individual oscillators (usually one for each pitch within the instrument's range) or of comparatively few "master" oscillators (usually twelve, one for each chromatic pitch within a single octave) from which the other required pitches are derived by frequency division. Each method has its inherent advantages and disadvantages. The manufacturer's choice generally is based on considerations of economy and versatility rather than on those of ultimate sonic quality, since the latter is affected more vitally by later waveform-shaping circuits.

**Whatever the number of basic oscillators, the particular waveshapes generated (usually modified sine, sawtooth, or square waves), or the means of frequency division (if any are provided—usually multivibrator or gas-tube relaxation-oscillator circuits), the decisive factors affecting sonic quality in any electronic organ are its further shaping, filter, or "formant" circuits. Formants, the patterns of main and minor resonances characteristic of any conventional musical instrument's particular design structure, are what determine distinctive timbres and enable us to identify specific instruments (or human voices, or pipe organ "ranks") regardless of what pitches within their range may be sounded. Thus, by means of electronics, unwanted harmonics are filtered out from tone generators' complex waves while others are strengthened. The net result is to furnish the particular timbres that comprise the tones of an electronic organ; these, of course, correspond to a pipe organ's various "ranks" or "stops."

The fidelity with which each family (diapasons, flutes, reeds, strings, etc.) simulates authentic timbres determines any electronic organ's sonic qualities. And it is the number and variety of such "stop" families that determine an instrument's versatility or its special fitness for a particular performance style—that of "classic" or "theatre" organs, say, to cite two extremes. Normally, the available choice of such formant circuits is fixed for any given instrument, but I expect that in the future there will be wider use made of so ingenious a feature as the Schober "Recital" model's easily replaceable and varied plug-in formant circuit boards.

In recent years, organ circuits of all kinds have increasingly been making partial or complete use of transistors, which require less space and power than tubes but generally have cost more. The choice is not necessarily (as yet, at least) a significant determinant of over-all tonal quality. Much more important are the progressive improvements in "tonal-envelope" shaping (eliminating the thuddy on/off switching effects so objectionable in early designs) and still more recent developments in emulating some of the pitch, vibrato, and other irregularities—also wind and attack noises—that once sharply distinguished natural from synthetic tone production. Allen's introduction of a "Wind-Sound and Random-Motion" feature strikes me as a promising augury of future trends.

Most current models include circuits for other special effects: vibrato, generally accomplished by "warbling" the tone-generation oscillators a few cycles above and below their center frequency, usually at two or three optional speed rates; slightly off-tune celeste effects; "glide" or glissando pitch variations; and various percussive sounds, including a slowed-down decay-time "sustain" feature emulating the "ring" of chime and vibraharp tones. It is also possible to provide an automatic variable-rate repetition of a note as long as the key controlling it is held down—thus simulating marimba and vibraphone qualities or those of guitar or banjo strumming. An over-all tremolo, simulating the "throb" of certain pipe sounds (so prominent a characteristic of theatre organ tibia stops in particular), is generally achieved by mechanical means: variable-speed rotation of a speaker assembly or of a large vane in front of a conventional speaker. Such tremolo speakers, built-in or external, are supplied with some larger electronic organ models and are available as optional accessories for most others, either from the manufacturers themselves or from the specialist Electro Music Company of Pasadena, California. The latter's "Leslie" speaker units (including a fixed woofer and rotating mid- and upper-range horn speaker, with or without a power amplifier) are widely used for all types of electronic organs, but especially those likely to be played in "theatre" style.

Also available as accessories are various actual—rather than simulated—chimes, glockenspiels, vibraharp, a "Band-Box" set of drums, etc., which can be connected up for keyboard control. One of the most elaborate and novel of such devices is the Wurlitzer "Side-Man" unit which automatically beats out a considerable variety of percussive rhythms of the operator's choice. Over-all reverberation devices, usually of the spring delay-line type, are built in some models, available optionally for others. A more versatile reverberation means—utilizing tape-loop recording and several spaced-out playback heads—is supplied by only one electronic organ manufacturer so far, but of course this recently introduced Schober "Reverb-Tape" unit can be used with any model (or home sound system, for that matter).

Technically interested audiophiles can find a fascinating wealth of more detailed information in the considerable Continued on page 89
Can we gain any understanding of Beethoven, our author asks, by laying him on the psychoanalytic couch?

by Peter J. Pirie

The function of a composer is to compose; that is the only thing that makes him interesting. Oh, yes, raging torrents of nonsense have been written about the lives and characters of composers, and no doubt will continue to be written—I have contributed to that amiable spate myself. But actually very few composers would have seen the pages of history if it had not been for the music they left behind them. Modern publicity methods, with their apparatus of interview and photograph, have made obvious what any reasonable man might have suspected: a composer is a professional worker of rather more than average intelligence, whose personal affairs are probably no more fascinating than yours or mine, and almost certainly are a lot less intriguing than those of a film star or cabinet minister.

The psychiatric-minded critic, however, is not content with that, and finding the living limited in number, protected by law from libel, and their affairs subject to proof, he intrudes his insatiable curiosity upon the dead. Now, since the principal tool of psychoanalysis is free association, which the dead can't manage, this might be thought to limit the scope a little. But no: books purporting to prove that Karl Ditters von Dittersdorf thought he was a horse and that Paganini was in love with his grandmother continue to pour from the press. But quite ordinary people have thought they were horses, and even you and I occasionally fall in love with the most unsuitable and improbable people. There are, in fact, nuts on every tree, but we must be warned that the distinction between the eccentric, the mad, and the more than usually intelligent and forward-looking has always been a hazy one, and subject to opinion. Moreover, the only matter of real interest about our subject is the music, and why it is that the colorless little man down the street will still move people to tears with his thoughts five centuries hence.

I propose to attempt three things: to examine some selected follies from the analyses of individual composers by professional and lay psychiatrists; to refute the most serious heresy of all, that great cre-
ative power is itself a mental disease: and to offer a few thoughts of my own on the subject of the psychology of musical creation.

Though the practice of psychoanalysis had its beginnings only at the turn of this century, “heresy” has already proliferated. However, the two main schools remain those of Freud and Jung. By his opponents Freud is accused of “reducing everything to sex”; and although this charge is a little exaggerated, he did find the libido everywhere, developing as one of his most important theses that of infantile sexuality—that we are born with sexual feelings, that our first great love is our mother, and that we desire the death of the rival, our father. Everybody has learned to talk glibly of the Oedipus complex, while often forgetting that Freud’s real contribution was the method of analysis itself—the uncovering, by free association, of memories we have deliberately repressed because we cannot bear them and which fester in our unconscious to produce states of guilt and anxiety.

Jung was not nearly so concerned with sex, substituting, to an extent, the will to live. He believed he had uncovered an elaborate system of personages, a male and a female element in all of us (animus and anima), and a dark side and a light side. Integration due to conscious recognition of these elements produces mental health. The last line of that ardent Jungian Michael Tippett’s oratorio A Child of Our Time runs, “I would know my shadow and my light. then shall I at last be whole”—which explains the theory well enough.

We must draw a distinction between self-professed analysis, the sort of book that is written in deadly discipleship of Freud, Jung, or Adler and with owl-like solemnity and antlike persistence applies the Method as though it were Holy Writ, and the occasional masterpiece of what one might call general horse sense and penetrating character insight. Ernest Newman’s Life of Richard Wagner and Frank Walker’s studies of Hugo Wolf and Verdi are magnificent examples of this latter category, and they have a way of making the earnestly clinical books seem daft. Two of the worst pitfalls of the psychiatric approach are cogently illustrated by two recently published books. The first of these, Beethoven and His Nephew, by Editha and Richard Sterba, represents the Freudian approach, and some general dangers: the second. Wagner’s “Ring,” by Robert Donington. demonstrates Jungian analysis and the curse of picturesque jargon.

The Sterbas’ book is an example of the nemesis of method; in it, the method has become more important than fact itself. This leads the authors into three mistakes, examples of how Freudian analysis of the dead—and especially of dead artists—can lead astray. First, by dealing only with the eleven years—from 1815 to 1826—of the relationship of Beethoven with his nephew, they distort Beethoven’s life and character as a whole. During this period one sees the composer at his very worst, half mad with anxiety and failing health, and suffering from the cumulative effects of years of increasing deafness. When a deaf man—and the deaf are rendered abnormally suspicious by their affliction—is subjected to events that might make suspicious the most trusting of people with normal hearing, symptoms of eccentricity would seem to be readily explicable in terms of the obvious facts. But not for professional analysts. The Sterbas have to argue that Beethoven imagined that he was Karl’s mother. That he might have thought of himself, under the circumstances, as Karl’s father is plausible (indeed, there is a faint possibility that he might in fact have been Karl’s father); but only theorizing run mad can carry the fantasy of Beethoven’s wished-for maternity to the point of writing of him as “pregnant.” From this, the authors derive an unsupported theory that Beethoven was homosexual. And it is interesting that they make the same mistake here that Freud made in his book on Leonardo da Vinci, drawing deductions from insufficient or insufficiently researched “evidence.” Freud based a whole series of speculations on Leonardo on a cartoon that was in fact not by Leonardo but was only a bad, inaccurate, and deliberately altered copy, and this error was compounded by his ignorance of the distinction between the names of the kite and the vulture in several languages.

The Sterbas support their belief that Beethoven was homosexual by reference to his “paying court” to several men in exaggeratedly affectionate terms. They can have read very little in the way of eighteenth-century letters! A dip into the letters of Keats would persuade them that that notoriously oversexed heterosexual was more homosexual than Tchaikovsky—if it did not reveal to them that Beethoven’s normal address was actually extremely brusque and masculine by the standards of the day. Besides, even if Beethoven did not consummate any of his affairs with women—and few scholars would be so confident—these affairs were far too frequent and passionate for a homosexual. I prefer the theory that he was seeking in these affairs his lost and passionately loved mother—whom the Sterbas declare that he secretly hated!

But apart from the homosexual theory (which is not new—I suspect that some Freudian has written a treatise proving that Solomon himself was homo-
sexual), their second thesis and third error is to declare that Beethoven's character can only be judged in terms of hysterical lack of control. This is the compensation theory: if the work of any artist is abnormally orderly and shows uncommon mastery of form, then he is compensating for the disorder of his personal life. This begs two questions, the first of which is the awkward fact that Freudians are fond of explaining the extreme untidiness of Turner's painting by the fact that he spent his childhood among the litter of Covent Garden market. The second is that, while there is undoubtedly something in the theory, tidy people are frequently reacting against other people's untidiness rather than their own! Beethoven was very tidy in his work, and expressed constant complaint that the lives of others were not as rational as his symphonies. This does not make him a hysteric; hysterics do not write symphonies at all, let alone tidy ones.

It might be said that Beethoven's method of sketching is most revealing. Like a number of great composers, especially Mozart, he seems to have conceived a big work almost instantaneously, with all its salient features. He writes, at great speed, whole sections of a work, in an extremely amorphous and unrealized form, and then moves towards the final form by rewriting either the whole work or large sections of it, again and again, each new version showing a strengthening of detail. He would compose by literally pursuing his ideas over fields and streets, or running wildly about his room, thus dramatizing an attempt to capture and fix elusively heard detail. It may be that this wild concentration and pursuit of new sounds was the actual cause, by overstrain of the aural imagination, of his deafness. It seems probable that the misery in which he was forced to learn music as a boy may have excluded his ability to translate sounds into concrete music; he heard his compositions distinctly in his subconscious, but a veil of pain (association of musical skill with childhood misery) descended whenever he tried to exteriorize these sounds. This is what we experience on those maddening occasions when we can half recall some tune or event. This could account for his method of sketching, his agony during composition, his deafness, his gradually increasing eccentricity. But the Sterbas do not deal with Beethoven as a composer at all—their final failure of insight.

As I said at the beginning of this article, without his composing a composer is as nought. To ignore this is like trying to account for the anatomy of a cow while refusing to acknowledge that she gives milk. Everything in a composer's psychological make-up is modified by the gigantic task of composition. Robert Donington does not go astray here. In his book he is concerned, with passionate sensitivity, with Wagner the creator; and if one reads his work with charity and a very large grain of salt, one will find much light thrown on the subject. But the second sin of psychoanalysis is jargon: and Donington's book is largely written in a jargon that in places can only strike the average man as funny. Thus the Sterbas declare Beethoven to be pregnant, while Donington tells us that Fafner was Siegfried's Terrible Mother. The Sterbas wish to prove that Beethoven thought of himself as Karl's mother; Donington posits the theory that since Siegfried never knew his mother, killing Fafner served him as the psychological equivalent of the conflict inherent in escaping from maternal domination. Neither of these things is probable, but they are perhaps possible. Part of the trouble is that these authors put their speculations in a way so devoid of humor as to reduce them, for the ordinary man of good sense, to the totally absurd.

Yet in all these books one can detect, under mountains of professional obfuscation, that their writers are talking, most of the time, about recognizable human experiences. Although psychoanalysis is not a exact science, it is a therapy, and has had its successes: moreover, it is possible to find, among all the ritual chanting and unscrupulous in-fighting of the various sects, some very suggestive ideas. The doctrine of ambivalence, that we can both love and hate the same person, has been grossly abused; but it is hard to deny that in Mozart's relations with his father the theory is vividly illustrated. Then there is the case of Gustav Mahler, who was analyzed by Freud while they walked together through the streets of Vienna. There are a number of instances in Mahler's music of the sudden intrusion of a particularly vivid and vulgar tune just at the moment of high drama or tragedy; yet the effect, far from being merely bizarre, is usually highly convincing in some strange way. It is the Mahler touch, and marks a change in music, which has not been quite the same since. By free association, Freud uncovered an episode in Mahler's youth that he had repressed because it was so painful. His brutal father was, as usual, ill-treating his mother; unable to bear it, the child had run from the house into the street, where a barrel organ was playing Ach, du lieber Augustine. It is worth noting that this case is completely echt-Mahler, rather than conforming to the generalized Freudian sex pathology. Here again is a considerable part of the trouble: the founding father of modern psychoanalysis was himself a father-figure in his own sense of the term. Sigmund Freud tried to keep two generations of his disciples from growing up, forcing them into psychological dependence upon himself and persecuting all attempts at heresy with the intolerance of a substitute Jehovah. It is hardly necessary to point out that change and development are of the very essence of true science. Jung has analyzed—so convincingly that the Freudians have never forgiven him—the limitations of Freud's mind and of some of his doctrines. Jung describes how, when he insisted that religious belief was something more than a mere neurosis, Freud actually fainted with anger. He begged Jung to help him stem "the

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The Revere Tape Cartridge System

... tested in the laboratory and in the home.

Automation, combined with quality, has entered the tape recording field in the form of the Revere cartridge system. Reassembling an attaché case with a recess on its surface into which a tape packet is placed, the new machine takes over completely at the press of a switch—automatically threading, playing, and rewinding the tape. The latter is not touched by hand, and is not even visible in normal use.

Some years in the making, the system was developed for the 3M Company by CBS Laboratories and recently assigned for manufacture to Revere, which now has four models nationally available. The most elaborate is the M2, a complete recording/playback system with built-in power amplifiers and speakers, priced at $399. Elements of this model are used in the three others: the M3, a complete playback system, lacking the record function and costing $329; the M20, a deck version including record/playback preamps but requiring headphones or an external amplifier and speaker; the M30, another deck version, with playback preamps but no recording function, and also requiring external equipment to be heard. Cost of the M20 is $339; of the M30, $299. The M2 and M3, incidentally, also have provisions for connecting their output to external amplifiers and speakers if the latter are of high fidelity quality, the connection—simply made with the cables supplied—is worth making inasmuch as it will vastly improve the sound.

The tape cartridge is as easily handled as a disc, and a number of cartridges may even be stacked for continuous play: when one cartridge has been played through, the machine rewinds it, moves it from the playing or feed stack to the finished stack, and puts it into play the next cartridge in the feed stack. The change cycle can be controlled to permit repeating a cartridge or rejecting one already in play. Inasmuch as twenty cartridges can be stacked at once, the machine can provide up to fifteen hours of continuous stereo playback. The cartridges are slotted and ridged so that, when stacked, they are interlocked and aligned with each other and with the platform on the machine.

The tape itself, a new Scotch brand developed by the 3M Company, is 0.146-inch wide (about 9/64 inch) and is contained in a thin plastic cartridge 3¼ inches square. A tensiled (prespun) polyester, it runs at 1⅛ inches per second, and provides up to forty-five minutes of playing or recording time in one direction. The machine also has such familiar tape recorder functions as fast-forward, rewind, and sound-with-sound. A tape index counter is provided, and there is an interlock on the recording models to prevent accidental erasure of a recorded tape. In the record mode, cartridges are not automatically changed, but the machine will rewind a finished cartridge and move it to the finished stack. There is no reverse direction feature in the system.

Thus, in stereo use, the tape is run through once in the same direction, with half the tape being used for each track and with both amplifier channels operating. In monophonic use, first one track is recorded, using one amplifier channel; then the tape is rewound, and the other track is recorded, using the other amplifier channel. Tape motion in the M2 is controlled by four piano-type keys—for turning on the motor and amplifiers, for play, for recording, and for stopping the tape. A sequence knob near the center of the deck rotates during the cycling period to indicate each mode of operation.

Each channel has its own volume control, fitted concentrically within a tone control. These are illuminated during use. Above them, for each channel, are neon lamps to indicate recording level. Stereo speakers are at either side of the machine; at the rear are input recording jacks, output jacks for supplying playback signals to an external amplifier, and jacks for extension speakers or low impedance headphones. A speaker switch, operative only when recording, may be used in its “record/microphone” position to disconnect the built-in speakers to prevent acoustical feedback: in its “PA/monitor” position, the switch connects the built-in speaker to monitor the incoming signal, and to permit the M2 to be used as an amplifier-speaker system for external program sources. The set uses six tubes: two are 7591 types, four are 6L7s.

As might be expected, the mechanical underpinnings of the M2 are complicated, and are largely responsible for the thirty-two pounds of weight of what is essentially a fairly compact unit (7 by 14½ by 14½ inches). Although the mechanical system is intricate, inspection indicated careful design and workmanship: laboratory and use tests confirmed the system’s smooth and reliable operation. It is of course necessary that the manufacturer’s instructions be followed precisely: otherwise the tape or the equipment may be damaged—a caution repeated in the excellent instruction manual which accompanies the M2.

Because of the unprecedented design of this machine, the slow tape speed it uses, and the novel form of the tape itself, special test materials were used to supplement the tests conducted at United States Testing Company, Inc.

Playback response was plotted by using four test signals (100 cycles, 1 kc, 10 kc, and 15 kc); if one takes into account the machine’s record/playback response, then playback response can be estimated to extend from well below 100 cps (probably 40 cps), to above 15 kc. Even with the db variations shown on the chart, this is surprisingly good response for 1⅛-in speed—the best yet encountered on any machine. Inasmuch as the M2 is designed specifically for the cartridge tapes.
offered by Revere, it may be assumed that the playback characteristic is extremely well matched to the response of those cartridges. This assumption was borne out in listening tests, more of which later.

The record/playback response was measured with the tone controls mechanically flat, or set to their indicated "hi-fi" positions, and was found to be reasonably uniform to 10 kc on the right channel, to 11 kc on the left channel. With a lower recording level, and with the tone controls advanced slightly towards their "treble" marking, response could be extended to 17 kc, and with greater uniformity or "flatness."

Other measurements are listed in the accompanying chart. The machine's speed accuracy was very good; its wow and flutter were low. Distortion and signal-to-noise figures were not, in sum, the equal of the better conventional tape machines, yet these factors had little, if any, audible effects. Among the system's chief merits is its remarkable convenience: no threading, no reels to be concerned with, no spillage problems, no need to reverse reels to hear the full program. Its greatly draw- back would seem to be the lack of access to the tape and to the heads, which makes editing and splicing virtually impossible. This limitation is most relevant to live recording, of less concern in recording materials already prepared, such as discs or FM broadcasts (though the latter's commercials and station breaks will of course be heard on the tape). As for cleaning the heads, the manufacturer advises that the tape used has such low rub-off properties that this process is unnecessary.

Actually, the M2 is best used as another program source for a high quality stereo system, hooked up so that its playback signals are taken from its "auxiliary amplifier" output jacks and fed to the "tape amp" or "auxiliary" inputs on a stereo preamp or combination amplifier. In such service, the acoustic quality of both the machine and the prerecorded cartridges is best revealed, and the obvious mating of program source and signal reproducer can be appreciated. We have auditioned more than a dozen cartridges, covering a range of musical content from Glenn Miller and Dave Brubeck to Leonard Bernstein and Vladimir Horowitz. Played on the M2 and heard through high fidelity components, these cartridges provided hours of pleasurable listening, with a full measure of stereophonic, clean wide response, and virtually no background hiss or other noise. An occasional piano sustain might waver a bit, but certainly no more than might be encountered from some conventional tape decks. In a word, this was the best sound we have yet heard at 1/2 ips speed. In comparing the cartridge with open reel tapes at 71/2 ips, and with stereo discs, several listeners agreed that often there were no differences; such occasional differences as were noted were conceded of the sort that only the audio perfectionist might discern.

As to the tape cartridge repertoire, the present library includes nearly two hundred items, embracing thirteen labels. The bulk of these are popular albums, but the number of classical and folk tapes seems to be increasing. List prices of prerecorded cartridges are $5.95 to $9.95; that of a blank cartridge, $4.75. Presumably, as market acceptance and production rise, cost will come down and repertoire will be enlarged.

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**Revere M2 Cartridge Tape Recorder**

**Lab Test Data**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Performance characteristic</th>
<th>Measurement</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Speed accuracy, 1/4 ips, as per Revere test tape</td>
<td>better than 0.5%</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wow and flutter</td>
<td>0.14% and 0.16% respectively</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rewind time, 450-ft. cartridge</td>
<td>33 seconds</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fast-forward, same cartridge</td>
<td>56 seconds</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Playback response, Revere test tape</td>
<td>1 ch: +2.7, -0 db, below 100 cps to 15 kc, ( r ) ch: +5.5, -1 db, below 100 cps to 15 kc</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Record/playback response, ( r e f ) level -10 db re 3%</td>
<td>1 ch: +5.5, -5 db, 40 cps to 11 kc, ( r ) ch: +3.5, -5 db, 43 cps to 10 kc</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>THD, tone controls mechanically flat (&quot;hi-fi&quot; position)</td>
<td>0.14%</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ref level -20 db re 3%</td>
<td>1 ch: +5 db, 40 cps to 17 kc, ( r ) ch: +3.5 db</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>THD, tone control in same position</td>
<td>1 ch: above 5.3°, ( r ) ch: above 3.7°</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>THD, -10 db recording level</td>
<td>1 ch: for max 3.2% THD, 126 mv input for 1.26 v output, ( r ) ch: for max 3% THD, 200 mv input for 1.7 v output</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>S/N ratio</td>
<td>1 ch, ref 3.2% THD: 35 db, ( r ) ch, ref 3% THD: 39 db</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>IM distortion, record/playback</td>
<td>1 ch: 2.5%</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>-10 db recorded signal</td>
<td>1 ch: 4.5%</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>-5 db recorded signal</td>
<td>1 ch: 5.3%</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>0 db recorded signal</td>
<td>1 ch: 5.3%</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Power output, built-in amps</td>
<td>1 ch clips at 42 watts, ( r ) ch clips at 36 watts</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
When, in the summer of 1926, I returned to my home in Switzerland from Vienna, where I had been studying, I found the small town of Vevey trembling with excitement at the news that the fabulous Mary Garden—the ravishing Mélisande, the cruel Salome, the passionate Tosca—had bought a house in the neighborhood. She was not thinking of yet retiring, but twenty-five years of unending successes had elapsed since her debut, and she was wisely planning for the time when her activity would slacken. For the time being she lent the house to her younger sister Helen, who came to live there with her two boys. Mary visited them often, receiving her friends and giving many parties.

The house already had many associations with music. During and immediately after First World War, it had belonged to an American lady who used to organize private concerts at which the pianists Clara Haskil and Yvora Güller, then young girls, the violinists De Ribeaurpierre and Boller, the cellist Schiffiri, and the composer Igor Markevitch (not yet ten years old) took part regularly. It was a wonderful, peaceful period, and it seemed that there need be no other occupation but a bit of work and lots of music and fun.

I was very young at that time and, of course, fascinated by the idea of meeting a celebrated star. In Vienna I had practically lived at the Opera, standing several times a week in the fourth gallery to hear the great singers in the great operas—Lehmann and Slezak or Kiepura and Jovitza in Turandot, Hélène Wildbrun as Isolde; Richard Tauber, Selma Kurz, Richard Mayr, and Berta Kierina in Zauberei, to speak of such guests as Chaliapin, Battistini, and others—but I had never actually known most of them, and so the thought of Mary Garden, bringing with her the perfume of Paris and its Opéra, was intoxicating.

I met her first at a party given by some mutual friends. She came with two of her sisters. They were all three very smart, amusing, and unpredictable, and had that wonderful gift of making one feel at ease immediately. Mary was kind enough to take an interest in my studies, and soon I was invited to her house and to most of the parties she so often gave. Sometimes, when there were others guests, we all went to nearby Montreux, and we sat at a large table at the local cabaret, where her striking appearance always created a sensation. At other times we went out on the lake in a houseboat belonging to her friends. Most often, however, she let her sister act as hostess and received us at the house. There was a beautiful piano, but, alas, Mary never sang, as she was resting from her work and travels. It was there that she insisted on sending me to see Noel Coward in London, which resulted in my engagement for one of his musicals and in my first trip to the United States.

Mary Garden was kindness itself, very generous, showering gifts on her guests and on her family, loving everyone and being very pleased at being admired and loved in return. She was not at all young at that time, but still quite slim and beautiful—and her ability to project her voice and personality was such that she was as vivid in the drawing room as on the stage. I soon learned that she could do wonders with parts really requiring more than nature had given her.

Mary Garden was born in Aberdeen, Scotland. When she was still a small girl, her parents emigrated to the United States, where her sisters Amy, Agnes, and Helen were added to the family. After living briefly in Hartford, Connecticut, the family made their home in Chicago, where Mary grew up and where, many years later, she was to become—for one brilliant but profligate season—director of the
opera. In 1895, when she was eighteen, a lady teacher took her to Paris and soon had her coached in all the works then in the repertory of the Opéra-Comique. This theatre enjoyed a reputation of excellence without equal (it has, alas, long since lost it), and was patronized by Parisian society and by the members of the musical world. Mary soon realized that her own temperament was more suited to the stage than to the concert platform. In fact, she was especially successful in elaborative "theatrical" roles, great character studies, though often dressed with second-rate music. It is curious to think that the part of Mélisande, which above all made her famous, was the least adapted to her possibilities, which were blood-and-thunder depravities. She used to say quite frankly that she hated Mozart and could not and would not sing it.

