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Educated Concerts

SIR:
I greatly enjoyed reading Glenn Gould's article ["The Prospects of Recording," April (1966). However, I have a few bones to pick with some of the commentary that lined Mr. Gould's columns—in particular I disagree with Goddard Lieberson, who states: "Most towns cannot afford the best concert artists and I don't see the advantage of seeing a second-rate artist over hearing a superb one." Mr. Lieberson is missing the point. Small-town audiences are like children who must be taught the ABCs of music and concert appreciation; you cannot do this by bullying the public and simply shoving the top man at them. They would not be able to tell Isaac Stern from Jack Benny unless someone educated them. Live concerts are a vital function in this education process and if it is the fate of "second-rate" artists to be the instructors—so be it.

I recently witnessed a supposedly sophisticated audience at the Bellas Artes in Mexico City salute Isaac Stern with wild applause at the conclusion of a violin concerto's first movement. Only after Mr. Stern had glowered at the crowd was silence restored and the music permitted to continue. Lessons such as this—perhaps better if first learned in the small town—will prepare the public for the artistry which Mr. Lieberson would like them to have.

Also, I think many people are a little mixed up in their concepts of live versus recorded performances. The difference is comparable to that between stage acting and movie acting: the play and script may be the same, but when a stage play is photographed as a motion picture, the filmed result is almost always unsatisfactory. Similarly one must treat a piece of music quite differently in a recording studio than in a live concert.

Anthony Brand
Los Angeles, Calif.

SIR:
There is an insidious dehumanization taking place in the music world today which only the concert performance can combat. When a musician walks into a recording studio, acutely aware that there is always Minnesota Mining and a very clever knob-twirling technician to patch up his lapses, how can he be motivated or inspired to do something memorable? Dependency on these mechanical means cannot help but be the result, and artistry

Continued on page 8

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CITADEL RECORD CLUB
LETTERS

Continued from page 6

goes out the window. No one can deny that there is an ever-widening schism between the artist’s concert performance and his recorded performance: in the studio he tends to become a machine, performing for a machine, corrected by a machine.

It is true that more and more recordings are impeccable these days, but they are also slick, depersonalized, and ultimately dull, and you can’t tell one performer from another (with the exception of those who give their identity away by grunting, stamping, or making some other extremely unmusical sound).

Long-range prophesying is cheap enough and so I make the following prediction: if, as Glenn Gould foresees, the public concert completely gives way to the recorded performance by the twenty-first century, music itself will give way to some genuine, artistic expression by the twenty-second.

Barry Barnett
New York, N.Y.

Haydn’s Solicitor

Sir: A recent review in “The Tape Deck” (January 1966) describes Leslie Jones as a “promising young conductor.” Since Mr. Jones, now sixty years old, is evidently not well known in America, I thought that perhaps your readers would be interested in a few biographical details. The conductor’s parents were ardent Salvationists and his grounding in music comes from playing in Salvation Army bands. He later became a solicitor’s clerk and eventually qualified as a solicitor himself while continuing his musical activities by forming three small orchestras in the North of England. Having developed his legal practice to the point where it could be left in the hands of his son, Mr. Jones now devotes most of his time to his Little Orchestra of London. In addition to String Serenades of Tchaikovsky and Dvořák and a record of contemporary English music, he has recorded seventeen infrequently played Haydn symphonies—all available in England on the low-priced Pye label.

C. Breuning
London, England

On Recording Kirsten

Sir: I quite agree with Thomas Israel regarding the paucity of operatic recordings featuring Dorothy Kirsten [“Letters,” High Fidelity, April 1966]. As Administrator of the Metropolitan Opera National Council for three years (1959-1962) I was fortunate to witness an average of three performances each week and among the most memorable were Miss Kirsten’s interpretations of Minnie in The Girl of the Golden West. Record companies, alas, may feel that with the existing Tebaldi and Nilsson “Girls” an-
The Art of Andrés Segovia

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An Andres Segovia Concert • Milan: Fantasia • Vièse: Suite • Sor: Variations On A Theme By Mozart • Rachele: Allegro Grazioso • Maturka • Bournée • Courante • Giuliani: Sonata • De Falla: Homenage Pour Le Tombeau De Debusse • Villa-Lobos: Etude DL 9638

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LETTERS
Continued from page 8

other is not needed, although any a a and r
director worth his title could not but be impressed with Kirsten. Corelli and
Colzani in the past season's splendid
revival.

In the fall of 1959 when Miss Kirsten
was singing in Montemezzis L'Amore
del tre in San Francisco, we deplored the
lack of interest from record companies.
Now that the soprano will again
sing this opera in the fall (in San
Francisco), would Mr. Israel join me in re-
questing a recording of this work with
Miss Kirsten in lieu of a Madama
Butterfly or Tosca? I certainly agree that
these two Puccini works, recorded in
abridged form for the Metropolitan Rec-
ord Club, should now be made available
commercially.

James Browning
Executive Secretary
National Music Council
New York, N. Y.

Orpheus or Orfeo

Sir:
May I clear up a bit of confusion presently
surrounding the Urania recording of
Gluck's Orfeo ed Euridice? In his re-
view of RCA Victor's new version
[High Fidelity, May 1966] Conrad L.
Osborne states that the Urania Orfeo
is sung in German. This is incorrect—
despite the singers' heavy German ac-
cent, the language remains Italian.
Furthermore, Heliodor's Orfeo excerpts
reviewed by Peter G. Davis ["Repeat
Performance," June 1966] could not have
drawn from the Urania recording
since the singers on the Heliodor disc
use a German translation.

Michael R. Mark
Minneapolis, Minn.

Nomina Sunt Notae Rerum

Sir:
I enjoy your excellent magazine and find
the record reviews of particular interest.
However, as the "improbably named
pianist" mentioned in the review of John
La Montaine's Piano Concerto on the
CRI label (March 1966), I must protest that
far from being improvable, I find my
name quite apt! Actually, the family
name stems from the Latin, Caues, which
was changed to Keyes in the fifteenth
century. We dropped the final "e" during
the Revolutionary War to distinguish us
from our Tory cousins.

I consider myself fortunate that my
musical inclination was toward a key-
board instrument, for at least I never
suffer the horrors of being called "what's-
her-name."

Karen Keyes
Ann Arbor, Mich.

Don Carlo, Italian Style

Sir:
You recently published [April 1966] a
review of London's new Don Carlo re-
cording with which I should like to take

Continued on page 14

HIGH FIDELITY MAGAZINE

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**New recording/playback technique.** It was out of this same resourceful know-how that the ingenious idea of alternate-field recording and repeat-field playback was conceived. Combining it with helical tracking, it made possible the development of a unit that would use standard ½-inch video tape at conventional 7½ ips speed, yet capable of storing more than 60 minutes of program material on a 7-inch reel. The dream of a home TV tape recorder became a reality.

**How it works.** The Videocorder has a rotating 2-head assembly. Only one head is used for recording. It picks up every other field—30 fields per second. For "playback," both heads are used. As one head completes scanning a recorded field, the second takes over and rescans the same field. This reproduces 60 fields per second on the screen as completely interlaced 525-line pictures.

**Similar to movie technique.** The principle is very much the same as in movies, where the camera operates at, let us say, 24 frames per second. The movie projector also shows the film at 24 frames per second, but projects each frame twice: Thus, the observer receives 48 image impressions per second.

This is done to minimize "flicker" and enhance the illusion of smooth, uninterrupted motion. The Videocorder records 30 fields per second, and double-scans each field to produce 60 impressions each second.

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CIRCLE 44 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

LETTERS

Continued from page 10

issue. I am not objecting to the taste of your critic Conrad L. Osborne (this I have become accustomed to over the years), but to his obfuscating approach here.

Don Carlo was written for the Paris Opéra—with a text in the French language. Though Verdi revised his opera, he did not change the essence of what he had written. To suggest, as C.I.O. does, that Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau and Grock-Bumby fail to fulfill their roles because these singers are insufficiently Italianate is sheer prejudice. Furthermore, I quite fail to understand the logic whereby a German baritone and an American mezzo are criticized as un-Italianate while three (count them) non-Latin basses in the same production are apparently considered eminently suited for their "Italian" roles. Perhaps Verdi's own favorites—the French baritone Victor Maurel and the Czech soprano Teresa Stoltz—successfully imitated the Italian style for his ears only.

C.I.O. said in his review that he has already had some arguments regarding his opinions of the London Don Carlo. I can well understand why.

John Evre
New York, N.Y.

Mr. Osborne replies: "As a careful reading of my review, I think, will make clear, I object to Fischer-Dieskau's Rodrigo not because he is not Italian, but because his voice is not, to my ears, a right one for the role. And I object to Miss Bumbry's Eboli not because she is an American, but because she sings it badly. Mr. Ghiaurov's Philip is not open to criticism on either count. As for Mr. Evre's historical precedents I'm sure we can all think of countless artists from the Pales Jean and Edouard de Reszke to the Yugoslav Zinka Milanov who, whatever their nationality, have managed to make themselves vocally and stylistically convincing in one or more 'foreign' styles. And that's exactly what I was talking about in my review."


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


Change of address notices and undelivered copies (Form 3579) should be addressed to High Fidelity, Subscription Fulfillment Dept., 2160 Patterson St., Cincinnati, O. 45214.
After more than three years of intensive development, we are proud to announce the new DYNACO STEREO 120 power amplifier — a unit which we feel has overcome the problems of solid state devices and can offer the same high level of quality, dependability and economy which has become synonymous with the DYNACO name.

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The demand for the DYNACO STEREO 120 is very great. Please be patient if your dealer cannot fill your order immediately. The factory assembled amplifier is $199.95, and the coming kit version (requiring less than 5 hours to build) is $159.95: the same price as two 60 watt Mark III amplifiers. For the first time highest quality transistorized equipment costs no more than comparably high quality tube designs which have a 10 year reputation for unsurpassed value.
For those who like neat anniversaries, the occasion could hardly have been better. The Chicago Symphony Orchestra, nearing the close of its seventy-fifth season, was also marking the fiftieth year since its first recording session took place, an event held in New York under the baton of Frederick Stock. The celebration had some point. After three years of free-lancing in which they had played for both Columbia and RCA Victor, the Chicagoans were back in the fold at RCA with a “long-term” exclusive contract encompassing both the orchestra and music director Jean Martinon.

Although over the years the Chicago Symphony has made some fine discs for both Columbia and Mercury, the bulk of the orchestra’s discography reflects the Victor affiliation. Throughout the decade when Fritz Reiner was music director, the Chicago orchestra was a substantial contributor to the growing RCA stereo catalogue. Indeed, the last time Reiner conducted the ensemble was at a Victor recording session on April 23, 1963, when he completed the Fourth Beethoven Piano Concerto with Van Cliburn. Martinon, who has recorded for Victor in Europe, made his American debut on the label with a Chicago session in November 1964.

The new pact calls for a minimum of five records a year, and it is expected that Martinon will be in charge for most of them. However, new and liberal provisions in the historic 1965 contract between the orchestra and the Chicago Federation of Musicians offer a degree of flexibility unrivaled in this country. Chicago plainly hopes to prove that a first-quality American orchestra offers advantages not to be duplicated in Europe or with pickup groups.

Martinon and Friends. Guest conductors have figured largely in RCA’s Chicago sessions under the recent short-term contracts. Already available is an Ives collection conducted by Morton Gould: the First Symphony, The Unanswered Question, and the Variations on America [reviewed in High Fidelity, June 1966]. A Gould disc of Tchaikovsky waltzes is also to be forthcoming. Peter Serkin has recorded Bartók’s Third Piano Concerto in Chicago with Seiji Ozawa and will do the First this summer. A Martinon disc of Varèse’s Arcana and the Martin Concerto for Seven Wind Instruments, Timpani, Percussion, and String Orchestra is set for early autumn release. By that time the French maestro will have taped the two L’Arlésienne Suites of Bizet, and the Tchaikovsky

Continued on page 18

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CIRCLE 3 ON READER-SERVICE CARD
NOTES FROM OUR CORRESPONDENTS

Continued from page 16

First Piano Concerto (with John Browning) is set for sessions in early October.

Roger Hall, head of Red Seal Artists and Repertory for Victor, calls Chicago's Orchestra Hall "absolutely without peer as a recording environment. In the past some of the finest recordings ever to be released have been by the Chicago Symphony for RCA." To judge by recent efforts, the tradition is still very much alive. Robert C. Marsh

LONDON

Two Audio Shows, Bernstein Feats, Recording Bees

The annual audio show held here this spring actually had a double image, with two official exhibitions of high fidelity equipment and related products under way concurrently. Holding forth at the Hotel Russell was the usual International Audio Festival and Fair, at which exhibitors from Britain and abroad demonstrated their wares; opening on the same day, Thursday, April 14, but continuing through most of the next week was an exclusively American showing at the United States Trade Center.

The exhibit at the Russell followed much the same pattern of previous years. On the hotel's ground floor a large public room provided space for booths representing many of the show's eighty participating firms, and here visitors were able to orient themselves with literature and talks with manufacturers' representatives before proceeding to the individual demonstration rooms on the four floors above. For the purposes at hand the old-fashioned Russell has decided advantages, with decent-sized chambers, high-ceilinged and reasonably sound-proof, as at all audio shows, the decibel count on occasion rose pretty high, and queues formed in the corridors for the lecture-demonstrations announced for specified hours. But an American visitor, at least, would have found a minimum of sheer noise and confusion. Admission, as always at this affair, was free, and attendance was high (some observers felt it would have run even higher had not the English spring put on its own show of uninterrupted rain, sleet, and snow).

Though British high fidelity owners are apparently rather conservative in some of their tastes (solid-state componentry is less prevalent here than in the States, for instance, and power requirements remain relatively modest), there were many new items and improved designs on view. Pickup arms and cartridges seemed to elicit special comment, and equipment related to tape recording was a source of particular interest to many of the visitors. The Fair was also, by the way, the occasion of the first live stereophonic broadcast in Britain (which

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The Shure M7/N21D cartridge has been top-rated for some years, and it has a new low price. It remains one of the truly musical pickups.

The Dynakit SCA-35 integrated amplifier was described simply and accurately in the 1964 Hi-Fi Tape Systems as "the finest low-powered amplifier on the market." We have nothing to add except to note that the all-in-one SCA-35 has more than adequate power to drive AR-4 speakers (new model of the AR-4.)

The Chicago Sun-Times called the AR-4 speaker a "rare bird among its budget-priced fellows." Modern Hi-Fi wrote: "The AR-4 produces extended low-distortion bass...It is difficult to see how AR has achieved this performance at the price...the results were startling."

These components comprise a complete record-playing system that will play both monaural and stereo records at 33\(\frac{1}{3}\) or 45 rpm. A Dynakit FM-3 stereo tuner may be added simply by plugging in to the SCA-35. AR-4's can be wall-mounted with ordinary picture hooks.

You can hear this stereo system at the AR Music Room, New York City's permanent hi-fi show on the west balcony of Grand Central Terminal.

Further information on this system is available from:
ACOUSTIC RESEARCH, INC.,
24 Thorndike Street,
Cambridge, Massachusetts 02141

JULY 1966
NOTES FROM OUR CORRESPONDENTS

Continued from page 18

is behind the Continent in this respect)—an event renewing hope in some quarters that the BBC will soon be permitted to begin FM-multiplexing. While a fair number of American companies were present at the Hotel Russell, no fewer than thirty-three participated in the Trade Center exhibit, sponsored by the United States Department of Commerce in conjunction with the American Institute of High Fidelity (some organizations, including High Fidelity, were of course represented at both). The Trade Center sessions were restricted for the first two days exclusively to members of the trade (who formed a highly international group, incidentally) and then were open to the general public. The equipment shown aroused considerable admiration, though import duties etc. put much of it out of the price range of the average British citizen. Attendance at this exhibit, as might naturally be expected, was less than that at the general audio show, but the consensus was that visitors made up in the seriousness of their interest for their smaller numbers. At that, audiences were not totally disparate: many sound enthusiasts found the distance between Russell Square and the Trade Center on St. James's Street not at all too far to travel.

WARRIN B. SYER

Bernstein as Mahlerite. Fresh from his triumphs in Vienna [see "Notes from Our Correspondents" in these pages last month], Leonard Bernstein arrived here to face a similarly busy season, culminating in the taping of Mahler's monumental Eighth Symphony. Although this "Symphony of a Thousand" had been performed in the Royal Albert Hall just prior to the recording with essentially the same forces (Leif Speno-berg and tenor John Mitchellson, among other soloists; the Highgate School Boys' Choir and the girls of the Orpington Junior Singers; the Leeds Festival Chorus augmented by professional singers; the LSO), the fact that sessions for so complex a work could be completed on schedule was itself a matter for astonishment.

There were the usual small problems among the group gathered at Walthamstow, of course: one non-British soloist was angry that there was no separate dressing room for her; urgent pleas from recording director John McClure for no smoking were met with Bernstein (inhabiting "Yes, sir!") Lord Snowdon up in the gallery taking photographs for the Sunday Times complained that a Daily Mirror man was taking pictures of him—rude comments from Daily Mirror men.

Bernstein has to keep performing one of his exclusive party tricks by conducting both ways at once, for the children's choirs were right behind him, yet at every important entry there was a clear indication expressly for them and a quick grin of encouragement before he turned back to the main task. He also showed an extraordinary command of singer's psychology. He would brush aside a soloist's apologies for any shortcoming with confidence-making praise but then would make his own critical points, in a way that was completely winning. It will be interesting to hear in the finished records how far he has succeeded—as he certainly seemed to at the time—in giving an over-all cohesion to the performance.

Columbia Tries Croydon. Columbia is now planning a number of recordings to be made in Britain this year. This summer, for example, will see sessions, again at Walthamstow, for Honegger's Joan of Arc at the Stake, conducted by Seiji Ozawa with Vera Zorina as Joan, and the recording by the LSO under Isaac Stern of a program of baroque works. The latter project will mark the christening as a recording center of a modern auditorium in South London, the Fairfield Hall, Croydon. Though much smaller than the Royal Festival Hall, it has a number of design points in common, and there is some curiosity as to whether it will prove any more successful as a recording studio. (The Festival Hall was not liked at all by most of the recording people who tried it.) Other Columbia projects include a New World with Ormandy and the LSO, and the beginning of a Debussy cycle with Boulez conducting the LSO.

RCA Tapes the "Alpine" Symphony. RCA has been working with Rudolf Kempe and the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra on Richard Strauss's Alpine Symphony, following a concert performance at the Royal Festival Hall. With its duplicate wind machines and hecklephone, the work has always daunted British concert managers, and it had not been heard in this country since well before the last war. Not surprisingly, rehearsal time was granted (fourteen hours) on a scale rarely achieved in Britain; Charles Gerhardt was in charge of the recording.

Sutherland Surprises. Decca/London has had a very full program in hand, including a number of potently exciting Sutherland albums: songs from musical shows by Noel Coward and others, and two highly unexpected eighteenth-century trifles—Buononcini's Griselda and Graun's Montezuma, each scheduled to take up a single disc. Vladimir Ashkenazy has recorded anded through wind quintets with the London Wind Soloists, and at the time of writing plans are firm for him to record two early Mozart piano concertos with Istvan Kertesz and the LSO, K. 271 and K. 242. Other sessions on the books are for Britten's UN piece, Voices for Today, with the Cambridge University Music Society in St. John's College Chapel; Falla's El Amor brujo, with Rafael Frühbeck de Burgos and the New Philharmonia; and Georg Solti and the LSO in still more Mahler, this time No. 2, The Resurrection. EDWARD GREENFIELD

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CIRCLE 5 ON READER-SERVICE CARD


Thanks to Columbia’s recent reissues one can review more and more of Ellington’s early work in actuality rather than through the happy mists of memory. The consistency of this band is nothing short of incredible; there is not a poor performance in the lot and everything shows the distinctive Ellington touch—which is another way of saying that it is fascinating. The Duke himself was in a fine creative period during the Thirties when his band had a combination of individual brilliance and ensemble empathy that, except during the early 1940s, has never been matched. There is little purpose lingering over the titles in this set except to point out such particularly memorable bits of Ellingtonia as Rose Room, Creole Love, the sinuously pulsing treatment of In the Shade of the Old Apple Tree, In a Sentimental Mood, Truckin’, Reminisicin’ in Tempo (the first really extended jazz work), Azure, Pyramid, and Serenade to Sweden. Of special interest are several samples from the work of two Ellington vocalists. One, of course, is the impeccable Ivie Anderson whose combination of seeming detachment and a strong underlying warmth made her the ideal Ellington singer. The other is Cootie Williams, whose prowess as a scat singer with a unique blues style is apt to be overlooked because of his superb work as a growl trumpet specialist.