I often wonder how much the singing style has changed in more than sixty years, and whether we would enjoy the performances of the turn-of-the-century, were we able to hear them again as they sounded then. We know what the décor were, the costumes, and—as up to a certain point—what the acting was like; but the musical side is left to our imagination and to what we can reconstruct from very old recordings made under difficult technical circumstances. If we marvel at the freshness of certain voices, we have to deplore the lack of style, the exaggerated effects, and the liberties taken by the singers. I shall never forget how speechless with horror I was when an old lady, a famous soprano who was then first-rate, came to perform Claude Debussy's Pelléas when I was a young girl. Going back, I am surprised at the high tessitura, the staccato which were blood- and-thunder depravities. She used to say quite frankly that she hated Mozart and could not and would not sing it.

A short while ago I heard a reissue of several recordings made in Mary Garden's best years, and including arias from Hérodiade, Le Jongleur de Notre Dame, Traviata, Pelléas, and Louise. The selection from Hérodiade, that dull piece, is sung with her bell-like purity of voice, but with sudden inexplicable chest tones, very well executed but musically unnecessary. In the Jongleur she carries off the tour de force of turning uninteresting music into an almost exciting experience. But why did she ever want to play that tenor role? It was a great success. I know, and at the time it was not considered a lack of taste. (Sarah Bernhardt used to play "Hosenrollen" with relish and once even considered Hamlet, and Mme. Cheval reluctantly gave up the idea of singing Pelléas—yes, Pelléas, not Mélisande—only after strong remonstrances from her friends.) The Traviata item (in French) is really wonderful. Excellent style, fantastic attacks, fresh voice throughout, amazing virtuosity, the staccato high Cs wonderfully accurate, especially when one considers the very quick tempo. Then, alas, the small solo from Pelléas ("Mes longs cheveux"), which certainly does not give an idea of Garden at her best. I still have in my ears the enchanted sounds she fluted out even as late as 1927 and the strange charm floating over Mélisande. These virtues are not present in the recorded excerpt, and are to be found still less in "Il pleure dans mon cœur," sung to a tinkly piano (one hopes it is not Debussy himself). The recital closes with the aria from Louise done admirably, the high tessitura magnificently managed, with the purest of voices.

There is also a recorded excerpt from the sad joke which is Alfano's Resurrection, quite one of the worst operas I have ever heard, but one to suit Garden's histrionic possibilities, offering a role in which she could send a chill down your spine. When she made this recording, she was at the end of her singing time; though you can guess at her artistry, she exaggerates effects too often and her diction is not always perfect.

Mary Garden's début in 1900 is a well-known story. Charpentier's Louise had just had its first performance at the Comique. A soprano by the name of Rioton had been chosen for the creation. She proved a great success, but shortly thereafter she was taken ill in the middle of a performance. Mary, who was learning the part, was sitting in the auditorium—"dans ma petite robe brune." I remember her saying. Someone spotted her there and implored the director (then Albert Carré, I believe) not to send the public away but to try the young American girl for the third act. Mary quickly made up and got into Louise's clothes, and with great aplomb sang and acted to perfection, so that the enchanted public gave her an ovation. She was offered a contract, and from that day until 1927 or 1928 sang at the Comique fairly regularly.

At the end of 1901, when Pelléas was going into rehearsal, someone—I think it was Pierre Louÿs—told Debussy about Mary Garden. "What," he is
said to have exclaimed, “a Scotch girl for Mélisande, with an accent and so little experience! I won’t hear of it!” Very much against his will he agreed to give her an audition. He was prepared to tell her politely but firmly that it wouldn’t do, when he fell completely under her charm and found that she so exactly understood what this dreamy, nebulous, and fey character of Mélisande should be, that he fought for her tooth and nail with Maeterlinck (who wanted the role for Georgette Leblanc, with whom he was then infatuated). This resulted in a break between Debussy and Maeterlinck that was never patched up.

Pelléas was the greatest musical event of those years. At the premiere, people shouted and screamed, got up, insulted each other; the singers could hardly be heard above the din. The opera managed to survive, but was given only seldom and to badly filled houses. Little by little audiences became accustomed to Pelléas, but it has become a box-office success only in recent years. Mary Garden sang it at the Comique until 1927, and I will never forget her wonderful Mélisande, so touching, unreal, like an innocent and lovely child lost in that impressionistic forest.

After Pelléas, many composers wanted her for their creations. Camille Erlanger won her for Aphrodite, Xavier Leroux for La Reine Fiammette, Messenger for Madame Chrysanthème (an opera based on the same story as Madame Butterfly). She also created Mona Vanna by Février and the French versions of Resurrection by Alfano and L’Amore dei tre re by Montemezzi. At the Opéra she sang in Salome and several works by Massenet. She sang once in Berlin, never in London or Milan, and often went to America. For many years after her retirement from the stage, she gave lectures, crossing the Atlantic often, in splendid health and spirit.

Now she lives in Aberdeen, and not long ago she received some BBC reporters there and related to them souvenirs of Debussy and Pelléas. She also wrote her memoirs, which make good amusing reading, full of anecdotes about her many friends and few enemies. Mary Garden always had a very impulsive and quick temper, and could be snappy indeed if someone got in her way. She could also be extremely kind. I remember with gratitude how patiently she coached me in Pelléas at her studio in the Saile Pleyel, and how she sent me with an American soprano to meet Charpentier at the Café du Dôme, so that he could talk to us about the interpretation of Louise, which the girl was studying. The old master, looking exactly as though he came right out of the set of his opera—with a large, floating necktie “à l’aristie”—spoke not a word of English but was so charming and coyly flirtatious that the American singer left in high spirits.

I recall a very amusing scene in Mary Garden’s dressing room at the Comique. A charity matinee had been organized, in which Mary was to sing with the tenor René Maison in one act of Massenet’s Sapho. The play by Daudet had been done some few years back for the last performances of Céciile Sorel at the Comédie Française. The actress and the singer were great friends and, of course, they had gone to see each other in the part. When I arrived with some friends in Mary’s dressing room after the charity performance we found the two ladies embracing—each insisting that she had learned how to play Sapho by watching the other. Being unable to convince each other (or, probably, themselves) of this fact, they started to compare their emeralds, each exclaiming that hers were nothing next the other’s and each praising the size and purity of the ones she didn’t own. It all ended in an invitation from Céciile Sorel to come and see her in her new venture at the Casino de Paris. We sat in a box and watched her descend the famous staircase with more plumes and feathers than even the famous Mistinguett had ever dared to wear. Coffee was served in the interval, in a golden dressing room, and a little scene of mutual admiration was played all over again.

I don’t think that any other opera singer of her time achieved the glamorous reputation of Mary Garden, except perhaps Geraldine Farrar or, a few years later, Maria Jeritza. Mary was sublime in many roles, her quite extraordinary personality obliterating one’s critical faculties. She liked her parts and she acted them in a naturalistic way, contriving to keep one’s attention alive with little tricks which another actress would have overlooked. Even when her voice was too slight, as for Tosca or Salome, the exciting quality of her acting made you quite forget that it should have been heavier. In her day, of course, a good many operas were in fashion that no one would care to see now. They provided an opportunity for flamboyant acting and for singing with a flourish, and as such gave the public good value for its money. A few of these works have survived because of their dramatic or musical qualities. A few, alas, are still to be heard almost annually in the greatest opera houses, owing to routine and the public’s indifference to anything new.

What a pity that she did not sing long enough to be a dramatic Marie in Wozzeck, a depraved Lulu, or a tragic Magda Sorel in The Consul. The Berg and Menotti heroines would have fitted her theatrical temperament like a glove.

Very few “monstres sacrés” appear nowadays on the opera stage. It may be better for the sake of music that this is so, but it certainly deprives us of the excitement that filled a house when a diva of the Garden magnitude appeared. These are the ones who pass gradually from reality into legend and Mary is without any doubt one of the most vivid examples.
Best seat in the house

The Orga-sonic is like your favorite easy chair, relaxing you when you're tense, calming you when you're frustrated. And it brings you the soothing power of music whenever you need it.

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Or write for free booklet "What is a Home Organ?" Baldwin Piano & Organ Company, Dept. HF-7-64, Cincinnati, Ohio 45202.
The sound from the new Shure V-15 Stereo Dynetic Cartridge is unique. The unit incorporates highly disciplined refinements in design and manufacture that were considered "beyond the state of the art" as recently as the late summer of 1963. The V-15 performance specifications and design considerations are heady stuff—even among engineers. They probably cannot be assimilated by anyone who is not a knowledgeable audiophile, yet the sound is such that the critical listener, with or without technical knowledge, can appreciate the significant nature of the V-15 music re-creation superiority. It is to be made in limited quantities, and because of the incredibly close tolerances and singularly rigid inspection techniques involved, it is not inexpensive. Perfection never is.

**THE BI-RADIAL ELLIPTICAL STYLUS**

The outstanding characteristic is that the V-15 Stylus has two different radii . . . hence the designation Bi-Radial. One is a broad frontal plane radius of 22.5 microns (.0009 inch); while the actual contact radii on each side of the stylus are an incredibly fine 5 microns (.0002 inch). It would be impossible to reduce the contact radius of a conventional spherical/conical stylus to this micro-miniature dimension without subjecting the entire stylus to "bottoming" in the record grooves.

The Shure Bi-Radial elliptical stylus, because of its larger frontal radius of 22.5 microns (.0009 inch), cannot bottom . . . and as you know, bottoming reproduces the cracking noise of the grit and static dust that in practice cannot be eliminated from the canyons of record grooves.

**TRACING DISTORTION MINIMIZED**

The prime objective in faithful sound re-creation is to have the playback stylus move in exactly the same way as the wedge-shaped cutting stylus moved when it produced the master record. This can't be accomplished with a spherical/conical stylus because the points of tangency (or points of contact) between the record grooves and the stylus) are constantly changing. This effect manifests itself as tracing distortion (sometimes called "inner groove distortion"). Note in the illustration below how the points of tangency (arrows) of the Bi-Radial elliptical stylus remain relatively constant because of the very small 5 micron (.0002 inch) side contact radii:

![Cutter Elliptical Conical](image)

The Shure Bi-Radial Stylus vastly reduces another problem in playback known as the "pinch effect." As experienced audiophiles know, the record grooves are wider wherever and whenever the flat, chiselled cutting stylus changes directions (which is 440 cycles per second at a pure middle "A" tone—up to 20,000 cycles per second in some of the high overtones). An ordinary spherical/conical stylus riding the upper portion of the groove walls tends to drop where the groove gets wider, and to rise as the groove narrows. Since stereo stylus and cartridges have both vertical and horizontal functions, this unfortunate and unwanted up-and-down motion creates a second harmonic distortion. The new Shure Bi-Radial elliptical stylus, on the other hand, looks like this riding a record groove:

![You'll note that even though it has a broad front face with a frontal plane radius of 22.5 microns (.0009 inch), and it measures 30 microns (.0012 inch) across at the point of contact with the groove, the small side or contact radii are only 5 microns (.0002 inch). This conforms to the configuration of the cutting stylus and is not as subject to the up-and-down vagaries of the so-called "pinch-effect." SYMMETRY, TOLERANCES AND POSITIONING ARE ULTRA-CRITICAL. Frankly, a Bi-Radial elliptical stylus, however desirable, is almost impossibly difficult to make CORRECTLY. Diamond, as you know, is the hardest material . . . with a rating of 10 on the Mohs hardness scale. It's one thing to make a simple diamond cone, altogether another to make a perfectly symmetrical Bi-Radial stylus with sufficiently close tolerances, actually within one ten thousandth of an inch! Shure has developed unprecedented controls, inspections and manufacturing techniques to assure precise positioning, configuration, dimensions and tolerances of the diamond tip. It is a singular and exacting procedure...unique in the high fidelity cartridge industry. And, unless these inspection techniques and safeguards are used, an imperfectly formed elliptic configuration can result and literally do more harm than good to both record and sound.

**FHE V-15 IS A 15° CARTRIDGE**

The 15° effective tracking angle has recently been the subject of several Shure communications to the audiophile. It conforms to the effective record cutting angle of 15° proposed by the RIAA and EIA and now used by the major record producing companies and thereby minimizes tracking distortion.

The major features, then, of the V-15 are Shure's Bi-Radial Elliptical Stylus, the singular quality control techniques and standards devised to produce perfection of stylus symmetry, and the 15° tracking angle. They combine to reduce IM and harmonic distortion to a dramatic new low. In fact, the distortion (at normal record playing velocities) is lower than the inherent noise level of the finest test records and laboratory measurement instruments! In extensive listening tests, the V-15 proved most impressive in its "trackability." It consistently proved capable of tracking the most difficult, heavily modulated passages at a minimum force of 1/4 gram (in the Shure-SME tone arm). The entire V-15 is hand-crafted and subject to quality control and inspection measures that result in space-age reliability. Precision machined aluminum and a special ultra-stable plastic stylus grip. Exact alignment is assured in every internal detail—and in mounting. Mu-metal hum shield surrounds the sensitive coils. The V-15 is a patented moving-magnet device—a connoisseur's cartridge in every detail.

**SPECIFICATIONS**

The basic specifications are what you'd expect the premier Shure cartridge to reflect: 20 to 20,000 cps., 6 mv output. Over 25 db separation. 25 x 10^-5 cm. per dyne compliance. 1/4 gram tracking, 47,000 ohms impedance, 680 millihenries inductance per channel, 650 ohms resistance. Bi-Radial diamond stylus: 22.5 microns (0.0009 inch) frontal radius, 5 microns (.0002 inch) side contact radii, 30 microns (.0012 inch) wide between record contact points.

But most important, it re-creates music with a transcendent purity that results in a deeply rewarding experience for the critical ear.


V-15 Cartridge—$62.50 net
Replacement stylus VN-2E—$25.00 net

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EQUIPMENT REPORTS

THE EQUIPMENT: Bogen RT-1000, a combination FM mono, FM stereo, AM tuner, and stereo preamplifier-power amplifier on one chassis. Dimensions: 16-3/16 by 4-5/8 by 15-13/16 inches. Price: $549.95. Optional walnut cabinet, Model WE-10, $29.95. Manufacturer: Bogen Communications Division, Lear Siegler, Inc., P.O. Box 500, Paramus, N.J.

COMMENT: Bogen's RT-1000 stereo receiver is a fully transistorized unit that offers high power and versatility in a compact, neatly styled format. The upper center portion of the front panel is occupied by an ample-size station-tuning dial that has a legible scale as well as regular AM and FM markings. At its left is a tuning meter that operates for AM and FM. The dial and meter are illuminated during use; in addition there is an FM stereo indicator to the right that lights up when a stereo signal is received. Six knobs are provided for the set's main operating controls. These include a six-position program selector (tape head, phono, aux, FM mono, FM stereo, and AM); a channel balance control that also serves, when pulled out, as a stereo reverse control: a loudness-volume control (when "in" loudness compensation is added; when "out" no compensation is used); a bass tone control that operates on both channels simultaneously, and, when pulled, serves also as a low-frequency (scratch) filter; and the station-tuning control. In addition, there are six slide switches: tape monitor, stereo/mono. phase reversal, speaker-phones, AFC in and out, and power off and on. The front panel also has a jack for direct connection of a low impedance stereo headphone set.

The rear of the set contains stereo input jacks, and each channel also has a tape output jack for feeding signals to a recorder. Speaker taps are provided for each channel for 8- and 16-ohm speakers. There also is a "third channel" signal output jack for connecting to a monophonic amplifier and speaker. This hookup may be used as a center-fill between the regular pair of stereo speakers, or to pipe a mono version of signals from the RT-1000 to another room. The set has built-in AM and FM antennas which may be adequate for local reception in strong signal areas. There also are screw-terminals for connecting external antennas, including AM, 300-ohm (twin-lead) FM, and 75-ohm (coaxial cable) FM. The AC line cord, a fuse-holder, and an unswitched AC outlet complete the rear complement.

As the accompanying measurements—made at United States Testing Company, Inc.—indicate, the amplifier section of the RT-1000 is a fairly high-powered unit capable of delivering better than 40 watts per channel at low distortion across the audio range. The IM characteristic is typical of the "class AB or class B" type of transistor circuit found in many recent amplifiers, which

Bogen Model RT-1000
Tuner/Amplifier

REPORT POLICY

Equipment reports are based on laboratory measurements and listening tests. Data for the report, on equipment other than loudspeakers, is obtained by the United States Testing Company, Inc., of Hoboken, New Jersey, a completely independent organization not affiliated with the United States Government which, since 1880, has been a leader in product evaluation. Speaker reports are based on controlled listening tests. Occasionally, a supplementary agency may be invited to contribute to the testing program. The choice of equipment to be tested rests with the editors of HIGH FIDELITY. No report, or portion thereof, may be reproduced for any purpose or in any form without written permission of the publisher. No reference to the United States Testing Company, Inc., its seals or insignia, or to the results of its tests, including material published in HIGH FIDELITY based on such tests, may be made without written permission of United States Testing Company, Inc.

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Bogen RT-1000 Tuner/Amplifier

**Lab Test Data**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Performance Characteristic</th>
<th>Measurement</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>FM Tuner Section</strong></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>IHF sensitivity</td>
<td>3.1 µV at 98 mc, 3 µV at 90 mc, 4 µV at 106 mc</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Capture ratio</td>
<td>4 db</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>S/N ratio</td>
<td>60 db</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>IM distortion, IHF method</td>
<td>0.5%</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>THD, mono</td>
<td>0.42% at 400 cps; 1.2% at 40 cps; 0.63% at 1 kc</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>stereo, 1 ch</td>
<td>1.3% at 400 cps; 3.6% at 40 cps; 1.2% at 1 kc</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>stereo, r ch</td>
<td>1.8% at 400cps; 4% at 40 cps; 1% at 1 kc</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Frequency response, mono</td>
<td>±2 db, 15 cps to 20 kc</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>stereo, 1 ch</td>
<td>+2, -2.5 db, 20 cps to 15 kc</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>stereo, r ch</td>
<td>+1.5, -3 db, 20 cps to 15 kc</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Channel separation, either channel</td>
<td>better than 20 db, 35 cps to 9 kc; 15 db at 11 kc</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>19-kc pilot suppression</td>
<td>39 db</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>38-kc subcarrier suppression</td>
<td>48 db</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Amplifier Section</strong></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Power output (1 kc into 8-ohm load)</td>
<td>40.4 watts @ 0.4% THD</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 ch at clipping</td>
<td>40.4 watts @ 0.51% THD</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>r ch at clipping</td>
<td>48 watts</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>r ch, constant 1% THD</td>
<td>47.5 watts</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>both chs simultaneously</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 ch at clipping</td>
<td>31.2 watts @ 0.42% THD</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>r ch at clipping</td>
<td>33.6 watts @ 0.53% THD</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Power bandwidth</td>
<td>12 cps to 22 kc</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Harmonic distortion</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>40.4 watts output</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>20.2 watts output</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>under 1%, 30 cps to 10 kc</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>under 0.75%, 20 cps to 20 kc</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>IM distortion, 8-ohm load</td>
<td>less than 2%, 12.5 watts to 46 watts output</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>less than 2%</td>
<td>16-ohm load</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8 watts to 31 watts output</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Frequency response</td>
<td>±1.9 db, 9 cps to 36 kc</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>tone controls mechanically</td>
<td>±1 db, 20 cps to 20 kc</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>flat</td>
<td>±1 db, 20 cps to 20 kc</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>tone controls adjusted</td>
<td>+0, -2 db, 8 cps to 52 kc</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>RIAA characteristic</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>±1 db, 20 cps to 20 kc</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>NAB (tape) characteristic</td>
<td>+2.5, -2 db, 20 cps to 20 kc</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Damping factor</td>
<td>0.9</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sensitivity, various inputs</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>mag phono</td>
<td>2.32 mv</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>tape head</td>
<td>1.4 mv</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>tape monitor</td>
<td>700 mv</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>aux</td>
<td>225 mv</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>S/N, various inputs</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>mag phono</td>
<td>53 db</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>tape head</td>
<td>60 db</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>tape monitor</td>
<td>72 db</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>aux</td>
<td>69 db</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

High Fidelity Magazine
—unlike the conventional IM characteristic—tends to become lower as the amplifier is called on to deliver higher power. In general, the lowest IM was obtained with a 16-ohm load.

The frequency response, the RIAA (disc playback), and NAB (tape head playback) characteristics were all found to be very good; indeed the RIAA response was nearly perfect. Tone and filter action, plotted on the accompanying chart, were satisfactory, as was the amplifier's sensitivity and signal-to-noise ratio. The amplifier's damping factor was quite low, indicating that for the best definition of sound the speakers used with the RT-1000 should themselves be well damped. The low-frequency square-wave response showed the effects of rolloff below 20 cps and is fairly representative of the integrated chassis type of equipment. The high-frequency square wave had some ringing but a very fast, excellent rise time and, in general, was indicative of good transient response and amplifier stability.

The tuner section of the RT-1000 had very good performance characteristics in both monophonic and stereo modes. The set, on arrival at USITC, was checked for alignment—which is done with all FM tuners—and found to be near optimum, measuring 3.4 microvolts before, and 3.1 microvolts after, a bench alignment. Combined with its low distortion, high signal-to-noise ratio, and very good capture ratio, this figure indicates the set's suitability for fine FM reception in virtually all locales. On stereo, the tuner had excellent channel separation, somewhat higher (as expected) distortion, and a response characteristic that rolled off gently at the fringe ends of the band. The stereo pilot and subcarrier signals were suppressed low enough not to interfere with off-the-air recordings.

In listening and use tests, with broadcasts as well as a tape recorder and high quality disc player, the RT-1000 proved to be a smooth, clean performer, very easy to listen to, convenient to operate, and in general impressing us as an excellent center for a high quality music system.

"London" Summation Integrated Arm and Cartridge


COMMENT: The latest stereo pickup system from Decca via Lectronics is an integrated arm and cartridge. The arm will accept only the cartridge or "head" supplied with it, but the cartridge itself—designated as the Mark II—may be purchased separately, as an adapter, for use in the SME or Ortofon arms at a cost of $67.50. A separate head, prefitted with a 78-rpm stylus, also is available for $40. The stylus itself is not interchangeable by the user. An alternate version of the cartridge, the Mark III, is fitted with an elliptical stylus. Cost was not available at press time, but is expected to be the same as that of the Mark II, or a few dollars more.

The cartridge movement in either version is essentially a variable reluctance or "moving iron" type, but modified so that magnetic pole pieces extend along the underside of the cartridge body to surround the stylus, which itself has no cantilever. This design feature is said to reduce such problems as resonances, damping, and effective mass in the interest of improved tracking and cleaner sound. The Mark II is deliberately designed, according to Decca, so that its vertical compliance (2 x 10^-6 cm/ dyne) is one fifth that of its lateral compliance (10 x 10^-6 cm/ dyne). The stylus tip has a nominal radius of 0.5 mil to 0.6 mil. The combination of electrical and mechanical design, compliance, and stylus size makes for a recommended vertical tracking force of 3.5 grams which—with this system—is held to be optimum for the best sound as well as for minimum record groove wear. Reports of tests conducted in Britain indicate that this tracking force, which permits continuous groove contact, has been used to play records hundreds of times with no appreciable wear. In tests conducted at United States Testing Company, Inc., the cartridge did provide best tracking and performance at 3.5 grams; at forces lower than 3 grams it did not track well and produced distortion. (The Mark III, with somewhat higher compliance, is designed to track at 2 grams.)

The tone arm is made of aluminum tubing. One end is designed to accept the cartridge head which slides on and makes excellent contact physically and electrically between the cartridge terminals and those from the leads inside the arm. The other end of the arm is fitted with a two-section ("coarse" and "fine") balancing adjustment. A sliding weight along the arm is used to set tracking force. Two pivots permit the arm to swing vertically, while the bracket that holds these pivots
is free to swing horizontally on its support pillar. The arm has a built-in cueing device that, at the flick of a lever, lowers or raises the pickup onto or off the record. The head has a finger-lift to help guide the pickup to the point over the record at which it is to be lowered. The underside of the arm's support pillar terminates in a four-prong jack which accepts a plug and cable assembly for connecting to the phono inputs on a preamplifier or integrated amplifier. The cable rig is supplied with fitted phono-tips, color-coded for channel identification, and internally grounded so that no additional grounding lead is needed. An arm rest, also supplied, holds the arm in place when it is not being used.

The instructions supplied with the Summation system call for installing the arm so that it is parallel to the surface of a record on the turntable. This would require that the top of the platter be at least 3/4 inches above the mounting board, a dimension not found on every turntable. However, according to a spokesman for Electronica, a slight downward angle (toward the pickup) is of no consequence and exact parallelism is not critical.

In listening tests, using the Summation installed on a Thorens TD-124 turntable, we placed a foam pad over the platter so that the angle was reduced and the arm was almost parallel. The audible results were indistinguishable from those obtained without the foam pad (and with the angle thus slightly increased). In measurements made at USTC, a similar foam pad was used (to minimize whatever magnetic attraction existed between platter and cartridge; the instructions call for a nonmagnetic turntable). The residual attraction made for some amount of downward force, which was calculated in setting the required tracking force—so that combined, they equaled the required 3.5 grams.

Thus installed, the Decca arm and cartridge system was tested. The over-all characteristic of the left channel can be summarized as +3, -1 db from 40 cps to 20 kc; of the right channel, as +4, -0 db from 40 cps to 16 kc. Both channels were quite smooth over the range; the rise above 10 kc is characteristic of most cartridges and in this instance was not terribly "peaky." At that, it—as well as the difference of a decibel or two over what the manufacturer specifies—may well be due to a difference in test methods or test records. Lateral Imm distortion was better than average; vertical IM was about average.

As the response charts indicate, channel separation was excellent within the specified range of the cartridge. Tracking ability was confirmed as being best at 3.5 grams. The arm had very little bearing friction and was free to move unimpeded. Its resonance was estimated to occur at 22 cps; below this frequency the arm acts as a mechanical filter so that the output below 22 cps is not reproduced. While a good portion of current American thinking prefers a somewhat lower arm resonance, and a lower frequency-pass characteristic, this feature of the Decca is in accord with British design philosophy which holds that there is no need to bother about response much below 30 cps, except possibly to filter it out. The response of the Decca, in fact, is specified from 40 cps to 16 kc. (A detailed discussion of differences of opinion regarding the extent of frequency response was published in the May issue of HiFi Fidelity, page 39.) The signal output from each channel was just above 4.5 millivolts (measured at 1 kc with a recorded level of 5 cm/sec peak velocity, and terminated in a 47 K resistive load) which is enough to drive any magnetic phono input on today's equipment.

In use tests, the "London" Summation system impressed us as a transparent, smooth, clean performer. It seemed to have a "neutral," almost at times "precise," sort of tonal quality, and provided fine definition of ensembles and of timbres within ensembles. Its transient characteristics were among the best, and it handled heavily modulated passages with ease. No background hiss was inaudible and susceptibility to hum pickup was nil. The stylus could not be budged from the groove by external shock, such as banging and stomping of a magnitude that has caused others to skip or skate. In sum, the system merits serious audition by the connoisseur interested in its features and prepared to spend upward of $100 for an arm and cartridge.

University Tri-Planar Speaker System


COMMENT: There is nothing thin about the sound of this, the slimmest high fidelity speaker we have yet auditioned. In fact, because of its doublet operation (sound emanates from front and rear), the Tri-Planar is capable of producing an astonishingly broad sound front that is very satisfying for stereo. Equally remarkable is the full response that one hears from a system less than two inches in depth.

Obviously, an enclosure of these dimensions could not house a traditional speaker, and the driver elements used here are decidedly unconventional. Instead of cones, the Tri-Planar uses two flat, rectangular, wooden panels (each 9 by 12 inches) that serve as diaphragms. These are suspended within the frame of the enclosure some-
Tandberg Model 74
Tape Recorder


COMMENT: Compact, handsome, and versatile, the Tandberg 74 may be used as a complete recording and playback system (it has stereo speakers installed along its sides), or as a tape deck for connecting to a separate component music system. The machine has an erase head and a record/playback head, and can record and play four-track stereo and mono. It may be used for "sound-on-sound" and for "add-a-track" recording, in which one channel records while the other channel plays.

Tape motion is controlled by a shift-lever, and tape function by slide switches that can be operated independently on each channel. Each switch has three positions: for record, playback, and "amplifier"—the last allows the Model 74 to be used as a stereo amplifier for whatever signal sources are connected to it. The speed (7½, 13/4, or 3½ ips) is selected by a knob located between the tape reels. Other controls include: the off/on switch (which lights up the tape counter window when "on"; a reset knob for the tape counter; a bass-boost switch (operative only during playback); two concentric volume controls, operating independently on each channel; a five-position speaker selector switch that allows the built-in, external, or both built-in and external speakers to be heard; and a pause lever, that stops tape movement during record or playback. The deck also has a pair of level indicators (used only in recording). A microswitch, under the head cover, serves to stop the motor when the tape runs out or breaks.

Microphone input jacks are provided topside on the deck, and additional signal input and output jacks are at the rear of the machine. Two input level controls, also at the rear, may be adjusted to avoid overloading the input preamp stages of the recorder. The circuitry of the 74 contains seven tubes and two transistors.

In tests conducted at United States Testing Company, Inc., the Model 74 demonstrated that high performance and quality can be achieved within compact dimensions. Speed accuracy was fair and commensurate with this class of equipment. Wow and flutter were insignificant at all three speeds.

The NAB playback response of the Model 74 was excellent, indicating the unit’s accuracy in reproducing commercially recorded (prerecorded) tapes. Record/playback response at both 7½- and 3½-ips speeds went beyond 10 kc; the gradual slope at the high end is not severe and can be helped, in any event, by a slight treble boost on one’s control amplifier. Response at 3½ ips was poorer at the high end, but was considered adequate for noncritical recording chores. The unit’s distortion, even at the slower speeds, was quite low; signal-to-noise ratio, favorably high. Input sensitivity was high enough for all program sources. The machine’s output signal was suited—in terms of level and quality—for feeding to high fidelity amplifiers and speakers.

had the range of most speakers in their size and price class—but, because of their doublet operation, these speakers could be positioned to furnish an enormous, at times genuinely thrilling, sense of space and depth. The most spectacular presentation came when they were installed in a room 21 by 17½ feet, about seven feet in from one of the short walls and about five feet each from the long walls, so that there was a distance of about 7½ feet between the two. On orchestral music heard through the speakers, directionality was perceptible but not emphasized, and what most listeners reported hearing was a large and full sound that was spread about, between, and from behind, the speakers. On chamber music, the acoustic focus narrowed accommodatingly. On other counts, the Tri-Planar also proved worthy: transients, such as plucked strings and sharp percussives, came through cleanly; the solo voice sounded natural; dynamics from pianissimo to crescendo were handled with ease. The only limitation in response from an “ultimate” standpoint was at the extreme low and high ends of the audio range, which of course is true of every speaker in this price class that we have auditioned.

It would be impossible, of course, to state definitely just where speakers such as the Tri-Planar ought to be installed in various rooms to provide the kind of superb stereo presentation we heard. They are small and light enough in weight to permit experimentation, and would seem to be logical choices for room dividers or for other setups that permit a reasonable amount of air to be loaded to their “back” as well as “front.”
Using and listening to the Tandberg 74 is a joy. The machine is easy to connect and set into operation: the tape threads across the head assembly very conveniently; the controls work with a solid and smooth feeling. The built-in speakers sound surprisingly good for such small units, and when the output signal is connected to an external amplifier and speakers the sound is excellent. Inasmuch as the Tandberg's own speakers can be switched on while the external speakers are working, one can set up a three-channel playback system with the Model 74 that provides a very broad and satisfying stereo effect. These virtues, as well as the general ruggedness of the recorder and the reliability for which earlier Tandberg models are known, make the Model 74 worthy of serious consideration.

**Tandberg 74 Tape Recorder**

**Lab Test Data**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Performance characteristic</th>
<th>Measurement</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Speed accuracy, 7½ ips</td>
<td>3.1% fast at 117 v AC; 2.1% at 105; 4.9% at 129</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3½ ips</td>
<td>4% fast at 117 v AC; 3.3% at 105; 4.9% at 129</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1½ ips</td>
<td>3.6% fast at 117 v AC; 2.9% at 105; 4.6% at 129</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wow and flutter, 7½ ips</td>
<td>0.02% and 0.03% respectively</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3½ ips</td>
<td>0.03% and 0.04% respectively</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1½ ips</td>
<td>0.08% and 0.06% respectively</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rewind time</td>
<td>1 min, 26 sec (all speed settings)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fast-forward time (same reel)</td>
<td>1 min, 26 sec (all speed settings)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>NAB playback response (ref Ampex test tape)</td>
<td>1 ch: +1.0, -0 db, 50 cps to 11 k; +2.5 db at 15 k; r ch: +0.75, -0 db, 500 cps to 15 k; slope from +1.5 db at 0.75 db at 500 cps</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Max output level (with 0 VU at 700 cps, as on test tape)</td>
<td>1 ch: 520 mv; r ch: 450 mv</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Record/playback response (with -10 VU recorded signal)</td>
<td>1 ch: +2.5, -3.5 db, 26 cps to 10 k; +0.5 db at 15 k; -1.5 db at 10 k; -7 db at 15 k; r ch: +1.5, -4.5 db, 27 cps to 9 k; +1 db at 10 k; -4.5 db at 15 k; -6 db at 10 k</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>S/N ratio (ref 0 VU, test tape)</td>
<td>either channel: 47 db; r ch: 45 db</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>THD, record/playback (-10 VU recorded signal)</td>
<td>1 ch: below 2.9%, 40 cps to 7.5 k; 4% at 15 k; r ch: below 2.9%, 40 cps to 3 k; 4.2% at 15 k; 3½ ips</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>IM distortion, record/playback</td>
<td>1 ch: 2%; r ch: 2.2%; -10 VU recorded signal</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>-5 VU recorded signal</td>
<td>0 VU recorded signal</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Recording level for max 3% THD</td>
<td>1 ch: 47 mv; r ch: 50 mv</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>for max 5% THD</td>
<td>1 ch: 83 mv; r ch: 73 mv</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Amplifier power, built-in amp</td>
<td>1 ch: clips at 2.2 watts</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Level indicator, input for eye closure</td>
<td>1 ch: 67 mv (THD, 3.6%); r ch: 57 mv (THD, 3.6%)</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**REPORTS IN PROGRESS**

*Heathkit AA-22 Integrated Amplifier*

*Shure V-15 Cartridge*
THE RAY CHARLES SINGERS

SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR YOUNG LOVERS

The Smash Hit Album that’s Sweeping the Country

What do you do when you’re at the top? Go Higher! And that’s exactly what Command Records and The Ray Charles Singers have done. Once again, Command Records, World Leader in Recorded Sound, and The Ray Charles Singers, top singing group on the Perry Como Show, combine their brilliant talents with something special for everyone. This fantastically beautiful Command album is a star-fired showcase of magnificent music. From the rolling LOVE ME WITH ALL YOUR HEART to the most sensitive and sentimental ballad here’s an entire, breath-taking spectrum of glorious songs. Recorded with a verve and splendor that is absolutely awesome!

SELECTIONS: LOVE ME WITH ALL YOUR HEART • THIS COULD BE THE START OF SOMETHING • I LEFT MY HEART IN SAN FRANCISCO • MORE • THERE! I’VE SAID IT AGAIN THIS IS ALL I ASK • DOMINIQUE • HELLO DOLLY! • QUIET NIGHTS • CHARADE • WHAT KIND OF FOOL AM I? • SWEET LITTLE MOUNTAIN BIRD Album No. 866

Be sure you also hear these spectacular COMMAND albums by THE RAY CHARLES SINGERS
SOMETHING WONDERFUL #827
ROME REVISITED #839
PARADISE ISLAND #845

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AVAILABLE IN STEREO, MONAURAL AND 4-TRACK TAPE

Write for FREE Full-color Brochure of all Command releases

1501 Broadway, New York 36, N.Y.
A subsidiary of ABC-PARAMOUNT RECORDS, INC.

JULY 1964
““MASS” REVOLUTION NOW IN PROGRESS

ADC is successful in achieving lowest mass cartridge design

What are the characteristics of the ideal stereo phonograph cartridge? Recording engineers and equipment manufacturers are in agreement here. Distortion will be eliminated only when the cartridge can trace the exact shape of the record groove and reproduce it exactly in every detail. What changes must be made to free the stylus for precise tracing are now also known. As to the manner in which these changes are to be achieved, experts are less optimistic. They say, “Not today, but years hence.”

Stylus mass they hold, will have to come down. Not another shade or two, but drastically. Compliance will be concomitantly increased. Not refined slightly, but brought to a new order of magnitude. And there is more reason than ever to insist on adherence to a standard vertical tracking angle.

The low-mass, high-compliance cartridges will permit exceptionally low tracking forces. Only then will we have truly flat response beyond the limits of the audio spectrum, free of resonant peaks and dips. Record wear and distortion will at last be brought to the point where they are truly negligible.

WHAT ADC HAS DONE

These conclusions were the starting point some time ago for ADC, not the end. We knew that marginal upgrading of existing designs would not bring us within reach of the ideal goals. We faced the need for boldness in seeking completely new solutions. From this decision came the concept of the INDUCED MAGNET TRANSDUCER. In short order we had prototypes of this new class of magnetic cartridge which shattered old technical limitations. What followed were three startlingly new cartridges that incorporated this principle: the ADC Point Four, recommended for manual turntables; the ADC 660 and 770, recommended for automatic turntables and record changers – NOT YEARS HENCE, BUT TODAY.

YEARS AHEAD PRINCIPLE, TODAY

How do ADC cartridges using the new principle measure up to the “years ahead” goals? “Significantly reduced mass” was the key advantage, we said – months before the spotlight was turned on this factor. The use of a fixed magnet, separate from the moving system, inducing its field into an armature of extremely light weight, slashed mass to “half or less than that of systems previously regarded as low-mass designs.”

The tubular, aluminum stylus arm or cantilever connected to the stylus to move this negligible mass was made even lighter. We were then able to match this low mass with a suspension of exceptionally high compli- ance.

As to stylus tracking force, we have suggested a minimum of 3/4 gram. But we have tracked the Point Four perfectly at 1/2 gram. The chief problem here is the ability of available tone arms, not of the cartridge. The physical arrangement of elements, using the new INDUCED MAGNET principle, brought other gains. “The remote position of the magnet with respect to the main structure,” we said, “ensures freedom from saturation and hysteresis distortion – serious effects that are beyond control by conventional shielding.”

As to the vertical tracking angle, we noted that “obtaining the new established tracking angle of 15° is no problem” with the pivot point of the arm brought close to the record surface by the new physical configuration.

OTHER ADVANTAGES OF THESE NEW CARTRIDGES

These are not the only virtues of the new Point Four, the 660 and the 770.

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*ADC POINT FOUR available with elliptical stylus at slightly higher price.

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AUDIO DYNAMICS CORPORATION
Pickett District Road, New Milford, Connecticut

High Fidelity Magazine
Has it ever occurred to anyone that Leonard Bernstein may be the reincarnation of Franz Liszt? It strikes me that arguments in support of the proposition are rather conclusive. Certainly they would go a long way towards explaining this conductor's peculiar success as an interpreter of the intense, extroverted side of Central European musical romanticism, from Schumann through Mahler. In any case the insights he displays in this altogether extraordinary album of Liszt are not shared by any known conductor of Bernstein's generation or background. They are, in fact, difficult to reconcile with his own musical formation as a disciple of the late Serge Koussevitzky. Though the good Doctor had his own kind of flamboyance, it was turned in a different direction from Lisztian romanticism. But in the Bernstein personality, in his present status as a musician and as a public figure, one can readily find the Lisztian flame in full blaze: virtuosity in its most tactile state, a versatility that verges upon omnipotence, personal magnetism that coruscates and stuns.

Both men are highly fallible, of course. Neither attains anything like the heights of glory claimed for him by his most devout admirers; it is simply not given to any man to attain deification in an earthly existence, and the more one reaches in that direction, the more loudly the world tends to trumpet one's failures. Both Liszt and Bernstein have, in their time, built their Towers of Babel, and both have watched them collapse before the eyes of all. But enough of philosophizing. The immediate news is that we have in this album a most remarkable example of like personalities meeting across a century and striking fire. The imagination of Leonard Bernstein seems to have found in the Faust Symphony a totally accurate reflection. The mingling of purposes in his performances of this music creates a glowing page in the annals of performance.

Without this sort of dazzling musical re-creation, of course, the Faust Symphony doesn't exist (nor does Les Préludes, for that matter). It is a big, gor-

A Faust Symphony—
The Lisztian Fire Aflame

by Alan Rich
The premiere of Gustav Mahler’s Eighth Symphony, at Munich in September 1910, was the last occasion on which he presented one of his own works to the public. (His final—and supreme—achievements, the Ninth Symphony and Das Lied von der Erde, were first performed under the direction of Bruno Walter, the friend and musical executor to whom the composer’s scores passed on his death in 1911.) Recalling the event, Walter later wrote that the Munich rehearsals “were great days… The hand of the master controlled the vast array without any apparent effort. All concerned, including the children who adored him at once, were filled with a solemn elevation of mood. What a moment it was when, at the zenith of his career and, little as we knew it, soon to be called from us by the hand of fate, he took his place amid the applause… in front of the thousand performers…”

Walter directed the Eighth in Vienna during 1912 and again in 1933, but I know of no other European productions from his hand. He never conducted the work in the United States. The American premiere was given by Leopold Stokowski and the Philadelphia Orchestra in 1918, a historic occasion and one which served to give both Mahler and Stokowski increased prominence in the musical scene. Stokowski did not abandon the work, and it is my impression that the first time I ever heard it played was a New York Philharmonic performance under his direction some twenty seasons ago. Most recently the Eighth has figured in the Philharmonic repertory under Leonard Bernstein, who took the first movement as the closing work for the inaugural concert at Lincoln Center in 1962.

Even so, the Mahler Eighth is not the sort of music that anyone is going to hear very often, and thus it is a score that can be greatly served by a good recording. The first complete disc version had to wait for the long-play record. It was a Columbia album by Hermann Scherchen made during an actual performance at the Vienna Festival of 1951. Epic later offered a second edition, a 1954 performance from the Holland Festival with Eduard Flipse directing the Rotterdam Philharmonic. The Bernstein version of the first movement was recorded, along with the rest of that dedicatory concert, and provided the initial opportunity to hear any of this music in stereo. Both the Flipse and the Bernstein records are still in print. The new Vanguard set is the stereo premiere of the score in its totality. It is also, I believe, the first occasion in which the work has been done in recording sessions rather than taped during a concert performance. This means the new records have every occasion to exhibit a marked technical advance over all previous efforts, and this, indeed, proves to be the case.

Commonly known as “The Symphony of a Thousand Voices,” the Mahler Eighth is not really a symphony at all, in the conventional sense of that term, but a work in which an immense orchestra is combined with the human voice in all its familiar manifestations. The two parts are not of equal length. The first is a setting of the Latin hymn Veni, Creator Spiritus by the eighteenth-century philosopher-theologian Habanous Maurus; the second, about twice its length, is a setting of the final scene of Part Two of Goethe’s Faust, ending with the functionally untranslatable couplet that became the very capstone of German romanticism in the nineteenth century: “Das Unbeschreibliche, Hier ist’s getan!/Das Ewig-Weibliche zieht uns hinauf.”

The Mahler Eighth can be taken as an artistic summation of the tradition from which the composer grew, a monumental summing up of the intermixture of sacred and sensual, of transcendental and physical, which is characteristic of this period in German art. In the two later works which found completion—works he regarded as the Ninth and Tenth symphonies, but which we know as Das Lied von der Erde and the Symphony No. 9—he tried to find new ground and enter
into the spirit of the new century. That, however, is another story.

The two more important things about this new recording are these: first, it preserves a performance that is more than equal to doing justice to the music; secondly, it is technically on such a level that for the first time a playback system of good quality can really provide an accurate impression of what the work is like under concert hall conditions. For review purposes I made use of one of the more powerful of the new all-transistor amplification systems as well as one of the newest and most advanced designs in phono pickups. The results were extremely satisfactory. This is not only a remarkably well-engineered stereo recording, it is also by far the most monophonic version of the work ever made, extraordinarily rich and lifelike even in single-channel form.

Vanguard had about nine hundred performers arrayed in Salt Lake City's Mormon Tabernacle, a situation which hardly produces an intimate sound if any consistency in perspective is to be retained. The usual result in recordings of this score is that the solo voices have a pale, off-mike quality (it is especially noticeable in the Bernstein version, for all its stereophony). In this Vanguard set you seem to be in the front row of the balcony and everything comes to you with the relative tonal values of such a location. There is a strong sense of being in a big hall, and the performers spread out before you in an arc as wide as the space between your two speakers. Within the setting of this stage, voices and instruments are easily pinpointed, and the soloists are heard in a natural concert balance. At first I felt the need for "presence" microphones, but later I decided (as Vanguard must have done) that this would be an unnatural effect.

The set grows on you—and so does the score. However much you are attracted by it on the first hearing, you will probably appreciate it even more on the third or fourth playing. Indeed, having spent several days in fairly concentrated listening to this music, I am coming to think that this record may take the Mahler Eighth from the curio department and convince other conductors and orchestras that it belongs in the regular symphonic repertoire. Admittedly it will never be an easy work to produce, but music of comparable difficulty is heard from our major orchestras, and this is equally worthy of attention.

Turning to the musical content, the logical starting place is the roster of vocal soloists, of which eight are required. Mahler obviously wrote these parts with the trust that the resources of a major musical organization would be at his disposal. The music is equal to the skill of the finest singers. A Melchior, a Lehmann, a Kipnis would not have been lost upon it. Naturally, Abravanel cannot muster such forces. He has a well-selected group of young singers prepared by the Metropolitan Opera Studio. Some of them are better than others. Bass Malcolm Smith is extremely good, while tenor Stanley Kolk works very hard, with sincerity and artistry, to sing music which he obviously finds quite difficult. Some of the ladies too occasionally appear to be out of their depth as well. One must recognize, however, that these are exceptionally demanding vocal parts and the odds are against our ever hearing them ideally realized. In my opinion, the young singers heard here are quite equal to conveying Mahler's intentions and in many respects more satisfactory than the group of vocal celebrities gathered on the Columbia set.

Less need be said of the choruses and orchestra. Both are of very high quality, thoroughly schooled in the music, and equal to giving the conductor whatever he asks in virtuosity or special effects. And Abravanel asks for a lot. He is deeply involved with this music, and he plays it not for surface or show but for content. This is a performance with very broad, powerful phrases, a sure sense of movement, and a line that moves in a majestic and resolute fashion from one soaring climax to another. Since I never heard Bruno Walter conduct the work, I cannot tell if his approach is suggested or not; but much of Walter's skill as a Mahler conductor was his ability to fuse the composer's scores into solid architectural forms, and this power Abravanel also possesses.

My conclusion is that an opportunity has finally been provided to get to know the Mahler Eighth with the surety that the experience afforded by the recording will stand up under such concert performances as fate may send my way. One never gets on cozy terms with this work, any more than one gets cozy with Mont Blanc, but familiarity—and respect—are now possible for all who seek them. Moreover, we have discovered a new Mahler conductor of stature and sympathy in a day when such men are precious indeed.

MAHLER: Symphony No. 8, in E flat
Soloists: University of Utah Choruses; Children's Chorus from Salt Lake City Schools; Utah Symphony Orchestra, Maurice Abravanel, cond.
* Vanguard VSD 71120/21. Two SD, $11.96.

by Gordon Rogoff

Richard Burton

The sole triumph of this recording matches the singular success of the Broadway production: Richard Burton's Hamlet—crowded with mystery, flecked by mercury, blessed with reverberant music—is preserved here for the years of study that it deserves. As in the theatre, his action tells all the more astonishing for the fact that it takes place in such vacuous surroundings. It is as if Hamlet's special qualities, the wit, brain, and passion that mark him an alien in the mundane Danish court, were meant to be, by deliberately setting the actor in the midst of dull, muddy-mettled players whose course is to imitate nature abominably.

Hamlet as a man without a country can represent only half the play. But it is a half, before anything else, to which we can listen with delight. Burton's natural equipment in the theatre, his volatile temper, his easy grace, his stocky yet sinewy frame, his quick responses, his strong sense of theatrical balance—listening intently to others while clearly hearing voices within—all conspire towards a performance that overflow, with reality and urgency. These qualities would be nothing, however, without the coloring, range, and emotional force of his voice. Sound, with Burton, is a matter of orchestration. For introspection, he evokes a viola in its middle range, a faint buzz stirring beneath the essential calm. For passionate declamation, there is less the trumpet than the trombone, booming in proud, martial fury. And for the public Hamlet—the scornful, biting, philosophical humorist—he produces the darkly hued ripples of the English horn.

This is not to suggest that Burton's sounds swim capriciously away from sense. His is a technique rooted firmly
in intelligent decision. He seems to build character on the foundations of Hamlet's barely suppressed, almost existential, ambition. This is truly the man who might have been "king of infinite space," as Hamlet puts it, were he not confined in a nutshell, tormented by bad dreams. Burton knows how to sweep with speed and majesty through the labyrinthine spaces of the Prince's chameleonic mind, pouncing on words at one instant only to sink menacingly into others in another. If the nutshell could be cracked, so then could revenge be taken; but Burton's Hamlet, clotted by genius, can leap only to new ideas, rarely to great occasions.

What this actor dramatizes so much care and intelligence is a superbly endowed imagination harnessed by its own mystery, the bitter war between reason and passion incapable of being won by either. The wholesale carnage at the play's end represents only the physical litter that follows from stalemate: Burton has made it clear that a mind was, indeed, overwhelmed, to a private nutshell, seemed to be populated by a peculiarly lifeless collection of neutral, bleak, denatured puppets, dangling in void, moving like sleepwalkers through a world they scarcely cared to come home to.

In the recording, Hamlet as stoic citizen and Burton as abandoned actor have to reach us as if we were listening to a major concerto performed by a great artist accompanied by a player piano. George Rose's genial gravadoresque is the only striking exception, an instance in which the actors' voices and intentions conjoin to one effect—the animation of the text. Here, at least, Burton has a partner. Elsewhere, the company ranges from ranting amateur to a boring caricaturing of Hamlet as a private conception. Where Burton seems always to be thinking, suiting his action to the word, the others are, at best, offering a sampling of unfetected recitation. It is an exercise in emptiness.

By itself, then, this album is an invaluable record of a splendid performance rather than a recording of a deeply felt, dramatized event. The microphone, as the gravedigger might say, is a sore decayer of your whorean dead actor. No greater lie detector has ever been invented. In this instance, it is used well stereophonically, giving a good sense of Hamlet's infinite space, discreetly placing characters, yet indirectly exposing the lies and the truth of a betrayed occasion.

SHAKESPEARE: Hamlet


- COLUMBIA DOL 302. Four L.P. $15.00.
- COLUMBIA DOS 702. Four S.D. $17.00.

BACH: Aria with Thirty Variations, S. 988 ("Goldberg Variations")

Joerg Demus, piano.
- MUSIC GUILD M 53. L.P. $5.98.
- MUSIC GUILD S 53. S.D. $5.98.

Years ago Demus recorded this work for Westminster in one of the liveliest of his Bach performances on disc, the present version was made in 1963 and is again a meritorious affair. Each of these remarkable variations is given its own character, the difficult ones are played with utmost precision and flair, the frequent hand-crossing is done with smoothness. The tenth variation seems heavy, and occasionally Demus permits himself a strong and unsteady crescendo towards the end of a variation, but on the whole the performance is praiseworthy, if not as imaginative as Glenn Gould's. First-rate sound in both versions.

BACH: Cantatas: No. 29, Wir danken dir, Gott; No. 135, Ach Herr, mich armen Sünder

Herrad Wehrung, soprano; Emmy Liske, contralto; Johannes Hoefflin, tenor; Jakob Stämpfli, bass; Süddeutscher Maltigchor (Stuttgart); Cantata-Orchester, Wolfgang Günenwein, cond.

- CANTATE 641216. L.P. $5.95.
- CANTATE 652126. S.D. $6.95.