Johnny Hodges and Earl Hines: "Stride Right." Verve 8647, $4.98 (LP); 6-8647, $5.98 (SD).

The loping, singing swing of Hodges and the insistent, terrier-like attack of Hines prove to be admirable complements in this set. With Kenny Burrell on guitar to add an occasional third solo voice and the eloquent Richard Davis on bass and Joe Marshall on drums, the two veterans settle back and dig in for a session of straight-ahead, no-nonsense, no-showboating, solid jazz. From the Hines bag comes Caution Blues and Rosetta, from the Hodges-Ellington association Perdido, I’m Beginning To See the Light, and C Jam Blues. There’s an original, Stride Right, that puts Hines to work on the keyboard in crisp and glittering style. There’s a solo ballad for one of Hodges’ exquisite excursions into cloud-land as well as a typically Hodges’ riff piece. Aside from the easygoing Caution Blues and Hodges’ ballad, everything moves along brightly. Because of the complete authority of his attack, Hodges tends to be the focus on most of the pieces—not because Hines is any less authoritative but simply because, as he has done so often in the past when recording in small groups, he tends to defer to others. Together Hodges and Hines are a powerful force. Although Burrell has a few solos—and good ones—he is all but lost in the give-and-take between the two old masters.


Billie Holiday: "Lady." VSP 5, $2.49 (LP); S 5, $2.49 (SD).

Columbia’s second three-disc album of Billie Holiday’s early recordings (1935–1942) is, in outline, very much like the first volume. It documents the fresh, vibrant young voice of the earliest discs, the more assured and polished singer of the late Thirties, and, in the early Forties, the signs of the heaviness, the weariness that would be constantly present during the last fifteen years of her life. But the set is much more than a documentation of Miss Holiday’s career—it also includes a panorama of the jazz scene in those days; the musicians who accompanied her, either as members of Teddy Wilson’s orchestra or in the similar groups nominally led by Miss Holiday, were top sidemen recruited from the Ellington, Basie, and Goodman bands and other worthy sources. Record by record, there is al-

Continued on page 24

CIRCLE 31 ON READER-SERVICE CARD
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The new KLH Model Twenty-one FM Receiving System.
most always something worth hearing in this collection, even though some of the songs unloaded on Wilson and Miss Holiday were real dogs. Perhaps a dozen of the forty-eight tunes in the set have real merit. But even when dealing with such long forgotten trifles as You Let Me Down, I’m Painting the Town Red, or Where Is the Sun, Miss Holiday and the sidemen usually perform with such panache that the weakness of the material is of little consequence. Since the recordings are presented chronologically, one cannot help noticing that, while Miss Holiday could make even A Sunbonnet Blue sparkle in 1935, by 1939 she could no longer give the same buoyant lift to a weary hit called Why Did I Always Depend on You. Furthermore, the ad lib. instrumental performances which contributed to the freshness of the early discs later gave way to routine arrangements which were far less interesting.

But this decline was only relative; Miss Holiday was still in her prime by the end of the period covered in the Columbia set. The real shocker, insofar as her decline is concerned, is in the VSP collection, recorded between 1955 and 1959. This is one of the most agonizingly painful records I have ever listened to. It is absolute torture to hear the wrecked, cracked wreck of a voice which was Miss Holiday’s during those last years of her life. But what cuts so deeply is the ghost one hears in back of this voice as she sings the songs of her earlier years—What a Little Moonlight Can Do, Don’t Worry 'bout Me, Lover Come Back to Me. You hear her trying to recapture the familiar phrasing and inflections that were such an integral part of her musical personality. At best, she almost makes it. But most of the time she just can’t and the mere effort simply reminds you of how easily and how beautifully she once had sung.

**Thelonious Monk.** “Monk in France.” Riverside LSR 491, $4.79 (LP); 9491, $4.79 (SD)

Monk’s habit of recording more or less the same material over and over brings any appreciation of his new releases up to a pretty rarefied level. When you already have three or four versions of Well, You Needed ’em or Off Minor, do you really need a new one? This disc, recorded at a concert in France, is made up of well-worn Monk (along with the two pieces mentioned above, it includes I Mean You, Hickensack, Just a Gigolo, and I’m Getting Sentimental Over You). But there is a difference. Monk is in superb form. His playing is strong and authoritative: he not only swings lustily himself but he swings his quartet, too. And he has rarely been recorded as well.

John Ore, on bass, and Frankie Dunlop, his drummer, are right in there with Monk when they are functioning as a rhythm section—although their long solos, a regular feature with Monk’s group, slow down the momentum that Monk himself builds up. Charlie Rouse, who is just as apt to grind out mechanical ideas on tenor saxophone as he is to play with force and spirit, shows both sides of his personality during the course of the disc. When the right mood strikes him, however— as it does on Well, You Needed’—the combination of a rampant Rouse, a brilliant Monk, and strong rhythm support is exhilarating.

**The Sextet of Orchestra U.S.A.:** “Kurt Weill Berlin Theater Songs.” RCA Victor LPM 3498, $3.79 (LP); LSP 3498, $4.79 (SD).

Michael Zwerin is a trombonist and bass trumpeter who played with that Miles Davis group of the late Forties which has been credited with giving birth to cool jazz. He later toured with Claude Thornhill’s band, gigged in Greenwich Village with a group which included Larry Rivers, the painter, on saxophone, and still later became the president of a steel company. Here, he is the director of the two six-man groups drawn from the Orchestra U.S.A. which play his arrangements of seven Weill-Brecht songs. One side of the disc (Alabama Song, Havana Song, and As You Make Your Bed) was made by a group which included Eric Dolphy on bass clarinet and alto saxophone, John Lewis on piano, Nick Travis on trumpet, while Zwerin devotes himself to bass trumpet. The dark, poignant sound of Zwerin’s horn and Dolphy’s stark, acidly discordant use of the bass clarinet create passages, in solo or duet, that are brilliantly Brechtian. Travis complements the group perfectly in Havana Song as he plays muted trumpet in duet with Dolphy’s flute, while Zwerin’s bass trumpet floats airily through the background. The conception and execution of these three pieces is remarkably evocative, except for the jarring presence of John Lewis, who seems out of character in these surroundings. He plays pleasantly bouncy solos which, in themselves, are perfectly fine. But Lewis’ neat and proper piano has no relationship to the raw, cynical atmosphere of these pieces.

Some time passed before the second side of the disc was made. By then, Dolphy and Travis had died (Jerome Richardson and Thad Jones replace them here), Lewis had bowed out to guitarist Jimmy Raney, and Zwerin’s arranging ideas had become much more casual. In fact, this side sounds as though it had been slapped together in the studio. The performances, largely made up of solos, have less substance and character than those by the original sextet.

**John S. Wilson**
Bravos for the Dual 1019 from these leading audio publications are, understandably, music to our ears. Come sight-read with us!

Hi Fi Stereo Review (Appassionato). "I found the Dual 1019 to be exactly as represented—without a doubt one of the finest record-playing mechanisms I have used."

High Fidelity (Con Forza). "Offers a level of superior uncompromised performance that—regardless of type, manual or automatic—marks it as a splendid piece of equipment."

Radio-Electronics (Amabile). "Rumble...as good a figure as I have seen for any turntable—and better than I have seen for any automatic...Flutter...the equal of virtually anything on the market...Pitch purists will never have a quarrel with Dual...A gentler entrance into a record groove cannot be imagined."

Electronics World (Animato). "The anti-skating force adjustment, when set according to the instructions, was quite accurate and resulted in substantial reduction in measured distortion of the outer groove wall channel at very high velocities."

Audio (Con brio). "Removes any vestige of doubt that may have lingered...no gulf at all exists between manual and automatic."

American Record Guide (Con Anima). "The Dual 1009 is superb, but the 1019 beats it on every measurement...If it is presently the highest-priced automatic at $129.50, no matter. Quality always costs—and this Dual is worth every last penny!"

Fugue for our own horn (Serioso). Complete reprints of these impressive test reports are yours for the asking. But why wait? Ask your franchised United Audio Dealer to audition the Dual 1019 for you in his showroom. Like so many owners, you'll enjoy unlimited encores in your own home.
Buffy Sainte-Marie: “Little Wheel Spin and Spin.” Vanguard VRS 9211, $4.79 (LP); VSD 79211, $5.79 (SD). Buffy, I loved you once. When that first album came out (It’s My Way, VRS 9142/VSD 79142). I heard you sing that bitter lament for the Indian, Now That the Buffalo’s Gone, and I cried. In the name of your people you accused, like a Zola, and you transfixed me in a collective American guilt. You were noble. And you were right. Then came your second album. It was a catastrophe, Buffy. I kept waiting for something that was honest and unadorned. I didn’t find it. Now what can I say of this third try? There you are on the sleeve in four colors looking for all the world like a Madame Butterfly maquée, and when I listen all I hear are affectations and artificialities. Sometimes you sound like an antic, female John Jacob Niles. God knows, the U.S. has deceived and despoiled the Indians. You caught the tragedy of it in that first album. Now you’re burlesquing it.

Ian Campbell Folk Group: “The Rights of Man.” Elektra EK 309, $4.79 (LP); EKS 7309, $5.79 (SD).

Among the countless attractions of this British quartet is the rarest of performing virtues—their ability to polish the quiet, nay mordantly understated. Among other things, it has given the listener the opportunity to understand the true essence of Irish music. To them, the song is not an emotional expression, but an election in which the listener is the chosen one. Their vocal range, however, is not limited to the traditional Irish music. They have also ventured into the Greek and Turkish music, which they have learned to perform with dedication and respect. The result is a fusion of cultures that is both unique and touching. Their music is a testament to the power of the human spirit and its ability to create beauty even in the darkest of times.

FOLK MUSIC

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is the Sound of
Music at its Very Best.

SLT-12 Turntable, with Straight Line Tracking—a revolutionary development from Marantz. Finally, the art of tracking a record precisely duplicates the art of cutting a record. The Marantz SLT-12 Straight Line Tracking System exactly conforms to the angle, posture and the tracking used in the cutting of an original master stereo record. This perfect compatibility eliminates inherent deficiencies of conventional swing arm record player systems and gives incredibly perfect reproduction. It is the only system available which faithfully reproduces sound as it was originally recorded.

10B FM Stereo Tuner—rated by Hi Fi/Stereo Review magazine, "I have never seen a tuner to compare with it...so outstanding that it is literally in a class by itself!"

7T Solid State Stereo Console—a solid state component unequalled in performance, versatility and flexibility.

8B Dual 35 Stereophonic Power Amplifier—American Record Guide magazine says, "The Marantz 8B is a logical choice for ears that demand the best sound for now and for the future!"

A wonderful adventure in sound awaits you with your discovery that the sound of Marantz is the sound of music at its very best. You, too, can own an incomparable Marantz system. Ask your dealer about the easy finance plan.

CIRCLE 34 ON READER-SERVICE CARD
FOLK MUSIC
Continued from page 26

The abilities of these superlative singer-composers span a broad, vivid spectrum. I would recommend this release particularly to those who believe that folk singers are mulling around in a cul-de-sac. Vanguard presents the performance with state-of-the-art engineering.

"La Misa en Mexico." Coral Mexicanos. Jorge Valente, Duetto America. Los Tilingos, Trio Los Mexicanos: Rafael Carrion. musical director. Columbia EX 5155, $3.79 (LP); ES 1855, $4.79 (SD).

Of all the modern Masses that I have heard—African, this one stands supreme: it is arresting, stunning, reverent—a triumph of acculturation. All of the brilliant strands that have fused to form the music of Mexico glitter in the Misa. Ancient Indian instruments, the huehuetl and repomoxtle, repepliedly provide percussion, spelled by guitars and rattles and a brassy mariachi. A song form called Alabala, native to Jalisco and Michoacan, is the foundation of a penitential Kyrie. The exultant Gloria is sung as a corrido, or popular ballad. The suble, magnificently projected Creolo begins exuberantly in the style of Veracruz's hauatecu, but when the text of the Nicaean Creed swells up on Christ's passion, the chorus segues into a grave and solemn laumpangue, returning to the gay hauatecu to express the great Christian dogmas of Resurrection and Eternal Life. Both the Sanctus and the Benedictus derive from Mayan themes, and the Agnus Dei doches a traditional Mexican lament. The individual song forms are exotic and vital, the singers cannot be overpraised, and the engineers have exploited the stereo medium to its fullest potential.

Miriam Makeba: "The Magic of Makeba." RCA Victor LPM 3512, $3.79 (LP); LSP 3512, $4.79 (SD).

With this engaging recital, Miriam Makeba proves that her talents far transcend the bounds of African traditional and protest songs. In a quartet of sophisticated ballads written for her by Bill Salter, she strikes a new, attractive, faintly torchy note; she also essays, quite successfully, a Yiddish song ("Seven Good Years") and another in Hebrew ("Erev Shel Shesh Shvivim"). Along the way she shapes a soaring, splendidly articulated interpretation of Where Does It Lead?, in view of all this versatility, it may be graceless to point out that three South African songs included by Miss Makeba are the show stoppers. As impressive as she is in other genres, when she is on her home ground her voice seems to take on a special luster.

"Fados e Canecoes." Ada de Castro. Lourenço de Oliveira, Saudade dos Santos. Monitors MF 455, $3.79 (LP); MFS 455, $4.79 (SD).

I confess to a certain ambivalence regarding this record. On the one hand, Monitor is the leading source of Judo for the American market. Admittedly, Judo is an acquired taste like chartreuse or armagnac. But this tragic, sweet, soft Portuguese idiom can entwine you like a languid musical vine . . . if you understand the songs. And that is my kick against this otherwise exemplary album. The notes provide the titles of the songs, nothing more. Portuguese with its tricky elisions and swallowed vowels is a difficult language even for initiates. By the false economy of providing no enlightenment at all on the songs, Monitor has dissipated the value of this release.

"The Koto Music of Japan." Masters Hagihara, Hata, Kitagawa, and Kiku-sai. Nonesuch H 2005, $2.50 (LP); HS 72005, $2.50 (SD).

With the possible exception of the samisen, the koto is the most Japanese of instruments. Yet, ironically, it came to the island empire from China some 1,500 years ago. Those fifteen centuries have left the six-foot-long, thirteen-stringed instrument (played by means of ivory slots fixed to three fingers of the right hand) with a copious literature and rigid traditions. Four masters of the instrument—two of them women—combine in this recital. The noninitiate will not respond readily to the sinewy near-dissonance of the koto. But patience and concentration will reveal a spare, luminous musical counterpart of the Japanese woodcut.

Johnny Cash: "Ballads of the True West." Columbia C3L 38, $7.58 (Two LP); C3S 838, $9.58 (Two SD).

It beggars belief that the company that produced The Badmen (Columbia Records Legacy Collection L2L 1011/12S 1012) also released this meretricious monstrosity. The Badmen carefully weeded fact from legend and—supplemented by a splendid book—gave a reasonably accurate report on the not-so-lawless, not-so-shoot-em-up West. Now here's Johnny Cash, backed by everything from a symphony orchestra to a girls' chorale, muddling up those Red River waters. He receives from Loriolowy's Song of Hiawatha—first-hand Indian lore, that, inflicts on us several banal ballads of his own composition, and even tinkers outrageously with The Streets of Laredo. At one point, a slip of the Cash tongue almost converts lawman Doc Holliday into Doc Holliday. The fact that the engineers didn't even bother to snip out the stutter is the measure of Columbia's care in producing this dismal set.

The Settlers: "Sing Out." London LL 3406. $3.98 (LP); PS 406, $4.98 (SD).

Here is stern and melancholy proof that there is no such thing as a folksong. The late Ted Hawkins is such a literature of folk song combos. Save for their Brummagem accents, this tart-gird quartet differs in no way from dozens of equally untalented American counterparts. Admittedly, their repertory falls far short of the ears, but the wild and lovely air of Scotland and the Hebrides can redeem this bleak performance.

O. B. BRUMMELL

www.americanradiohistory.com
Jazz Group

Jim Robinson, Ernie Cognolotti, and Louis Cottrell participate in a Riverside Records recording session in New Orleans. The AR-3 in the background (one of a stereo pair) is being used to monitor recording quality.

AR-3 LOUDSPEAKERS ARE USED ALONGSIDE THE LIVE INSTRUMENTS THEY REPRODUCE.

Symphony Orchestra

During rehearsals the San Diego Symphony Orchestra pauses now and then to listen to a taped recording of the passage they have just played. AR-3 loudspeakers were chosen for the stereo playback system because of their lifelike, uncolored reproduction of orchestral timbres.

String Quartet

Members of the Fine Arts Quartet listen to the first playback of a Beethoven Quartet, checking both their performance and the fidelity of the recording. The AR-3 speakers being used as monitors were chosen by the musicians themselves, who felt that AR-3's would create musical carbon copies of the live performances, free of hi-fi gimmick effects.

AR speakers ($51 to $225) are often used professionally as shown here, but they are primarily designed for natural reproduction of music in the home. Literature will be sent on request.

ACOUSTIC RESEARCH, INC., 24 Thorndike Street, Cambridge, Massachusetts 02141
CIRCLE 2 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

JULY 1966
Tape cartridge and open reel designs are combined for the first time in the new Roberts 1630-81. A combination tape recorder and an 8-track auto/tape cartridge player. The open reel section may be used in the normal way, for regular stereo or mono recording and playback; the cartridge section plays the new 8-track cartridges. One can dub from cartridge to reel, and both sections may be run simultaneously, either one chosen at the flick of a switch. Cost is $339.95.

**CIRCLE 158 ON READER-SERVICE CARD**

New speaker systems from Ampex have doubled this company's line to eight compacts offered for general high fidelity use. Four new models are shown here with two models previously announced. At left is the 4010, costing $420 for a stereo pair. In front center is the Model 817, at $65 a pair; to its right is the Model 1115 at $240 a pair. The Model 915 ($158 the pair) is at right top; the Model 2115, at $280 per pair, occupies the center rear, while the 3011 at left rear costs $320 the pair. The 817, in fruitwood cabinet and with a paisley grille, is a new style of the earlier 815 system; the Model 3011 has been available previously.

**CIRCLE 157 ON READER-SERVICE CARD**

Sherwood's new Model S-7800 is claimed to be the first AM/FM stereo receiver to use silicon transistors exclusively. FM sensitivity is rated at 1.6 microvolts; music power output at 8 ohms is specified at 50 watts per channel. The set has front-panel adjustments for FM inter-channel hum and preamplifier gain, and carries a three-year parts and labor warranty. Price is $399.50 for the chassis; $408.50 in walnut-grained leatherette case.

**CIRCLE 162 ON READER-SERVICE CARD**

Norelco's latest tape recorder is the Continental 420, a slim-line model housed in teak and offering, in addition to stereo recording and playback, multiplay and sound-on-sound. A stereo microphone and two speakers are supplied. A three-speed (7½, 3½, and 1½ ips) model, the new 420 also can double as a public address system. Announced price is "less than $230."

**CIRCLE 156 ON READER-SERVICE CARD**

Scott's Model 382 receiver is said to be the first to employ field-effect transistors in both the FM and AM front end circuitry, resulting in virtually total elimination of all cross modulation and drift, and providing greater usable sensitivity. Another circuit feature "automatically adjusts tuning bandwidth for the quality of the incoming signal." IHF-FM sensitivity is rated at 2.5 microvolts; music power output at 8 ohms is rated at 22.5 watts per channel. The new 382 costs $339.95.

**CIRCLE 159 ON READER-SERVICE CARD**

Uher's 7000-D "2 plus 2" stereo tape recorder comes with two built-in speakers plus two extension speakers to make for a wide stereo sound front on playback. A two-speed machine, the 7000-D permits quarter-track mono and 4-track stereo recording and playback. Uher's "dia-pilot" for automatic slide projector synchronization also is available as an accessory. Uher recorders are imported and distributed here by Martel; the list price of $230 includes one microphone.

**CIRCLE 161 ON READER-SERVICE CARD**

Doing much driving or boating these summer days? You may be interested in a heavy-duty inverter which runs off a 12-volt storage battery, like that used in a car or boat, to provide 117 volts filtered AC for operating virtually all types of sound equipment and electrical appliances, including lights, up to its rated capacity of 450-500 watts. Known as the Terado Gemini Model 50-128, the new inverter is a solid-state unit and sells for $88.

**CIRCLE 163 ON READER-SERVICE CARD**

High Fidelity Magazine
Editors Report on Heathkit® Stereo Receivers!

AR-14 30-Watt Solid-State FM/FM

AUDIO Also Said: "Although it is seldom the policy of this department to use superlatives in describing any individual piece of equipment, this is one time when it is possible to say that the unit in question is undoubtedly one of the best values we have encountered to date."