Bachians will recognize two old friends in No. 29, written in 1731 to celebrate the induction of a new town council in Leipzig. The sinfonia is a brilliant transcription, for organ and orchestra, of the familiar Praeludium from the E major Partita for Unaccompanied Violin; and the first chorus turns up later, twice, in the B minor Mass. Another high spot is the soprano aria, one of those expressive siennianos that Bach liked to write. As most of the other releases in this excellent series, the soloists are very capable—the tenor and alto are especially admirable for their round tone and flexible, accurate singing—and chorus and orchestra, clearly well trained, perform with precision. There is, on both sides, a bright, churchy resonance which adds to the liveliness of the sound. There is not much difference between this recording and Wolfkis's on Vanguard, although the performance by Dermota, the tenor there, is even better than Hoefflin's here.

For No. 135 there is no competition in the domestic catalogue. This Cantata, for the third Sunday after Trinity, would be a welcome newcomer for its opening movement alone, an imposing and beautiful fantasy on the chorale best known for its frequent use in the St. Matthew Passion. But there is also an unusually vivid serco recitative for tenor, and a fine aria for him with lovely curves in the vocal line and joyous figures in the oboes. Hoefflin and all his colleagues do well by this work too. N.B.
verity. The stereo pressing offers only marginal differences from the excellent monophonic version.

H.G.

BACH: St. John Passion, S. 245

Friederike Sailer (s); Marga Höfgen (c); Helmut Krebs (t), Evangelist; Franz Kelch (b); Jesus Hermann Werdermann (bs); Heinrich Schütz Choir of Heilbronn; Pforzheim Chamber Orchestra. Fritz Werner, cond.

- MUSICAL HERITAGE SOCIETY MHS 542/43, Two LP, $5.00.
- MUSICAL HERITAGE SOCIETY MHS 542/43, Two SD, $5.00.

Werner's tempos are everywhere plausible. His chorus is agreeable in tone, and as a rule well balanced. The tenors are not very strong but they almost always go over in unison. Some of the crowd's ejaculations could be more incisive, but the choir turns in fine work in that marvelous fugal piece "Lasset uns den nicht zerteilen," the swelling chorale, and the chorales.

In the great opening chorus, despite sixteenth-note figures that are detached and too regular, Werner builds up extreme tension by maintaining Bach's inexorable beat and stressing the dissonances. Krebs, accurate but lacking in nuance. The other vocal soloists are all able, if not especially distinguished. Miss Sailer achieves real eloquence in "Ich folge dir"; and one of Werdermann's finer contributions is his cheerful, organic Neapolitan tenor. Miss Höfgen captures the mood of "Es ist vollbracht," though she does not have the bravura needed in the middle section. August Wenzinger's gamba playing in this aria is exquisite.

Werner in this is a performance with many merits, if not quite as many as the Archive and RCA Victor sets. Those, however, are on mono. If it's stereo you are after, the sound here is good and this is a more consistent performance than Scherchen's stereo version on Westminster. It is the only recording, mono or stereo, that gets the complete work on fewer than three discs. The original text and an English translation are provided.

N.B.

BARTOK: The Miraculous Mandarin; Cantata Profana

Chorus of the Hungarian Radio, Budapest Philharmonic, Janos Ferencsik, cond. (In The Miraculous Mandarin); Josef Reti, tenor, Andras Farago, bass, Chorus and Orchestra of the Hungarian Radio, Gyorgy Lehel, cond. (in the Cantata).

- DEUTSCH Grammophon LPM 18873, LP, $5.98.
- DEUTSCH Grammphon SLPM 138873, SD, $6.98.

These works, separated by only twelve years, represent Bartók in two of his most extreme phases: as a sophisticated "primitivist" in a Sacro du Printemps vein and as an almost purely consonant folk composer.

The Miraculous Mandarin of 1918 was the last of the composer's three stage pieces, all written in Budapest within a few years of each other. The original conception was that of a pantomime-with-dialogue rather than that of a dance work proper; but the revolutions of modern dance and ballet (of which this might be considered a pioneer effort) have made this distinction unnecessary and today the work is completely danced. The Mandarin is the lurid story of the prostitute who lures men to their deaths and of the strange Mandarin who cannot be killed until he has possessed the girl is not so much symbolic and allegorical as pure Freudian.

The score—a kind of urban, urbane, Hungarian version of Sacre—represents Bartók in his "barbaric" period when his musical thinking was dominated by accent and color. Swirling textures and obsessive repeated figures, heavy stomping rhythms and dark, knotty, intense orchestral colors reflect not only the influence of the greater, subtler, and more sophisticated Stravinsky score but a kind of Bartókian musical-dramatic image of primitive human impulses operating beneath the cultivated surface of consciousness. Even more than Bluebeard's Castle, this score represents Bartók's most extensive and sustained orchestral achievement, making up for what it lacks in subtlety with the power of its careful primordialism, the inventive quality of its orchestration (which the composer never again equaled), and the impact of its colorful, dissonant tension, accent, and rhythmic thrust.

The Cantata Profana is based on an old folk tale about nine brothers who hunt a giant stag and are themselves turned into stages. The music, for male soloists and double chorus, belongs with the chorale works of Ján Kodály as part of the modern Hungarian attempt to create a popular, native chorale repertoire of high quality. The style is simplicity itself: instead of the more familiar Bartokian attempt to extract a specifical-

ly Hungarian and non-Western essence from the folk material, he has adapted diatonic and modal vocal lines to simple triadic harmonies written in close, non-contrapuntal form. The jogging iambic rhythms and stylized hunting-call figures and harmonies alternate with a kind of melodic Hungarian solo recitative and choral chant, suggesting not a cantata but a kind of extended Hungarian ballad of the chase. The work is open and attractive certainly, a little monotonous in its insistently healthy, out-of-doors choral sound, but with the authentic Bartók touch in its simple and original expressive structure.

The choral singing here is excellent (including the tiny choral section in The Miraculous Mandarin); the instrumental performances are less noteworthy. Lehel seems highly capable; Ferencsik is, however, surprisingly routine. The Mandarin proportions, particularly in matters of tempo and dynamics, often seem wrong (brief sections come out louder than long sections later) and there is not much feeling for texture, and rhythmic shape. The recorded sound, on the fat heavy side, is not everything that it might be and many details are obscured without any corresponding gain in power or richness. (This performing edition, incidentally, seems to miss a few mysteriously eluded measures.)

Mandarin lovers might be well advised to wait for a new recording of the complete ballet conducted by Georg Solti, forthcoming soon from London Records. For the moment, however, these recordings from Qualiton, the Hungarian State record company, will have to carry the ball unless one is willing to go back to earlier, monophonic versions of the Cantata under Suskind (Bartók) and of the Mandarin Suite under Dorati (Mercury).

E.S.

BEETHOVEN: Concerto for Piano, Violin, and Cello, in C, Op. 56 ("Triple")

Rudolf Serkin, piano; Jaime Laredo, violin; Leslie Parnas, cello; Marlboro Festival Orchestra. Alexander Schneider, cond.

- COLUMBIA ML 5964, LP, $4.98.
- COLUMBIA MS 6584, SD, $5.98.

This is a fairly ripe performance of a work that repays repeated exposure to the material, and severely controlled approach found in the DG set with Anda, Schneiderhan, and Fournier under Fricsay's direction. I played the two versions back and forth against each other, and found that both were Beethovenian and left it there. Serkin is the real star of this new edition, and his performance seems a good deal more sensitive than Anda's, but this is not a concerted in which the piano dominates. Your choice of soloists is more nearly the key to the matter; for all the general excellence of this performance and its recording. I'll stick with Fournier and friends.

R.C.M.
BEETHOVEN: Quartets for Strings


Fine Arts Quartet.

- CONCERTDISC SP 502. Four S.D. $23.92.

The present set grows out of a complete cycle of the Beethoven quartets which the Fine Arts played in Chicago during the 1962-63 season. The recording of Op. 131 here included is that previously issued by the group, and the remaining works were taped during the summer of 1963, prior to the departure of Mr. Irving Unger as viola of the ensemble.

If a simple guide can be set up for the classification of string quartet groups, it might be possible to distinguish between those which normally play with a fairly narrow vibrato and those in which a wide vibrato is a fundamental part of the ensemble quality. Obviously the rule cannot be applied too rigidly, since every good string player will vary the width of his vibrato in the course of performing a series of works, but it is still possible to call the Budapest a wide vibrato quartet and the Fine Arts one of the narrow vibrato genre. This makes for a leaner, bolder sound with less color and more bite. The playing is plainly a product of the mechanics of string and bow.

In brief, these are direct, straightforward performances with few artful subtleties. They have vigor, and they are true to the notes, but they rarely go very far beyond them, and the range of expression is fairly limited by both the natural reserve of the players and the technique they employ. The recording is a good likeness. As a Chicago group, the Fine Arts is a part of my regular winter rounds. This is the way they sound.

The four discs making up this album are also available separately. On the single disc (although mislabeled in my copies) the Op. 132 concludes with the second of the composer's two finales. In the album you have your choice of the pair, and the Great Fugue follows without interruption if that is your wish. It's a nice idea, and the playing of the fugue is one of the sets' high achievements, along with excellent work in the Op. 127 and Op. 135.

Elsewhere the Fine Arts approach is less successful than that of the Budapest, although more to my taste than the recent Amadeus edition. My conclusion is that in the slower movements of the Op. 130, 131, and 132 the Budapest remains supreme. But the Fine Arts does some notable things, and the fact that the records can be purchased individually allows you to compile your own set of favorite performances.

BERG: Concerto for Violin and Orchestra; Chamber Concerto for Violin, Piano, and Thirteen Wind Instruments

Christian Ferras, violin; Pierre Barbizet, piano; Orchestre de la Societé des Concerts du Conservatoire de Paris, Georges Prêtre, cond.

- ANGEL 36171. L.P. $4.98.
- ANGEL S 36171. S.D. $5.98.

Paris seems to have adopted Berg as an honorary French composer: Boulez has just directed a very successful Wozzeck at the Paris Opéra and Ferras has become one of the principal international exponents of the Violin Concerto. The French violinist made an excellent impression in this work last season at the New York Philharmonic with Lorin Maazel but his recording is disappointing. The piece is virtually in the repertoire now and there is really no reason to keep on playing it as an expressionist, dissonant, and agonized piece of twotone music.

The problem has nothing to do with capability—Ferras is a very fine violinist and his reading is full of good and intense playing of a high quality—but rather of attitude, approach, and perhaps of temperament. He begins this music with all the big tone and intense thrust he can muster—which is to say a great deal. But, all the clichés about Viennese Weitschierz and Angst to the contrary, the Berg Violin Concerto is a touching, lyrical, and elegiac piece full of directions like "delicato," "grazioso," "ristico," "tranquillo," and even "Viennesse"; and it has a musical content to match. The composer has indicated with great care, the widest range of dynamics, articulations, and inflections, and they begin with the softest and most delicate kinds of expression.

Berg's range is wide, his plan rich and complex; the performance is limited, the projection one element in its conception. There are simply too many details amiss—details of timbre (pizz played where arco is indicated), balance (principal lines lost in the shuffle; orchestra generally unclear behind the soloist), dynamics and articulation (lightness and grace lacking), tempos and rhythm (problems of motion and proportion). The performance is so far off the beam that when Berg quotes an old folk song the tune is not even remotely recognizable, much less appreciable.

All this is true in spite of the fact that these are obviously very capable performers. Ferras has an excellent tone and technique and, one is confident, a great deal of musicianship. He does make fine, big phrasing which in the right context would count for a lot. He simply needs to restudy and rethink the piece.

The orchestra work is good and Prêtre is a firm hand at the helm. He is an expert at keeping things moving, and this works particularly well in the Chamber Concerto, which can easily emerge as a long, drawn-out affair; this version is so lively that it actually fits on a side. All in all, the Chamber Concerto works out well; Barbizet is very capable and he finds it possible to be expressive without being agonized. The more abstract character of this extraordinary work and its chamber setting seem to have encouraged everyone to much greater feats of clarion and controlled, varied expression. There are problems here too but in many ways—especially in the rhythmical and phrase motion—this is quite a successful performance of a difficult work.

The overside also has a much more satisfactory recorded sound. The thirteen wind players do not manage everything equally well but they rate a great deal of credit nonetheless; they also benefit from the chamber sound which

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gives them a chance to be heard as individuals and in proper balance with the soloists. The recording of the Violin Concerto has the peculiarity of emerging more successfully in the one-channel edition; the orchestra is that much clearer, freer from deep fuzz, and better balanced in relation to the solo.

E.S.

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


Philarmonia Orchestra, Josef Krips, cond.
- **ANGEL** 36170. L.P. $4.98.
- **ANGEL** S 36170. SD. $5.98.

In his debut on the Angel label and in his first Brahms recording (excluding a concerto accompaniment), Krips takes a spacious view of this master’s music. Like much of the conductor’s other work, his interpretations here are clear, sensitive, and free from fussiness which might interfere with the musical line. The approach seems to be more successful in the two overtures than in the *Haydn Variations*. Krips’s breadth and stability impart greater stature to the *Academic Festival* and more poignancy to the *Tragic*, but his Variations are inclined to be just a trifle foursquare. This becomes particularly evident in the unusually slow pace of the sixth and seventh variations. Where Krips achieves his best results is in the final climax of the passacaglia, where he succeeds in bringing the Variations to an impressive conclusion.

In terms of today’s recording techniques, the sound leaves something to be desired. Highs are attenuated throughout the disc, and are noticeably absent in the Variations. In the latter work, too, especially in the mono edition, woodwinds tend to overbalance strings, which are somewhat thin. P.A.

BYRD: *Mass in Three Parts: Mass in Four Parts*

Choir of King’s College, Cambridge, David Willcocks, cond.
- **LONDON** 5795. L.P. $4.98.
- **LONDON** OS 25795. SD. $5.98.

This record follows the previously issued *Mass in Five Parts* recorded along with shorter works of Byrd by the same group in the same place: King’s College Chapel. It also comes hard on the heels of an excellent recording of the *Fifth and Four-Part Masses* by the Montreal Bach Choir under George Little. While the competition here is fierce, the English group has the edge in that attractive singing—not quite as pure and elegant as the Montreal group's work perhaps but extremely fine nonetheless—is augmented by a superb sense of line and phrase. These performances are perfectly shaped with the widest range of expression and all of it legitimate and meaningful.

DARGOMIJSKY: *Russalka*

Evgenia Smolenskaya (s), Natasha: Maria Miglia (s), Olga; Vera Timanov (s), Mermaid; Veronica Borisienko (ms), Princess; Ivan Kozlovsky (t), Prince; Alexei Krivchenya (bs). Miller; Ivan Skobtsov (bs), Matchmaker; Chorus and Orchestra of the Bolshoi Theater, Eugen Swedanov, cond.
- **ULTRAPHONIE ULP 101/03. Three L.P. $14.94.**

DARGOMIJSKY: The Stone Guest

Galina Vishnevskaya (s), Donna Anna: Irina Arkhipova (ms), Laura; Alexei Maslenikov (t), Don Juan; Alexei Usmanov (t), 1st Guest; Vladimir Zakharov (b), Don Carlos; Georgi Pankov (bs), Leporello; Alexei Korolev (bs), Monk; Alexei Blagov (bs), 2nd Guest; Genadi Troitsky (bs), Commander’s Statue; Moscow Radio Opera and Symphony Orchestra, Boris Khailkin, cond.
- **ULTRAPHONIE ULP 104/05. Two L.P. $9.96.**

Alexander Dargomijsky (1813-69) is the transitional figure in the history of Russian opera. He had little formal musical training, but worked for a while with Glinka after the latter’s return from Italy, and these studies seem to have been important in shaping his own musical style. Four completed operas plus two fragments form the bulk of his important work. *Russalka* (1856) shows the Glinka influence quite strongly. Its musical organization owes much to Italian models, as Glinka’s own operas do, but there is also the same urge to be Russian whenever possible, to create something with its own nationalistic color. The story is the familiar romantic one of the water nymph who loves a mortal, is betrayed by him, and drags him finally to a watery death. It is a pretty opera in its way, but betray constant compositional inabilies to create strong and memorable melody. Its finest dramatic moment is the Miller’s Mad Scene in the last act, which Chaliapin once recorded, beyond this there isn’t really much to hold the interest.

*The Stone Guest* is a stronger work because here Dargomijsky is working somewhat more independently. The text is the Pushkin drama unchanged, and it
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is set to music in a spare and dramatic manner. There are no arias, except for a couple of interpolated songs for the actress Laura; the rest moves constantly forward in elliptical and irregular vocal phrases punctuated by orchestral commentary. The technique in evidence is admirable, but once again the composer's creative shortcomings interfere. Hard as he tries, he does not produce a truly self-sufficient declamatory style; one merely hears the recitative as if there were an aria around the next corner, and when it fails to materialize one is jolted.

These performances are taken from Russian broadcast tapes of recent origin, and the sound quality is reasonably good under the circumstances—clear and resonant, though lacking in brilliance. The transfer to discs was done at rather low volume, however. Of the two performances, that of the Stone Guest is superior, with Alexei Maslenikov a brilliant Don Juan, Georgi Pankov a fine Leporello, and Galina Vishnevskaya a marvelous Donna Anna. The Russian cast has no singers of like stature, although Alexei Krivchenya does his big scene with fine dramatic power. The other singers, however, have that reedy Russian quality that takes a lot of getting used to. Both conductors are equal to their tasks, but little more.


GIANNINI: Divertimento No. 2—See Porter: Symphony No. 2.

GLAZUNOV: Concerto for Violin and Orchestra, in A minor, Op. 82

Mozart: Sinfonia concertante, in E flat, K. 364

Jascha Heifetz, violin; William Primrose, viola (in the Mozart); orchestra, Walter Hendl, cond. (in the Glazunov), Izler Solomon, cond. (in the Mozart).

RCA Victor LM 2734. LP. $4.98.

RCA Victor LSC 2734. SD. $5.98.

In the mid-1930s Heifetz gave Glazunov's only Violin Concerto its recorded debut, in a magically scintillating performance which remained unchanged until the LP era. Even in this latter day the excellent versions of Milstein, Rubinstein, and others lacked something of the sheer panache that Heifetz could bring to this work so effortlessly and persuasively. To reproduce such a performance after nearly thirty years is the prerogative of Heifetz alone: the intervening decades have withered his technique not a whit, and there may even be connoisseurs who would swear that the present issue is some kind of celestial transfer of the original. Everything Glazunov asked for is here in abundance—sad melodies played with a yearning intensity, roccoco flourishes dispatched with unparalleled verve, virtuoso passages that glitter with justifiable pride. No violinist plays the finale, with its "Red Square Dance," quite like Heifetz. It is comforting to have this Concerto again in so masterly a reading.

The Mozart Sinfonia concertante, in which Heifetz is joined by Primrose, may not appeal to those who prefer a leisurely, eighteenth-century style of performance such as the two Oistrakhs demonstrated on their recent London release. The RCA version is a good five minutes shorter than London's, and there are moments when both Heifetz and Primrose sound a little too hurried and breathless, as for example in the first movement, where the slackening of tempo is only barely observed in the C minor section. But there is plenty of edge to compensate, and an eloquence of phrasing that the two players share as if by instinct, making for an interpretation rich in tonal homogeneity and musical give-and-take.

Walter Hendl and an unidentified orchestra provide expert and sonorous support in the Glazunov, and Izler Solomon's contribution to the Sinfonia concertante is very capable indeed. The stereo sound in the latter work is especially good.

DENIS STEVENS

GOLDMARK: Symphony in E flat, Op. 26 ("Rustic Wedding")

Utah Symphony Orchestra, Maurice Abravanel, cond.

Vanguard VR 1104. LP. $4.98.

Vanguard VSD 2142. SD. $5.98.

This is one of the great bad works of the romantic era; great, by virtue of its genuine naive charm and the attractiveness of some of its material; bad, by reason of Goldmark's failure to put his ideas together so that they make any sense as a large-scale symphony. One tolerates this kind of badness because the work is so delightfully pretentious, but one wishes now and then that the composer would get off the dime and go somewhere.

Since he doesn't, he needs a push. Sir Thomas Beecham was a fine pusher for this sort of music, and his old recording has a measure of fantasy that would probably have surprised Goldmark himself. Unfortunately, Abravanel lacks this special sort of imagination, and his careful performance merely reveals all the work's flaws. Furthermore, the bright and loud recording reveals a few flaws in the orchestra.

A.R.

HANDEL: Chaconne in G; Suite No. 14, in G; Minuet in G minor—See Bach: Capriccio sopra la Lontananza del suo Fratello Dilettissimo, in B flat, S. 992.

HAYDN: Concerto for Cello and Orchestra, in E flat

Milos Sadlo, cello; Prague Radio Symphony Orchestra. Alois Klima, cond.

ARTIA AL 206. LP. $4.98.

ARTIA ALS 7206. SD. $5.98.

There seems little doubt that we are privileged, just two hundred years late, to hear a "new" work by Haydn, freshly unearthed in Prague. This work has been identified fairly conclusively as one of the two missing cello concertos listed in the composer's own catalogue, drawn up in his last years. (The theme is there in the handwriting of the old man himself, but that fact does not clinch the matter, for the vagueness of age led him to include some works not actually his own.) The parts of the Concerto were among a heap of aging manuscripts found in the library of an old Bohemian castle, the former seat of a noble family which, in its heyday, had shared a number of musicians with the orchestra at Esterházy. Part of this collection was acquired by the Prague National Museum, and in 1961 the director of the music archives fell upon the anonymous theme and established its identity—later corroborated by those methods so enviably the property of sleuthing musicologists: comparisons of manuscript paper, handwriting, and details of orchestration and thematic treatment. "The newly discovered cello concerto," states the director of the Joseph Haydn Institute in Cologne, "is one of the best works of the 1760s..." After its discovery it was first performed at the Prague Spring Music Festival of 1962 by Milos Sadlo, the soloist heard in the present recording.

Other cellists, it is safe to predict, will not be long in taking up the work. It abounds plentiful music in the virtuoso instrumentalist, and at the same time it is more epigrammatic, as expressive, tightly knit (and generally more bumptious and appealing, I think) than the Concerto in D (once removed from Haydn's accredited list but currently reinstated). There is an abundance of free fancy at play here, nicely balancing the declarative with the lyrical, and taking very astute advantage of the
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contrasting registers of the instrument. Theological speculations often seem to leave the listener cold in the songlike slow movement, which becomes unexpectedly serious during a detour into the minor, and the last movement shares with that other finale in D the characteristic of offering the cellist a chance to break his neck on rough passage work if he cares to. But this movement, though much of its interest is purely athletic, is undeniably exciting in the hands of a first-rate player.

And this Saldo is. He rolls out virtuosic figuration, an effortless sense of musical accuracy, and nothing is perfunctory to him—he makes even a re-iterated note contribute in color and intensity. He is a musician in the romantic tradition, less subtle, incisive, and rhythmically pointed than, for instance, Janos Starker. I can easily imagine him playing Brahms, and yet imagine him playing Brahms, and yet imagine him playing Haydn and Boccherini—both of which he does with a kind of fearless virility. The recorded sound is only passable—pretty fuzzy for the orchestra on the Boccherini side, a little cleaner on the Haydn; but fortunately not bad on either for the closely miked solo. S.F.

HAYDN: Mass No. 7, in C (“Missa in tempore belli”)

Elsie Morison, soprano; Marjorie Thomas, contralto; Peter Witsch, tenor; Karl Christian Kohn, bass; Choir and Orchestra of the Bavarian Radio, Rafael Kubelik, cond.

- DEUTSCHE GRAMMOPHON LPM 18881. LP. $5.98.
- DEUTSCHE GRAMMOPHON SLM 138881. SD. $6.98.

Kubelik has the soloists, the chorus, the orchestra, and the engineering requisite for a notable disc, and there are times here when the achievement of the competition, certainly, is not overwhelming. At its most severe it is a Vanguard set under Woldike with a Viennese orchestra and chorus and one of the more obvious miscarriages of Vanguard’s wonder, but is the last word as you switch back and forth between Kubelik and Woldike you become aware that the latter conductor is playing the score in the true spirit and style of a baroque Mass, while Kubelik is always calling on interpretative devices that seem more appropriate in the Brahms German Requiem.

An Index to Reviews

Readers often inquire whether HIGH FIDELITY contains an index of its record reviews. We do not, though a compilation of our reviews of classical and semiclassical recordings appears yearly in book form: Records in Review, published by our subsidiary, The Wreath Press. However, the annual Polaris Index to Record Reviews provides issue and page references for all reviews appearing in these pages—and in those of thirteen other publications as well. The 1966 edition, L-130, may be ordered for $1.50 from Polaris, 2015 Goulburn Ave., Detroit, Mich. 48205.

To Central Europeans this is the Dvorak Mass, and, indeed, it makes full use of battery and brass. Here Woldike is in his element, and the bold effects compensate for shortcomings elsewhere. Kubelik, on the other hand, apparently misses the point of most of these passages. He plays them as though they were performing—indeed, even lush, chorus and orchestra effects. They’re lovely, and they represent a level of polish which Woldike cannot always match, but they also seem somewhat out of place.

If you want a beautifully sung performance, even at the cost of an alien style, the Kubelik is the record to have. If you want the feeling of a baroque Mass heard in a baroque church, Woldike provides it.

R.C.M.

HAYDN: Symphonies: No. 95, in C minor; No. 101, in D (“Clock”)

Fritz Reiner and His Symphony Orchester.

- RCA Victor LM 2742. LP. $4.98.
- RCA Victor LSC 2742. SD. $5.98.

It was Fritz Reiner’s way to give himself so totally to the task of making music that, especially in his later years, he would sometimes arrive at a state of spiritual depletion before the close of his round of chores. In such cases his work was more marked by the unsurpassed refinement of his technique than the depth of his involvement, and you knew a rest was in order. It was after such a period of study and repose that you heard Reiner at his greatest, performances in which his musicianship seemed transformed by the sheer joy of practicing his art. On such occasions he could convince you that he was the greatest conductor in the world, and the truth may be that in those glorious hours he was.

The present disc comes from such a transcendent period. It was made in September, after a summer of rest, as the conductor was entering into the responsibilities of what proved to be his last season. Should there be any doubt, it demonstrates that after three years of illness, within two months of his death, Reiner’s powers were as great as ever.