"Heath's claims for the AR-14 are relatively modest — 5 w sensitivity, 10-watt continuous power outputs (15-watt music power), channel separation of 45 db or better and so on. We found that the continuous power output at 1 per cent distortion measured 12.5 watts per channel (both channels operating), sensitivity nearer 3.5 uv, and channel separation 47 db. Frequency response at 1 watt measured 10 to 65,000 Hz ± 1 db, and 5 to 112,000 Hz ± 3 db. At 10 watts output, the two figures changed to 15 to 55,000 Hz and 8 to 92,000 Hz."

"So far we have not yet seen a comparable unit at anywhere near the price, even taking into account the nearly 20 hours required to build it. That's part of the fun, though, and sometimes we build kits for the sheer relaxation that results. And this one was well worth it."

AT A GLANCE
- 31 transistor, 10 diode circuit for cool, hum-free operation and smooth, instant transistor sound
- 20 watts RMS, 30 watts HI-F music power at ± 1 db from 15 to 50,000 cps
- Wideband FM stereo tuner, plus two power amplifiers and two preamplifiers
- Front panel headphone jack
- Bookshelf size... only 3¾” H x 15¼” W x 12” D
- Install in a wall, your own cabinet or either optional Heath assembled cabinets
- Builds in 20 hours.

Kit AR-14, 17 lbs. ... less cabinet for custom mounting ........ $99.95
Model AE-55, 6 lbs. ... walnut veneer cabinet .............. $9.95
Model AE-65, 6 lbs. ... beige steel cabinet ................. $3.95
*less cabinet

Hi-Fi/Stereo Review Nov. '65
"It is one of the finest integrated stereo receivers I have seen, comparable to many factory-wired tuners costing far more."

AR-13A 66-Watt Solid-State AM/FM/FM Stereo Receiver ........ $184.00!

Hi-Fi/Stereo Review Also Said: "It delivered substantially more than its rated 20 watts over the entire audio range. Unlike many transistor amplifiers the AR-13A has low IM distortion at low power levels: under one per cent up to 4 watts, and rising gradually to about 2.5 per cent at 20 watts per-channel output. Hum and noise were inaudible: —55 dB on the magnetic-phono input and —70 dB on the high-level inputs, referred to 10 watts output."

"The FM tuner proved to be quite sensitive... Drift is negligible, and AFC is hardly needed, although it is provided. The FM stereo channel separation was excellent, exceeding 22 db from 30 to 10,000 cps, and 35 db from 250 to 2,000 cps. None of the wiring or mechanical assembly was difficult, and the set worked well from the moment it was turned on."

AT A GLANCE
- 46 transistor, 17 diode circuit
- Compact, yet houses two 33-watt power amplifiers... two preamplifiers... and wideband AM/FM/FM stereo tuner
- Delivers 40 watts RMS, 66 watts HI-F music power at ± 1 db from 15 to 30,000 cps
- Built-in stereo demodulator... automatically switches to stereo
- Stereo indicator... Filtered outputs for "beat-free" recording
- Luxurious preassembled walnut cabinet included.

Kit AR-13A, 35 lbs. ........................................... $184.00

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CIRCLE 27 ON READER-SERVICE CARD
WEST COAST SHOWS

APPEAL TO EYE AS WELL AS EAR

Both West Coast audio shows (Los Angeles and San Francisco, early and late April respectively) were as noteworthy for the “show” aspect of these annual events as for the audio equipment on display. The LA exhibit was opened with a ribbon-cutting ritual by opera star Anna Moffo and entertainer George Jessel. Things then moved in true Hollywood fashion: an enormous cocktail party for “the trade”; a pair of discotheque young ladies operating a wheel of fortune at a Garrard preview; a splashy display of stereo-installed rooms done in assorted decors on the Ambassador Hotel lawn—these were under tents, and to carry the tent motif to its logical (?) conclusion, a group of camels trotted about the place, bestrode, of course, by more girls in what we suppose was authentic Nomadic garb. Not to be outdone, the San Francisco show, a few weeks later, tied itself in with a beauty pageant and for $3.50 one could buy a combined admission to both the ear-appeal and eye-appeal events in the same building at the same time.

Both shows were judged by experienced observers to be successful in attracting thousands of newcomers to see and hear the latest in high fidelity gear, itself displayed at the respective exhibits with evidence of a deliberate effort on the part of many companies to show their equipment in tasteful room settings rather than in the trade-show-counter type of display often used in the past. This note lies in with the increased emphasis on the integration of room design and equipment styling that seems happily to be sweeping the entire audio industry.

With an ear to the ground, as well as to the exhibits, we picked up the following tidbits: color video tape is definitely on the way, and at “consumer level prices” . . . the next major development in audio tape will be eight-track recording and playback in open reel form, to be compatible with eight-track auto/tape cartridges; the well-heeled installation of the not-too-distant future will be an audio-visual center combining sound and sight equipment . . . several engineering groups are discussing among themselves (so far) new test and evaluation standards for solid-state equipment in an effort to get closer correlation between measurements and listening tests.

We visited the Altec Lansing plant to wish them a happy twenty-fifth anniversary and to hear some of their latest speaker systems in a very comfortable listening room; we chatted with J. B. Lansing, who promise some surprises to come in solid-state electronics; we stopped in at Martel to help president David Krechman and his staff celebrate their new, modern quarters; we were afforded a sneak-preview at the Barzilay factory of a forthcoming wall-shelf-and-cabinet modular storage system being designed by Jack Benveniste. This company, incidentally, in common with some other furniture manufacturers (including the speaker firm Frazier, which has entered the “case goods” field), exhibited its latest audio cabinetry at the Chapman Park Hotel, just opposite the Ambassador.

We also met John Berry of Repeat Records who plans soon to release new material using an improved version of the “direct recording” technique (no microphones); said recordings will include a greater variety of instruments than this company has managed up to now. Berry also told us of the formation of a new group, the Society for Advancement of the Recording and Musical Arts (SARMA), which is a combined group a & r and record-buying plan—SARMA actually will choose and produce its own records and tapes, using the no-mike process (originally described in HIGH FIDELITY, September 1964).

We encountered one of the newest forms of audio not at the show but en route to and from it in a DC-B jet. We refer of course to the airborne Stereo playback system which provides the sound for the movies shown on planes and of several musical programs too. You listen via lightweight plastic headphones (new ear pieces are handed out on each flight), which are jacked into a panel behind your seat. The panel also contains the program selector knob and a volume control. The headphones fit into, rather than over, the ears, and the signals are carried not electrically by wires but acoustically through hollow tubing. Crude and inexpensive vis-a-vis normal headphones, the technique nonetheless permits you to savor a measure of aural tidation that otherwise would be missing, and the very idea of hearing Mozart or the Kingston Trio while traveling at jet speeds and altitudes is a nice sort of amazement. Whether the value of this system is basically to distract or to entertain is hard to say, but one thing does seem apparent. The delights and drawbacks (the need to juggle and fuss with the ear-pieces; the occasional distortion and loss of signal in one channel) of airborne stereo prevail in equal measure in all three classes of travel.

In this sense, then, stereo aloft may be the first step towards democracy on the airlines, once you don your headset, you enter a (sonically) classless society.

HIGH FIDELITY NEWS & VIEWS

By the end of this year listeners in metropolitan areas will have hundreds of new radio stations—primarily FM stations—to tune in to. These are the hit-and-miss licensee twin stations, which have been transmitting the same programs over both AM and FM. After years of opposition from the broadcasting industry, the Federal Communications Commission's controversial "nonduplication ruling" will finally go into effect on December 31, 1966.

To bring the story up to date, in August 1964 the FCC gave all FM stations in communities of over 100,000 one year to stop duplicating more than half the programming of an AM station in the same area (see "FM on the Threshold," HIGH FIDELITY, November 1964). Later, the deadline was extended—first to October of 1965, then to this past New Year for most stations to April 15 for a few. (On December 31, 1965, according to the Commission, there were 1,025 jointly owned AM/FM stations, 560 of them in communities of 100,000 or over, "about ninety per cent" of which, estimated an FCC spokesman, were duplicating all or most of the time.) Meanwhile, 147 affected stations either had filed applications for exemption to the ruling or were planning to do so.

It was too expensive, said some, like KFMB in San Diego.

Much of our audience relies on the better reception available on FM, argued others, like KOA in Denver, and these listeners should be allowed to hear the same programs as they do now.

There are still vacant channels in Birmingham, if anybody thinks an audience exists here for different programming, noted W.L.N.

In Hartford, WDRB was assured that due to reception problems FM in large cities should be regarded as an adjunct to AM.

We're the District of Columbia's only full-time AM/FM classical music station, claimed WQMS, questioning—incidentally—how the public would be benefited if one outlet were playing the Missa Solemnis while the other was playing the B minor Mass.

CBS warned that the edict would merely result in a proliferation of fare for the musically inclined. (We hope not, responded the FCC!) (We would hope so, butts in HF. if it meant more adult fare for the musically inclined.)

Finally, on March 10 the Commission made known its dispositions in 140 cases. (Seven stations had in the meantime withdrawn their requests.) Practically every application was denied: stations would have to comply by next New Year. The FCC was not persuaded by the arguments: as for expense, FM is already becoming big business, it's growing, and the ruling will give it even more nourishment. Vacant channels won't be vacant for long, either, the way FM is booming. If AM reception is a prob-

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HIGH FIDELITY Magazine

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Space-age technology brings another revolution to high fidelity!

Scott FET design improves AM as dramatically as it does FM

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New Scott 382 Receiver lets you hear more stations, more clearly! 65-watts/Space-age FET circuits in both AM and FM/Only $339.95

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NEWS & VIEWS

Continued from page 32

lem, that's still not a good enough reason to waste the limited air space; use FM—after all, a station has to program separately only 50% of the time. And, of course, the public does benefit by having a choice between the Missa Solemnis and the B minor Mass.

Most stations affected by the decision will undoubtedly make the bulk of their changes on the FM outlet. Serious new FM stations will probably want to develop new "images" and split most of their programming, the cynical ones will be those that few closely to the 50% line. The CBS and NBC networks, for example, will be starting completely new and stereophonic program services for their own FM stations (seven apiece), at least some of which are planning to go stereo. CBS is also offering its service to other FM stations which don't want to be bothered with their own programming and NBC will undoubtedly do likewise. CBS's service, called "The Young Sound," will exclude not only Glenn Miller and Beethoven, but Andre Watts and Pergolesi (dead at twenty-six). NBC—it is both expected and hoped—will enter the classical field in a big way. Classical music stations with significant stereophonic programs, like New York's WQXR, will make more than likely make their major changes on the AM band.

No matter how individual stations meet their requirements, the listener will benefit. Some might take the easiest way out and merely delay the AM programs one day before transmitting them over FM. ("Duplication" only results from broadcasting the same program over both AM and FM within twenty-four hours.) Still the public will be better served. It will not only have a greater variety of programs at its disposal during a particular time period, but it will have two opportunities to catch S/Sgt. Barry Sadler. Or the original "Batman" sound track. Or even that Missa Solemnis.

COLBERT SETS SIGHTS ON VIDEO TAPE

So confident is he that "video tape recording will become a household word in the near future" that Bill Colbert, head of the retail chain Audio Exchange, has formed a new division known as the VTR Company. "This is more than just a sales operation," Colbert told us. "VTR Company will concern itself with the complete design, installation, and servicing of video-audio systems built around quality video tape recorders, which we will sell as they become available." Aiming at both home and commercial buyers, VTR Company operations will emanate from existing Audio Exchange outlets; technical supervision will be under engineer Jack Shaughnessy, who recently has joined Colbert's organization.

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3. "I then slide the counterweight on the anti-skating control to the second notch... equivalent to the tracking force I have just set on the tone arm."

4. "Now you can actually watch the strength of the skating force. I start the Lab 80, but flip the anti-skating control over and out of operation. Note that as soon as I put the stylus on the grooveless record, the arm moves rapidly... with force, toward the center."

5. "Now watch me neutralize the skating force. I swing the anti-skating control back into position... and the arm tracks as perfectly as if there were a groove in the record! If I were playing a regular record—with the side pressure gone and resulting distortion eliminated—the sound would be cleaner."

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FOR AS LONG as we can remember—and our corporate recollection goes back fifteen years to a time when the long playing record was a husky and thriving three-year-old—there have been more than a few Cassandras in the music world who have seen in the popularity of the LP the certain death-stroke to amateur music making. Taking what is palpably a very dim view of human energy and venturesomeness, they reasoned that, except for festive concert occasions, man could live by push-button music alone, and indeed would prefer to do so than to give time and devotion to an instrument of his own. They could look back to a certain golden age of parlor music in this country, around the turn of the century, when the nation’s music lovers in one year alone—1909—bought 330,000 pianos (not counting player pianos); and they could, with undeniable accuracy, point to the fact that this figure declined sharply thereafter and has never come up to the mark since. Before World War II, the music instrument business was in a state of definite doldrums.

This evidence, of course, seemed to indicate one thing: that the twentieth-century American was much less interested than his grandfather in having a piano to sing around, a flute to doodle with, a guitar to strum. But we feel the time has come to set the record straight on one fairly obvious point: that the declining interest in home-made music had set in long before the arrival of the long-playing record. The situation has, in fact, changed radically in the years since the War: the music instrument business has taken a new lease on life, and though piano figures have not yet matched the fabled sales of 1909, other instruments are selling as they have never sold before (the popularity of one of them is described in this month’s “The Guitar on the Go,” page 40). It would be hard to convince us—while giving all due weight to such factors as growing affluence and more leisure time—that the widespread availability of good music on records has not had a great deal to do with this upsurge of interest.

Lest the Cassandras doubt this revival of the urge to play music, let us mention a few interesting developments. According to the American Symphony Orchestra League, the number of community orchestras—largely amateur-staffed—has grown from 450 in 1952 to over 1,000 at present. “It would be hard,” remarked a League official, “for us to find more than a dozen towns of fifty thousand population that don’t have an orchestra today.” Broadcast Music, Inc. estimates that in the past fifteen years the number of amateur musicians in the United States has increased from fourteen million to thirty-five and a half million. In the same period, that sprightly organization, the Amateur Chamber Music Players, has grown five-fold, and summer music-study enrollment, which includes a substantial number of adults, has increased six hundred per cent. Of the nation’s senior high schools, ninety per cent provide students with band and orchestral instruments, and most elementary schools now incorporate music instruction in their curriculum.

To those of us concerned with the health and well-being of the “fabulous phonograph,” this evidence of a revived involvement in making music is balm to the soul. For we know that a wonderful kind of two-way process takes place in the happy individual who has a pleasurable command of a musical instrument and owns a phonograph besides. If he has once played in a quartet, he will never again listen to a recording of the work in quite the same way. And if he avails himself—via recordings—of the world’s best performances of the piece, he will never afterwards play it in quite the same way.

Americans have long tended to accuse themselves of being a spectator people. Our infinite patience before the television set is considered a fatal and revealing key to our collective personality, and our enthusiastic support of spectator sports is usually cited as Exhibit B. But for years now, Americans have spent more money on musical instruments and accessories than on all spectator sports combined (more, too, than they have spent on records); and the American Music Conference states with no hesitation whatever that television will continue to decline as competition for a potential amateur musician’s time and energies.

All the evidence indicates that the rise in home music making parallels the rise in the consumption of recorded music. The fact pleases us no end.
The Guitar on the Go

BY SHIRLEY FLEMING
I BECAME A STATISTIC one warm spring day in New York City. It happened on the Forty-ninth Street cross-town bus, to be exact, and it seemed quite sudden, though I suppose I should have had premonitions. For one thing, there had been a pretty serious set-to with the viola the evening before over a passage in Op. 18, No. 1; for another, both Segovia and Julian Bream had been warming up that leather-topped stool in Town Hall with unusual fervor and frequency. In any case, as the bus shifted gears opposite one of New York’s big music stores, my eyes focused on a window full of guitars and a green-trimmed banner announcing “Springtime Is Guitar Time.” This was it: I got off the bus and found myself going home with a Goya G-10 Concert Model and a Metodo Completo per Chitarra. I couldn’t read Italian, but the volume looked so completo that I couldn’t resist it—and besides, the time seemed as good as any to find out whether music was, indeed, a universal language. (It is: there is something basically, comfortably, unshakably universal about all scale-esercizi in D maggiore.)

I don’t yet completely understand this somewhat mystical seizure on Forty-ninth Street, but one truth is irrefutable: I had been swept into a MOVEMENT. Millions of us—busy doctors, industrious industrialists, shaggy twelve-years-olds—are hurrying into stores from the Kennebec to the Rio Grande to buy guitars. In 1955 we spent $23,000,000 on guitars and electric amplifiers; by the close of 1965 we had part with $125,000,000—an increase of better than 400%. Clearly, a musical upheaval of sorts has been swept into its place; its economic effects are already substantial, and its artistic effects may eventually merit serious attention. Meanwhile, some remarkable things are happening under our noses.

IT IS IMPOSSIBLE to talk about the guitar today without defining one’s terms. Segovia once compared it to Man’s Best Friend (“the guitar is like the dog: both of them, to stay close to man, have had to grow in all different sizes, ...”), but the scene in 1966 would make classifications at a Westminster Kennel Club show seem simple. The modern guitar comes not only in different sizes, it comes with different-shaped heads and bodies, different widths of fingerboards, different kinds and numbers of strings, different colors, different numbers of frets—and most important of all, it comes with or without electricity.

This last forms the great divide in the current guitar world. It separates the Breams from the Beatles, Corelli from Country and Western, Bach from the boogie beat. It also accounts for one of the most significant (and perhaps least aesthetic) features of the guitar boom—to wit: that the demand for electrics is growing at almost twice the pace of the demand for the classical or folk instrument (called “acoustics” in the trade). The electric guitar comes in two species. The father of the line is the pear-shaped “orchestral” or “jazz” model—steel-string, with f-holes, usually played with a pick and capable of being used without amplification, though it seldom is. Its offspring, born in 1946, is the solid-body electric, pioneered by California’s Fender Guitar Company, beloved of the Beatles, and the object of passionate desire on the part of three out of four red-blooded teen-agers today. The solid-body electric is a kind of starred-down orchestral guitar—a rock-solid, lead-heavy piece of wood coated with celluloid or plastic which has no resonating interior whatever (there is no need of one, with electric amplification doing the work), and it looks like something Dali might have left hanging over a tree limb. It boasts anywhere from one to four sets of tiny microphones beneath the strings, and can, in conjunction with its amplifier, be adjusted for volume, treble or bass boost, tremolo, and built-in echo.

The sales pitch for this creation, by the way, owes more than a passing nod to the automobile business. Names like Dreadnaught, Firebird VII, Super 400C, Hurricane, Spitfire, Panther II, Stratocaster, and Mauaruder do not designate four-hundred-horsepower products of General Motors. “Ask your dealer,” urges a 1966 guitar brochure, “for a test ride on the SS140 and the new slim line GT series electric.” Another proclaims: “It’s new! It’s big! It’s loud! It’s expensive! It works!” It also comes in colors like speckled gold, sunset yellow, California coral. If you don’t think twice, you may be tempted to put one into gear and drive off. It can be had for $60, $525, or anything in between, with amplifiers ranging from $49.95 to $1,000. It is, in short, what all the fuss is about.

At the moment, acoustic guitars still lead the field in sales. But it is not a new-sprung admiration for the étude of Sor on the part of American youth which has prompted the following: 1) the Baldwin Piano Company, last year, to purchase an English electric-guitar firm and go into the manufacture of amplifiers; 2) the Columbia Broadcasting System, also last year, to buy the Fender Guitar Company, now in the process of completing a large new plant; 3) Decca Records, in January 1966, to begin the importation of a low-priced line of Japanese amplifiers and guitars (both acoustic and electric); 4) In- termark, an importer of Japanese audio equipment, to add Japanese solid-body electrics and amplifiers to its line this year; 5) the American distributor of Goya guitars (Swedish-made) to add electrics to the list this spring. And nobody has any regrets. “Our cheapest unit [guitar with amplifier] is priced at $900, and we can’t make ’em fast enough,” remarked a Baldwin man. (Baldwin, incidentally, is now selling an electronic harpsichord for $595, and has been receiving inquiries about electronic violins.) A Decca representative, after three weeks in the guitar business, could only comment, “We’ve been so successful I can’t believe it myself.”

Old, established guitar companies whose names have long been associated with higher-priced classical instruments—companies like Gibson and C. F. Martin—are also present on the electrical scene. Gibson,
in fact, began making electric guitars and amplifiers thirty years ago, and this category now accounts for about 50% of its business. (As for the company's over-all sales: "Up 650% in the past fifteen years," says President T. M. McCarty.) The C. F. Martin Company—one of the country's oldest, established here in 1833—got into electrics only five years ago, already does about 18% of its business in this field, and currently (according to the buyer for one New York music store) has so many orders for instruments of both kinds that deliveries are about four years behind demand.