The sessions made use of a pickup orchestra, but it contained a number of friends, some of them Chicago Symphony men who had traveled East to work with their old leader. It is here identified as Fritz Reiner and His Symphony Orchester, a phrase that recalls Stokowski billings. Reiner would probably have smiled at that, but he always respected his senior colleague; and our last conversation contained, I recall, Reiner’s droll observations that “Stokowski, after all, invented high fidelity.”

This is the stereo debut of No. 95, the one Haydn symphony of the Salomon set which is in a minor key and the one which failed with the composer’s London audiences. I can only assume that it had no such performance as this, for Reiner digs into the very heart of the score to provide the most convincing statement of this music yet given us on records.

The big, round sound of Manhattan Center is an advantage here, but an intimate, chamber quality is also possible, as in the lovely opening phrases of the finale. And the interplay of voices in the trio of the third movement, a trio dominated by some superb moments from cellist Harvey Shapiro, is exactly the sort of material in which stereo proves its worth. The Clock, by contrast, gets a fairly direct, orthodox performance that shows us nothing new but is a continual reminder of what a master can achieve. It is more vulnerable to competition, particularly from the Beecham set, but the rivalry is one between peers on heights which few musicians achieve.

R.C.M.

HINDEMITH: When Lilacs Last in the Dooryard Bloom’d

Louise Parker, mezzo; George London, bass; Schola Cantorum of New York; New York Philharmonic, Paul Hindemith, cond.

- COLUMBIA ML 5973. LP. $4.98.
- COLUMBIA MS 6573. SD. $5.98.

In 1865 Walt Whitman wrote When Lilacs Last in the Dooryard Bloom’d in memory of President Lincoln. Just eighty years later Hindemith set the poem to music in memory of President Roosevelt. Now his own recording of it appears as a memorial to the composer himself.

Regrettably, it is not a good work. It is huge—with arias, duets, choral fugues, and whatnot in the grand style—but the music remains inert, never coming to life with the tragic vitality of which Hindemith was capable. In justice to Hindemith it should be said that Whitman has defeated practically every composer who has ever tried to set his verses to music, the verbal magic that makes composers want to set him in the first place has a way of evaporating as soon as their music is applied. Delius’ Sea Drift is a rare exception to this rule.

Recording and performance are excellent. A.F.

LE JEUNE: Chants de la Renaissance

Jean-Paul Kreder Ensemble.

- NONESUCH H 1001. LP. $2.50.
- NONESUCH H 71001. SD. $2.50.

Claude Le Jeune (about 1525-1600) has never before, to my knowledge, been given a whole disc to himself, but he certainly deserves one, as the present selection of his works shows. He was a master of the chanson, the polyphonic secular song that was the French counterpart of the Italian madrigal. Most of the songs presented here, moreover, are very musical—they are metrical verse set to music that faithfully reflects the long and short syllables of the text. This sort of thing could result in dreary chord progressions (witness the earlier German attempts of a similar kind). But Le Jeune was a genuine composer, with skill and a lively imagination, and the
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pieces sung here are a most attractive lot, ranging from frothy patter-songs to expressive, poetic ones. Many of them alternate between thin and rich textures, as between three- and five-part writing, and one. O roze, regne des fleurs, begins tenderly and delicately for two voices and goes on to three-, four-, and five-voice sections. The small chorus that sings them is evidently well trained: it is pliant, performs with unani- mity, and its intonation is generally good. So is the sound. Unfortunately, no texts are pro- vided—a particularly serious matter here, where the words determine the rhythmic shape of the music.

N.B.


LISZT: A Faust Symphony: Les Préludes
For a feature review of this recording, see page 49.

MAHLER: Symphony No. 8, in E flat
Soloists; Choruses; Utah Symphony Or- chestra. Maurice Abravanel, cond.
For a feature review of this recording, see page 50.

MARTIN: Everyman: The Tempest (excerpts)
Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, baritone; Ber- lin Philharmonic Orchestra, Frank Martin, cond.
● Deutsche Grammophon LPM 18871. LP. $5.98.
● ● Deutsche Grammophon SLP 138871. SD. $6.98.

Though Frank Martin was born in Ge- neva of French-Swiss parentage, his mu- sical and literary orientation has been German. The Everyman which he used for his 1943 settings is Hugo von Hofmannsthal’s well-known German inter- pretation of the old morality play: for it, Martin has provided tense, effective, de- clamatory music. These settings have no special stylistic profile or broad coherence; they depend for their impact on a series of dramatic constructions. The agonized, despairing texts set against a group of contrasting orchestral vignettes are shaped around a series of dramatic, vocal, and musical crescendos.

The Tempest, an operatic setting of the Schlegel translation, dates from the early Fifties; the excerpts here include the impressionistic Overture (a kind of Calm Sea and Stormy Voyage) in a distant picturesque post-Dukas style and two arias of Prospero in a heavier, more declamatory Central-European manner. There is an attempt—some- what in the manner of Bartok’s Blue- beard’s Castle but far less successful—to revive the old idea of music as magic, to make some of Prospero’s in- cantations work as sound spells. The trouble is, among other things, that one remains constantly aware of the mechanism of the attempt so that a translation or transfiguration of the music into something more than a mere total of the notes never quite takes place.

Whatever can be done for this music, Fischer-Dieskau does. His quality of vocal sound, his dramatic and verbal projection, and his musical phrasing are superb. The orchestral readings are good, and the sound is excellent. E.S.

MOZART: Cosi fan tutte (excerpts)
Irmgard Seefried (s). Fiordiligi; Erika Köth (s). Despina; Nan Merriman (ms). Dorabella; Ernest Häfliger (t). Ferrando; Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau (b). Don Al- fonso; Hermann Prey (bs). Guglielmo; RIAS Chamber Choir; Berlin Philhar- monic Orchestra, Eugene Jochum, cond.
● Deutsche Grammophon LPM 19278. LP. $5.98.
● ● Deutsche Grammophon SLP 136278. SD. $6.98.

This is a sampling of numbers from the complete set, which was reviewed here in November 1963. It includes one aria for each of the ladies and for Don Al- fonso, and two each for Guglielmo and Ferrando, along with several ensemble numbers, a chorus, and the overture. Miss Seefried’s “Come scoglio” is less impressive than I had remembered it, but each of the other soloists is repre- sented at his or her best in this generally excellent performance. The star of the performance remains, I think, Jochum and his orchestra.

In one respect this disc deserves care- ful attention even from those who own the complete set. For it contains an aria that was not included there: Gugliel- mo’s “Rivolgete a lui lo sguardo” (K. 584). Mozart had intended it for the first act, but before the premiere replaced it by “Non siete ritorti” (also included in this selection). “Rivolgete” is con- sequently never performed in the opera. It is omitted from most editions of the score, and as far as I know is not other- wise available on records. It is a big aria (too big for its place in the opera, which is probably why it was removed). Planned to be sung when disguised Guglielmo and Ferrando woo the two girls, Guglielmo lists in detail his and his friend’s numerous and striking virtues: they are the richest, strongest, handsomest, etc.; indeed their like is not to be found “from Vienna to Canada.” Every change of thought is mirrored in the vocal line and in the eloquent orchest- ra, and Mr. Prey, in his turn, captures much of the sparkle in this aria’s elegant foolery.

N.B.

MOZART: Missa brevis, in B flat, K. 275
Schubert: Mass in G
Barbara Wittelsberger, soprano; Dagmar Naaff, contralto (in the Mozart); Hans Wilbrink, tenor; August Meschaker, bass; Hans Musch, organ; Chorus and Orches- tra of Freiburg School of Music, Herbert Froitzheim, cond.
● Decca DL 10091. LP. $4.98.
● ● Decca DL 710091. SD. $5.98.

Both works are little masterpieces, with eloquent and ingenious ideas, tersely and dynamically developed. Both are available in alternate editions, but their juxtaposition here is excellent. Froitz- heim’s pacing is alert and vigorous, and the singers and instrumentalists respond to his direction with warm, agreeable tone and sensitive musicality.

The stereo pressing has a vivid, airy quality, but gives the strings a slightly metallic cast not encountered in the mellower monophonic edition. Both for- mats gave me real pleasure.

H.G.


MOZART: Symphonies; No. 28, in G, K. 200; No. 38, in D, K. 504 (“Prague”)
English Chamber Orchestra, Colin Davis, cond.
● Oscaeu-Lyri OL 266. LP. $4.98.
● ● Oscaeu-Lyri SOL 266. SD. $5.98.

The C major Symphony doesn’t have the charm of one of its nearest neighbors, K. 201, in A, or the intensity of another, K. 183, the “little” G minor, but it does have a pleasant little Andante, with mutated violins, a better than average Minuet, and a sprightly finale which must have made the Salzburg players
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JULY 1964
realistically shaped first vertimento form fully Louisville he is heavily instrumental conceptions, these pieces are also keyboard works; poser, and his age, he was like most of the RAMEAU: Pieces from a catalogue, now available in the US in a fine issue by CAMBRIDGE. The pieces are in a fine format for Oiseau-Lyre, and there are no true pianistic issues where it is called for: in general, however, the sound is resonant and faithful to reality. N.B.

PORTER: Symphony No. 2 'Giannini: Divertimento No. 2 Louisville Orchestra, Robert Whitney, cond. • LOUVILLE LOU 642. LP. $9.86. (Available on special order only from 830 S. Fourth St., Louisville, Ky. 40203.)

Quincy Porter’s Second Symphony is a rather wistful, charming work, beautifully orchestrated in a highly solosonic style, with much of the originality in form and clarity in expression that characterizes the same composer’s well-known string quartets. Vittorio Giannini’s Divertimento is much more conventional: it is, in fact, scarcely more than a pop concerto piece, but its breezy, deftly shaped first movement might well move in to occupy the vacuum left by the disappearance of Enesco’s Romanian Rhapsodies from the repertoire. Louisville’s recording here is very good, and the performances are first-rate. A.F.

RAV: Gaspard de la nuit: Jeux d’eau: Le Tombeau de Couperin

Beveridge Webster, piano. • DOVER HCR 5213. LP. $1.98. • DOVER HRST 7000. SD. $1.98.

Webster is a powerful and original pianist who deserves to be heard much more frequently on records. His musical approach is highly interesting, not much of a colorist, he obviously deems structure and rhythmic continuity to be of prime importance, and at times his assured playing sounds almost brusque and monolithic.

But does not ordinarily associate this type of pianism with Ravel, but in fact Webster plays a great deal of composer’s (and Debussy’s) music in public recitals. While in Gaspard de la nuit one misses the impressionistic poetry of Griebing the icy poise of Casadesus, and the celestial detachment of Michelangeli, the huge canvas of this work sustains the headlong power and impetus given it here. One can also admire the brisk basic tempo adopted for Jeux d’eau, although Robert Guindon’s Desto version [reviewed in this issue, p. 70] has that same admirable feature, and far more poetic delicacy besides. Unfortunately, Webster’s hard-bitten account of the Tombeau de Couperin is a rather coarse, mono and the stereo disc. H.G.

RIMSKY-KORSAKOV: Le Coq d’or


Of all Rimsky-Korsakov’s operas, his last, Le Coq d’or, is one of the only ones to have achieved a measure of popularity outside Russia. (It has even been performed with some frequency at the Metropolitan, though not since 1945.) Curiously, it has been preceded into the domestic record catalogue by such much less familiar items as Snegurochka (twice!), Tsar Saltan, and Invisible City of Kitezh.

It is easy to see why it has held more appeal for non-Russians than the sparring, inhuman operas over which Rimsky spent so much of his compositional energy. It is reasonably short, and while it is a satire, it partakes of the charm of its antecedents. All of Rimsky’s orchestral savviness, his enormous gift for evoking a panorama through use of color, his talent for description and mimicry, his propensity for splashy spectacle—all these qualities, present in his earlier, more serious "Tsar" works, but often in a bloated or irrelevant way, are brought to an ironic comedy which itself uses the stuff of fairy-legend to an almost savage end. Indeed, the opera is a bitter one.

Beveridge Webster: Ravel seen anew.
King Dodon is not just a bumbling, lovable fool—he is insufferable in his stupidity, selfishness, and cruelty. His two sons are cowards and idiots. General Polkan a boor. But even viler are the two sons of Dodon or Prano Kadinskaya. They are servile, lazy, self-pitying. They fawn over a ruler who treats them contemptuously; they substitute lamentation for action. (Their cries are almost identical with those of the populace of Nome before the cathedral in Boris Godunov, turned into infantile breast-beating.) In subject matter and general attitude, one is reminded alternately of Love for Three Oranges and The Nightingale.

Musically, the piece is reminiscent of Wagner. The working of the motifs is not Wagnerian (though perhaps Rimsky thought it was), but the harmonies and sonorities often are. The descending chromatic phrase associated with the Queen sounds appropriately Oriental until Just before the First Act, Places its derivations Tristan, just before her famous Hymn to the Sun there is a chord straight from the Hall of the Gibichungs, and other echoes of the Ring are heard throughout the score. In much of the vocal writing there is a flavor of the late Wagner—fluoridization, only thinly disguised by the swatches of Eastern coloring.

I do not say this to belittle the score, which is a likable one, at the very least. It does not attain the heights of the best scenes from Kitchich or Tsar Saltan or Saodk, simply because it is not called upon to do so. But it is much more of a piece—it has much greater control of its materials, a much better sense of theatrical proportion and pace. The pompous marches make an exhilarating effect, and the Astrologer trails dusky musical magic behind him at every entrance. And of course the Queen’s Hymn, perhaps not as widely known today as it was when Lily Pons was around to sing it, is one of the most haunting arias in the soprano literature.

The performance is one of those about which there isn’t much to say—it isn’t poor enough to ruin the album for anyone interested in the work, and not good enough to attract on its own merits. Perhaps the big drawback lies in the fact that Korolyov is a merely competent, rather labored-sounding bass, who characterizes Dodon with perfect competence but with no trace of imagination or personal impact. The role is too important and too difficult (being an accurate musical reflection of a dull and uninteresting man) to be assumed by a less than extraordinary artist. The soprano Kadinskaya has that shabbiness of timbre so often found among Russian female singers, but is a steady, intelligent vocalist, never painful and sometimes quite impressive in technical terms. Fishchayev brings a typically high, white tone to the role of the Astrologer’s music, and shows fine vocal control and musicianship in the part. The others are neither here nor there, with the exception of a very imposing contribution by the baritone Polyakov as Afron. The orchestra and chorus perform extremely well.

The sound is quite decent—though not up to best Western studio standards—except for Side 5, where my pressing shows some distortion and some skipping which I have not been able to correct. There is no libretto, but there is a very detailed synopsis which serves the purpose reasonably. Side 6 of the set is devoted to the Lake Ilmen Scene from Saodk, in a Bolshoi performance under Golovnov. Here we are severely handicapped by absence of any sort of text, translation, or note—the soloists are not even identified. The music is absolutely gorgeous, Rimsky at his most inspired. The performance is good; the soloists include an unusually fine soprano and an adequate tenor.

C.L.O.

RODRIGO: Concierto de Aranjuez, for Guitar and Orchestra
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ROSSINI: Overtures
Il Barbiere di Siviglia; La Scala di seta; L’Italiana in Algeri; Semiramide; La Gazza ladra.

- COLUMBIA ML 9393. LP. $4.98.
- COLUMBIA MS 6533. SD. $5.98.

Breath-taking virtuosity on the part of conductor and orchestra is here badly misapplied. The microscopic precision with which Rossini's brilliant orchestration is laid bare under Bernstein's baton would probably astound even the composer. The crescendos mount so effortlessly and so overwhelmingly that they seem the product of an idolized piece of precision machinery.

But there is more than that to Rossini. There is wit and graceful melodic curvature. These elements need breathing space, and this is denied them in these fierce, hectic performances. A.R.

SAINT-SAENS: Concerto for Piano and Orchestra, No. 1 in G minor, Op. 23

Ruth Slenczynska, piano; Symphony of the Air, Henry Swoboda, cond. (in the Saint-Saëns): Vienna Orchestra, Carl Melles, cond. (in the Liszt).
- DECCA DL 10084. LP. $4.98.
- DECCA DL 710084. SD. $5.98.

The Saint-Saëns G minor Concerto, once the darling of every virtuoso pianist, has suffered an alarming decline in popularity of late. One rarely encounters the work in the concert hall these days, and the present disc is the first recorded edition to appear in some time. I am happy to say that Miss Slenczynska plays with clear technique and generally admirable restraint. She is not much of a colorist, however, and (like practically everyone else) she takes the final tarantella at a wickedly fast tempo. Once again, therefore, the essential triple meter degenerates into inaccurate duple time.

The only truly satisfactory edition, by Jeanne Marie Darré and Louis Fourestier (for Capitol-EMI), disappeared from the domestic catalogue many years ago, unfortunately, and Miss Slenczynska's playing certainly tops the slovenly Rubinstein and Gilels entries which are her only present competition. The new Decca release benefits too from delightfully pointed orchestral support from Swoboda and the Symphony of the Air, and the performance has been given excellently crisp reproduction.

The Liszt performance is another good one, but it is outclassed by the formidable rivalry of Kichler (Philips), Vásáry (DGG), Pennario-Leibowitz (RCA Victor), and List (Westminster) records. Miss Slenczynska's virtuosly here is of the kind that involves eccentric alterations of tempo and accent, and, as in the override Saint-Saëns, she does not display a very colorful or attractive tone.

H.G.

SCHUBERT: Mass in G—See Mozart: Missa brevis, in B flat, K. 275.

SCHUBERT: Symphony No. 9, in C ("The Great")

Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra, Karl Böhm, cond.
- DEUTSCHE GRAMMOPHON LPM 18877. LP. $5.98.
- DEUTSCHE GRAMMOPHON SLPM 138877. SD. $6.98.

Karl Böhm will be seventy in August, a milepost which presumably establishes his name among the acknowledged masters of the baton. Many of us have been collecting his records for some thirty years, and this Schubert set belongs among the best of that three-decade series. It is a performance in the traditional German style, but without the flaccid sentimentality and arbitrary manipulations of tempo often accompanying that approach.

Böhm sees this music as a lyric drama. He wants to give it heroic stature, with nobility and breadth of phrase, but he also wants it to sing, realizing that the eloquence of its song (especially when supported by a firm rhythmic foundation) is worth more than rhetorical tricks. The result is a performance that involves remarkably mature growth in stature with each successive encounter. I have never heard the work better paced by a German conductor. There is enough flexibility of pulse to allow expressive leeway, but each tempo grows logically out of its musical context and strikes the ear as the ideal choice. The cumulative effect is won-
derfully satisfying, not merely as a faultless exhibition of aesthetic reasoning but as a restatement of Schubert's most highly developed symphonic ideas.

Happily, all the other elements of the recording are of equal stature. The Berlin Orchestra is one of the great ones and plays as if fully aware of the reputation it must uphold. DGG provides a good sense of dynamic values, with well-focused sound, and a warm quality for the ensemble. R.C.M.

SCHUBERT: Die Winterreise
Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, baritone; Gerald Moore, piano.
- Angel 36408. Two LP. $9.96.
- Angel S 36408. Two SD. $11.96.

Either something has happened to the Fischer-Dieskau/Moore Winterreise, or something has happened to me. I heard these artists perform this cycle on the occasion of Fischer-Dieskau's New York debut in 1955, and count that performance among the few great musical evenings I have experienced; and I have often been moved by their first recording of Winterreise. Now, I find that I have almost nothing to say of their new version, except that it doesn't seem to amount to a statement of any sort.

Certainly there is nothing wrong with the state of the singer's voice, which is more beautiful and flexible than ever. Nor is there a thing to be said against Moore's pianism, which is impeccable, or against the musicality and precision of the collaboration, which is more uncanny than ever. To be sure, one could take exception to the manneristic equation by means of which forte almost invariably means accelerando, while piano equals ritardando. And one could quibble about equally artificial little pauses which are made to underline, rather too heavily, the sudden changes in many of the songs (e.g., the piano octave drop between G sharps in the bass just before "erkennt du nun dein Bild?" in Auf dem Flusse—marked ppp, of course).

But these hubs have always been present in the work of this team, and have never seemed so obtrusive as they do here. Everything is just too perfect—every t is dotted, every c crossed. And everything is applied from the outside. You need warmth? I turn on the warm tone. So, anger? I spit the consonants, so (no other singer can do it!). Soft, loud, high, low, bright, dark—ist mir egal. No genuine, direct feeling, performer-to-audience, ever punctures the mirror-smooth surface. No bar fails to call attention to the technical perfection of this collaboration. Maybe there's something to that Makropoulos business...

In short, this is Schubert sung by a Lieder machine, a living illustration of the truth that technical and musical perfection can add up to almost absolute zero. Too much analysis, I suppose, or too many performances, or possibly too much splicing and snipping. In any event, this is the most virtuosic Winterreise on records—and I find it the least moving.

C.L.O.

SENFL: "Music for the Court and Chapel of Emperor Maximilian I"

New York Pro Musica, Noah Greenberg, cond.
- Decca DL 9420. LP. $4.98.
- Decca DL 79420. SD. $5.98.

As Court Composer for Maximilian I, Ludwig Senfl (d. c. 1555) occupies a place in music history (if not in the judgment of posterity) equivalent to that of Albrecht Dürer. Not unlike Dürer, Senfl was the inheritor of a great Flemish tradition of the preceding century. The generation of Dufay, of Ockeghem and Obrecht, of Josquin and Heinrich Isaac (Senfl's teacher) made the style a European one. Senfl thus belongs to a third or fourth generation of polyphonic composers and, surprisingly, he is virtually the first and last important German polyphonist in the Roman Catholic tradition.

The Missa Pastoralis here is a big and beautiful piece built on a fantasi- ing alternation of chant and polyphony.

NEW RELEASES

BACH: Concertos for 2, 3 & 4 Harpsichords and Orchestra
Antho Heiller, Erna Heiller, Kurt Rapf, Christa Landon, harpsichordists
I Solisti di Zagreb; Antonio Janigro, conductor
Vol. 1—BC-659 & BGS-7066
Vol. 2—BC-660 & BGS-7066*.

JANACEK: Sinfonietta for Orchestra & Preludes to The Makropulos Affair, Katya Kabanova, The House of the Dead, and Jealousy
Charles Mackerras conducting the Pro Arte Orchestra
VRS-1116 & VSD-71116*.

A BOUQUET OF SUITES FOR STRINGS
Don Quijote Suite (Telemann), Suites 1 and 2 from The Fairy Queen (Purcell) and Echo Suite (Haydn).
The Wiener Solisten; Wilfried Boecherer, conductor
BG-662 & BGS-7066*.

CHARPENTIER: Te Deum and Grand Magnificat
Solists, Chorus, Orchestra; Louis-Martini, conductor
BG-663 & BGS-7066*.

FOLK MELODIES AND SONGS OF YUGOSLAVIA
Yugoslav Children's Choir
VRS-9138 & VSD-79138.

GOLDMARK: Rustic Wedding Symphony
Utah Symphony Orchestra; Maurice Abravanel, conductor
VRS-1104 & VSD-2142*.

*Stereo
The effect is that of a simple, sectional work with a broad clear ground plan but intensely developed in short bits and snippets. But impressive as the Mass may be, it is probably the secular vocal and instrumental music on the overside that is the most immediately appealing. The lively, off-color Ich weiss and the more expressive Gross Welh, Zwischen Berg, and Da Jakob are superb examples of the great German Lied tradition to which Senfl made significant and attractive contributions. The other works are heard in delightful instrumental arrangements; indeed all of the carefully worked out instrumental roles—both with and without the voices—provide the most convincing aural proof of the essential part that instruments should play in this music.

The singing and playing on this record are of typical Pro Musica high quality. Noah Greenberg is, as always, sensitive both to the intellectual demands of this music and to the significance of a lively, flexible, and meaningful performing style. The recorded sound is excellent. E.S.

SHOSTAKOVICH: Preludes and Fugues, Op. 87
No. 4, in E minor; No. 12, in G sharp minor; No. 14, in E flat minor; No. 15, in D flat; No. 17, in A flat; No. 22, in F.

Sviatoslav Richter, piano.
• PHILIPS PHM 500048. L.P. $4.98.
• PHILIPS PHS 900048. S.D. $5.98.

Here is music that a fine artist can make to sound better than it is. Shostakovich's long-winded piano pieces tend to strike one as repetitious in the usual performance, but put them into the hands of a Sviatoslav Richter and the turgid and sprawling writing suddenly becomes cogent and charged with infinite excitement. The magnificent tension and superb color of Richter's readings afford not only a first-rate pianistic demonstration but an impressive musical experience. There are all sorts of things to admire here: the almost unbearable electricity accumulated by the miraculously executed tremolos in Prelude No. 15, the sardonic angularity of Fugue No. 12, the choked desolation of No. 23. Great piano playing—and good sound too. H.G.

SOLER: Six Concertos for Two Keyboards
Anton Heiller, organ and harpsichord; Erna Heiller, harpsichord.
• VANGUARD HG 657. L.P. $4.98.
• VANGUARD BGS 5069. S.D. $5.95.

According to the manuscript in which they were found, these sonatas by an eighteenth-century Spanish monk were written for two organs, but there seems to be no compelling reason for not playing them on any pair of keyboard instruments. Here three of them are done on two harpsichords and three on harpsichord and organ. The latter combination turns out to be unexpectedly charming, since the organ, which sounds like a cabinet or positive organ and in any case employs quite a different technique, is in perfect balance with the harpsichord. The music is very Scarlattian; and if it lacks that master's genius, it nevertheless includes some pleasant listening, as in the quietly melancholy Andante of No. 2, the above average variations of No. 4, and the attractive Andante section of the first movement of No. 6. Sensitive and skilled performances, and effective separation in the stereo version. are additional virtues of this unusual and interesting disc. N.B.

STRAVINSKY: Mass; Cantata
Doreen Murray, soprano, Jean Allister, contralto, Edgar Fleet, tenor, Christopher Keyte, baritone (in the Mass); Patricia Kern, contralto, Alexander Young, tenor (in the Cantata); St. Anthony Singers; English Chamber Orchestra, Colin Davis, cond.
• OSEAU-LYRE OL 265. L.P. $4.98.
• OSEAU-LYRE SOL 265. S.D. $5.98.

Davis understands the severe, monumental, yet lyrical and sensitive polyphony of the Mass exceedingly well, and the recording achieves a clarity of aural separation of the voices which are most essential to an understanding of the work but which are seldom attained, at least to this degree, on discs.