While a hungry market may be a problem, makers of traditional guitars also face a less congenial one. There is an increasing shortage of good wood for the acoustic instruments. According to Fred Martin (a direct descendant of the founder of his company), rosewood, much used for ribs and back and imported largely from Brazil, grows harder to obtain, "because architects have found that it is a very beautiful wood." African ebony, used for fingerboards on the most expensive instruments, is scarce for a different reason—namely, the increasing reluctance of African nations to export it in raw bulk shipments. "It all ties up with the political situation there," Martin went on. "These countries are getting nationalistic, and they don't want to send logs out of the country for processing; they want the work done there—the sawing and sizing, and so forth—and at this point they don't even have sawmills. So we may be held up three or four months in delivery." The Gibson Company's particular problem in the wood department is mahogany (for ribs and back in the highest-priced instruments) and spruce (for tops). "They found out during the War that mahogany, from Honduras and Peru, was good for making PT boats," says T. M. McCarty. "And there hasn't been enough of it since. We now get our spruce from Alaska, but it's worth noting that this country's spruce once came from Oregon, then

Washington, then British Columbia—a clean sweep right up the coast. It takes two hundred years to grow a spruce tree with the rings close enough together to make a good guitar top, and right now we're caught in a period between the wasteful cutting down of forests and the beginning of the effectiveness of conservation."

The subject of woods—each with its subtle acoustical properties—is something that does not concern either the maker or the user of the electric guitar, however. Here nature has yielded to science. "Rural electrification," a phrase which brings to mind visions of the Tennessee Valley transformed, is a phrase that might also be applied to the guitar. Electricity took the guitar off the front porch and introduced it to big city society by way of the dance bands; the early practitioners of note were usually associated with leaders like Paul Whiteman or Benny Goodman. The Whiteman band yielded guitarist Eddie Lang, who became solo accompanist for Bing Crosby; the Goodman Jazz Sextet included Charlie Christian, often credited with creating the electric guitar's earliest impact on the jazz scene. From the mid-Forties, through the arrival in the mid-Fifties of Elvis and rock and roll, to the current younger generation of jazz guitarists like Kenny Burrell, the electric guitar has been on a straight road to fame. And its pace thereon has been accelerated by the growing popularity of Chet Atkins and the Country and Western set, recording out of Nashville and tallying up untidier profits every year.

The rage for electric guitars among the young today owes much, of course, to the appearance on television and recordings of some extremely adept practitioners. Tony Mottola, the guitarist closely associated with the spectacular debut of Command Records several years ago, and currently bringing out his twelfth disc on that label, might qualify as one of the best all-around athletes in this respect. Both types of electrics are part of his working equipment—and he makes a nice distinction between them: "The solid-body gives a funky, up-to-date effect; when I want what we call a 'good' sound, I use amplified orchestral guitar." This is only the beginning of Mottola's story, however. His daily schedule of recording dates, jazz-band performances, television appearances (with Perry Como, Mitch Miller, et al.) entails a traveling entourage of no fewer than sixteen instruments—which shall be enumerated here to demonstrate that the life of a successful popular guitarist is one of constant decision: 2 classical guitars; 3 orchestral guitars, in different sizes, unamplified; 2 orchestral guitars, amplified; 2 solid-body electrics; 1 tenor guitar; 1 bass guitar; 1 twelve-string guitar; 2 ukeleles; 1 banjo; 1 mandolin. "You have to be able to use them all," he says, "just to cover the business."

The same sentiment, in almost the same words, was echoed by Kenny Burrell, thirty-five-year-old two-time winner of the Jazz Critics Poll who gave
a Town Hall debut concert last February. "If I couldn't do a lot of things, I wouldn't be in the business," Burrell said. He played classical guitar for two years in college, and holds a degree in composition and theory. Like most of his colleagues, he has developed his own technique (using both pick and finger-plucking)—a technique that he considers a combination of classical and jazz approaches, in keeping with the character of his own compositions. "You can't play two styles with one technique," he says. He credits electrical amplification with bringing popular guitar players to maturity. "The electric guitar can play louder than any instrument in the band—which means it can take as important a role as the saxophone, the clarinet, or the piano. The fact that guitar players can be heard has made them musically well rounded and much more assertive. Why is the guitar so popular with kids today? Well, it's functional, it's portable—you can take it to school or to the beach—and it's cheap. And in times like ours, when the family is losing its unity, it gives a young person something of his own. I began playing as a child and found it very enjoyable, very personal; it became an escape, which everyone needs... ." Like Mottola, Kenny Burrell moves from electric to classical guitars with no grinding of gears whatever; and he may choose, as he does occasionally on a Verve recording entitled "Guitar Forms," to switch instruments in the course of a single piece.

Chuck Wayne is a staff guitarist for CBS, who came there by way of the Woody Herman Band, the George Shearing Quintet, solo accompaniment work with Tony Bennett, and composition/performance for the Broadway production of Tennessee Williams' Orpheus Descending. He views such conveniences as the cut-away shoulder on the modern orchestral guitar, hardly a matter to delight the layman's eye, with entire approval. "When I started playing in '39 there were relatively few solo guitar players, and not much demand for them. So if the instrument had certain technical deficiencies, it didn't matter. Now the guitarist has to play faster and higher. The cut-away became necessary as players got more proficient." Wayne, who is largely self-taught, also uses pick-and-fingers, and explains that the technique enables a player to "move with enormous speed and clarity, almost with the speed of a flute." He went on to make a point with which, probably, few of his colleagues would disagree—that jazz guitarists are tremendously interested in the classical guitar (the himself was on the way to a Julian Bream recital when he made the remark), and that jazz players had picked up at least one achievement of their classical brethren, the art of playing melody with obligato accompaniment. "I feel there's going to come a time, and it's getting closer and closer, when jazz and classical music are going to get married. Jazz is improvisation—that's the biggest difference."

If such a marriage is to take place, it is the jazz performer, I suspect, who will be the wooer. At the moment, classical guitarists seem content in single blessedness and cast no flirtatious eyes whatever at the instruments, techniques, or musical styles of their swinging comrades. And small wonder; they are getting on very well.

The saga of the acoustic guitar's rise to fame in our time begins, of course, with Segovia, but there is also a slight commercial sediment in the current of its growing popularity. Shortly after World War II, for instance, it became a demonstrable fact that—in the words of one guitar dealer—"bowling and photography were grabbing the consumer dollar." With an increase in leisure time, a prevailing spirit of do-it-yourselfness, and a rise in general prosperity, this state of affairs was understandably somewhat painful to those in the music instrument business. In 1949, therefore, they joined together to found an association to "get people interested in music." Part of the American Music Conference's work is purely promotional, part of it educational; its campaign "to make America music conscious" has paid off handsomely, and the consumer dollar is now obviously more equitably distributed.

In the meantime, Arthur Godfrey's television show in the early Fifties ignited a ukulele boom among an adult audience, which was then presumably prepared to go on to bigger things. Three paths were open—that is, three closely akin models of acoustic guitar beckoned to the potential player: the "classic" classical guitar, for the Segovian whose ultimate aim was Dowland and Bach—two-inch-wide fingerboard, twelve frets from pegs to the point where the neck joins the body, nylon (formerly gut) strings; the folk guitar, with a slightly narrower fingerboard, fourteen frets, steel strings; the flamenco guitar, identical in appearance to the classical but constructed of lighter-weight wood and using, traditionally, a slightly lower bridge. (There are variations on these three standard types—the most important being ten-string classical guitars developed and played in concert by Narciso Yepes and the Romero's; the extra low strings are useful in lute repertory, and also provide additional resonance.)

In 1952, the Goya guitar distributors took a survey of their clientele and found that "a ridiculous number" of doctors were playing the classical guitar. "They played it because of snob appeal," says a representative. "Professional people took it up because it didn't have the reputation of being a stupid instrument." This somewhat unaesthetic motivation was soon supplanted by the arrival of folk music on the campuses, where Pete Seeger and Joan Baez became names to conjure with, and groups like the Kingston Trio and the Tarriers began building a new tradition of popularized folk song. From the relative few who had camped at the stage door of a Richard Dyer-Bennett or a John Jacob Niles, the audience for folk music grew to immense proportions. And the lure of an easy choral strum is a hard thing to resist. For while the pros carry the art of self-accompaniment to highly sophisticated
levels, it is still true that an amateur can scrape by with less.

Whether devotees of The Wabash Cannonball or I Gave My Love a Cherry are much given to folk music of another nationality—specifically, flamenco—is a subtle social question which cannot be answered here. But the fact is that America accords flamenco performers like Sabicas and Montoya a SRO response wherever they play. Both came to this country as accompanists for a dancer; both, in the years of solo concertizing since, have arrived at a similar conclusion. Says Sabicas: "Americans are more enthusiastic, accept more, than Europeans. They know about flamenco here. In Spain, there are very few concert guitarists." Montoya recalls his first cross-country tour, some fifteen years ago, when one of his early scheduled stops was Fargo, North Dakota. He admits to wondering what sort of reception might be in store for him there, on ground where no flamencist had ever trod, and was astonished to find that the concert had been sold out before he ever reached town. He has since discovered that college audiences in particular are so anxious to penetrate the mysteries of flamenco style that they sometimes play his records at 16 rpm for a slow-motion look (he refrains from expressing an opinion on the efficacy of this approach). Will Americans ever make good flamenco players? "Anybody can learn the technical part—the fingers. But the style is the hard thing." (Which I take to mean "no.")

Whether you have to be a gypsy to master flamenco is perhaps a moot question. Celedonio Romero, father of the prodigious family of guitarists, states flatly that flamenco is not a gypsy art, but Montoya and Sabicas would probably disagree with him. "I am gypsy—all of me," says Montoya rather whimsically. And Sabicas likes to tell of the time he played flamenco for Segovia, who admired his technique and asked him why he didn't turn his hand to the classics. The answer was negative: "I am a gypsy, and I stick to my music." Neither of these gypsies, incidentally, makes any bones of the fact that flamenco, in becoming a concert art, has lost some of its original stylistic purity. Both emphasize that they improvise within a tradition, but that some expanding of style has been necessary. "Simpler folk flamenco would not wear well for a whole evening," says Montoya. He himself recently completed a suite for guitar and orchestra, which he has performed with the St. Louis and Cincinnati Symphonies. Though the future of flamenco in this country seems secure enough, Montoya confesses to a domestic situation which might prompt second thoughts: his younger son, Allan, plays electric guitar in a jazz combo.

While it seems fitting and proper enough that this country continues to import flamenco guitarists, it is rather hard to explain why we, with our tremendous enthusiasm for the instrument, have yet to produce a home-grown Julian Bream or John Williams. Both these Brits have an impressive following here; Bream remarked this spring that he will move to Carnegie Hall for next winter's New York recital, as Town Hall is simply no longer big enough. He also observed that seventy per cent of his audiences are listeners in their teens or early twenties, and he entirely discounts the suggestion that England's great tradition of lute music has anything to do with its present eminence in producing classical guitarists. (John Williams, to be accurate, was born in Australia, and was taken to London at the age of eleven.) England, Bream points out, was not even particularly receptive to Segovia when he played there in 1923: "He had a hard time. But when he came back after the War, houses were packed. Those were vintage years, then."

It was precisely during those years that Bream himself, who was born in 1933, was looking in vain for a teacher of classical guitar. There were none in England, and he studied with his father, a former jazz guitarist, and took up first piano, then cello, at the Royal College of Music. But he had the good fortune to meet Segovia when he arrived there in 1949. "He had a hard time. But when he came back after the War, houses were packed. Those were vintage years, then."

It was precisely during those years that Bream himself, who was born in 1933, was looking in vain for a teacher of classical guitar. There were none in England, and he studied with his father, a former jazz guitarist, and took up first piano, then cello, at the Royal College of Music in order to get a decent musical education. In the twenty years since, the picture has been overhauled, some aspects of it quite recently. The Royal College of Music established guitar instruction in 1961 (the teacher: John Williams), and the Royal Academy of Music has done the same. "And in the North of England," said Bream recently, "the local schools are using the guitar for teaching music to eight- and ten-year-olds. I don't think anything like this is being done anywhere else."

It is rather paradoxical that, though serious guitar study is coming late to the United States, our facilities for music instruction draw admiring comments from foreign artists. "You have such beautiful schools of music here," said Celin Romero not long ago (he is the eldest of the three guitar-playing Romero sons). "So many students in this country are getting degrees in music. There is opportunity for a musician here; he knows almost for sure that he will be able to earn a living. It is different for a musician in Europe. In Spain, one's future is very difficult. Even though I studied guitar with my father from the time I was very young, my parents
made me take a Bachelor of Science degree in case
the guitar did not work out. My brother Pepe, also,
studied mathematics."

Celedonio Romero broke in: "The United States
is the best country in the world for guitar. In Los
Angeles, where I teach master classes in the summer,
there is unbelievable interest. Some instructors there
even make a living just in teaching." The idea was
obviously almost incredible to him. Celin had one
further point to make. "Many teachers of guitar have
no musical background, though this was more true
ten years ago than now. In a few years, the musician
and the guitarist—he will be the same."

That day, if the auguries are read aright, is
approaching with what one might call cautious haste.
The United States is following England's lead in
establishing guitar instruction as part of the regular
curriculum in many schools of music. American
University, in Washington, D. C., has taught it for
some time; both the Peabody Institute and the New
England Conservatory inaugurated it last year.
Charles Kent, director of Peabody and an officer in
the National Association of Schools of Music,
summed up the situation: "For many years none of
us, as educators, would consider introducing the
guitar into a regular college curriculum. Two years
ago the NASM called a special meeting to discuss
the matter, and we agreed that it should be taught
as a legitimate instrument."

The guitar's new position in the conservatories,
however, will not entirely solve the problem of
couraging future artists on the instrument. As
Stanley Bueltens, a young (and self-taught) profes-
sional guitarist/lutanist puts it: "Americans are late-
comers to the guitar. It should be started with chil-
dren just as early as you would start them with the
piano, or the violin, or cello. At the Neighborhood
School in New Haven, where I am teaching, we
have mostly adults. We are trying to get to the
children, but it's still hard to do." (Incidental note:
starting ages of Williams and Bream—seven and ten,
respectively.)

While the nourishment of players, present and
future, is obviously essential to the life and well-
being of the guitar in our time, the encouragement
of composers is equally pertinent. No matter how
rich the past literature may be (including that
filched from the lute repertory), the sun must also
rise on fresh ink and new sounds. No one, naturally
enough, has done so much in this respect as Segovia,
who is the recipient of more dedications than one
can count. To mention a few: Castelnuovo-Tedesco
(Sonata: Homage to Boccherini; Concerto in D, for
Guitar and Orchestra; a series of twenty-eight pieces
based on Platero and I); Rodrigo (Fantasia para un
gentilhombre; Fandango; and mention must be
made of a famous work without dedication, the
Concierto de Aranjuez); Ponce (Sonata romantica;
Sonata No. I; Concierto del sur); Tansman (Three
Pieces for Guitar); and, of course, works too numer-
ous to list by Villa Lobos.

John Williams has scarcely been out of short pants
long enough to have sponsored a great number of
compositions, but he counts the Englishman Stephen
Dodgson among the composers to whom he is partial.
"because he has an ear for color," and he includes
Dodgson's Partita on one of his Columbia recital
discs. Bream's special compositional comrade is Ben-
jamin Britten, who has written two works for Bream
and tenor Peter Pears: the folk song settings and
Songs from the Chinese, Op. 58. His most recent
work for Bream is a piece for guitar alone, Nocturnal
(Op. 70), which Bream describes as "much more
complicated" than the preceding works—and, in fact,
the fruition of Britten's interest in the instrument.

While the United States has yet to rear a renowned
exponent of the traditional guitar-lute repertory, it
may be our special destiny, as a young and presum-
ably experimental nation, to equip certain players
to do battle with today's advanced idioms. One such
guitarist (and my guess is that they do not exist in
overabundance) is Stanley Silverman, twenty-eight-
year-old music director of the Repertory Theater
of Lincoln Center, faculty member of the Berkshire
Music Center, and member of the board of directors
of the International Society of Contemporary Music.
Silverman is active as a composer (he studied with
Darius Milhaud and Leon Kirchner), and as the last
of his three titles implies, his sympathies are very
much with the avant-garde. He is prepared, in fact,
to speak of "post-Boulezian" guitar repertory—
which, in the main, consists of a work called Sonant
(for guitar, electric guitar, harp, string bass, and two
percussion) by Mauricio Kagel, an Argentinian who
has, says Silverman, "a fantastic sense of instrumen-
tal possibilities."

If one recognizes the kind of performing diffic-
ulties involved in pre-Boulezian repertory (the
Webern Songs, Op. 19, and to a lesser extent the
Five Pieces for Small Orchestra, Op. 10; the Schoen-
berg Serenade; the Stravinsky Four Russian Songs),
it requires no great effort of imagination to believe
Silverman's estimate of the Kagel work: "Everything
is tried and proven, but it stretches mental health to
play it." As for Boulezian repertory itself, Le
Marceau sans maître (for alto, flute, viola, vibra-
phone, xylorim, guitar, percussion) required forty
rehearsals before its West Coast ISCM performance
under the composer's direction several years ago,
and Silverman worked privately with Boulez for six
weeks simply polishing up the finer points of the
guitar part. All of which would seem to indicate that
a guitarist dedicated to the contemporary repertory
(and it takes nothing short of dedication) is some-
thing of a special breed. Stanley Silverman and his
like may represent America's trump card.

Time will tell whether our present exuberant na-
tional courtship of the guitar will bear fruit in some-
thing more substantial than mere happy-go-lucky
amatuerism, to be blown away on the next changing
wind. Meanwhile, if you don't wish to become in-
volved in some phase of this affair, my advice is
to stay off the Forty-ninth Street Cross-town, at least
in the spring.
The Bach Passions and Oratorios

by Nathan Broder

It is now eleven years since all the available recordings of Bach's Passions and oratorios were discussed in these pages, in a discography of his choral works. Eleven years in the world of records is practically a full generation. Stereo was not a factor then, and there was much to-do about surface noise. Today we take for granted the presence of the one and the absence of the other. Some of the recordings of those days are still with us, but many new ones have appeared. New versions, as all collectors know, are not necessarily superior—with respect to the St. John Passion, for example, we are not much better off today than we were then. But a good deal of progress has been made, nevertheless. What follows is presented as a brief, but we hope helpful, guide through all the recordings of the Passions and oratorios listed in the current domestic catalogues.

The St. Matthew Passion

Someone once described the opening movement of the St. Matthew Passion as a great portal through which one enters into sublimity. The image is strengthened when we imagine the two mixed choirs as the sides of the entrance, with the third chorus arching its chorale over them. Only one of the greatest of masters could sustain the exalted level established in this powerful and moving beginning. But that is what Bach did. Using existing forms and devices—arioso, aria, chorale, chorus, and various combinations of these—and using a few more singers and players than the small ensemble normally available to him in Leipzig, he built up a gigantic fresco, in which the poignancy of the details intensifies the profound emotional effect of the whole. The St. Matthew Passion towers over all other works of its kind.

Each of the available recordings has its fine qualities, but none of them has them in such abundance, it seems to me, as the one directed by Otto Klemperer on Angel 3599 or 5 3599 (five discs as distinct from the more usual four). In recent years Klemperer has been criticized—sometimes justly—for his slow tempos. Well, the tempos here too are broad, but there is never any sagging, any uncalled-for relaxation of tension. His approach to this work is deliberate but not dull, serious but not ponderous. The result is a performance that conveys all the impact of this tremendous drama. Enabling Klemperer to do this is an all-star cast singing and playing in top form.

Peter Pears is not my favorite Evangelist, but his performance of the role here, except for a slight constriction in the tone evident every now and then, is irreproachable. Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau in the role of Jesus, Nicolai Gedda singing the tenor arias, and Walter Berry doing the bass arias are all first-rate, as are Elisabeth Schwarzkopf and Christa Ludwig. While the Philharmonia Chorus sounds large, it is beautifully balanced and lovely in tone.

Peter Pears is again the Evangelist in the London recording (4431 or 1431), conducted by Karl Münchinger, and again he turns in an intelligent performance marked by deep feeling (and by the characteristic occasional tight-throatedness). Fine work is done too by Hermann Prey as Jesus; Elly Ameling, soprano; Fritz Wunderlich, tenor; and Tom Krause, bass. Considerably below the level of these performances is the singing, pushed and wobbly, of Marga Höffgen in the important music allotted to the alto. A point that bothered me here is the lack of agreement among the soloists on how to treat unwritten appoggiaturas: some sing them and others don't. Except in a few places—a metronomic accompaniment in No. 9, a slight raggedness in No. 35, a uniform forte for all the chorales in Part I—Münchinger's direction is impressive. He does justice to the work's contemplative and devotional character as well as to its drama. Aside from the exclamations by the second chorus in Nos. 1 and 33, which are harsh and shrill, the sound is very fine throughout.

Another set that has much in its favor is the Vanguard (594/97 or 5022/25), conducted by Mogens Wöldike. Here, as in the Klemperer, it is the conductor's approach that stamps its character on the performance. Wöldike's attitude seems somewhat detached. He avoids sharp contrasts and in general plays down the drama of the story. Several of his soloists—Uno Ehrelius, the Evangelist; Hans Braun, the Jesus; Teresa Stich-Randall, the soprano—reflect this attitude in their technically skilled but emotionally neutral singing. Nevertheless, there are many eloquent moments here, including the warmly colored singing of Hilde Rössl-Majdan, alto, and the entire final chorus. A feature of this recording is the magnificently clear and lifelike sound.

Outstanding in the Archive edition (3125/28 or 73125/28), conducted by Karl Richter, is the effortless and sensitive singing of Ernst Haefliger, the Evangelist, and the beautiful work of Irmgard Seefried and Fischer-Dieskau (bass arias). The other principal singers (Kieth Engen, Jesus; Irmgard Töpper, alto) are unfortunately on a lower plane. Even more than Wöldike, Richter stands apart from the music; some of the dramatic portions lack drive and intensity; some of the contemplative sections lack compassion.

The Telefunken version (6598/6601, mono only) was made from an actual performance by a collection of Dutch forces under Anthon van der Horst. There are faint coughs at the beginning, later on a few spots where all the per-
formers are not quite together; one or two of the soloists seem too far forward, and the chorus, which sounds large, is not always as clear as it should be. Nevertheless, and despite the indubitably exalted singing, this performance makes a deep impression for its sincerity, its devotional spirit, and its general competence. Some of the solo work—Arjan Blanken's singing of the tenor recitative, Erna Spoorenberg's "Ich will dir mein Herz schenken," with its recitative—is not surpassed in any of the other recordings. This is a better St. Matthew than we normally get to hear in a New York concert hall.

Fritz Werner on Westminster WST 402, stereo only, turns in a performance that in many respects is highly laudable. He is a skilled conductor, he seems familiar with the late baroque style, and he has a knack of hitting upon convincing tempos. When everything works well the result can be of breathtaking beauty, as in the tenor recitative with chorus "O Schmerz!" or the bass recitative "Abends ist es zu sitten" in the低调 aria. But everything, unfortunately, does not always work well. Helmut Krebs is in his top form as the Evangelist and in the tenor arias, and Hermann Werdernmann, while unexcelled in the bass part, at other times is very fine, but Franz Kelch as Jesus is not very distinguished nor is the alto, Renate Gunther, while Agnes Giebel, the soprano, sounds thin-voiced and short-breathed. The choral sound lacks clarity in the two-choir sections.

Another Westminster set (4402, mono only), conducted by Hermann Scherchen, was for a long time—and may still be—a favorite with those willing to overlook a directorial idiosyncrasy here and there. This time with the late baroque style, in some ways the most imaginative, of the recorded St. Matthew. The crowd scenes have strong impact, while some of the contemplative movements are done with a husher tendency that is extended over all. Two of the soloists are consistently first-class: Hugues Cuonod, the Evangelist, and Heinz Rehfuss, the Jesus. But the other soloists have their ups and downs; some of Scherchen's tempos—for example the fast one for the opening chorus, the slow one for the final chorus, the bouncy ones for a couple of movements in between—seem wrong; and the sound does not compare, in clarity and realism, with that of the editions mentioned above.

The Oiseau-Lyre album (50013/16, mono only), directed by Kurt Thomas, is a little difficult to classify. There are good things in it, and nothing that is wrong or bad. Everything begins slowly, and the available solos are unusually well matched and all are entirely acceptable. But the performance seldom rises above the plane of steady competence. Very much the same is true of Vox VBX 200, a three-disc mono-only set, conducted by Ferdinand Grossmann, except that there is a larger percentage of routine there. The Richmond version (43001, three discs. mono only) sung in English under the direction of Reginald Jacques, is worth mentioning for only one reason: the glorious singing of Kathleen Ferrier. Aside from its otherwise complete lack of distinction, it contains some cuts.

Also in English, and more drastically cut, is Columbia's three-disc album, M3L 292 or M3S 692, conducted by Leonard Bernstein. Here again there are thrilling moments as well as sections that do not come off at all. Among the high spots are Betty Allen's nuanced singing at the beginning of "Behold, my Saviour now is taken" ("Ach, man ist mein Jesus hin") and throughout "Have pity, Lord, on me" ("Erbarme dich"); gorgeous violin playing in this one) and Adele Addison's exquisite performance of "In love my Saviour now is dying" ("Aus Liebe mein Heiland sterben"); very beautiful flute playing here). In the marvellous setting of "O man, bewail thy grievous sin" ("O Mensch, bewein dein' Sünder gross") Bernstein gets an interesting effect by having the three lowest voices sing non-legato. Unfortunately, however, it is surprisingly old-fashioned and un-stylish, as when he makes retardats at the ends of movements or introduces a big crescendo, or indulges in false theatrics, as on "wept bitterly." In a talk on the work, presented on a seven-inch disc included in the set as a bonus, Bernstein calls attention to Bach's graphic writing at that point. But it is one thing to single out such a passage in a lecture and another to spotlight it in a performance as though the conductor had turned around at that moment and said "Listen to this, boys and girls." (Having said that, I would like to add that I am a great admirer of Bernstein's television programs. It seems to me that he has evolved the most delightful example of hisaotive technique for mass education in music.)

The St. John Passion

The St. John Passion is commonly regarded as occupying a position somewhat below that of the St. Matthew. It is not performed as frequently nor has it been recorded as often. It is generally considered more incisive and more sharply contrasted than the relatively contemplative St. Matthew. To put it simply, there is more cruelty in the St. John, more love in the St. Matthew. Moreover, the St. John does seem to make a less unified impression than its grander sister oratorio. Whereas the St. Matthew exerts a powerful impact as a whole, as a rounded work of art all of whose parts are on much the same high level, one tends to remember the St. John in terms of certain individual numbers. But what marvelous sections they are! The tremendous opening and closing choruses, several of the arias, the big fugal chorus in which the soldiers agree to draw lots for the coat, and the always wonderful chorales. As a whole work, can boast of so much grandeur and intensity? If the St. Matthew had never been written, the St. John would loom even larger among the great choral masterworks.

There is no one recorded performance that is to me, as thoroughly convincing as Klemperer's St. Matthew, one in which the good points so far outnumber or outweigh the drawbacks as to render it unquestionably the first. At the same time there is none, among the eight versions presently available, that is without an appreciable number of good points.

The Archive set (3228/30 or 73228/30, three discs as are all the recorded St. Johns excepting the Musical Heritage album) has quite a few. Karl Richter, his conductor, is a master of experience Bachian, and he conveys much of the tragic depth of the opening movement, much of the tenderness and sorrow of the last; in both of the bass arias with chorus the chorus is beautifully handled. Unlike some conductors, Richter does not perform all the chorales in the same manner but varies their treatment according to the situation. Unfortunately, the chorus (the Munich Bach Choir) is often too heavy with tone. However, with the excellent Evangelist, Hermann Prey is steady and appealing in the role of Jesus. Kieth Engen, not very impressive in the ariosos "Betrachte, meine Seele," improves in his two arias with chorus. Evelyn Lear, soprano, and Hertha Tippner, alto, sing acceptably, but neither, it seems to me, matches any of the men at his best and neither achieves the eloquence Richter attains with chorus and orchestra.

A performance that remains consistent on a respectable plane, even though none of its elements is consistently distinguished, is the one conducted by Fritz Werner and issued here by the Musical Heritage Society (two discs, MHS 542/43, mono and stereo). Although the chorus (the Heinrich Schütz Choir of Heilbronn) sounds weak in the tenor department, and its ejaculations in the crowd scenes seem mild, it performs efficiently in its big works. Fitzgerald Schmetz, the soprano, sings "Ich folge dir" beautifully and her other aria rather routinely. Marga Hölfgen, the alto. Helmut Krebs, the Evangelist and tenor soloist, Franz Kelch, the Jesus. and Hermann Werdernmann. the bass, all sing capably but do not often penetrate to the heart of their music. An instrumental high spot is August Wenzinger's exquisite gamba playing in "Es ist vollbracht." With its good sound and low price this set is worth careful consideration.

Scherchen's version, on Westminster 3319 or 319, introduces, as might be expected, some fresh ideas. But not every notion of the conductor's is an improvement or represents a new insight. If he creates an interesting and novel effect by dealing lightly with some of the crowd's representations to Pilate, the same kind of approach makes the quarrel of the soldiers over the coat sound like a gay madrigal. His habit of slowing down at the ends of chorales and some

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A REPORT ON THE VERY PORTABLE PORTABLES

BY MYRON A. MATZKIN

If anything typifies the twentieth century, it’s sound—and for anyone with ears attuned to the world about him the tape recorder has provided the means to capture its sounds. Taping a live “performance”—whether it’s a quartet in your local town hall or the party going on in your own living room—is rewarding and it’s fun, as are recording off the air and dubbing from discs. But for me the most exciting experience is capturing the living, raw sounds that are everywhere in our environment—and for this a battery-operated portable is almost a necessity.

The standard home tape recorder (entirely aside from its twenty- to fifty-pound weight, which makes it difficult to carry more than a few yards) is of
course dependent for its power on the nearest electrical outlet. Consequently, for the amateur recordist at least, recording with such machines must be pretty much confined to indoor scenes. Before battery portables became available, I can remember walking down Broadway and listening to the noise of people and traffic, the street musicians, the kids singing for pennies, and wondering when the day would come when these and hundreds of other such sounds could be readily captured. Not that there weren't pioneering efforts in this direction. The inverter offered one solution. You took a comparatively light machine such as the Wollensak 1500, rigged it to a 12-volt automobile battery and the inverter. You placed the whole business on a dolly and took off—slowly. Tony Schwartz, famous for his New York street recordings, made some of his earliest tapes this way.

But, finally, in the early Fifties, the first battery-operated portables appeared. One of the best of them, the Amplifier Corporation of America Magnemite, used battery power for the electronics, but the transport was spring-motor-driven. You cranked, recorded, and cranked some more. I once spent a day recording the Vanderbilt Trophy race for racing cars with this machine. It was a long race over a fairly big course. My shoulder ached from lugging and my arm hurt from cranking, but my tapes sounded fine. It was a wonderful, new adventure; it was recording the way it should be—where the action was.

Most of those early models, however, were either expensive or had serious drawbacks. Since then, the battery-operated portable has developed along slim, trim, and low-priced lines. At the bottom of the heap you can now find machines selling for less than $10 and on display in drugstores, supermarkets, almost anywhere. They may work for only a short time, a week or even a month or so. The sound they produce is simply terrible. At best, you can call them toys—but you might know a child who'd like one.

As for portables you can take seriously, the range runs from fairly inexpensive models costing, say, about $100 to units priced at more than $1,000. I've used many in all categories. Some of the lower-priced ones produce surprisingly good results. And unless you are a professional or involved in motion picture work, you really don't need the most expensive types. Some machines in the about-$100 price class—the Norelco 150 Carry-Corder or the similar Wollensak 4100, for instance—provide performance that belies their modest specifications. Don't let rather impersive (and often overoptimistic) frequency response figures mislead you. A machine with a conservative and honest 100- to 7,000-Hz response may give cleaner sound than one with a much higher response rating and all sorts of audio illnesses. Generally speaking, however, it is still true that you get what you pay for; the higher you go in price, the more you'll gain in performance and features. For example, the Roberts 6000S at $360 will record stereo while the Uher 4000-L is comparable in performance to many an AC-operated mono tape machine. In fact, it will do almost everything that a home tape machine will do and has a few features that are not found even in some of the better-known AC-operated machines.

Probably the most expensive battery-operated portable is the Swiss-made Nagra, currently retailing from $1,186 upward. Most high fidelity shops don't even stock the Nagra, and you generally have to wait for delivery. This portable is one of the favorite recorders for professional motion picture work, where its high price and fifteen pounds of weight are taken in stride in view of its performance and facility for lip-sync.

Budget aside, the choice of a portable tape recorder should probably depend on what you intend to record. If, for instance, you plan to tape conversation only, you can settle for a less elaborate machine than you would need for good results with music or for recording other sounds of wide frequency and dynamic range.

Much has been said lately about the extremely slow tape speeds, 15/16 and 1 7/8 inches per second. If you plan to dictate letters or make notes on your machine, 15/16 ips is fine; for anything else, it just won't do. Double that speed, 1 7/8 ips, works very well in some machines, as the Norelco Carry-Corder, for example. It's particularly good for voice (including animal voices, if you're interested—a young lady I know who is prone to taking off into the jungle with camera and tape recorder has used it quite successfully to record the native fauna). The Roberts 6000S is another machine that does rather well at 1 7/8 ips.

Because of the noise level on most other battery portables, I find that 33 1/3 ips is generally the slowest speed that provides really good voice recordings. The best speed remains 7 1/2 ips, though it is not found on all portables. While it may seem a bit extravagant, I usually record just about everything at 7 1/2 ips. I find that the signal-to-noise ratio improves audibly, while wow and flutter decrease. But recording at the high tape speed poses another problem—tape supply. Many battery models offer only a 3-inch reel. Obviously, with all the hems, haws, and interruptions that can crop up during an interview-type recording, you can run out of tape in rather short order. Some machines use 5-inch reels—which represents a definite improvement. But the price of the machine goes up with reel capacity; and even a 5-inch reel can be precious little at times—I know one motion picture team who have modified their normally 5-inch-reel Uher to accept 7-inch reels.

Tape cartridges have begun to figure in battery portable design, with the Norelco Carry-Corder, the Wollensak 4100, and indications that other cartridge models will soon appear. In this ultracompact type of machine, a 3/8 inch-wide tape is supplied in a flat
cartridge that permits about ½ hour per side at 1/2 ips. It takes only a second or two to flip the cartridge over. I've found that the slowest thing in the entire operation is removing the cartridge compartment cover. So, before recording, I remove the cover entirely and leave it off until finished.

Convenient placement of controls is of prime importance when you're taping on the run—and recording on location is almost always done that way. If you must place the machine on a flat surface to work the recording level and on/off dials, switches, or keys, you may find yourself thoroughly unhappy some day. I favor the machine that lets me get at the controls easily with the machine slung over my shoulder in its carrying case. And I want to be able to get into action with one hand—not two: it's frustrating to have to hit separate start and record buttons that defy you to use them with only one set of fingers. A notable exception to this inconvenience are machines like the Uher. Although they require that you hit start and record buttons simultaneously, the piano-key controls operate at a reasonably light touch and are spaced close enough together for even the smallest hand.

Actually my pet peeve in portables is their recording level meters. Most of them double as battery-checking devices and as such they work well. But don't depend on them for setting the correct recording level—at least not without running several test recordings first. You may find that you must become rather expert in second-guessing the meter. Many of them are a bit on the optimistic side. You're well into the distortion range before the meter gives you any indication at all that you haven't sorted things out properly.

Most battery-operated portables include fairly minimal playback facilities. With a few and expensive exceptions, they provide no real idea of the quality of sound you've recorded. In fact, if you make a recording test of the machine you intend to buy, play the tape back on a regular home recorder, preferably one patched into a high fidelity system. The playback amplifier and speaker in most battery-operated portables may be given a gold star for effort—but that's all. Too much is being asked of too little.

More important, to me, than built-in playback in portables are the outputs that permit re-recording on an AC machine, or at least playback through a good high fidelity system. The machines in the neighborhood of about $150 or more have preamp outputs, permitting you to go directly to the recording end of your AC machine, or to patch into the auxiliary jack on a high fidelity amplifier. Some portables also have an auxiliary speaker output for direct hookup to your own speaker system. This improves the playback somewhat, but remember that your external speaker will be at the mercy of the tiny playback amplifier inside the portable.

You will also find so-called radio-phono inputs for high level sound sources. These are nice to have in an emergency but hardly necessary for most enthusiasts who already own good tape recording equipment. The only input that really counts on a portable is the one for the microphone. A good thing to have here is a remote control input to go along with the one for the mike. This makes it possible to start and stop the machine from the mike—an invaluable asset when recording interviews. In any case, don't expect too much from the mikes regularly supplied with most machines. They are, as a rule, omnidirectional and so pick up everything, at times including sounds you don't want. Their frequency response is often well below the possible performance level of the recorder itself. You might consider investing in a better mike—but wait a while before buying it. Try the recorder over an extended period and see what results you do get with the mike that came with it.

A few portables with novel features have appeared recently. For instance, the Roberts 6000S (with an optional recording preamp) is one of the first successful stereo battery portables. Whether you need stereo in a portable depends on what you record. If you plan to record under controlled conditions and can set up for stereo, it is obviously worth investigating. In any case, the stereo recorder also provides 4-track mono—and that's certainly an advantage worth considering. The Concord 350 and the Martel 201 also offer something new in battery portables—a voice-actuated mike—great for recording, say, birdcalls when the recorder is planted near a nest, feeder, or tree, and you are somewhere else. The Uher, with an accessory mike, also can be voice-actuated.

Regarding the batteries that power these portables, I have some strong feelings derived from sad experience. There are adequate, good, and best batteries, and these terms apply respectively to the three types of batteries most often used in portables: zinc carbon, alkaline (sometimes called manganese alkaline), and nickel cadmium.

Zinc carbon batteries are the common variety, sold in hardware and drugstores and widely used in flashlights, motorized toys, and the like. They're the cheapest of the three types and last the shortest time. I've had them die on me after only a short period of use—and right in the middle of recording (you'll know this is happening when the tape seems to be traveling at a torturously slow pace). In addition, zinc carbon batteries may leak after a time, and they often won't work in cold weather. So-called "transistor batteries" are zinc carbon types offered for use with small transistor radios and costing a little more than the garden variety (about $2.50 to 30¢). Whether the extra few cents you pay for these gets you genuinely better or longer performance or merely a name fancier than "flashlight battery," I have yet to determine.