The recording of the Cantata is less praiseworthy, largely because of strained and wobbly singing by the soloists. This is unfortunate, because the work is a most unusual one and not very well known. It is a setting, for mezzo, tenor, female voices, and a small instrumental ensemble of 4 Lyke-Weke Dirge and other Middle English and Elizabethan poems, mostly religious in implication. Part of the trouble is that the text is not provided and not a single syllable is intelligible from the discs alone. Stravinsky, of course, has his own supremely authoritative interpretations of both the Cantata and the Mass on current Columbia records. A.F.

TAVERNER: Tudor Church Music
Choir of King's College, Cambridge, David WIlcocks, cond.
• ARGO RG 316. L.P. $4.98.
• ARGO ZRG 5316. S.D. $4.98.

John Tavener (about 1495-1545), perhaps the foremost English composer of his time, is unknown to most music lovers, and it is therefore good to have a representative selection of his work well performed and recorded. Presented here are the Kyrie Leroy, the Mass The Western Wind, the respond Dum transisset sobbatum (the first of three versions printed in Tudor Church Music, Vol. 3), and the symphonies Christus rex et mater Christi. The Kyrie has soaring lines and mellifluous harmonies. The Western

High Fidelity Magazine
Wind, like most English Masses of its time, lacks a Kyrie. It is based on the secular song from which it takes its title. The tune is almost constantly present in one voice or another, either intact or ornamented. One way in which Taverner achieves contrast is by juxtaposing two- and four-part textures. Dixi transisset is rich and quietly lovely, as are the antiphons. Willcocks leads his fine group through performances that are varied and nuanced but still and without exaggeration. The recording, made in the magnificent Chapel of King’s College, is excellent.

N.B.

TCHAIKOVSKY: Symphony No. 4, in F minor, Op. 36

Hallé Orchestra, Sir John Barbirolli, cond.

- Vanguard Everyday Classics SRV 135. LP. $1.98.
- Vanguard Everyday Classics SRV 133SD. SD. $2.98.

A fine release at a bargain price, Barbirolli’s Tchaikovsky Fourth is fresh, alive, and interesting in every carefully phrased passage. There are some very personal conceptions in this conductor’s reading and a few wide variations in tempo, but they are all valid interpretative ideas and they infuse the well-worn score with new spirit. The orchestra seems especially on its toes here, too. As to the recording, it is kinder to woodwinds and brasses, while the middle and lower strings are sometimes badly over-balanced and difficult to hear. Aside from this one shortcoming, however, this is an altogether stimulating Fourth.

P.A.

VIVALDI: Concerto for Lute and Strings in D—See Rodrigo: Concerto de Aranjuez for Guitar and Orchestra.

WAGNER: Piano Works

Sonatas for Piano: in B flat; in A. Fantasia in F sharp minor; Album Sonata, in A flat; Albumblätter: in C; in F minor (“Arrival at the Black Swans”); in E flat.

Bruce Hungerford, piano.

- Bayreuth Master Classes Inc. Two LP. $15.00.

WAGNER: Piano Works

Sonatas for Piano: in B flat; in A. Fantasia in F sharp minor; Züricher Wienerischen Waltzer; Album Sonata, in A flat; Albumblätter: in F minor; in E flat; in C.

Martin Galling, piano.

- Vox VUX 2022. Two LP. $6.95.
- Vox SVUX 52022. Two SD. $6.95.

Although both editions are marked complete, the Vox includes an indiscernible in three-quarter time from the composer’s

Zurich period. Its absence in the Hungerford set is not to be taken seriously, particularly in the face of the superiority of that pianist’s performances in the longer and more interesting of these works.

Few people can claim familiarity with Wagner’s piano music. Most of it is early. (The B flat Sonata was, in fact, his first published work.) Yet as late as 1875, with his head full of Parsifal, he found time to write a final album piece for the wife of his publisher. Early or late, however, it is obvious that Wagner’s greatest powers were not to be realized in keyboard writing. Probably the best of the works, in terms of purely musical ideas, is the Fantasia, but Wagner was unable to bring his thoughts together into a well-developed form. The appreciation of the sonata is pretty much an ex post facto affair. The past century saw many other works of equal merit published by young composers who did not turn out to be Richard Wagner.

Since these are not repertory works, there is no real performance tradition and the pianist must supply his own. Galling seems to borrow his from Liszt. He plays in an intense, virtuoso manner which is often exciting but, as Hungerford shows us, often misses the point. The best things in these works require a spontaneous feeling for the characteristically Wagnerian phrase as a slowly unfolding sequence of ingenious tonal changes. Galling can take a piece of TAPE

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juvenile and make it exciting. Hindusford can take an album piece and evoke the mystery and magic of Tristan. In the end, although one must respect Gall's technique, it is the slow tempo man who wins you over.

Both pianists are well recorded, and the stereophony of the Vox set is no particular advantage. The Bayreuth Master Classes records (sold for the benefit of the scholarship fund, at 42 West 58th St., New York, N.Y. 10019) come with a handsome booklet and an elegant album. The perfect Wagnerite will certainly want the master's piano works, but no one should buy either edition with the hope of finding a lost masterpiece. Richard's genius ran along other lines.

R.C.M.

WALTON: Music from “Henry V,” “Hamlet,” and “Richard III”

Philharmonia Orchestra, Sir William Walton, cond.

- Angel 36198. LP. $4.98.
- Angel S 36198. SD. $5.98.

Walton's scores for Laurence Olivier's three Shakespearean films capture brilliantly the glowing, rhetorical magnificence of those productions themselves. Heard while we watched the films, the music seemed a smooth and totally appropriate extension of the words, wrapping itself inextricably around the action, becoming one with the color, the scenery, and the movement on the screen. Heard by itself, it retains its integrity as music. To those who have seen the films, the music cannot help evoking the scenes for which it was written; of few film scores can this be said.

The recording contains a generous sampling of the best moments in all three scores. I myself would have preferred more from Hamlet, especially the charming music that accompanies the players' scene, to the full-length and rather Elgarian Prelude to Richard III. But there are many great things here: the fragrant music for Princess Kate in Henry V, with its echoes of an Auvergne folk song; the hair-raising battle music from the same film, even more thrilling to my mind than the analogous music from Alexander Nevsky; and the marvelous Funeral Music from Hamlet. The performances under the composer's direction are, as expected, superb, and the recording does them full justice.

A.R.

Robert Goldsand: “Keyboard Masterpieces of Three Centuries”


Robert Goldsand, piano.

- Disto D 280. Two LP. $7.96.
- Disto DS 6200. Two SD. $9.96.

This album, released in conjunction with Syracuse University's Music Festival, ends an altogether too lengthy hiatus in the recording activities of one of the most distinctive and genuinely absorbing practitioners of the art of pianism. Sounding as if it were made under inappropriately pleasant conditions, the present program offers a striking verisimilitude to one of Goldsand's live recitals. I like the effect; in this age of technical efficiency and polyethylene-wrappedabition, it is a pleasure to listen to a recording that contains genuine intellectual nourishment—and even wrong notes! Goldsand's artistic make-up is one of paradoxes. He can be the reverent scholar and blatant iconoclast; he embraces something of the lavish romantic and the stringent classicist, the steel-point engraver and the exotic colorist. In any case one can always be reasonably sure that, whether for better or worse, his reading of a given work is going to be different from everyone else's. Disagree or not, one must admire his creative vitality and technical freedom. Not many players still have Goldsand's sort of pianistic spontaneity.

The Mozart and Clementi Sonatas are sharply pointed and tersely energetic. Both are played expressively, even romantically, but they preserve the essential spirit of these compositions. Goldsand is determined to avoid the "pretty-petty" noninflected symmetry of the
conventional old-fashioned approach, and he shows himself to be au courant with the latest authorities on classical ornamentation. He plays appoggiaturas on the beat and begins trills on the upper auxiliary. One also notes a superb tensile strength in the long, nonlegato runs, and the magnificent digital independence which enables Goldsand to achieve such sparkling transparence of texture. Moreover, the difference between Clementi and Mozart is clearly suggested: the former lacks Mozart’s rosy inner glow, and is just a trace more showy and brilliant, less intimate. The Mozart is short of all repeats (to enable its being fitted to half a disc side, no doubt), and this is my only reservation regarding the performance. In every other way, it is one of the very finest versions of an oft-recorded favorite.

The third large work, Beethoven’s Appassionata Sonata, is one of the less attractive readings in the collection. It is obsessively detailed and lacks cohesiveness. It is interesting to note that Goldsand’s extremely literal approach to contrasts of staccato and legato here impedes the forward motion of the music. Changes of phrase scansion are almost invariably accompanied by a change in the basic tempo, and certainly those dramatically impetuous pauses in the final movement are altogether excessive. Nevertheless, this is anything but a routine Appassionata; it is creative, perplexing, and fascinatingly wayward.

The two sides containing the shorter selections are an unabashed joy. Goldsand’s freshly poetic outlook and occasional touches of acid wit illuminate and dramatize these miniatures with telling effect. By interjecting little “asides” into his musical narrative, the pianist is able to make Prokofiev’s Suggestion diabolique caustic and volatile even though he eschews the customary headlong speed and metronomic rhythm there. The Ravel Jeux d’eau, on the other hand, benefits from a tighter, more rapid basic pulse than usual. Goldsand successfully underplays the work. His entire approach to the instrument is sophisticated, impressionistic, and nonconformist. Even the glossoando has a singing quality. So does the filigree from La Campanella which is, for once, treated like music. The Gershwin Prelude is one of the big surprises; Goldsand apparently finds the idiom thoroughly congenial and he completely suppresses the tawdry flavor inherent in the writing.

The nonv�rudoes Des Aheads of Schumann is poignantly beautiful in the flowing simplicity of Goldsand’s linear reading. Traumerei is a little fluctuated and labored here, however (I have heard the pianist play it better in recital). Chopin’s G minor Ballade gets a broadly expressive statement. The difficult coda section could stand a bit more drive perhaps, but the expansive legato in the cantabile passages is ideal. (Goldsand has always been a formidable Chopin-Schumann exponent, and one would like to hear on records his memorable readings of the Schumann G minor and Chopin B minor Sonatas.) Finally, we come to the Strauss-Godowsky paraphrase. It is a garish piece of exhibitionism, now hopelessly outdated, but no Goldsand collection would be complete without its like. He is one of the few technicians courageous enough to tackle these all-but-unplayable show-off vehicles, and his playing here is tremendously effective.

The monophonic review copy produced cleanly compact sound, although one of the discs was warped and the surfaces all had clicks and sundry other imperfections.

H.G.

GREGORIAN CHANT: Missa in Festo Pentecostes

Nuns’ Choir of the Benedictine Abbey of Our Lady of Varenseil, Aurelian Weiss, cond.

- ARCHIVE 3203/14803. L.P. $5.98.

The Whitsunday Mass is fascinating, not only for the beauty of its contents, but also for its wide historic interest. The melodies for this Mass range in date from the seventh century to the thirteenth, thus covering the entire period of the development of monophonic chant in the Gregorian tradition. Indeed, the setting of the hymn or sequence Veni, Sancte Spiritus, with its rhyed, rhythmic, strophic swing, is actually in striking contrast to the rest, an ornate, rhythmic Gothic altarpiece in an austere old Romanesque church.

This is certainly one of the musical high points of the Mass; the Introitus, Offertorium, and Communio, all dating from the earliest period, are others. Just as the Veni, Sancte Spiritus seems to suggest the developing art of a vigorous new age, the early hymns suggest a great past, the last echoes of antiquity. Interestingly enough, both the oldest and newest music express—in their own very different ways—spiritual adoration and ecstasy; the music of the centuries in between, by contrast, more meditative, more introspective.

This version opens with the celebration sound of bells and includes gospel readings by the priest in chant as well as spoken prayers. The realization in the Solennes edition is excellent and impressively recorded; the engineers have obtained richness without the usual hollow, murky reverberations that are...
often supposed to reflect pious musical expression amid properly sanctified cathedral-echo surroundings.

E.S.

LOUIS LANE: "Rhapsody"


Cleveland Pops Orchestra, Louis Lane, cond.
• Epic LC 3879. LP. $4.98.
• Epic BC 1279. SD. $5.98.

The one thing these five rhapsodies have in common is that they are all nationalistic; and with the exception of the Chabrier each deals with music of the composer’s own country. All but Victor Herbert’s pleasant potpourri of mostly familiar Irish tunes have been frequently recorded, but it is doubtful that one can hear more carefully prepared and executed readings than the present disc affords. These performances are meticulously note-perfect, right down to the last turn and trill. There is only one thing missing: excitement. Not that Lane’s readings are dull—far from it—but they could have been just that much better had they been invested with a little more sparkle and zest. The standards of reproduction match those of the playing: clean, even, and extremely faithful.

P.A.

NEW YORK PRO MUSICA: "It Was a Lover and His Lass"

• Decca DL 9421. LP. $4.98.
• Decca DL 79421. SD. $5.98.

The subtitle of this handsomely produced record is "Music of Shakespeare’s Time." All the composers were contemporary with the Bard, and they include such well-known names as Morley, Byrd, Weelkes, and Wilbye. As usual with the Pro Musica, however, there are practically no chestnuts: the only item that might be so classified is Morley’s "It was a lover and his lass." Of Weelkes there is the expressive lament "When David heard that Absalom was slain," of Dowland a song with lute called "Sorrow stay," which sounds all the sweeter and more affecting because it follows a dry piece for unaccompanied bass viol by Captain Tobias Hume.

Again as usual with Mr. Greenberg’s programs, there is variety of color and contrast in the succession of pieces. Byrd’s lovely, plaintive fantasy on a tune called BROOKS is played by a mixed consort. The Weelkes piece is sung by six unaccompanied voices, and there are various combinations of voices with instruments, as well as a couple of dances for lute, one of which, the anonymous Kemp’s Jig, is a homely little piece of Elizabethan GEORGE which with a strong Irish flavor. All of the music is performed with spirit and skill, and the sound is first-rate in both versions.

N.B.

LEONARD PENNARIO: "Virtuoso Favorites"


Leonard Pennario, piano.
• RCA Victor LMX 2714. LP. $4.98.
• RCA Victor LSC 2714. SD. $5.98.

Pennario has all of the prerequisites for dealing with these transcriptions—save one: subjective involvement. He is too apt to content himself with a display of technical facility and let the charm and bravura fend for themselves. Although his fingerwork is remarkably controlled in the Gounod, Mendelssohn, and Prokofiev selections, his statements are lacking in the swashbuckling excitement, pointed accentuation, and sheer sadistic wit that Petri, Rachmaninoff, and Rubinstein, respectively, brought to their recorded versions of these items. His own paraphrase of the Emperor Waltz is too smooth-skinned and plush—for Madison Avenue than old Vienna. The most satisfactory performances on the disc are those of the Ravel Valse and the Shostakovich Polka, pieces which can benefit from the cynical detachment of Pennario’s style.

RCA’s sound is somewhat leaden but otherwise acceptable.

H.G.

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MALORY: Le Morte d’Arthur

• London A 4329. Three LP. $14.94.
• London AOS 1329. Three SD. $17.94.

For some idiotic reason, London has imprinted on the box containing these records the words "The Works of William Shakespeare" I think the attribution would surprise him. Though the Bard has been accused of being many people, to the best of my knowledge this is the first time he has been identified with Sir Thomas Malory. But I write on Shakespeare’s four hundredth birthday,
and perhaps by this time his shade is used to surprises.

Obviously, this fine British recording of selections from *Le Morte d'Arthur* is not for all markets, but those who are capable of caring for it all will care for it much. As the Foreword explains: "John Barton's adaptation and his production have had to create for the grammaphone a style which lies somewhere between a reading and a dramatic play. With linking music we have tried to re-create a troubadourlike retelling of the story. Two narrators are used, one to represent the reflections of Malory, and the other telling the narrative action. The music is intended to punctuate and to link the story; we have tried to avoid 'mood' music."

Actors are used for the various speaking roles—Harry Andrews for Arthur, William Squire for Lancelot, and so on. My only criticism of the way this has been managed is that it is very annoying to have the narrator breaking in on the speeches with "Sir Lancelot," etc. (Where it is necessary to use these tags for clarity, it would have been much less obtrusive have they been spoken by the actor who is playing the role.) I might also note that the recital attempted to create, if not for Sir Lancelot, yet for Sir Urre before Lancelot succeeded in doing so makes for tiresome listening. Otherwise, I have only praise for this production.

The healing of Sir Urre is used at the beginning to bring Lancelot back to court; from here we proceed to the climax of the Lancelot-Guinevere story, the betrayal of Lancelot by his enemies, the treason of Mordred, the passing of Arthur, and the last days and atonement of Lancelot and Guinevere. The story leaves one with the feeling that love is the glory of life, however it comes and whatever sufferings it may entail, and that cruelty is no less destructive of human values if Sir Arthur," "said even before its own eyes, in the garments of healthy moral indignation.

There is much incidental music, selected and arranged from medieval sources by Thurston Dart, and performed under his direction. Many old instruments are employed; the harp music comes from the traditional repertory of the Irish harpers, and the plainsongs are done in the ancient manner.

Edward Wagenknecht

**POINT OF ORDER: A Record of the Army-McCarthy Hearings from the Film Documentary**

Eric Severeid, narrator,

- Columbia KOL 6070. LP. $5.98.
- Columbia KOS 2470. SD. $6.98.

Few realized it at the time, but the sultry spring of 1954 marked the climax of an era; and, like the era itself, that climax was a travesty of legal procedure. For some four years, Senator Joseph R. McCarthy (R-Wis.) had ranged the land denouncing "communists in government." A complex, ambitious man unburdened by scruples, he sounded a responsive chord in the American public. Bewildered by the Cold War, shocked by revelations of espionage, they gratefully embraced McCarthy's simplistic world where radical purging of the body politic could cure all ills. When the Senator swung his broad ax, he did so with consummate democracy: his accused Washington traitors encompassed General of the Army George C. Marshall and a Negro cleaning woman. For all the pyrotechnics, McCarthy lingered few if any real threats. Newspapers, though, gave him more space than any President, and, at his zenith, he presided over a kind of shadow administration that affected this country's policy far more profoundly than did the hauteur-faire Eisenhower cabinet.

Intoxicated by publicity and power, McCarthy all but gutted the State Department: the China Desk. In pre-World War II days the envy of every Foreign Ministry in the world, he purged virtually to the last man. His assistants too left their mark. Roy Cohn and David Schine created an international spectacle by touring U.S.I.S. libraries abroad and casually censoring books and people. In their silly wake, volumes burned and heads rolled. Finally, because the U.S. Army had the effrontery to draft Schine, McCarthy took on the entire Establishment. This recording, drawn from a documentary film, synthesizes the dramatic confrontation of the Senator and Secretary of the Army Robert T. Stevens. More than twenty million Americans spent almost two months following the daily hearings on television. It is an irony of history that McCarthy, preening himself before a record audience in this his brassy naivety, succeeded only in eviscerating himself politically.

Here, then, garotted by their own words, are the principals: McCarthy, smooth and arrogant, swallowing his vowels and slurring his words in a kind of sublime contempt for his adversaries; Acting Chairman Karl E. Mundt (R-S.D.), his testy ineffectualness epitomizing his political career; Senator Stuart Symington (D-Mo.) slugging it out epithet-in-epithet with McCarthy. And finally there is Attorney Joseph I. Welch, whose emotion-packed face-to-face indictment of a particularly scurrilous McCarthyism opened the wound that another year and another hearing later proved politically fatal to the Senator. The editing, incidentally, casts Welch in an anti-McCarthy role far more relentless than that he actually played. Still, here are the words and the people and the event that ended an American nightmare. It is history in the raw—very important and still very disturbing.

O.B.B.

**SHAKESPEARE: Hamlet**

Richard Burton. et al.

For a feature review of this recording, see page 51.

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"Funny Girl." Barbra Streisand, Sydney Chaplin; Original Broadway Cast. Capitol VAS 2059, $4.98 (LP); SVAS 2059, $5.98 (SD).

"I need good singers for my scores," Jule Styne remarked recently. "If I don't have a good singer, I'm dead." So far as his Funny Girl score is concerned, Styne is definitely alive and kicking. To a much greater extent than most musicals in recent years, this treatment of the early years of Fanny Brice's career is tailored to the talents of one performer—in this case, Barbra Streisand. This does not mean, however, that the score has been restricted in the process. Far from it. So all-encompassing are Miss Streisand's vocal abilities that song after song of hers appears to resolve problems of the book that otherwise defied rational solution.

The plot, such as it is, involves Miss Brice's romance with the highly publicized gambler Nick Arnstein—and it raises certain interesting problems on the side. For one thing, Arnstein is still living and in a position to object to his stage representation. For another, the producer of the show, Ray Stark, is Miss Brice's son-in-law. The need to protect the public image of both protagonists placed librettist Isobel Lennart in a difficult position, to say the least—for the book could not bypass such inescapable facts as Arnstein's jail sentence.

The decision was reached, at some point, to paint Arnstein in suave, Prince Charming colors—which left Miss Lennart with a banal, soap opera plot. Fortunately, it has been reduced to the slightest of sketches. To fill the void, Styne and Bob Merrill have written an imposing set of songs for Miss Streisand, ranging from low comedy to big, wide-open emotionalism. On disc, the score is, in effect, a Streisand virtuoso performance.

She meets every challenge. She produces a tour de force of singing styles and devices on I'm the Greatest Star. She catches and projects a lusty music hall attack on Cornet Man. She shows a superb sense of timing and a fine feeling for comedy as she floats through a countermelody supporting a very funny seduction scene. She ventures into a validly Brice-an comedy bit in some World War I stage hokum.

She also exhibits the strong, wide-ranging singing style that has made her previous recordings so effective. Don't Rain on My Parade brings out the urgency in her voice, implemented with shout and growl. People is constructed to fit her natural tendency to stretch a melodic line, to reach just a little farther out than you expect her to. The dramatic effects of these two songs are fairly obvious; but she has chances to be subtle too, on the lyrical Who Are You Now and a slow torch song, The Music That Makes Me Dance, which she sings with shadings and accents suggesting a healthy Helen Morgan.

For all Miss Streisand's merits, however, the recorded condensation of the show really does it less than justice. In the theatre, her songs are spread out through an evening. On the disc, they follow one after the other—strong, punching performances that, cumulatively, produce a strident effect. There are, to be sure, other performers present. Danny Meehan is an especially vital contributor, bringing vitality and sparkle to several songs. Sydney Chaplin is capable and unobtrusive as Nick Arnstein. Kay Medford adds some wry touches as Fanny's mother, and Jean Stapleton is aptly ratchet-voiced as a neighborhood biddy. But it is Miss Streisand who is in front of the microphone almost all the time. The wonder is that she manages to show so many different vocal facets and, at the same time, to sustain a strong sense of involvement in everything she does.

The stereo recording uses sharp separation on the numbers involving more than one singer, with a general tendency to move towards the center as the performance progresses.

J.S.W.
"Cabin in the Sky." Rosetta Le Noire, Kitty Lester, Tony Middleton; New York Cast. Capitol T 2063, $3.98 (LP); SW 2073, $3.98 (SD).

This memorable musical, by John Latouche and Vernon Duke, in which Ethel Waters scored a great personal triumph, was originally produced in 1940, before the days of original cast albums. The present release is its first recording, for which a successful Broadway revival has provided the opportunity and the cast. The 1940 score was strong to begin with—it includes Taking a Chance on Love, Honey in the Honeycomb, Cabin in the Sky, and the seemingly idiomatically spiritual works of the moment. For this production, Duke has reinvented a charming lullaby cut from the original. We'll Live All Over Again, and has added a delightful tune he and Latouche originally wrote for Banjo Eyes; Not a Cure in the World. The result, as Duke points out in his notes, is a production "musically richer" than the original. Rosetta Le Noire, in the role created by Ethel Waters, is primarily an actress, and her singing tends to be flat and rather unmusical. She does well, however, in the dramatic delivery of Love Turned Out the Light and in the lightheartedness of Not a Cure in the World, but one would like more vocal color in Taking a Chance on Love, Cabin in the Sky, and Savanna. The most vivid personality here is Kitty Lester, who brings a proper visceral vitality to Honey in the Honeycomb, Love Me Tomorrow, and Do What You Want To Do. Sy Oliver's orchestra seems to surround the singers in the second version, giving a helpful sense of unity, but some of his arrangements plod heavily and appear to weigh on the singers. Even a less than perfect recording of Cabin in the Sky, however, is a valuable addition to our recorded repertoire of our musical theatre.

Laurindo Almeida: "Broadway Solo Guitar." Capitol T 2063, $3.98 (LP); ST 2063, $4.98 (SD).

Almeida, a guitarist who is at home in both the classics and jazz, stands at a midpoint in his musical spectrum here, playing tunes from Broadway on the classical guitar, unaccompanied. It proves to be a very happy idea. The tunes chosen have big, open melodic lines that offer Almeida opportunities for interesting developments, and he possesses the skill and imagination to give them a sensitive interpretation. This is a reflective, low-keyed collection that includes contemporary Broadway (People from Funny Girl, Was She Prettier Than I? from High Spirits), recent Broadway (tunes from My Fair Lady, The Sound of Music, Stop the World), and evergreen Broadway (My Fair Lady, Second Acts in Your Eyes, The Most Beautiful Girl in the World). Since the emphasis is on flowing melody, it may be more than coincidence that four of the twelve selections were written by Richard Rodgers.

Robert Goulet: "Manhattan Tower." Columbia OL 6050, $3.98 (LP); OS 2420, $4.98 (SD).

Manhattan Tower, that monumental bit of hokum constructed by Gordon Jenkins from some of the ripest musical and sentimental clichés about New York City, has found an ideal interpreter in Robert Goulet. His side-of-the-mouth singing fits right in with the more banal aspects of Jenkins' piece, and yet he can rise to the occasion when he approaches the pools of glowing melody that occur through it. As a meeting of talent and material, this could be considered a fairly definitive version of the piece (Jenkins himself conducts it). On the other side of the disc is Jenkins' The Man Who Loves Manhattan, a continuation of the same idea which is more currently musical in its interpretation and is less given to pretentiousness. Goulet handles it well, with a calculated come on in his tone that is, roughly, the vocal equivalent of Robert Mitchum's bored chest.

Blossom Dearie: "May I Come In?" Capitol T 2086, $3.98 (LP); ST 2086, $4.98 (SD).