Alkaline batteries are a definite improvement over zinc carbon. They cost about three times more (50¢ to 75¢ apiece), but they last much longer.
## PORTABLE TAPE RECORDERS—A BUYER’S GUIDE

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>MODEL</th>
<th>COST</th>
<th>WEIGHT</th>
<th>TAPE SPEEDS (IPS)</th>
<th>REEL SIZE (IN.)</th>
<th>POWER SOURCES</th>
<th>REMARKS</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Concertone 727</td>
<td>$290</td>
<td>16 lbs.</td>
<td>7 1/2, 3 3/4, 17/8, 15/16</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>6 D-cells, built-in AC adapter</td>
<td>4-track stereo or mono record/playback; dynamic remote control mike supplied, line inputs and outputs, external speaker and headphone output</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Concord 300</td>
<td>$125</td>
<td>6 1/2 lbs.</td>
<td>3 3/4, 1 7/8</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>6 D-cells, built-in AC adapter</td>
<td>Manual reverse for recording and playback, remote control mike, automatic distant-sound level compensation</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Concord 350</td>
<td>$200</td>
<td>10 lbs.</td>
<td>3 3/4, 1 7/8</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>6 D-cells, built-in AC adapter</td>
<td>Automatic reverse, remote control mike, voice-actuated recording, extension speaker output</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hi-Cord 202A</td>
<td>$350</td>
<td>6 3/4 lbs.</td>
<td>7 1/2, 3 3/4</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>7 1.4-V mercury cells; or with accessory adapters, AC or car battery</td>
<td>Preamp and external speaker outputs, remote control with accessory unit</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Geloso TR-711</td>
<td>$200</td>
<td>4 lbs.</td>
<td>3 3/4, 1 7/8</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>6 pen-light cells</td>
<td>Remote control mike, auxiliary inputs, external speaker output</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Geloso Unicorder</td>
<td>$150</td>
<td>6 lbs.</td>
<td>3 3/4, 1 7/8</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>10 pen-light cells or built-in adapter</td>
<td>Remote control mike, auxiliary inputs, external speaker output, strobe disc for sync with 8-mm movie projector at 16 frames per second</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Grundig TK-6</td>
<td>not stated</td>
<td>13 lbs.</td>
<td>3 3/4, 1 7/8</td>
<td>4 1/4</td>
<td>6 D-cells, AC or car battery</td>
<td>Preamp output, auxiliary input</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Miranda Mirandette</td>
<td>$170</td>
<td>7 1/4 lbs.</td>
<td>3 3/4, 1 7/8</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>4 D-cells; built-in AC adapter</td>
<td>Remote control mike, external speaker output</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Nagra III BH</td>
<td>$1,345</td>
<td>22 lbs.</td>
<td>15, 7 1/2, 3 3/4</td>
<td>7</td>
<td>12 D-cells or any 11- to 20-V 250mA DC supply; AC with accessory adapters</td>
<td>Precision built, professional-class; mike and line inputs, line output, headphone output, three heads; slip-sync for movie sound. Some units without slip-sync, Nagra III NTPH, $1,100</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Norelco 101</td>
<td>$100</td>
<td>7 lbs.</td>
<td>1 7/8</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>6 D-cells; AC with accessory adapter</td>
<td>Auxiliary input, preamp output, provision for adding remote control</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Norelco 150 Carry-Corder</td>
<td>$100</td>
<td>3 lbs.</td>
<td>1 7/8</td>
<td>cartridge</td>
<td>5 C-cells; AC with accessory adapter</td>
<td>Remote control mike, auxiliary input, preamp output; special cartridge uses 1/8-in.-wide tape</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Olympus Pen-Corder 524-D</td>
<td>$160</td>
<td>6 1/4 lbs.</td>
<td>3 3/4, 1 7/8</td>
<td>3 1/4</td>
<td>6 C-cells, AC with accessory adapter</td>
<td>Remote control mike, auxiliary inputs. Lower-priced models also available</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Phono-Trix 888</td>
<td>$150</td>
<td>2 3/4 lbs.</td>
<td>1 7/8</td>
<td>2 1/2</td>
<td>3 C-cells; 3 pen-light cells, or 6-V car battery, or AC with accessory adapter</td>
<td>Remote control mike; recorder may be played through auxiliary amp-speaker (accessory), other models to be announced</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Roberts 6000S</td>
<td>$360, stereo; $300, 4-track mono</td>
<td>11 lbs., 2 oz.</td>
<td>7 1/2, 3 3/4, 1 7/8, 15/16</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>4 D-cells, or 16-V nickel-cadmium battery, or AC with accessory adapter</td>
<td>Uses cross-field head, switched combination mike and auxiliary inputs, preamp outputs, headphone output</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sony 800</td>
<td>$225</td>
<td>13 lbs.</td>
<td>7 1/2, 3 3/4, 1 7/8</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>4 D-cells or AC with built-in adapter</td>
<td>Remote control mike, earphone output, automatic recording level control</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Telefunken Magnetophon 300</td>
<td>$170</td>
<td>7 1/2 lbs.</td>
<td>3 3/4</td>
<td>not stated</td>
<td>5 C-cells or nickel-cadmium, or AC via battery charger</td>
<td>Auxiliary inputs; preamp and earphone outputs</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Telemar 201</td>
<td>$100</td>
<td>7 lbs.</td>
<td>3 3/4, 1 7/8</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>4 D-cells; built-in AC adapter</td>
<td>Two mikes supplied; one remote control, other &quot;vau-mike&quot; adheres to resonant surface for direct pickup. Auxiliary input, external speaker and headphone jack</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Uher 4000-L</td>
<td>$240</td>
<td>7 lbs.</td>
<td>6 oz.</td>
<td>7 3/4, 3 3/4, 1 7/8, 15/16</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>5 D-cells or nickel-cadmium, accessory AC unit and battery charger; accessory rechargeable storage battery</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>V.M. Tape-O-Matic</td>
<td>$130</td>
<td>5 lbs.</td>
<td>3 3/4, 1 7/8</td>
<td>3 1/4</td>
<td>Nickel-cadmium battery with built-in recharge, or car lighter outlet with accessory adapter-charger</td>
<td>Remote control mike, auxiliary input, earphone and external speaker output</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wallensak 4100</td>
<td>$100</td>
<td>3 lbs.</td>
<td>1 7/8</td>
<td>cartridge</td>
<td>5 C-cells, or AC with accessory adapter</td>
<td>Remote control mike, preamp output, auxiliary input; special cartridge uses 1/8-in.-wide tape (interchangeable with Norelco 150)</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

The above listing and data, based on industry sources, comprise a guide to representative models priced upward of about $100 and known to be available. Because of rapid developments in this product area it would be impossible to document every model; those listed here we view as worthy of consideration by the serious recordist.
Alkaline types are less subject to leakage, and they hold up better in cold weather.

Neither zinc carbon nor alkaline batteries can be fully recharged once they start running down. They can, however, be rejuvenated for about 10% additional power, but only after rather light use. Whether the cost of a recharger is truly an economy measure with respect to these batteries for use in tape recorders is highly questionable.

About the best power source today for battery portables is the nickel cadmium battery. A nickel-cad equivalent of the other types may cost about $5.00; but when you consider that this amount need be a onetime investment only, it makes sense. The life expectancy of nickel-cads is fantastic, and some are offered with lifetime guarantees. At the least you can expect a nickel-cad to survive some three hundred recharging, and this figure is climbing steadily as battery technology improves. These batteries hold their charge for long periods; they do not leak; they perform well in any weather. Nickel-cads come in all sizes to fit just about every recorder available. If this type of battery has a drawback, it's the rather long recharging time—about twelve to fifteen hours. But at least a partial charge can be accomplished overnight.

For the beginner at taping "in the field," an easy and rewarding subject is people. I am, right now, doing a series of recordings of friends in Vermont, talking simply about their town and its history. They discuss the weather, recount local stories, and so on. Usually, I avoid calling attention to the tape recorder itself. I put the mike in a water glass to hold it upright, place it in the middle of the table, turn on the recorder, and then slip the machine out of the way under my chair. Everyone knows I'm recording, but after a while no one pays any attention. In sessions like this, incidentally, don't worry about fidelity. You're after something else—a document of a time and place that may have tremendous meaning and value in the years to come. Fiddling around with the level control only distracts your subject. Set it and forget it.

There's nothing much you can do about television sets blaring in the next room, doors slamming, or people casually walking in and getting into the act. Actually, all that background noise makes for a real sense of authenticity. The key to this work is to relax and forget your predilection for pure sound. If background noise does prove troublesome, use a cardioid pattern mike; it helps keep background sound within acceptable limits.

Interview technique is important, but a little of the right technique goes a long way. If you're planning an interview, prepare a few leading questions, and be prepared to vary both their content and sequence. Once you get the subject going, let him talk. If he stops, base your motivating questions on what he's already said in order to keep the conversation going in the same direction. It's his subjectiveness you want—not yours. You are, at this stage of the game, literally a reporter. Later, when you've finished taping, you can (and should) assume the role of an editor. A simple recording technique and an informal interview approach are your best bets. The recorder, and you, should be self-effacing.

Indoors, it's fairly easy to control the recording situation, but things aren't quite as simple outdoors. Wind is your worst enemy. It can ruin a recording because once on the tape it doesn't sound like wind, but like a series of unpleasant rasps and scrapings. Most cardioid mikes have wind screens that help block out much of the unwanted noise. If your mike doesn't have a wind screen, you can make one simply by wrapping the mike in a handkerchief or covering it with a sock. Foam rubber wrapped around the mike—without being permitted to obstruct sound passages—works well too. Get it as close as you can to the sound source.

About the only time you'll really have to worry about the recording level is when you're dealing with very powerful sound sources such as trains, cars (particularly racing cars), waterfalls, or huge crowds. Under such conditions, I aim the mike and then keep my eye on the level meter and my hand on the level control—trying my best to keep up with the sudden changes in sound level. You can do surprisingly well, with only minor distortion now and then. But as I've already said, quality often has to play a secondary role to simply getting the sound. A little distortion is not going to prevent you from going all gushy over a recording you made two years ago in a Paris street with the bells of St. Sulpice in the background and the noise of taxis, sirens, and people in the foreground.

Expect to use a lot of tape. I recently recorded an old-time prize fighter who could recall fighting on barges, in the back of Brooklyn bars, and in barns. Much of the original tape rambled, with no real focus point. But the edited tape—cut, arranged, and spliced from my original raw material—had tremendous impact. It took about 2,400 feet of tape to get a really solid three hundred feet, but it was worth it. Above all, don't fall into the trap of false tape economy that has you constantly switching the machine on and off. Remember, all that extraneous tape is reusable—and all that switching only distracts the subject. Besides, you just might miss an important word, syllable, or part of a sentence.

Plan to re-record. That is to say, after you've made your original recording, dub it to another tape—but this time using only one side or one track to permit editing. After this tape has been edited, you can use it as a "master" to re-record again, this time using all the available tracks.

The battery portable, to my mind, is the real key to an exciting tape recording hobby. Use it to record the sounds happening all around you (just as a photographer uses a 35-mm camera to shoot action scenes), and you'll find that you too have become a historian of our time.
METASTASIO
Librettist to a Century

Metastasio. If you look at the handsome façade of the Teatro San Carlo in Naples today, you will see his name carved in marble in the upper right-hand corner, along with the names of Goldoni and Alfieri, his fellow playwrights. If you stroll through Rome’s Piazza Borghese and glance at the bookstalls, you are sure to come across an edition of his works (I have a beautifully bound one in fourteen volumes, published in Cremona in 1827; it cost a song). One historian of Italian literature tells us that “for many, many generations mothers taught their children the wisdom of life with the little airs of Metastasio.” And in far-off Brazil, in 1770, a theatre lover wrote of him: “This name is heard with admiration in the depths of our forests. The sighs of Alceste and Cleonice are familiar to a people which does not know there is a Vienna in the world.”

The story of Metastasio’s fame could go on and on. Kings and princes revered and sought him; Rousseau praised him; Voltaire said of two scenes of La Clemenza di Tito: “… comparable if not superior to all that was most beautiful in Greece, worthy of Corneille when he does not declaim and of Racine when he does not grow weak.” But it was with composers that Metastasio’s popularity was greatest. His first work for the theatre to be set to music was Didone abbandonata, in 1724, by Domenico Sarro. This same text continued to be set by other composers for exactly a century: Domenico Scarlatti, Tomaso Albinoni. Handel, Galuppi, Porpora, Hasse, Jommelli, Traetta, Piccinni, Cherubini, Paisiello, Paër, down to Saverio Mercadante, who wrote his Didone in 1823. Gluck wrote several Metastasio operas, Mozart set Il Re pastore and La Clemenza di Tito (the text considerably altered in both cases), even Meyerbeer wrote a Metastasio opera. Rossini composed some songs to Metastasio’s words, and Beethoven too set a number of the poet’s arias to music.

Seldom has the wheel of fortune made a more complete revolution. Outside of Italy few people today have ever heard of Metastasio, and even among Italians the situation is not much better—Metastasio figures in textbooks, students learn his name as Americans learn those of Cotton Mather or Anne Bradstreet, without reading their works. But the wheel of fortune was active in this writer’s life from the beginning.

The Via dei Cappellari, in Rome, is today much the same colorful, noisy slum it was in 1698 when the poet came into the world there, with the less poetic name of Pietro Trapassi. His father, a retired Papal Guard, kept a little shop. Pietro was by all accounts an exceptionally bright and handsome child, and his godfather, the powerful and art-loving Cardinal Ottoboni, arranged for him to study. An even greater stroke of luck was an encounter which took place a few years later. A contemporary biographer describes it: “At the tender age of eight he was not only sufficiently instructed in the first elements of the Latin language, but also recited lovely verses, which he improvised. One evening, when he was engaging in this exercise in the public street, he chanced to be heard by the celebrated scholar Gian-Vincenzo Gravina, who praised the child highly and offered him the reward of a coin. which the young Trapassi refused. His virtue in scorning the offered money and the talent displayed in his improvising so enchanted Gravina that he conceived a great wish to cultivate this tender plant. . . .”

Gravina adopted Pietro Trapassi, translated his surname into Greco-Italian, and supervised his further education. At fourteen the budding poet had already composed his first tragedy, Giustino; Gravina found out about it and encouraged him. After further studies in Calabria, Metastasio returned to Rome and took minor orders. (This was, after all, the Settecento, and Abbés were a fixed element in the social landscape; the poet never seriously contemplated the priesthood, though he remained deeply devout all of his life.)
METASTASIO

Gravina died, in 1718, his protégé inherited his fortune, but he divided the money among Gravina's other pupils and promptly found himself poor again.

For all its monumental grandeur, Rome in the eighteenth century was essentially a provincial town. Naples was the place for the man who loved music, and there Metastasio moved, to study law and at the same time to further his literary career. In Naples, Metastasio's poems soon opened important doors. A few months after his arrival he wrote an epilallium and a pastoral, Endimione, for the marriage of Donna Anna Pinelli di Sangro and Prince Antonio Pignatelli di Belmonte (whose sister, Countess Mariantia Pignatelli d'Althann, was an important figure at the court of the Emperor Charles VI in Vienna). Next he wrote Gli ori espeziali, a short work which won him the friendship—and apparently more than just friendship—of the soprano Mariantia Bulgarelli, known as "La Romanina," then thirty-five (Metastasio was twenty-three) and not a beauty, but obviously a woman of character and determination. She encouraged the poet to give up law and turn to the theatre. The result was Didone abbandonata, a resounding success not only for La Romanina but also for the youthful librettist.

Some months later Metastasio returned to Rome, where Mariantina followed him. In her absence Metastasio had gotten involved with a younger lady, and the situation was becoming difficult when—another turn of fortune's wheel—a formal letter arrived from Vienna. Apostolo Zeno, the "Poeta Cesareo" (official poet-librettist to the Imperial Court) was requesting his presence. On April 17, 1730, Metastasio reached Vienna, where he found lodgings in the house of a Spanish-Neapolitan named Nicolò Martinez, who was also a Court official. These lodgings were to be his home for more than fifty years; the house still stands—Kohimarkt 11—and a plaque marks the spot.

CRITICS HAVE DIVIDED Metastasio's life and work into three periods, corresponding to his three Mariannas: La Romanina (Mariantia Bulgarelli), the Countess D'Althann (Mariantia Pignatelli), and Mariantina Martinez, the landlord's young daughter, the comfort of his last years. Nobody seems to know exactly his relationship to these three women. He was almost certainly the lover of La Romanina; his love of Mariantina Martinez was certainly only paternal; he was supposed to have been secretly married to the Countess, a widow by the time he knew her, but the discretion of both parties was so great that nothing can be proved. In any case, simplifying things for the critics and for Metastasio himself, the first Mariantina died shortly after he took up residence in the city of Mariantina II. In her will, La Romanina left all her money to Metastasio, who sagely gave it back to her husband. He didn't need it. His income was more than adequate, and in the midst of the Court's grandeur, he continued to live very simply. For over half a century there was no imperial birth or marriage or festivity without a specially composed work by Metastasio: opera or cantata, serenade or festa teatrale. Stendhal, who wrote a brief essay on the poet, described the conventions of a typical opera seria (I quote from the contemporary translation of the work): "In every drama six characters are required, all lovers. . . . The three principal actors. . . . must each sing five airs [each of differing nature]. It is requisite that the drama should be divided into three acts, and not exceed a certain number of verses; that each scene should terminate with an air; that the same personage should not sing two airs in succession, and that two airs of the same character should never follow one another. . . ." Stendhal's list of specifications continues at some length.

These were not the only conditions Metastasio had to put up with. At the height of his Viennese fame, he wrote a letter to a friend, describing his latest commission: "... my work is rendered a thousand times more disagreeable by the restrictions of all sorts which are imposed on me. In the first place, I am prohibited from all Greek or Roman subjects, because our chaste nymphs cannot endure those indecent costumes. I am obliged to have recourse to Oriental history, in order that the women, who perform the characters of men, may be duly wrapped up from head to foot in Asiatic drapery. All contrasts between vice and virtue are of necessity excluded, because no lady will choose to appear in an odious part. I am restricted to five characters for this substantial reason, given by a certain governor—that persons of rank ought not to be lost in a crowd. The duration of the performance, the changes of the scene, the airs, almost the number of the words, are fixed. Tell me if this is not enough to drive the most patient man mad?" The poet triumphed over all restrictions, including the ban on classical subjects. He wrote, for example, more than one "Chinese" play, following the taste of the period for chinoiserie; one, an azione teatrale entitled Le Cinesi, is among his most delightful. Its original cast included the young Marie Antoinette, daughter of the poet's imperial patroness Maria Theresa. The story is simplicity itself: three Chinese ladies, presumably noble, are trying to decide how best to kill some time. They decide to recite—to improvise, in fact—a scene apiece: one will do a bit of comedy, one some tragedy, and one a pastoral. The result is a kind of anthology of Metastasio's styles; without any hint of satire, each scene is composed with wit and grace, and in reading the brief act, one can imagine the aristocratic audience at Schönbrunn, the young archduchesses, the aging poet-tutor.
As I mentioned earlier, Metastasio’s collected writings—excluding his many, engaging letters—fill fourteen small volumes, and it is easy to see why his works dropped so suddenly out of favor. First there was the romantic-revolutionary reaction against them: in an age when kings and crowned were unfashionable Metastasio was considered a courtier. In Risorgimento Italy, the poet’s long sojourn in hated Austria was enough to make him unpopular. In an age of Byronic inspiration, the fact that he wrote only on commission and at fixed hours of the day was also frowned on. And then, later, with the arrival of verismo, Metastasio’s subjects seemed doubly remote. Musically too, he was unlucky. Though he was himself a reformer, though he changed and ennobled the opera libretto, he had the misfortune to be set either by inferior composers or by great composers in their off moments. Then the more radical reform of Gluck and Calzabigi overshadowed Metastasio’s achievement.

Today, happily, we can—if we will—read him without prejudice. His genius is immediately perceptible. Like opera itself, the drama of Metastasio works the peculiar miracle of taking a thoroughly conventional, even unreal situation and, through it, telling us something very real and important about life. His superhumanly noble rulers—his Tito, for example—might at first seem made of cold marble; but the sheer force of his poetry and his own humanity give them flesh and blood. There is also in Metastasio the consummate talent of the born man of the theatre; he bends the rules Stendhal enumerates to his will, he makes exposition itself exciting in its extreme concision. The opening of most of the plays is exemplary in this respect (my personal favorite is Issipile). Metastasio’s detractors thought of him as verbose, and I suppose the modern reader has to develop a taste for the elaborate, baroque imagery; but once this taste is formed, the constant invention of metaphor is a delight.

Metastasio’s second Marianna, the Countess d’Althann, died in 1755. “Twenty-five years and more of friendship that leaves no remorse; these are ties that do not break without cruel shock.” After that the poet wrote less and less, and became more and more of an international literary landmark. It was not always easy to be received by Metastasio. A distinguished visitor, in 1772, was Doctor Burney. “Before I had the honour of being introduced to Signor Metastasio, I obtained, from undoubted authority, the following particulars relative to this great poet, whose writings have perhaps more contributed to the refinement of vocal melody, and, consequently, of music in general, than the joint efforts of all the great composers of Europe. . . . The whole tenor of his life is equally innoxious with his writings. He lives with the most mechanical regularity, which he suffers none to disturb; he has not dined from home these thirty years; he is very difficult of access, and equally averse to new persons, and new things . . . he abhors writing, and never sets pen to paper but by compulsion . . .”

In Burney’s case—as in many others—this story of the poet’s inaccessibility proved false, and soon the young English musicologist and the old poet were on a friendly footing. “If he is attended to with complaisance,” Burney wrote, “he converses very freely and agreeably; but if contradicted, he becomes immediately silent; he is too well-bred, as well as too indolent, to dispute . . . Indeed there seems to be that soft calmness in his life, which subsists in his writings, where he reasons, even in passion, more than he raves. . . . He may be called the poet of the golden age . . .”

At a later meeting, Dr. Burney met the third Mariana: “The discourse then became general and miscellaneous, till the arrival of a young lady, who was received by the whole company with great respect . . . This was Signor Martinetz (sic). . . . whose father was an old friend of Metastasio. . . . I was very desirous of hearing and conversing with her; and Metastasio was soon so obliging as to propose her sitting down to the harpsichord, which she immediately did, in a graceful manner, without the parade of diffidence, or the trouble of importunity. Her performance indeed surpassed all that I have been made to expect. She sung two airs of her own composition, to words of Metastasio, which she accompanied on the harpsichord. . . . Signora Martinetz was more perfect than any singer I had ever heard. . . .”

In 1780, Maria Theresa died and was succeeded by her son, Joseph II. Shortly thereafter Metastasio received another visitor, Lorenzo da Ponte. According to Da Ponte’s Memoirs, Metastasio read one of the younger man’s poems, agreed to meet him, and was extremely cordial and flattering. A few days later Metastasio was dead—according to Da Ponte again, “of grief” caused by Joseph II’s cancelation of the poet’s pension. Actually, Joseph had exempted Metastasio from the imperial economies, and this tale no doubt proceeds from Da Ponte’s own acute sensitivity to money. Another story says that the old man died of a cold caught by leaning out of his window to bow to the Pope, who had come to Vienna to visit the Emperor. In any case, he suffered only a brief illness and, as Mariana Martinetz puts it in a letter to Metastasio’s life-long friend, the famous castrato Farinelli, “. . . almost without death-agony, he rendered his sublime soul to his Maker . . . in the presence of his confessor.”