The first thing you notice about this album is the cover picture of Blossom Dearie which is extremely lighthearted but is one of the few pictures I have seen that really does justice to this charming singer. Not as much can be said for the disc itself, however. Miss Dearie has a small, intimate voice and a shrewd knowledge of phrasing which is extremely effective in the kind of material she usually uses in her night club performances with her own piano accompaniment. Here she is backed by a recorded studio band, and the three songs are not calculated to show her off at her best. She indicates what she can do on The Best Is Yet To Come and a bossa nova, Quiet Nights, in which the blend of tune, lyrics, and voice is thoroughly complementary. At other times, a squeaky, little-girl vocal quality appears. In general, the program offered here is far too bland for so provocative a singer.

"Anyone Can Whistle." Lee Remick. Angela Lansbury, Harry Guardino; Original Broadway Cast. Columbia KOL 6080, $5.98 (LP); KOS 2480, $6.98 (SD).

Stephen Sondheim (music and lyrics) and Arthur Laurents (book) have undertaken an ambitious satirical allegory so full of implications, plays on words, side remarks, topsy-turvy references, and a hundred-and-one other elements that their points become obscured and many of the confusion. A brief, speeded-up Keystone Cops bit of introductory music sets the tone for a situation arising when a bankrupt manufacturing town is infiltrated by residents of the Cookie Jar (described as "the soul of mental misfits") and the appearance of a Messiah who promises to solve the town's problems. Sondheim's lyrics are far more ambitious in their development than the usual musical theatre fare. But it's liberating to let clichés, offhand digressions, and witticisms (some that have point and some that misfire), one becomes conscious of a studied cleverness stretched beyond the point of effectiveness. His music is more...
rhythmic than melodic, and is weakened by the fact that the three leading singers — Ann Bancroft, Ben Leibowitz, and Harry Guardino—are only passable vocalists. Sondheim’s disdain for the routine and his desire to venture into fresh territory (one sometimes hears overtones of Marc Blitzstein in this music) rouse the listener. But the score, in its present condition, leaves that interest suspended and unresolved. Apparently, this was also the case on Broadway, where the show closed after barely two weeks.

Judy Garland: “Just for Openers.” Capitol W 2062, $4.98 (LP); DW 2062, $5.98 (SD).

Like the girl with the curl, Judy Garland can range from very range, very good to awful. She encompasses that spectrum in this collection, taken from the sound tracks of her television series. Happily, she is much more inclined toward the good—occasionally the very, very good. Her worst moments are, unfortunately, the curtain raiser, “It’s a Good Day,” taken at so fast a pace that she seems to be struggling just to hang on. She is in better voice and much better control when she is warming the lyrics of such moderately paced pieces as “That’s All, I Wish You Love, and Fly Me to the Moon.” And she shows that fast tempos do not necessarily defeat her when she laces into “Some People” and “Jamboree Jones” with great punching confidence. The sound recording, however, is not at all like the girl with the curl. It is just plain awful—thin, muffled, and a decided liability.

Vera Lynn: “The Wonderful Vera.” London 3359, $3.98 (LP); 359, $4.98 (SD).

Miss Lynn is one of the most completely polished singers in the pop field, and her merits are made amply evident here. She is a model of what a popular singer should be—she has a luminous purity of tone, an intuitive feeling for phrasing, a good touch, a full command of range and power so that she can spread out effortlessly, and the ability to inject a dramatic touch without overplaying it. These arrangements are extremely well suited to her rich, warm voice and are full of imaginative touches. I’m Gonna Sit Right Down and Write Myself a Letter, for example—known best in Fats Waller’s boisterous treatment—is turned into a gentle bossa nova that works out extremely well and more plaintively because Miss Lynn is such a musical performer. She brings a confident ease to everything and even her less interesting selections—songs such as With These Hands and My Heart Tells Me—are made considerably more enticing than they might otherwise be.

Sylvia Syms: “The Fabulous Sylvia Syms.” 20th Century-Fox 4123, $3.98 (LP); S 4123, $4.98 (SD).

Miss Syms seems to be coming full cycle as a singer. In the years immediately after World War II, she was a highly promising stylist following in the worthy footsteps of Mildred Bailey and Billie Holiday. Her problem then was to find her own individuality. She was considered primarily a jazz singer and, following jazz fashions in the Fifties, she turned to a flat, distorted style that negated most of her interesting qualities. Her horizon broadened when she spent considerable time playing Bloody Mary in South Pacific. Now she has returned to the material of her early days, and she appears to be veering back toward the early ingratiating manner. Her voice now has a slightly worn, weathered quality quite in keeping with her low-lights, smoky approach. The grotesqueness characteristic of her middle period occasionally crops up in this set, but these are for the most part warm and lyrical performances. Miss Syms is accompanied by several sterling instrumental soloists: Ben Webster on tenor saxophone, Urbie Green on trombone, Joe Newman on trumpet, and Kenny Burrell on guitar—each of whom adds a personal touch. The song selection is primarily sentimental ballads—In a Sentimental Mood, You’ve Changed, I Don’t Want To Walk Without You—and an occasional rollingly rhythmic piece such as Keepin’ Out of Mischief.

“High Spirits.” Beatrice Lillie, Tammy Grimes, Edward Woodward; Original Broadway Cast. ABC Paramount OC 1, $4.98 (LP); S OC 1, $5.98 (SD).

This musical version of Noel Coward’s Blithe Spirit, which Hugh Martin and Timothy Gray have called High Spirits, is built on a firm foundation and is topped by the highly individual performances of Tammy Grimes and Beatrice Lillie. The founds of Miss Grimes’ style. Less than the Coward play the Martin-Gray score is often aptly Cowardian, and has moments of charm and wit, Edward Woodward and Louise Tay, as the married couple whose lives are complicated by the appearance of the spirit of Mr. Woodward’s first wife, are open, forthright singers who can color their songs with the kind of rolling precision of which Mr. Coward is the supreme expert. (Coward, incidentally, staged the musical.) Their material and their performances would be distinctive contributions to any musical, though in this case they serve primarily as side lights to the work of Miss Grimes, as the returning spirit, and Miss Lillie, as the medium who conjured her up. Miss Grimes’ voice, which combines elements reminiscent of a young lynx, Tallulah Bankhead, and proper Boston mixed in tantalizing fashion, is fascinating in any circumstances and particularly when she is given a song as melodically and lyrically amusing as Home Sweet Heaven—which stems more from Cole Porter than from Coward. The recording includes some snatches of introductory dialogue which preserve her entertainingly moshmouthing way of chopping up words. Miss Lillie has four songs which—even alone—would make the disc desirable. Her inflections, asides, and sudden whoops bedeck material that is provocative to begin with—and includes a hymn to the joys of bicycling and a love song to a Ouija board.
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Folk Song at Full Crest—

From Newport, 1963

After a two-year hiatus, the annual (sometimes) Folk Music Festival convened for its third installment at Newport, R.I., in July of 1963. It proved to be the biggest (forty-six thousand spectators, seventy artists) and the best yet. The high quality of both singers and programming stems largely from the fact that a board of seven folk musicians now directs proceedings. Vanguard, which has covered the festivals faithfully from the beginning (and there were years when precious few cared $4.98 for what transpired at Newport) marked the occasion by recording in depth. These six discs memorialize a dynamic episode in the folk song revival.

The first volume, "Newport Broadside," covers the new wave of topical balladry. Actually, broadsides derive from a rich eighteenth-century Anglo-Saxon tradition: once, in that time before what now passes for universal literacy, such ballads served as the newspapers of the un-tutored. The best single selection, Bob Davenport's "Come All Ye Gallant Drivers," comes from England. The American material is very heavily weighted with songs of the Civil Rights movement. One hesitates to criticize a good cause in any of its facets, but these ballads—earnest and dull and puerile beyond belief—wouldn't even send Malcolm X to the barricades. On another front, Bob Dylan mounts a tedious assault on Playboy Magazine that will cost it no subscribers but costs Dylan at least one listener.

A separate record brackets the blues. Brownie McGhee and Sonny Terry interlock beautifully in Long Gone, and two white singers, John Hammond and Dave Van Ronk, display credentials of the highest order in Tallulahsee Woman and Gambler's Blues respectively. But the star of this disc is seventy-year-old Mississippi John Hurt. Lust to the recording art for: almost forty years, this gentle old man offers a trio of dialogues with his guitar—happily supplemented by another four on VSD 9148—that are calm, cool, and moving.

Another single record covers country music and bluegrass. This might well rank as the best disc of the lot. Border Ride—quick and intoxicating—by Jim and Jesse and the Virginia Boys is one of the finest bluegrass expressions I know. This group, which is smooth, swift, and rustic, personifies the lonely reaches and weekly hoedowns of the Blue Ridge Mountains and the Shenandoah Valley. In another older country genre, Wiley and Zeke Morris shape a driving, delightful reprise of their twenty-year-old hit Salty Dog. You won't catch this kind of singing on local stations in the South any more, and Nashville's Grand Ol' Opry has graduated to bathos by the bushel, so this appearance of the Morris boys is the more precious.

The same forces figure to a large degree in the pre-bluegrass selections on "Old Time Music at Newport." Doc Watson offers a lugubrious—but by no means comic—Little Orphan Girl and a smartly paced Train That Carried My Girl from Town. Tom Ashley, crowding seventy, provides a curious link between the old Child ballads of the Appalachians and contemporary country music techniques, and his Coocoo Bird is the pièce de résistance of the entire festival. Maybelle Carter, of the famous Carter family, chips in with The Storms Are on the Ocean, and Dorsey Dixon, his voice now old and light, sings three of his 1930s compositions, of which Wreck on the Highway is Americana of the highest and purest kind. Also out of a past generation comes sixty-six-year-old Dock Boggs, singing sepulchrally of doom and liquor; one won't soon forget the brutal inevitability of his Oh Death.

The evening concerts, encapsulated on two discs, provide a sharp change of pace. The large-caliber pros—Ian and Sylvia, Joan Baez, Jackie Washington, Theodore Bikel, et al.—are prominent here and the level of performance is very high. The festival reaches an emotional pitch when an ensemble sings Bob Dylan's Blowin' in the Wind, then passes naturally into a heartfelt We Shall Over-come. As for individuals, once again one is struck by the intense soaring artistry of Miss Baez. Her singing of Oh Freedom wrenches the soul and stings the eyes. She is magnificent.

Voyages pass and cycles repeat. Some year soon, as it was not too long ago, these singers may well be entertaining each other in near solitude. But this splendid set catches the folk song revival at full crest. Here in all its varied splendor is a moving testimonial to a musical heritage that is as old as man. O.B.B.

The Newport Folk Festival—1963 (Vols. 1-6). Vanguard VRS 9144/49, $4.98 each (Six LP); VSD 79144/49, $5.95 each (Six SD).
Theodore Bikel: "A Folksinger's Choice." Elektra EKL 250, $4.98 (LP, EKL 7250, $5.98 (SD).

In this, his sixteenth album of folk songs, Theodore Bikel departs from custom to offer a purely Anglo-Saxon program. Still, the customary international flavor remains intact, as much as the songs come from Scotland (Highland Master Roll) to Canada (Springhill Mine Disaster) to Australia (Wallaby Stew). The excellence of Bikel's voice and style requires no comment at this point, but his incredible ability to project a characterization—a dividend, no doubt, from his acting career—and to capture accents as various as the hard nasality of Australia and the lilting brogue of Ireland never fails to dazzle. The cool cynicism of his Vicar of Bray and the lighted heart librisnage of Limerick Roke (beautifully sung without accompaniment) rank with the finest things the singer has ever done. Resplendently record.

Logan English: "Logan English Sings the Woody Guthrie Songbag." 20th Century-Fox TFM 3126, $3.98 (LP); TFS 4126, $4.98 (SD).

Woody Guthrie grows increasingly fortuitous in Logan English out of Kentucky and the Yale Drama School, knows and respects Guthrie: he uses his own fine, flexible baritone to imbue the master's lays with wrath and rue and laughter in the original spirit. Some of today's young and earnest folk singers tend to embalm these exuberant ballads in solemn respect. But English romps with them: his Pastures of Plenty and Sally, Don't You Grieve recall Woody's own light touch. Yet, as in any way with great folk poetry, tragedy often lurks no farther than the next measure. English's singing of Plunge Wreck at Los Gatos rivals that of the late Cisco Houston—and I know no higher praise. In such settings Logan English is one of the finest folk ballads of our time.

Buffy Sainte-Marie: "It's My Way." Vanguard VRS 9142, $4.98 (LP); VSD 79142, $5.95 (SD).

I cannot remember when a ballad last struck me with both the emotional lift of Buffy Sainte-Marie's Now That the Buffalo's Gone. From the opening chord to the last despairing cry, this paeon to the victimized American Indian excoriates the listener like a musical fuece. This isn't cute and it isn't subtle and Miss Sainte-Marie—herself an Indian—woulds you with every bitter bar. Once having heard this, you will never again view the Indians and their problems without a twinge of collective guilt. Miss Sainte-Marie shares a resonant phenomenon. She is a poet-singer in the stamp of the ancient troubéres. Most of the songs in this album are her own work, written and sung out of a sensitive social conscience and reflecting the impassioned contradictions of our over-stressed era. All, too, are intensely personal, and Miss Sainte-Marie will involve you with her vividly drawn addicts and soldierly and pregnant princesses despite yourself. In addition to the soaring Now That the Buffalo's Gone, her finest efforts include a lightly swung Cripple Creek, a sensual Eyes of Amber, and a curiously medieval Incest Song. A very exciting record.

Lester Flatt and Earl Scruggs: "Flatt and Scruggs Recorded Live at Vanderbilt University." Columbia CM 2134, $3.98 (LP); CS 6924, $4.98 (SD).

Some of today's folk music is a lullaby, a melting Ave Maria, the golden fairy-tale quality of the Finnish Far Does He Stay—testify to the richness of an idol to whom they are given. The singers are splendid technically, and they project without flaw the emotional cachet of every selection. For something different and arresting, audition this one.

The Icelandic Singers: "Songs From Scandinavia." Sigurdur Thordarson, cond. Monitor MF 407, $4.98 (LP); MFS 411, $4.98 (SD).

Due either to difficulties of language or lack of enterprise, folk music has been remiss in recording music of the Northlands. On this release, a stunning anthology of Scandinavian song, very old folk melodies alternate with compositions of the twentieth century. These melodies have the lachian balladry, recorded by Flatt and Scruggs, guitar and banjo respectively, are the evangelists of the bluegrass sound and, like other figures of the folk song revival, have found their most enthusiastic audiences on college campuses. This recital, taped live at Vanderbilt University, offers an exciting glimpse of the two roughhewn artists caught on the wing. The essence of bluegrass is a driving, hyperquick rhythm; in unskilled hands, everything begins to sound alike after a ten-minute exposure. But the genius of this duo shapes a kind of musical kaleidoscope of leaping banjo and flashing guitar. In addition, Flatt's twangy, nasal voice—avoiding the sickening timbres so favored by most country music virtuosos—falls pleasantly on the ear. Listen to his Poor Rebel Soldier and You Are My Flower for a sampling of the best of Grand Ole Opry style. Scruggs, inventor of the three-finger banjo style, has no peer on his instrument. Bluegrass has never been better served than by this release.


The bagpipe is a strange, haunting, and ubiquitous instrument with a peculiar affinity for the fighting man. One of my most vivid memories is of a platoon of the Fifth Gurkha Rifles, Indian Army, going into action in Katanga a few years ago while a single piper played Flower o' the Forest. The piper was a small and brown Nepalese who spoke neither English (LP); CS 6924, $4.98 (SD). A century ago on India's northwest frontier, the Gurkhas had fought side by side with a Highland regiment; ever since, these professional soldiers from the remote Himayayas have gone into action to the sound of Scottish tunes played on a Scottish instrument. Piper Neil Duddy infuses some of this universality into his recital of Highland airs. The solo pipes can be both stately and moving; Duddy plays them with rich, programatic eloquence of a master. If your soul has ever responded to the skirling of pipes, this disc will carry you into secret glens and recall "old forgotten far-off things and battles long ago."


Perhaps the most surprising aspect of this winsome album is the striking similarity revealed between the songs of Dalmatia and those of Italy. Only the narrow Adriatic separates the two coasts, so some degree of acculturation was inevitable. But this is, for instance, as Italian in sound and sentiment as Santa Lucia, and Nostr mumo Se Tuzi (The Helmmsan Is Sad) would also sound at home in Naples. For all this, a subtle aura of Slavic sadness spices the songs, and there is, in all the world, nothing quite like them. The soloists, backed by guitars and mandolins, are uniformly excellent. An exceptionally beguiling and very different release.


The rich spring of unspoiled song that flows from the mountains will not lose another decade of TV, and West Virginia's Centennial Folklore Committee has served the entire nation well by preserving these gems of Appalachian balladry, recorded at their birthplace. Listen to twelve-year-old Nancy Hook of Lewisburg sing The Cherry Tree Carol in a voice like cool silver, and you may realize for the first time the caregiving were wrought on our own musical heritage by the unending battles of trials, quartets, and asssorted combos. A Negro spiritual group from Beckley will break your heart with the incandescent sincerity of its wobbly Healin'. Here are sharp-note hymns and dulcimer solos, a fiddler and dulcimer hanging on Cripple Creek, and a nifty fiddler sawing Old Joe Clark. Despite a certain uneven quality in the field recording—some bands sound slightly muffled—this ranks as a splendidly moving contribution to the public archives. Thank you, West Virginia.

O. B. BRUMMELL

High Fidelity Magazine
Louis Armstrong: "Hello, Dolly!" Kapp 1364, $3.98 (LP); 3364, $4.98 (SD). Although Louis Armstrong, during a career spanning more than forty years, has never gone into a decline, there have been periods when he has been simply taken for granted. His remarkable hit single of Hello, Dolly! has shot him back into the spotlight (that the Beatles should be toppled from the head of the popularity list by a performer like Armstrong with a tune like Dolly makes the matter doubly remarkable). This album, which includes his original treatment of the tune, has also, happily, drawn him away from the relatively limited Dixieland-based repertory which he has dwelt upon for the past fifteen years. Here he plays and sings Broadway tunes and pop tunes with all the vim that made Hello, Dolly! so happy a hit. The vigor and exuberance in his singing are absolutely amazing, not simply because he seems more outgoing than ever, but because they belie the incontrovertible fact that these are performances by a man of sixty-three. His work on trumpet is just as positive, cleanly stated and to the point as ever. The addition of a banjo-guitarist to the usual Armstrong line-up gives the group an additional rhythmic impetus that helps kick the performances along. The disc shows Armstrong's band in transition, for two selections (Hello, Dolly! and A Lot of Livin' To Do) were made while Trummy Young was still with the group. On the remaining pieces, his role on trombone is taken over by Big Chief Russell Moore, who gives every indication that he will be an effective replacement.

Dave Brubeck Quartet: "Time Changes." Columbia Cl. 2127, $3.98 (LP); CS 8927, $4.98 (SD).

In Elementals, Dave Brubeck has written a seventeen-minute work for his quartet and symphony orchestra that has more unity and validity than most extended pseudojazz pieces of this type. Working over a flowing rhythm established at the outset in the throbbling of strings, Brubeck keeps the piece moving through an almost constant intertwining of solo and ensemble lines. He has managed—by writing in a loose, free, almost chamber music style—to avoid the intrusion of the "symphony orchestra sound" that is almost jarring in a jazz context. Solos by Brubeck and alto saxophonist Paul Desmond appear from time to time, but they are not carried to great lengths and are soon woven into the over-all texture. For one who has frequently been accused of an inability to swing, Brubeck has been remarkably successful in getting this group, which might have been large and cumbersome, to loosen up and do just that.

There is also unusual evidence of a swinging attack in Brubeck's own playing on the five short pieces on Side Two. On a Joe Morello composition called Slim Wha, he even develops some surprisingly strong, jagged figures without diluting them with the pounding that has been a regular part of his arsenal since his early days. This is certainly one of Brubeck's most promising appearances, both as a performer and composer.

Ray Bryant: "I Live at Basin Street East." Sue 1019, $3.98 (LP); S 1019, $4.98 (SD).

The theory of recording a jazz group during a club performance, as I understand it, is that the contact between audience and musicians is apt to generate more interesting results than would occur in an empty studio. Could be. But the microphone is an impartial reporter, and makes it all too plain that the audience at Basin Street East was not paying much attention to Ray Bryant on this occasion. This is understandable: for Bryant—despite his capabilities, his search for stylistic devices, and the positiveness of his attack—plays what is essentially attractive background music. He is a very melodious and strongly rhythmic pianist, but this collection, like most of his others, floats pleasantly past the ears without leaving anything memorable in its wake.

Stan Getz—Joao Gilberto: "Getz Gilberto." Verve 8545, $4.98 (LP); 6-8545, $5.98 (SD).

Three masters of the bossa nova idiom are brought together here: Joao Gilberto, the Brazilian guitarist and singer who was one of the earliest popularizers of the style; Antonio Carlos Jobim, the leading composer of bossa novas (who plays piano); and the American saxophonist Stan Getz who, with guitarist Charlie Byrd, launched the bossa nova fad in this country with the "Jazz Samba" album. There is a very attractive and appealing informality about these eight performances. The musicians weave in and out of the selections in a casual fashion which, in Getz's case at least, is initially deceptive, for he builds to some strongly emotional statements that are quite appropriate even in the subdued atmosphere of this collection. Gilberto's wife, Astrid, sings briefly and none too effectively—making one wish for the return of Maria Toledo, who sang beautifully in similar circumstances with Getz and Luis Bonfa on "Jazz Samba Encore" (Verve 8523). The program includes well-established tunes (Desafinado, Corcovado) and several persuasive new pieces.

Neal Hefti: "Li'l Darlin'," 20th Century-Fox 4139, $3.98 (LP); S 4139, $4.98 (SD).

Hefti has a fine background as a composer and arranger (primarily for Count Basie's band) and as a conductor. He works in all three capacities on this disc, and one can only wonder why he did it. He has assembled an orchestra of strings, flutes, and a harpsichord to play a group of his own compositions, including Li'l Darlin'. This sort of ensemble might be satisfying as a change of pace in an album involving other instrumentation, but a program in which one selection after another is dragged listlessly along by the strings and woodwinds while the harpsichord sets up a discordant clangor in the interstices becomes very tedious. Hefti's tunes are deserving of better treatment, but in this case he apparently has no one to blame but himself.

Illinois Jacquet: "Desert Winds." Argo 735, $4.98 (LP); S 735, $4.98 (SD).

Jacquet, once one of the wildmen of the saxophone, has mellowed into a suave and lyrical performer, reverting to a style strongly touched by the influence of Lester Young. This is most evident here when he undertakes Young's piece. Lester
Leaps In, which he lopes through with assurance and gusto. Most of the selections are taken at a moderate tempo, suitable for showing off the smoothness of Jacquet’s tone and phrasing. The one slow ballad, You’re My Thrill, is particularly notable for Tommy Flanagan’s lovely piano-sketching behind Jacquet’s dark, pensive playing. On one selection Jacquet switches to saxophone to alto, which he plays with a hard tone reminiscent of his earlier frantic saxophone style.

John Lewis and Albert Mangelsdorff: "Animal Dance." Atlantic 1402, $4.98 (LP); S 1402, $5.98 (SD).

Mangelsdorff, a trombonist, has been one of Germany’s outstanding jazz musicians for many years. Lewis, of course, is the pianist and musical director of the Modern Jazz Quartet. Accompanied by bass and drums, they play six selections, three of them Lewis compositions. Mangelsdorff is not of the lyrical school of trombonists. He uses a thick, heavy, lugubrious tone that may contribute successfully to an ensemble or be useful in a short solo among other soloists; but as a solo instrument heard in steady doses, it has a deadening effect. Lewis’ piano is as gracefully bouncy as usual and offsets, to some extent, the thickness of Mangelsdorff’s playing. The disc also includes one selection by the Zagreb Jazz Quartet, a Yugoslavian ensemble of piano, vibraharp, bass, and drums—the same instrumentation as that of the Modern Jazz Quartet, which the Zagreb group attempts to emulate. It is a fairly good copy, but no more than that.

Junior Mance: “Get Ready, Set, Jump!” Capitol T 2092, $3.98 (LP); ST 2092, $4.98 (SD).

Mance has repeatedly shown himself to be one of the most swinging of contemporary pianists and one who can build his performances with astute economy. In trio performances, his sense of conciseness has often been put to the test, for he has been called upon to fill up considerable slots of time. Here, he is in his proper setting—in big-band arrangements which form both a background and a frame for his piano, and allow him to trickle through the ensembles with coloring lines and accents. The arrangements, by Bob Bain and Dave Cavanaugh, are easy and unforced. In Muten Swings the horns are employed on long, sustained, mellow lines over which Mance can pick his way with casual airiness, eventually building to an effect that sounds very much like Mary Lou Williams with Andy Kirk’s band. Broadway comes out crisp and brisling; But Beautiful has rich, dark harmonies to support Mance’s gentle piano; Gee, Baby, Ain’t I Good To You is a big, deliberately paced piece into which Mance digs with real zest. Although Mance is featured, this disc is basically a big-band set—and an unusually good one.

Wes Montgomery: “Fusion!” Riverside 472, $4.98 (LP); 9472, $5.98 (SD).

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jected' at the listener. It will...permit organs records to sound authentic, if not
awesome."...High Fidelity Magazine*

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which Wes Montgomery's remarkably
rich, mellow, single-string guitar solos
are cushioned on percussive string orch-
stra arrangements by Jimmy Jones.
Montgomery swings so directly that he
is able to sustain these slow tempos
without being dragged into stodginess.
The arrangements flow smoothly, with
the guitar weaving through the texture
or riding over it, but always polarized
to a group concept and avoiding ex-
teraneous solos with the rhythm section
alone. This is one of the most satisfying
blendings of jazz soloist with strings
I have heard. Considerable credit must go
to Jones for his settings. It is basically
Montgomery's exceptional talent that
makes these performances so appealing.

François Rabbath: "Bass Ball," Philips
200128, $3.98 (LP); 600128, $4.98
(SD).
A full LP of string bass and drum duets
may sound like a prescription for monot-
ony. But this is not taking into account
the remarkable François Rabbath, whose
imagination is as virtuosic as his bass
 technique. With Armand Molinetti, a
highly sympathetic drummer, Rabbath
bows and plucks his way through a
series of compositions so varied in style,
approach, and method that they seem
to reveal the potentialities of the string
bass as if for the first time. He creates
haunting, otherworldly pieces, warm
melodious songs, strange electronic
sounds, brilliant passages of bowing and
plucking that are both astonishing and
purposeful. To what extent these per-
formances are jazz may be open to
question. Whatever it is, it is fascinating
—and it swings, both in and out of

tempo.

Denny Zeitlin: "Cathexis." Columbia CL
2182, $3.98 (LP); CS 8982, $4.98 (SD).
Zeitlin is a remarkable young pianist who
—despite the amazing assurance, virtu-
osity, and individuality shown here—is
only a part-time musician. He has just
graduated from Johns Hopkins, and will take
up an internship in psychiatry in San Francisco. With Cecil McBee on bass
and Fredericks Waits on drums (both
members of the Paul Winter Sextet),
he has assembled an unusually provoca-
tive debut album. He and his accom-
panists are capable of a roaring forceful-
ness which at times (on Stonehenge)
becomes so expansively and compellingly
powerful that merely listening to it can be
physically exhausting. He also has a
gently flowing lyricism and a disciplined
manner of playing familiar material
as "Mead" and "Round Midnight.
On a fifteen-minute work, "Blue Phoenix,"
his shows himself already more capable
of developing an extended idea than
most of the jazz musicians who are
making similar attempts. With all this,
however, it is his technique that is most
impressive. He can rip the keyboard
apart or coax the most delicate
sounds from it with a virtuoso's assurance. And
it is done not as showmanship but as a
means toward a distinctly creative
end. Zeitlin is a very exciting young
musician who is well worth keeping an
eye on,

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

**BACH:** *St. Matthew Passion, S. 244: Choruses and Arias*  
Teresa Stich-Randall, soprano; Hilde Rössl-Majdan, contralto; Waldemar Kmentt, tenor; Walter Berry, bass; Vienna Chamber Chorus; Boys’ Choir of the Schottenstift; Vienna State Opera Orchestra, Mogen Wöldike, cond.  
- **Vanguard** VTC 1682. 59 min. $7.95.  

This first major tape representation of the *St. Matthew Passion*—from Vanguard’s memorable edition of 1959—includes many of its greatest moments, most of them exceptionally well performed and all of them magnificently recorded in an immaculately processed taping. Indeed, this reel would be essential for every library simply on the basis of the heart-wrenching final chorus, “Wir setzen uns mit Tränen nieder.” Happily, the opening chorus, “Kommt ihr Töchter,” Hilde Rössl-Majdan’s serene “Erbarme dich,” and Walter Berry’s gravely expressive “Am Abend” and “Machte dich, mein Herz” are scarcely less superb—and stereogenic. After these, the chorales seem a bit too sedate, and Teresa Stich-Randall’s “Aus Liebe will mein Helland sterben” relatively dispassionate interpretatively, although her voice alone is pure enchantment. The stereo recording reveals every detail of the intricate orchestral scoring. This is a reel to be treasured even though it still leaves unfilled the need for a complete version on tape.

**BEETHOVEN:** *Sonata for Piano, No. 8, in C minor, Op. 13 (“Pathétique”)*  

†Debussy: *Préludes, Book II: No. 4, Les Vées sont d’exquises danseuses; No. 5, Bruyères; No. 6, General Lavine—eccentric*  
Vladimir Horowitz, piano.  
- **Columbia** MQ 617. 44 min. $7.95.  

Even the rapturously acclaimed attractions of the first two Horowitz recital tapes (March and September 1963) scarcely prepare one for the fabulous versatility and dramatic power demonstrated here. The electrifying bravura of Horowitz’s Chopin might have been expected, though the two études are new to the pianist’s recorded repertory, but the virile eloquence with which he vitalizes the *Pathétique* and the mandarin perfection of his shimmering Debussy Preludes reveal truly astonishing new facets of his mastery. Not the least remarkable features of this extraordinary release are the well-nigh infinite variety of tonal coloring and the bold authenticity with which this pianistic spectrum has been recorded. The dynamic range is so wide that the tape processing discloses not only occasional preëchoes (some of which were noted in the original disc edition) but at least one definitive whisper of spill-over between selections. Yet such minor technical flaws seem excusable as the perhaps unavoidable consequence of the engineers’ daring to capture so realistically the full sonic drama of these incomparable performances.

**BRAHMS: Symphonies: No. 3, in F, Op. 90; No. 4, in E minor, Op. 98**  
Orchestre de la Suisse Romande, Ernest Ansermet, cond.  
- **London** LCK 80136 (double-play). 74 min. $11.95.  

Even if you’ve already heard Ansermet’s distinctively “different” way with Brahms in the double-play reel of the First and Second Symphonies (May 1964), you’ll find that he provides further surprises in a beautifully colored, integrated, and eloquent Third and an introspective and leisurely Fourth. Again, there is no direct competition with more orthodox and overtly dramatic versions (the recommended tape choices remain those by Steinberg for Command and Walter for Columbia, respectively), yet no one can study Ansermet’s without gaining new insights into the familiar scores. Again too, the rich, warm recording is ideal for these poetic performances, although I strained in vain to hear the triangle part in the third movement of the Fourth, and in the second side of the present reel there seemed to be a couple of whispers of between-movement spill-over.

**MOZART: Concertos for Piano and Orchestra: No. 17, in F, K. 453; No. 20, in D minor, K. 466**  
Artur Rubinstein, piano; RCA Victor Orchestra, Alfred Wallenstein, cond.  
- **RCA Victor** FTC 2182. 63 min. $8.95.

The manufacturer is to be congratulated for combining these two concertos in a single reel and thus eliminating the side-breaks and fillers necessary in the separate disc versions. Rubinstein wins our heartfelt thanks too, for giving us the first stereo tape edition of these delightful and glowing Nos. 17, and for the contagious relish with which he plays both works. No one who already owns any of his earlier Mozart recordings (Concertos Nos. 21 and 23 of 1963, No. 24 of 1961) can afford to miss these performances—which are, if anything, even better integrated and more persuasively eloquent. Wallenstein’s accompaniments are warmly expressive if perhaps less refined in some details; the transparent
THE TAPE DECK

Continued from preceding page

non-Dyngroove recording does full justice to the sparkling pianism and tape processing.

My only——very minor——reservations are on the grounds of personal predilections where the stylistic treatment of No. 20 is concerned. Rubinstein's is the relatively large-scaled, dramatic, almost Beethovenian approach (enhanced here by his choice of the rather elaborate Beethoven cadenzas) which has long been the most popular one. Legitimate as it is, however, some Mozarteans may like still a smaller-scaled, lighter, and more intimate reading——such as that already available on tape in the Haitink/Markvitch Epic version of July 1962.

Yet even those of us who treasure that reel (which also includes the Concerto No. 24) will find this one valuable for its different illuminations of No. 20 and essential for its inclusion of No. 17.

NICOLAI: Die lustigen Weiber von Windsor (excerpts)

Ruth-Margaret Pütz (s), Mistress Ford; Edith Mathis (s); Anne: Fritz Wunderlich (t), Fenton; Gottlob Frick (bs), Falstaff; et al.; Chorus and Orchestra of the Bavarian State Opera (Munich). Robert Heger, cond.
• • ANGEL ZS 36149, 53 min. $7.98.

What a pleasant surprise this light-opera setting of Shakespeare's play is! To be sure, this first tape representation of Nicolai's finest achievement is a sampler selection only, but fortunately the opera lends itself fairly well to piecemeal presentation. The present highlights are a delight. Making a welcome return to records after too long an absence, the veteran conductor Robert Heger brings just the right spontaneity and elastic yet firm control to these performances starring Gottlob Frick as a genial, buffet Falstaff, Fritz Wunderlich as a lyrical Fenton, and a bevy of pert German songesses as the merry wives. The music bubbles and sings irresistibly from beginning to end: the pure, sweet, unexaggerated stereophonic recording is ideal, as is the quiet-surfaced, preëcho-free tape processing. And for good measure the accompanying notes-leaflet include texts and translations. A reel "sleepier" that will be a delicious discovery for most of us.

WAGNER: Preludes and Overtures


Pittsburgh Symphony, William Steinberg, cond.
• • • COMMAND 11020, 46 min. $7.95.

If not quite so arresting as Steinberg's first Wagner program for Command (the Ring excerpts of February 1963), this one is still remarkable for the blazing power of its recording and the strength of its generally more deliberate performances. It is particularly welcome for what it is, I believe, the first taping of the early but prophetically evocative Faust Overture, and valuable too for a broadly festive Rienzi Overture that I find markedly superior to the more mannered reading in Solti's Wagner program for London. The other works are scarcely less well done, but display perhaps too much restraint for maximum dramatic impact. My first tape choices for Die Meistersinger Prelude and The Flying Dutchman Overture remain Bruno Walter's more romantically fervent versions for Columbia (January 1962).

"Live at Newport." Herbie Mann and His Orchestra. Atlantic ALC 1927, 40 min. $7.95.

These are crisp, vivid, close, on-location recordings of five Latin-American-flavored contributions to the 1963 Newport Jazz Festival (all with the audience applause quickly curtailed). The flutist-leader monopolizes the spotlight to his own disadvantage, since his fluid improvisations generally run on the tossing that he exhaust much of their original interest. Fortunately, however, several of Mann's young sidemen—vibraphonist and suit-case vocalist Dave Pike, pianist Don Friedman, and guitarist Attila Zoller—provide shorter, more distinctive solos; and the animated performances of a songful Garvita de Ipanema and a tragically jazzy Samba de Orfeo, in particular, are notably deft and buoyant.

"More of Everything." The Limeliters. RCA Victor FTP 1251, 34 min. $7.95. With Ernie Sheldon taking the place of Glenn Yarbrough (who is now striking out on his own), the Limeliters have gained notably in robustness and gusto. Indeed, the prevailing he-man blueness is a bit overdone here. The mood of hunkhouse heartiness is bolstered by Sheldon's adaptation of a French-Caribbean loggers' tune called The Rose Is Yet To Bloom. The newcomer also provides (in the haunting Bringing a Rose) the most memorable song in the whole program. The poorest selection is an embarrassingly pretentious and solemn combination of speech and song in a setting of John Donne's Devotions "no man is an island." For the most part, however, the vibrantly strummed accompaniments will match the lusty singing. So does the strong, if overclose and somewhat coarse, Dynagroove recording.


Shearing proves himself a tasteful arranger—as well as an ingrating pianist—in a richly scored program of light classics. Some of them (like the Cyril Scott Lotus Land, Fauré Pavane, Chopin Prelude No. 20, Tchaikovsky None But the Lonely Heart) are surprisingly

Continued on page 88

RAVE REVIEWS ON SONY 500

April, 1964, says:

"The NAB playback characteristic of the 500, as measured at UATC, was among the smoothest and closest to the NAB standard ever measured, indication that the Sony 500 is capable of providing excellent reproduction from pre-recorded tapes. Speech material at 7½ ips was fair, now and flutter were very low——lower in fact than Sony's specifications. Signal-to-noise ratio was very good——again, better than specified. The record/playback response at 7½ ips was: almost perfectly flat out to 12 kc; at the slower speed, the high end rolled off sooner, as expected. Distortion was very low at both speeds.

"The Sony 500, in sum, combines reliable, clean performance with a good deal of versatility. It has the attractiveness of a complete, self-contained package and offers everything needed by the amateur recordist—from microphones to stereo speakers, which incidentally sound surprisingly good, distinctly better than the kind of normal speakers often supplied in complete recorders. And for the more demanding hobbyist, it does have the facilities——and the performance capability—for serving as the tape recording and playback element of a component stereo system."

HiFi/Stereo Review

MAGAZINE April, 1964 says:

"Although intended for use in the home, the Sony TC-500 is constructed in a manner that would do honor to any professional machine..." One of the striking features of the TC-500 is the detachable speakers, each of which forms half the cover of the portable unit. The loudspeakers are fully enclosed and are obviously of small size, yet when driven by the TC-500's built-in 3-watt monitor amplifiers they produce sound of an astonishing quality. Not only are the Sony's speakers among the best-sounding I have ever heard in a portable tape recorder, but they compare favorably with some of the low-price bookshelf systems. With the bass boost switched in, the speakers appear to do a good clean and very much of high-fidelity caliber."

For further information, or complete copy of the above test reports, write Superscope, Inc. "Test Reports A", Son Valley, California.

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straightforward in style: others (like the Grainger Country Garden, Chopin Fantaisie-Impromptu, Grieg Sigurd's Song, and a bit of Rachmaninoff's Variations on a Theme of Paganini) include some jaunty, mildly jazzy, improvisatory variations. All of them are enhanced by the beautifully recorded tonal qualities of the solo piano and the sparkling sound of the orchestra, which features some exceptionally attractive French horn playing. And the reed is well-nigh ideally quiet-surfaced and preëcho-free.

"The Pink Panther: Selections." Henry Mancini and His Orchestra. RCA Victor FTP 1236. 29 min.. $7.95. Unwilling to rest on his latest Charade honors, Mancini adds another to his long series of film score successes. His music for The Pink Panther includes, as usual, a sure pop hit in It Had Better Be Tonight—although to my mind his gifts of melodic invention are still more impressively demonstrated in the nostalgic lyricism of The Lonely Princess, Royal Blue, and Phantom's Prayer (all included, as usual, too, there are lively contrasts in the partly ironical use of pop clichés (in the title theme, Tiber Twist, Shades of Bennett, etc.), further varied here by some ingenious evocations of Italian pop idioms and a deft use of solo accordions. The imaginative scorings are done full justice by the spirited (though sometimes a bit stodgy) orchestra and the glittering Dynagroove recording.


"Theme from 'The V.I.P.s.'." Bill Evans, piano, and His Orchestra. M-G-M STC 434. 33 min., $7.95. Old fans of the jazz stars featured here may be likely to be disconcerted by these Frank attempts to crash the teen-age pop market; and the potential customers themselves may not include the superior skill with which the present arrangements and orchestral performances temper the crudeness of the plugging beat, whistling strings, wordless voices, and other formulas. Such formulas, however, are made more acceptable than usual thanks in Evans' case more to the warm string section than to his own one-finger pianism in Laura, More, Hollywood, etc. In the Hodges disc, the bounciness of an ensemble featuring Kenny Burrell on guitar and Wild Bill David on electronic organs enhance the proceedings, and the enchantingly colored and expressive sax playing of Hodges himself is a decided asset. Both discs are excellently recorded, but in both there is an exasperating use of fade-outs at the close of selections.

"Songs I Like." Dick Van Dyke: Ray Charles Singers; Enoch Light and His Orchestra. Command RT 860. 34 min., $7.95. Van Dyke's recording debuts promises to emulate the successes of his current TV and radio appearances. While his voice may not be particularly remarkable in itself, he sings in an engagingly unmannered style that is rare indeed among contemporary pop vocalists. Notable too is his ability to make the most of the lyrics. His choices here are exceptionally amusing—Annie, Delicatessen, I'll Be Laughed, Nice Work If You Can Get It, and the very early, now seldom heard When You Want 'Em You Can't Get 'Em. He does well too with Easy Street, Any Place I Hang My Hat, and his own Put On a Happy Face; and he is backed up by consistently effective arrangements and performances by the orchestra and chorus, as well as by crisply lucid Command stereos. The tape processing is preëcho-free throughout, but flawed in many places by rough surfaces on the A side only.


The latest Phase-4 spectacular differs in locale and intent from the earlier extravaganzas "Pass in Review" and "Victory in Review." Apparently recorded in this country rather than in England, it humorously caricatures English and Scottish traditions, and in the end, comparatively sound and well-balanced stereo effects, this is a reasonably well-recorded effort. The program provides a field day romp for composer, arranger, and conductor Robert Underhill, a big orchestra and band, and a busy battery of technicians. Apart from the opening Overture To End All Overtures, an amusing enough patchwork quilt which, however, lacks the genuine inspiration of the best comparable Hoffnung Festival travesties, the targets are mainly epic film and TV series scores: Westrona, Destination Space, Hoodootni, Tearjerker, Cartoonik, Flapwaver, etc.

There is action galore, particularly in the first of these but more musically effective to my ears are the better integrated and often quite dramatically effective Whale of a Tale (sailing ship, storm, and whale-escape scenes) and an elaborate Egyptian scenario. These are the Cleopatra as a run for its money. Needless to say, the sonics are magnificent and the stereogensics often sensationally vivid. With stronger lows and a more natural spectrum balance in this tape edition than in the sharper-edged, far more intensely modulated disc version.

"What Makes Sammy Run?" Steve Lawrence; Original Broadway Cast. Columbia QX 618. 44 min., $9.95. Steve Lawrence, a man into stardom in this musical based on Bud Shulberg's best-selling novel. Lawrence has long been one of the better pop vocalists, and he not only sings exceptionally well here but demonstrates unexpected depths of both dramatic and comic ability. And this reel has many other substantial attractions: fine singing by the supporting cast (with special honors going to Bernie Massie's The Friendliest Thing), Leeman Engel's spirited orchestra, and an uncommonly brilliant—though perhaps overclose and sometimes exaggeratedly stereoscopic—recording.
Continued from page 30


But at the best the course of acquiring a thorough practical understanding is to build an instrument for oneself. No audio craftsman with any previous kit-building experience should have any serious difficulty assembling the relatively small spinet kits available from Heath (a Thomas model) and Schrader, even though these may require some forty or fifty hours of labor. And while the larger Artisan and Schrader console models demand greater patience (probably two hundred or more hours), the results can represent a kit builder's triumph, to say nothing of a saving in cost. A further economic advantage of these larger kits is that they can be purchased and assembled in small-unit installations.

To most people, however, the vital question is not how pipeless organs work but what they sound like and—if one is a potential performer—how convenient and how satisfying they are to play. In this area answers can only be highly subjective. In general, it is safe to say only that no electric or electronic organ is more difficult to play than a pipe organ of corresponding key and pedal-board facilities; and that the degree of satisfaction depends primarily on the suitability of a particular model's "stop" provisions and timbre qualities for the music (and performance styles) favored by the individual players.

For the beginning performer, pipeless spinets are probably the easiest of all multitone organs on which to learn to play simple music. Surely this ease, enhanced by the lure of simple "effects" manipulation, has contributed to the wide acceptance of these instruments. The promise that "you can have fun on the organ" is supported by such short cut aids as chord buttons, Thomas' "Color-Glo" key lighting, and many recommended "Painter-Sytem," "Minute," and "Instant" music publications. At least three recorded instruction primers are also available: a three-LP album from Magnavox, a four-LP album from Thomas (and Heath), and Paul Reardon's t Ward-"How To Play the Hammond Organ" from Washington Records—each with step-by-step illustrated lessons in reading and playing simple tunes and harmonizations.

Serious musicians warn that reliance on "chord" buttons or key switches can handicap later "Wizards" to play in an orthodox manner and that the limited key, pedal, and "stop" provisions of spinet models are quite inadequate for the performance of standard organ literature masterpieces.

But the spinetists who are simply in search of fun only can disregard such admonitions, but they should be given real consideration by students with more serious intentions.

How electric and electronic organs actually sound in the hands of professional pop, theatre, and jazz players can best be judged by the evidence of demonstration records issued by several manufacturers and by the many commercial releases representing these instruments. One of the latter—Mark Laub's "Electronic Organ Wizardry"—is particularly interesting for its direct comparisons of Baldwin, Conn., Hammond, Lowrey, Thomas, and Wurlitzer instruments. Many releases are listed in the Schwann catalogue, and organ manufacturers may be queried about the availability of pops demo discs.

Although at the present time there are still only a few recorded examples of what the pipeless organ can do in serious musical repertoire, skeptics may well find

Continued on next page
these discs ear- and mind-openers. In this category are some serious demonstrations played by Martin E. Boehling on a “Recital” model in a Schober demo L P (which also includes lighter fare on the “Consolette II” and “Spinnet” models, with narrations by Richard Dvor). Recitals of mainly serious music, without commentary, by Tom Hazleton on a Conn “Classic” model in the Mission San Juan Battista, California, and by Gordon McMillan on an Artisan “Classic” model and most impressive to my ears—“The Sound of an Allen Organ”—demo-recital. This last is notable as the first serious demonstration disc I’ve heard in stereo and for the fact that its Side 1 excerpts, with commentary by Hugh James, are all drawn from serious commercial recordings. Two of the selections are played on the Allen instrument that substituted for Philharmonic Hall’s own (Achenbach-Skinner) pipe organ in the first few months at Lincoln Center: a movement from Mahler’s Eighth Symphony with Bruce Prince—Joseph as organist in the Lincoln Center Inaugural Program. and the Richard Strauss Festival Prelude with F. Power Biggs. Both are Columbia releases, as is the more recent “Saul and David” conducted by Ormandy and with the organ part played by William Smith. A fourth excerpt is the “Power and the Glory” program, released by Electro-Dyne Laboratories, Waukegan, Illinois, and played by Robert Reuter on the Allen organ in the Christian Catholic Church of Zion, Illinois. But what I liked best—for sonic quality and interpretative artistry—is the Side 2 recital, without commentary, of works by Bach, Handel, Arne, Vierne, and Wlbert, played by Beri Zamkochan on the Allen organ of the Church of the Mediator, Allentown, Pennsylvania.

There are sure to be other such landmarks established before long. For it is not only in theory that electronic tone production, at its best, can faithfully match anything pipes have been able to do in the past. For many years T and dealers in the industry catered mainly to mass-produced tastes and budgets, but already there are indications that even the demands of a connoisseur minority can be satisfied too.

FIE UPON FREUD!
Continued from page 33
black tide—by which highly emotive phrase he meant all spirituality—and to convince the world that religion and art were only perverted sex. Jung believed that Freud was violently suppressing his own religious instinct, and in his theory of universal sex he actually takes conscious revenge upon it; but his reading of Freud only caused a breach between the two men.

Freud’s theory was that art (and religion) was an attempt to compensate for some hurt, inadequacy, or deprivation, almost invariably in our sexual life. Of course, we all build compensation fantasies; but they rarely result in great art. Psychology, at least as far as its main branches are concerned, has not begun to account for the only thing in a composer that matters: his ability to write great music. In fact, compensation fantasies weaken talent. The worst excesses of the romantic period demonstrate this. Any traumatic experience may color the work of an artist, sometimes to its detriment, but most certainly does not originate it. In fact, one composer did retreat into this fantasy-world until he actually went insane—Schumann. And Schumann was not compensating for anything. He had an adoring wife, an easygoing temperament, and the comfortable enjoyment of his gifts. In fact, he had too few problems, a much more serious complaint. We need problems to keep us on our toes. What greater evidence of outstanding gifts could one want than that, like Beethoven, an artist should take fate by the throat?

What, then, is the origin of genius, and why do so many different kinds of men beem given, each to his different degree, the ability to create artifacts that their fellow men value so much? What kind of analysis is needed to account for creative gifts? I intend to try, learning heavily on one of the lesser-known “heresies,” to offer some observations on the subject. Both reason and emotion go to the making of music. The emotional side is extremely important, because of the impression of the subject; it has been said that the actual effect of a work on the listener is the one scientific datum we possess, but this it is
impossible to ascertain. Thus we return to the composer himself.

Let us begin with "reason." I like this word better than "intellect," because music is not very intellectual. Whatever it is that informs Bach's Art of Fugue and Beethoven's last quartets, it is not intellect of the same order that goes to an understanding of quantum physics. The actual language of music is not more difficult to learn than French, and all students are taught that mechanical formulas of the most complex music of the past. Reason in music reveals itself in pattern and balance; pattern in form, in the spacing of intervals, melodic and harmonic; even form is controlled by pattern. This is what we should expect, since the universe itself is experienced as pattern. When we reach the morphomorphic complexities of quantum theory, of the more mysterious particles and waves, this pattern begins to take on a decidedly ambiguous nature. Is it really there, or do we ourselves impose it upon chaos? Bertrand Russell has asked himself if the mathematics which seem to underlie reality really exist, or if it is merely that our minds work mathematically. Whatever, pattern is our immediate response. We impose order upon chaos not because we are mentally sick, but because we are mentally well; the man who can impose order upon all things of his own creation is the master of them that know.

We listen to a tap dripping in the night, and the sound shapes itself into rhythm—rhythm imposed almost wholly by our own minds. We have begun to compose. Composition extends from a simple rhythm through complex bar structures, phrases, forms. We play a section, another section, then repeat the first, and there is pattern. We compose that elaborate pattern called fugue, the voices answering each other in subject, answer, countersubject, episode, and stretto. Imitating or creating within the universe, we compose. It is pattern that turns the cry of emotion, of pain or joy, into art. Pattern determines the frequency of notes, the simplest relationships being the simplest concords, the increasing dissonance expressed in remoter relationships—until with cacophony there is no relationship, no pattern. The universe has returned to chaos.

There is also emotion in music. Deryck Cooke, in his book The Language of Music, has proved that, quite independently of each other, composers use the same melodic shapes, the same harmonic progressions, in the same emotional contexts, inhuman counting, partly intuitive, partly instinctive; but from the simple effects of loud noises and soft, of wide intervals and narrow, what a strange and subtle mirror is held up to nature and the landscape of the soul. Art is the perilous balance of measured quantity, as in the steps of Ulanova: this balance is what the mad have lost. There is a pulse in the mind that counts, and a balance in the mind that poises things as does a gyroscope: in the insane this rhythm of life is disturbed. Who has not counted the pulses of The Ring—and when those tremendous chords, with their timing as of the beat of eternity, have ushered out the gods, remembered the sustained note of E that began Das Rheingold hours previously, and marveled exceedingly? Who has not glimpsed, in the terrific coda of the first movement of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, setting the seal upon a human tempest, the unearthly calm of the immediate order that follows, the unity projected of each phrase, bar, and note, in the Olympian serenity of perfect pattern?

The great composers have all been lothly sane: and we can determine their emotions, and their triumph of ordered creation, from the works they left behind. And more—it is the ability to wrest order from chaos that is itself sanity. This sanity may be colored by emotion, but as long as that emotion is controlled—even created—it will not destroy sanity. Tchaikovsky was not as great as Bach and Beethoven: and when Schumann and Wolf lost their reason, they sang no more. We call Beethoven—particularly in his last years—eccentric, and perhaps rightly. Yet his eccentricity was caused by his attempt to impose the lofty order of the Eroica on the petty practical world in which he lived. That world could have been as ordered as his music if it had been sane enough.

We have chopped with Occam's razor until we have only a transparent paring left to hold the truth, and we poise the keen blade and wonder. On which side lies the truth? Does the universe impose its patterns upon us, or do we in some mysterious way share the great task of creation? Veni, vidi, creator spiritis.
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