A simple, affecting end, in keeping with the life of the poet. He was mourned by the great, eulogized by the famous—and then forgotten. But the volumes of his works remain to be enjoyed. Sir Walter Scott is said to have learned Italian solely to read Ariosto. I doubt that anyone today will make the effort just for Metastasio, but reading him is surely one of the many rewards for learning his language. Reading him is a joy, and—again to quote Stendhal on the subject—“This happiness is not merely imaginary; it is a matter of history.”
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CIRCLE 43 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

www.americanradiohistory.com
HARMAN-KARDON SC-440
MODULAR SYSTEM; HK-40 SPEAKERS


COMMENT: The SC-440 system represents something fairly new on the high fidelity scene, something several manufacturers have been offering: a preassembled design in which many of the techniques employed and features found (on a grander scale) in separate audio components are bestowed on a compact, popularly priced, complete system. The net result is a simplified rig which offers a level of performance distinctly better than that formerly associated with audio package goods. The SC-440 is one of four such systems recently introduced by Harman-Kardon (in addition to its line of separate components). It consists of a Garrard AT-60 changer fitted with an ADC 770 pickup and installed in a walnut case that also houses a complete stereo receiver (AM/FM stereo tuner and stereo control amplifier). A pair of matched, separately housed speakers (Model HK-40) complete the system. Other models in this new line include the SC-430, identical to the SC-440 except for smaller speaker systems (the Model HK-30), and costing $419. A third model is the SC-340, which uses the larger HK-40 speakers but lacks the AM section. The turntable used in the SC-340 is a lower-cost Garrard Model 50 fitted with a ceramic cartridge. The SC-340 also costs $419. Finally, there is the SC-330—the same as the SC-340 but with the smaller HK-30 speaker systems, and priced at $389. The speaker systems themselves—made to H-K specifications by audio designer Dick Shehanian—are being offered separately for use in any audio system: the HK-40 at $100; the HK-30 at $70. The SC series, however, is available only with the speakers and the manufacturer recommends their use with the SC modules.

"Installing" the SC-440 is mainly a matter of removing the three pieces from their cartons and setting them down wherever convenient. For setups in which the unit is left out in the open, an optional Plexiglas dust cover ($19.95) is available which fits over the Garrard.

Appearance is neat and sensible, and the angled lectern-like control panel makes for very easy handling of both the record player and the tuner/amplifier. The AM/FM tuning dial is large and clearly marked, and contains a signal-strength meter and a stereo indicator. The tuning knob is at the right; a six-position program selector is at the left with settings for mono phono, stereo phono, tape amp/aux, FM mono, FM stereomatic, and AM. Below the station dial are the knobs for volume (combined with the off/on switch), channel balance, bass tone control (operates on both channels simultaneously), and a similar type of treble control. There also are two slide switches for loudness contour and speakers on/off, and a low-impedance stereo headphone jack. Speakers and headphones may be listened to simultaneously if desired.

At the rear are speaker output jacks (rather than screw terminals), and two 24-foot cables are supplied with the set for this hookup. There also is a stereo pair of inputs for signals from a tape playback preamp, or from any other high-level program source, and a stereo pair of jacks for feeding signals to a tape recorder. The FM antenna terminals are the 300-ohm twin-lead type. A separate screw permits connecting a long-wire AM antenna. An AC outlet (switched), a fuse-holder, and the power line cord complete the rear complement.

The Garrard AT-60 used in the system is a four-speed automatic which has the intermix feature for stacking records of varying size, and which also may be cued manually (for a detailed report on this unit, see HIGH FIDELITY, November 1965). The pickup is the ADC-770, a 15-degree vertical-angle model which employs a movement similar to other ADC pickups.

R E P O R T   P O L I C Y

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

JULY 1966
Details of the measurements made at CBS Labs on the electronic portion of the SC-440 are given in the accompanying charts. Considering the compact format and low cost of this system, they add up to very respectable performance. At that, little allowance need be made for the set on these grounds, in view of its fine listening quality. The FM characteristics indicate very good reception of all but the weakest of signals; the set really needs very little RF input to provide full limiting. Its response to stereo FM broadcasts is as good as that of some costlier, separate tuners.

The amplifier section measures up as a good 10-watts-per-channel unit, entirely capable of driving the speakers supplied. Its one-watt frequency response is unusually good for a combination chassis, being flat out to 70,000 Hz. It should be pointed out that our power measurements are made of RMS or continuous power into an 8-ohm load. The manufacturer in this instance, however, has rated the set for music power into 4 ohms—which is the impedance of the woofer in the HK-40 speaker system. Comparing the two rating methods, it is obvious that the SC-440 does meet its power specification.

Distortion figures seemed about average for this class of equipment. At that, some explanation is due on the IM curves we measured. According to H-K, although the woofer in the speaker system supplied is a 4-ohm load, the tweeter (which handles frequencies from 1,800 Hz upward) is rated for 20 ohms. Because of this, a deliberate design aim in this system was to achieve lower distortion at the higher impedances so that a certain "audible weighting effect" would come into play; that is, the IM effects would be minimized in the most audible response region (midrange and highs) while still providing ample power for driving the bass. As the IM curves show, the higher impedances do result in lower distortion—and so while this design approach may be unusual, it does seem to work on the basis of the measurements and, equally if not more important, on the basis of careful listening tests.

The HK-40 speakers supplied with this system strike us as better than average-sounding for this class of equipment. Listening tests indicate strong bass down to about 65 Hz, with a gentle rolloff down to 35 Hz. Doubling will occur anywhere in this region depending on how hard the system is driven; we would say in sum that at normal listening levels the speaker's clean bass response extends to about 40 Hz. There is a slight rise at 80 Hz, some minor distortion at 100 Hz, and then very smooth response up through the middles and highs, with an apparent slope toward inaudibility beginning at about 13 kHz. Hardly any directional effects were noted throughout the upper midrange, and it is not until just above 10 kHz that any pronounced beaming becomes evident. White noise response was very smooth and subdued throughout. The speaker is equipped with a high-frequency adjustment to help balance the response to different room acoustics.

The H-K SC-440, summing up, strikes us as a very cleverly designed system and one which, perhaps more than most, cannot be evaluated solely "by the numbers" derived by standard test methods. The fact is, it has provided us with weeks of agreeable listening—including disc playback, FM broadcasts, and tape playback through its auxiliary inputs. It may not be the perfectionist's dream, but it certainly merits consideration as a no-fuss, very competent, "small system" or as a second system for den, study, or bedroom.

CIRCLE 150 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

Square-wave response to 50 Hz, left, and to 10 kHz.
Harman-Kardon SC-440

Lab Test Data

Performance characteristic  Measurement

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Tuner Section</th>
<th></th>
<th></th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>IM sensitivity</td>
<td>2.9 µV at 98 MHz, 3.4 µV at 90 MHz, 2.75 µV at 106 MHz</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Frequency response, mono</td>
<td>+0.75 to -3 dB, 20 Hz to 15 kHz</td>
<td>THD, mono</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>IM distortion</td>
<td>2.9%</td>
<td>Capture ratio</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>S/N ratio</td>
<td>56 dB</td>
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<tr>
<td>Frequency response, stereo, l ch</td>
<td>+0.5 to -6 dB, 20 Hz to 15 kHz</td>
<td>THD, stereo, l ch</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>r ch</td>
<td>+0.5 to -6 dB, 20 Hz to 15 kHz</td>
<td>r ch</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Channel separation, l ch</td>
<td>better than 30 dB mid-frequencies, 20 dB, 105 Hz to 5 kHz</td>
<td>Channel separation, r ch</td>
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<tr>
<td>19-kHz pilot suppression</td>
<td>-37.5 dB</td>
<td>38-kHz subcarrier suppression</td>
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Amplifier Section

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Power output (at 1 kHz)</th>
<th>11.2 watts</th>
<th>1.2 watts</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>into 8-ohm load</td>
<td>0.9% THD</td>
<td>1.1% THD</td>
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<tr>
<td>1 ch at clipping</td>
<td>11.2 watts</td>
<td>11.2 watts</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>r ch at clipping</td>
<td>10.7 watts</td>
<td>10.7 watts</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>r ch for 1% THD</td>
<td>9 watts</td>
<td>9 watts</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>both chs simultaneously</td>
<td>0.88% THD</td>
<td>0.91% THD</td>
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<tr>
<td>1 ch at clipping</td>
<td>1.6% THD</td>
<td>1.6% THD</td>
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<tr>
<td>r ch at clipping</td>
<td>1.6% THD</td>
<td>1.6% THD</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Power bandwidth for constant 1% THD</td>
<td>40 Hz to 10 kHz</td>
<td>Harmonic distortion</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>under 1.65%, 30 Hz to 20 kHz</td>
<td>IM distortion</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>8-ohm load</td>
<td>under 2% to 5.7 watts, 3.2% at 10 watts</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>16-ohm load</td>
<td>under 2% to 7 watts, 4.3% at 8 watts</td>
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<tr>
<td>Frequency response, 1-watt level</td>
<td>+0.5 to -1.5 dB, 10 Hz to 70 kHz</td>
<td>RIAA equalization</td>
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<tr>
<td>Damping factor</td>
<td>3.9</td>
<td>Input characteristics</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

DYNAO STEREO 120
POWER AMPLIFIER


COMMENT: Dynaco's entry into solid-state electronics is an auspicious one, marked by the Stereo 120 amplifier which is a splendid, top-performing unit. It furnishes high, very clean power at all output impedance ratings, and its distortion for the most part is literally nonmeasurable. A basic or power amplifier, the Stereo 120 is designed for use with a separate preamp-control. Its circuitry is built around 15 transistors and 13 diodes. The only transformer used is in the power supply. Styling is reminiscent of former Dynaco basics but somewhat streamlined. The input jacks and the speaker binding posts, as well as a fuse-holder, an off/on switch, and the AC line cord all are grouped together on one recessed panel at one end of the chassis.

The fuse, incidentally, is for the AC line input; the circuit itself employs, for protection against overload, a current-limiting biasing arrangement (on which patents are pending). Under conditions of an abnormally heavy load the amplifier simply shuts itself off. Sound comes back instantaneously when the offending load is removed. The amplifier requires no adjustments.

Tests run at CBS Laboratories indicate that the Stereo 120 easily meets or exceeds its published specifications. With both channels driven simultaneously, the Stereo 120 produced better than 60 watts per channel, and at a lower distortion level than claimed by the manufacturer. The similarity of these power figures to those for single-channel operation indicate very good regulation in the power supply section. The 120's power bandwidth, for its rated distortion of 0.5 per cent, clearly extends below and above the normal 20-Hz to 20-kHz band. Harmonic distortion, at 60 watts output, could not be measured across most of the normal band; it either was the same as, or lower than, the residual distortion of the test instruments. At half-power output, or 30 watts, the picture was even more impressive. The 1-watt frequency response of the Stereo 120 was virtually a straight line from 10 Hz to 100 kHz.

Equally remarkable was the amplifier's IM characteristic. As the accompanying graphs show, IM

Square-wave response to 50 Hz, left, and to 10 kHz.
Dynaco Stereo 120 Power Amp

Lab Test Data

Performance characteristic | Measurement
--- | ---
Power output (at 1 kHz) into 8-ohm load
- 1 ch at clipping: 65.8 watts at 0.14% THD
- 1 ch for 0.5% THD: 66.1 watts
- r ch at clipping: 64 watts at 0.1% THD
- r ch for 0.5% THD: 67 watts
- both chs simultaneously: 65.3 watts at 0.19% THD

Power bandwidth for constant 0.5% THD
Below 20 Hz to well beyond 20 kHz

Harmonic distortion
- 60 watts output: nonmeasurable, 100 Hz to 10 kHz; below 0.25%, 70 Hz to 20 kHz; 1% at 20 Hz
- 30 watts output: nonmeasurable, 100 Hz to 10 kHz; below 0.15%, 20 Hz to 20 kHz

IM distortion
- 4-ohm load: nonmeasurable up to 40 watts
- 8-ohm load: nonmeasurable up to 42 watts; below 0.2% up to 70 watts
- 16-ohm load: nonmeasurable up to 33 watts

Frequency response, 1-watt level
- +0, -0.5 dB, 10 Hz to 100 kHz

Damping factor: 110

Input characteristics
- Sensitivity: 1.61 volts; S/N ratio, better than 95 db

Distortion remained nonmeasurable up to fairly high output levels at all three impedance ratings. It also was extremely linear, and showed nothing of the "bump and dip" effect so often seen in solid-state equipment. Signal-to-noise ratio was superb and exceeded 95 dB. Damping was extremely high at 110. Square-wave response was excellent to both the low and high frequency test signals, indicating full, solid, clean bass and superb transient response in the midrange and highs.

The Stereo 120 shapes up as one of the best power amplifiers offered for home high fidelity use. Its response, as far as we can determine, is utterly uncolored and neutral; its stability very high; its recovery from overload amply proven in our tests; its ability to drive any speaker system self-evident. Truly, another "amplifier great" and at a very reasonable price on today's market.

CIRCLE 151 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

IMF MARK IV

CARTRIDGE


COMMENT: The IMF Mark IV is a high-performance pickup for use in any modern, high-quality arm including those found on the better automatic record players. It is fitted with an elliptical stylus; compliance is rated at 27 (x 10^-6 cm/dyne) laterally; 7 vertically. Vertical tracking angle is 15 degrees. The Mark IV employs what is known as the "summation variable reluctance" movement: four vertical coils are connected in series-parallel, and this group is connected in series with a lateral coil. Stylus motion produces a signal and a null alternately in the two sets of coils. By this arrangement, left-channel information is the sum of signals from two of the vertical coils plus the signal from the lateral coil. Right-channel information is the sum of the other two vertical coils plus the lateral coil. The design aim here is to permit utilizing the least possible tip mass, at the end of the stylus itself, to trace the signal.

In tests at CBS Labs, the Mark IV provided optimum tracing at a stylus force of 1.5 grams. Measured output voltages were 2.5 and 2.2 millivolts for left and right channels respectively, values which are well suited for magnetic phono inputs on today's better preamps or combination chassis sets. Frequency...
response on both channels was extremely smooth and linear across the audio band; indeed over a major portion of the spectrum the response could be drawn virtually with a ruler. There was no evidence of either a serious peak or a rolloff at the very high end, and it is obvious that whatever resonance is present is well outside the audible range. Actual measured figures were: left channel, plus or minus 2 dB from 20 Hz to 20 kHz; right channel, plus 1.5, minus 2 dB, from 20 Hz to 20 kHz. The two channels were very similar and closely matched.

Harmonic distortion remained quite low across the band; IM—as is usual in pickups—was a bit higher though by no means objectionable. Channel separation averaged about 17 dB and was held fairly constant even at the upper response end. This is not the highest separation figure ever measured, although it seemed perfectly adequate when we ran the pickup on several fresh, current stereo discs. The square-wave response showed some ringing at the leading edge which was fairly well damped; the general wave-shape was quite full and reasonably clean.

Measurements aside, the Mark IV must be auditioned—and preferably in a high-quality stereo playback system—to be fully appreciated. It is quickly discerned as one of today’s top record pickups, with a clarity from top to bottom that is bestowed on all discs, including those with the most demanding of recorded passages. Its “sound”—as neutral and transparent as we have heard from any cartridge—provides a sense of listening through to the actual recorded program. The new IMF in a word should interest those seeking the best in today’s stereo equipment.

CIRCLE 152 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

PILOT R-1100 RECEIVER


COMMENT: The R-1100 is the top-of-the-line model of a new series of solid-state stereo receivers brought out by Pilot. It offers on one chassis the facilities for high-quality FM stereo and mono reception and the controls and power output of a stereo control amplifier.

The front panel is handsomely styled and well arranged. Most of the upper portion is given over to a good-sized FM tuning dial that includes a logging

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**Pilot R-1100 Receiver**

**Lab Test Data**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Performance characteristic</th>
<th>Measurement</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Tune</td>
<td>Section</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>---</td>
<td>---</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>IMF sensitivity</td>
<td>2.6 µV at 98 MHz; 2.5 µV at 90 MHz; 2.6 µV at 100 MHz</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Frequency response, mono</td>
<td>±1 dB, 23 Hz to 18 kHz</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>THD, mono</td>
<td>0.25% at 400 Hz; 0.6% at 400 Hz; 0.22% at 1 kHz</td>
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<td>IM distortion</td>
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<td>Capture ratio</td>
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<td>S/N ratio</td>
<td>67 dB</td>
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<tr>
<td>Frequency response, stereo, l ch</td>
<td>+0.5...-5 dB, 20 Hz to 15 kHz</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>r ch</td>
<td>+0.5...-5 dB, 20 Hz to 15 kHz</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>THD, stereo, l ch</td>
<td>0.85% at 400 Hz; 1.9% at 400 Hz; 0.7% at 1 kHz</td>
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<tr>
<td>r ch</td>
<td>0.8% at 400 Hz; 1.9% at 400 Hz; 0.6% at 1 kHz</td>
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<tr>
<td>Channel separation, either ch</td>
<td>better than 35 dB at mid-frequencies; left, 17 dB at 1 kHz; right, 22 dB at 1 kHz</td>
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<td>19-kHz pilot suppression</td>
<td>-36 dB</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>38-kHz subcarrier suppression</td>
<td>-40.5 dB</td>
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**Amplifier Section**

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<tr>
<th>Power output (at 1 kHz)</th>
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<tr>
<td>into 8-ohm load</td>
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<tr>
<td>l ch at clipping</td>
<td>41.2 watts at 0.46% THD</td>
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<td>l ch for 0.5% THD</td>
<td>45 watts</td>
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<td>r ch at clipping</td>
<td>43.5 watts at 0.82% THD</td>
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<td>r ch for 0.5% THD</td>
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<tr>
<td>both chs simultaneously</td>
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<td>l ch at clipping</td>
<td>37 watts at 0.44% THD</td>
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<td>r ch at clipping</td>
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<th>Harmonic distortion</th>
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<td>20 watts output</td>
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<td>1.7% at 1 and 32 watts; under 1% at 12.5 to 43 watts</td>
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<td>16-ohm load</td>
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<td>Frequency response, 1-watt level</td>
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<td>Damping factor</td>
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scale and the regular FM channel markings. Below this scale is a stereo indicator light and two tuning meters, one for signal strength, the other for center-of-channel tuning. The tuning knob is at the right. To the left of the FM dial are five rocker switches for power off/on, interstation muting, low-frequency filter, high-frequency filter, and tape monitor.

The lower half of the panel contains a volume control, channel balance control, separate bass and treble controls (friction-coupled, dual-concentric types to permit adjustment on either channel independently, or both at once), loudness contour control (with two positions for compensation), a stereo mono switch, a program selector, and a speaker selector knob. There also are two phone jacks on the front panel: one is a recording output that permits direct hookup to a tape recorder; the other is a low-impedance head-phone jack (headphones may be used simultaneously with, or instead of, speakers at the owner's option).

The rear contains five pairs of stereo inputs for tape head, low and high output magnetic pickups, an auxiliary source, and tape monitor. There also is a stereo pair for feeding a tape recorder (in addition to the front-panel output jack for this purpose). The speaker terminal arrangement is unusually elaborate and versatile in that it provides connections for main and extension speakers on both stereo channels, and on center channels. In addition there is a pin-jack output for a speaker on each channel. In all, a total of eight different speaker systems can be connected at once, if desired. The owner's instruction manual contains detailed information on multiple speaker hookups; the significant point here is that the minimum combined speaker impedance must not be less than 2.75 ohms.

The rear also contains a fuse-holder and an AC convenience outlet. The FM antenna terminals are the 300-ohm, twin-lead type.

The circuitry of the Pilot R-1100 includes 42 transistors plus 4 diodes in the power supply, 5 RF diodes in the FM section, and 7 switching diodes in the multiplex section which, incidentally, is patented by Pilot. The set's power supply is known as a "split" supply in that it consists of two sections, one furnishing positive voltage, the other negative, with respect to chassis ground. The split supply is designed to minimize the effects of spurious noise impulses, especially in the bass region, caused by switching or interstation noise that could damage the output transistors. These, incidentally, are germanium transistors—four in each channel; they are driven by an interstage transformer. The output stages also are protected by the drive-limiting action of the circuit, fairly common in solid-state sets: if, at abnormally high power levels, a short circuit develops across the speaker terminals, the input impedance to the output stage drops so low that it creates a mismatch with respect to the driver transformer; the resultant misloading with respect to the driver transistor automatically reduces the power delivered (continued, or increased, drive under these conditions would of course blow a fuse). Each output channel has its own fuse, in addition to the power supply fuse. Construction, wiring, and chassis layout in the Pilot all

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Square-wave response to 50 Hz, left, and to 10 kHz.
are of a high order of quality and workmanship; the power transformer, for instance, is one of the most massive ever seen on a combination chassis, and the output transistors are installed behind cages flanked by huge heat-sinks.

Performance data, taken at CBS Laboratories, are detailed in the accompanying graphs and chart. The FM section has high sensitivity, and the slope of this curve indicates excellent limiting on very weak signals, which is quickly verified in listening tests in fringe areas. Channel separation on stereo was outstanding: frequency response, while rolled off a bit at the high end, was very smooth and closely matched on both channels. Other characteristics were favorable from the standpoint of the set's ability to provide superior FM reception in any locale.

The amplifier section shapes up as a clean performer in the medium-high power class. Response was linear, equalization was accurate for both discs and playback from tape heads. Harmonic distortion was generally low across the band; IM showed the rise and fall seen in many combination solid-state units; at the levels most used under normal loading, it was acceptably low. Sensitivity on all inputs was well suited for today's program sources. Square-wave response shows the effect of rolloff at the extreme ends of the band (beyond the 20-Hz to 20-kHz limits), although the high end response shows no ringing.

Its numerous controls and connection options notwithstanding, the R-1100 is fairly easy to install and is gratifying to use. It adds up to a typically good all-in-one that should be of interest to the no-fuss householder seeking good performance, high reliability, and versatility in a convenient and well-planned format.

CIRCLE 153 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

THORENS TD-124 SERIES II TURNTABLE


COMMENT: The Series II designation for the Thorens encompasses a redesigned motor suspension system, the use of a nonferrous platter in place of the former type, and a slight restyling. This extremely well-built unit is a heavy-duty machine capable of topnotch, continuous-duty performance and is suited for use in the finest of home music systems as well as in professional applications. It is a four-speed turntable, with settings on its off/on control switch for 16, 33, 45, and 78 rpm. A vernier control permits adjusting the nominal speed by ± 3% in conjunction with a built-in illuminated strobe indicator so that precise speed settings can be obtained regardless of variations in line voltage. In addition, this control permits deliberate variation of musical pitch, a feature of possible interest to students and professional musicians. At the left-hand side of the platter is a clutch that stops platter rotation without turning off the motor; this device may be used for temporarily stopping the music, or for instant starts with the tone arm on cue. Four knurled wheels located around the base-plate permit leveling the turntable during installation, and a spirit-level is built into the lower right-hand corner of the base-plate. At the center of the platter is a pop-up adapter for handling 45-rpm doughnuts.

The 124 has a removable platform for mounting a tone arm. This piece is accompanied by a detailed instruction sheet and template for marking correct distances when installing one's own arm. Alternately, the platform can be ordered predrilled for the Ortofon arm, which also is handled by Elpa. The accessory walnut base on which the Thorens may be mounted is a new version of the original base; it seats the chassis more securely and at the same time permits easier access to the leveling wheels. For those who prefer using a 16-inch arm with the Thorens, an outsized walnut base also is available. Both size bases have suitable dust covers that fit over the entire assembly. Alternately, of course, any Thorens may be fitted into a cutout on a larger surface or under the lid of a cabinet, or even on heavy-duty slides—a template for this type of installation is supplied. The removable tone arm piece facilitates interchanging arms (and pickups), for experimental and test purposes, or by the man who simply likes to use the latest equipment in his own system.

It has been some years since we first reported on the original Thorens TD-124 (January 1958). At that time, we commented that this was "a beautiful product and a top-grade performer." The present version is, if anything, so much more so. Its design and construction are exemplary, with much evidence of superior-grade materials and precision craftsmanship throughout. The platter weighed in at CBS Labs at 8 pounds, 6 ounces. Rumble, measured by the NAB standard (re: 1.4 centimeters per second at 100 Hz), was a very low -40 dB. If weighted for frequency, it would be about the lowest yet measured and of course audible. The new 124, in fact, is one of the quietest tables in the business. Average wow and flutter measured were 0.05% and 0.04% respectively, extremely low and utterly insignificant.

The Thorens TD-124/II does occupy somewhat more installation space than many turntables, and it does require that the owner add the tone arm to it. The total ensemble thus will cost more than most. It also will provide nonpareil performance over a relatively long period of time, and as such should be of interest to the audio professional or to the home music system owner seeking the latest and the best.

CIRCLE 154 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

REPORTS IN PROGRESS

Magnecord 1020 Tape Recorder
Knight KN 376 Receiver

JULY 1966
It's that time of year again.
Off with the ties and on with the sunglasses.
Away with the mufflers and out with the skimmers.
You change your wardrobe to suit the season.
So why not your music?
The heavier classics are fine for overcoat weather.
But for the seersucker days of summer,
the word is *light*.
Leonard Bernstein, Eugene Ormandy and Andre Kostelanetz stand ready to provide the refreshing fare you need.
Select from the summerweight albums at your Columbia Records dealer.
And play it cool.

The Light Sound of Summer. On COLUMBIA RECORDS
Rameau as Master of Lyric Tragedy

by Conrad L. Osborne

With Oiseau-Lyre's full-scale recording of Jean-Philippe Rameau's first major opera, Hippolyte et Aricie, we have our first real opportunity to assess, with the aid of living, sounding evidence, the composer's stature as a creator for the lyric stage. Speaking for myself, I should say that it is the first time I have heard a persuasive case made out, for the amount of Rameau's operatic music presented in the United States over many years past wouldn't fill up a standard pad of score paper; my own chief memory is of a numbing concert presentation of Castor et Pollux a couple of seasons back.

Hippolyte, composed in 1739 to a text by the Abbé Pellegrin, draws both on Racine's Phèdre and on its Euripidean source. The difference in the titles speaks the difference in emphasis between the Racine and Pellegrin arrangements of the material, for the opera focuses on the fates of the lovers, Hippolytus and Aricia, and the most fully presented character is not Phaedra but Theseus. The second of the five acts is entirely taken up with Theseus' visit to Hades on behalf of his companion-in-arms, Perithous; so that when he returns in Act III to the fast-developing situation between Phaedra and Hippolytus, there is a distinct flavor of the G.I. coming home from the wars to find his wife as good as in flagrante delicto with a rival, the rival in this instance being his own son. An unsettling state of affairs, and the situation falls apart in an odd way, with everyone excusing himself and slinking off to gather his thoughts. This leads directly into quite a marvelous sequence wherein Theseus is forced to watch some rather elaborate festivities (sailors' songs, rigaudons) cooked up by his subjects, who are elated at his unprecedented round trip—a situation remarkably suggestive of Otello's public agony in Act III of Verdi's opera. And like Otello, Theseus dismisses the celebrants, in this case to invoke the aid of his father, Neptune (a chance for the Opéra's wave machine to show its stuff) in consummating revenge for his dishonor. A couple of deus ex machina later (the gods are kept hopping in this one), and Hippolytus and Aricia are permanently united in the Arcadian forest; Phaedra, of course, is dead, and Theseus condemned never again to see his son.

Rameau's layout for all this is fascinating. The choruses and dances, which are the most fully developed sections of the score, form a frame into which the drama is fitted, proceeding in a steady but amazingly varied recitative/arioso pattern. At points of some importance, the line of the recitative rises to the "petit air," an epigrammatic melodic statement with fuller accompaniment, like a song or aria that never quite gets going. The full, extended arioso is reserved for moments of high dramatic importance, where it makes an extraordinary effect—something one cannot guess...
The sanctioned tura, often means identical distinctiveness of to stated Thurston. Fortunately, and realization action, and there is no point with which Rameau remarks, "Du dessot le vouoir supreme," in which they describe their hold on the "thread of days," that is hauntingly, profoundly beautiful, and there are many other passages that break through the expected polish and charm of the dances and songs to touch something deeper and more essential. The scoring throughout is filled with delightful and often surprising coloration, and the harmonic treatment can amount to a series of jolts, as in Phédrus powerfully expressive "(la mort est non seul ouvrage," etc.) in Act IV.

There is no point in presenting this music at all unless it can be placed in the hands of musicians who have a deep knowledge and affection for the various forms of baroque vocal music. Continuous realization must be really meaningful, and the instinct for the where and how of embellishment must be second nature. Fortunately, the likes of Anthony Lewis, Thurston Dart, and their colleagues of the English Chamber Orchestra and the St. Anthony Singers know what they are about in this area. They have demonstrated it often on records with regard to Handel and Purcell, and they show here that they are feeling the distinctiveness of a similar but by no means identical style; there is no other accent in music quite like the emphasized acciacaturas with which Rameau will often close off a phrase—not a real Italian clash-but not an appoggiatura, either. The complete work is presented, save for the Prologue (a cut sanctioned by Rameau, according to the notes) and several brief cuts, the music chosen is a duet for Hippolyte and Aricie in Act IV.

The instrumental and choral work is a constant source of pleasure. Solo passages are lovingly turned, and the interplay of instruments (particularly among the woodwinds) has not merely the precision of good execution but an almost improvisational playfulness—the players convey the impression of being themselves. The choral singing is simply perfect—balance and clarity of a very rare nature. Dart's contribution at the harpsichord is immeasurably inventive and expressive, and always within proportion, a truly eloquent role and must also be said for the exhaustive, informative, and readable background essay by Brian Trowell which accompanies the libretto in the presentation booklet.

It is with a slight sense of shame that I call attention to the fact that the cast list also calls for, ahem, solo singers—lots of good ones. I rise to this point because it has evidently been overlooked. To be sure, we have two of England's more prominent young singers, Janet Baker and Angela Hickey, as Phédra and Theseus. I have had occasion to admire Miss Baker before, notably as a splendid Dido, and my opinion of her musicality and general vocal accomplishment remains as high as ever. To my ears, that is satisfying without being exceptional; there is no sense of reserve or extra poise behind it. One of my English colleagues, Stanley Sadie of The Gramophone, has ventured the explanation that this is because she is a mezzo; and since he has no doubt heard Miss Baker in person, he probably has a firmer fix on her capabilities than I. All the same, it seems to me that: 1) while a good deal of Phédrus's music does lie around the upper F and G, which can be uncomfortable territory, there is really nothing in either the compass or the tessitura that cannot be handled with fair ease by a technically secure mezzo; and 2) although Miss Baker is billed as a mezzo and even on record labeled, I feel as if to a contrary, I have never been able to hear anything in either the registration or the timbre of her voice to suggest that she is anything other than a soprano, or at most one of those limboesque mezzos who are always doing Cherubino, and about whom one can never decide. Possibly her records are deceptive in this regard; but it sounds to me as if she simply hasn't quite relaxed into this role enough to sing it in more than a musical, efficient sense. She presses on it a bit. It is still good singing, solid, focused, well phrased, with most of the embellishments neatly turned; it's just that it sounds a bit on the conscientious side.

Shirley-Quirk is also a highly musical singer, and his voice is smooth and warm. I hope we will soon have a chance to hear some of his Lieder, none of which has yet been released domestically. His 'Tisophon' is very intelligently sung: stylistic and tastefulness are always present in his work, and while the low voice is not as rich as solid as one might like for some of these passages, the music is there, and good sort of strength and ring, and shows good command in the vicinity of D and E, where much of the role lies. In the long run, one wants a little more core to the sound (which turns mushy too often, especially on the French "eu" diphthong), and a little more stature or presence to the interpretation; perhaps these are the same thing.

We have two musical, capable singers. Robert Thurston and Angela Hickey, the Aricie, just sneak by, he with a basically pleasant but rather thin, strangled tenor and nice musical feeling, she with a pretty but pale soprano which takes on some freedome and body only in the middle. For both of them, embellished phrases are obstacles to be surmounted, not opportunities to be seized.

There are many other parts, most of them brief but of a certain importance, and nearly all of them built around some small bit of bravura which carries a moment or rounds out a scene. In one or two cases, these roles are taken to at least a minimal acceptable effect—Rae Woodland, for example, the Diana, does her job with something of bravado, confidence, if no real flair or any sense of lift. But so important a role as Pluto is lost in diffused, dry vocal sound, and a few of the less important performers sound literally amateur—musically correct, but vocally simply not acceptable level. One or two such accidents are of no moment, but when one is confronted with an entire parade of supporting singers, none capable of anything beyond eking out the notes, a sort of anesthesia sets in.

A shame that this could not have been better attended to, but at least everyone is stylistically consistent, and while some of the French leaves room for advancement, the level is not below what we Americans are accustomed to hearing.

The most important thing is that the flavor of Rameau as an operatic composer has been fixed on records by a devoted group of musicians, and that in the work of the orchestra and chorus, in the singing of the two leading performers. And in the over-all spirit of the presentation, the listener's imagination is led to an appreciation of the nature of his genius.

RAMEAU: Hippolyte et Aricie

Angela Hickey (s), Aricie; Rae Woodland (s), Diana; Sylvia Rhysh-Thomas (s), High Priestess; Patricia Blans (s), Euenone; Jill Gomez (s), A Priestess, A Huntsress; Janet Baker (ms), Phèdre; Robert Tear (t), Hippolyte; Gerald English (t), Tisiphone; Edgar Fleece (t), Arcas; Nigel Rogers (t), Mercure; John Whitworth (t), 1st Fates; Keith Erwen (t), 2nd Fates; John Shirley-Quirk (b), Theseus; Roger Stalman (bs), Pluto; Christopher Keyte (bs), Neptune; John Nott (b), 3rd Fates; Thurston Dart, harpsichord; St. Anthony Singers; English Chamber Orchestra, Anthony Lewis, cond.

- OISEAU-LYRE OL 286/88. Thirty LP. $17.50.
Nielsen's Fourth Symphony—"It Makes a Splendid Sound"

by Harris Goldsmith

Some fifteen years ago, the veteran Danish conductor Launy Grondahl recorded this work for HMV, and though his splendidly virile statement is no longer listed domestically, I was incorrect in noting (a few months ago) that the performance was no longer obtainable; it is available through special import channels as Odeon MOAK 6. Sir John Barbirolli's recently issued Vanguard Everyman effort was disappointing in that it missed the dynamic power inherent in the score's pages. In fairness, however, it should be said that Sir John realizes one facet of the composition better than any of the rival efforts: none of the other conductors conveys the intimate poetry of the gentler, lyric episodes as he does (particularly those of the second section, where the British woodwinds paint an engaging soft-focus picture). Yet as a total realization of Nielsen's intent, Barbirolli's low-priced recording was an imperfect replica.

Now along come two further accounts, giving the Fourth the honor of more recordings than any other Nielsen work. Both are, in their different ways, splendid. Igor Markevitch's fiery, impetuous statement for Turnabout makes a more arresting initial impact than Max Rudolf's for Decca, but subsequent replays of the two sets indicate that this is the result of differences in microphone placement and volume level. The woodwind interjections (especially the lower ones) pop out with startling clarity from the Turnabout disc, whereas the Decca sound gives a more euphonious, blended effect, actually more subtle and rich-hued.

In any case, Rudolf's orchestra is clearly the suaver of the two aggregations. The Cincinnati men are like their fellow Ohioans, the Clevelanders, in their attentiveness to such matters as internal balance, articulation, and smoothly regular tonal production. There is something of Elgar and Brahms in Rudolf's weighty, rhetorically measured tempos and tight-as-a-drum rhythm. His less precipitate pace for the finale, while losing some of Markevitch's thrilling intensity, ultimately gains by its compact, finely controlled, pounding regularity. (Rudolf also scores in this movement by reason of the sharply separated, nonreverberant recording of the two sets of drums here.) Neither maestro quite equals Grondahl's ideal statement of the second movement: Markevitch is too steely and caustic; and Rudolf, though he has the ideal warmth of sound, seems to me just a shade too clipped to permit all the gaiety of the rustic, chuckling theme to come through.

If pressed to a choice, I would give the Rudolf disc a slight edge, especially for its bonus inclusion of the only available version of the charming Maskarade Overture (which is played to the hilt). Markevitch, on the other hand, has the advantage of low price—and certainly he makes quite an effect with those clucking, biting woodwinds. Both records are, in fact, formidable versions of a formidable symphony.

NIELSEN: Symphony No. 4, Op. 29
("The Inextinguishable")
Royal Danish Orchestra, Igor Markevitch, cond.
- TURNABOUT TV 4050. LP. $2.50.
- TURNABOUT TV 340508. SD. $2.50.

NIELSEN: Symphony No. 4, Op. 29
("The Inextinguishable"); Maskarade Overture
Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra, Max Rudolf, cond.
- DECCA DL. 1027. LP. $4.79.
- DECCA DL. 71027. SD. $5.79.
ADAM: Der Postillon von Longjumeau (excerpts)

Ruth-Margret Pütz (s), Madeleine; Nicolai Gedda (t), Chapelou; Franz Klarwein (t), Marquis de Corey; Franz Crass (bs), Bijou; Munich Chorus and Orchestra, Fritz Lehan, cond.

- ODEON SM 80930. SD. $6.98.

All that most of us Americans know of this light opera is the famous tenor Rondo, a wonderful display piece for a tenor with some Cs and Ds to show off, recorded to great effect by Helge Roswaenge back in the '30s, and by Gedda himself a couple of years ago (in French, though; this Querschnitt is in German).

It is to all appearances a fun work, concerning a village postilion (Chapelou) who happens to be by nature a great tenor, and who is lured away to Paris by De Corey, the manager of the Opera. There he becomes an idol, but encounters the village sweetheart he had deserted, now a lady of great wealth, not to mention the village blacksmith, now leader of the opera chorus. Naturally, he woos the girl a second time, to music of ridiculously operatic extravagance, and, after a couple of scenes of intrigue so that the lady may have at least a taste of revenge, wins her back. The big song is a good key to the musical level of the work—charming, moderately witty, extremely grateful for the voice, memorable not for itself but for the pleasant, mildly effervescent spirit it invokes.

Chapelle was the role of Gedda's stage debut (Stockholm, 1952), and it suits him perfectly, exploiting to great effect the unusual focus and control of his high register as well as his stylistic polish and taste. I still feel that his reading of the song does not have quite all the high spirit or sense of fun that it might, but it's a tour de force, all the same—I believe I like this rendition better than the previous French one.

Ruth-Margret Pütz sounds more like a fairly typical German soubrette than the sensational Hochsproß she was reputed to be a few years ago. She does her big Act II aria and her scene with Chapelou quite well, but for some reason falls all to pieces in the Act I finale. Pleasant, but by no means in the Gueden class.

Franz Crass sounds wonderful, sending his big, round, beautiful bass bouncing all over the music. He is very funny in his chorus-director's song, which he tops off with a stunningly bright, ringing high G. The orchestra and chorus are fine, as is the sound. Not quite champagne, but a good Neckar Spitzele, properly bottled and labeled. C.L.O.

BACH: Concertos for Three Claviers and Strings: in D minor, S. 1063; in C, S. 1064

Rudolf Serkin, piano; Peter Serkin (in S. 1064 and K. 365), Mieczyslaw Horszowski (in S. 1063 and S. 1064), Ruth Laredo (in S. 1063), pianos; Marlboro Festival Orchestra, Alexander Schneider, cond.

- COLUMBIA MS 6847. LP. $5.79.

There is a definite advantage in performing Bach's multiple clavier works on pianos: unlike harpsichords, the later instruments can make subtle shifts of dynamic level that enable the players to bring out important material and subordinate the rest. But the dynamic flexibility of the piano is at the same time a stylistic trap, which is not entirely evaded here. In the first movement of S. 1063, for example, there is a long crescendo, which Bach could not have intended because it could not be done on his harpsichords. The orchestra sounds coarse in loud tuttis, and in the slow movement of the Mozart there are a couple of passages where the first beat of each measure is unnecessarily, and disturbingly, accented. But aside from these matters, there is a good deal of very pleasant music making here. Outstanding in the Bach is the eloquent reading of the Adagio of the C major Concerto. The piano playing in the Mozart is very fine throughout, from the singing first movement to the brilliant finale. The dialogues between the two pianos are conversations between two sensitive artists (one reads with astonishment that the Mozart is Peter Serkin's "first recording effort, at the age of thirteen"). Effective stereo separation and fine piano recording.

N.B.

BACH: The Well-Tempered Clavier, S. 846-93

Malcolm Hamilton, harpsichord.


This new complete recording of The Well-Tempered Clavier has several notable virtues. These include clean fingering, work; effective registration on a beautiful instrument of unadulterated make; a generally excellent approach to ornamentation—there are a few shortcomings in this respect, but on the whole Malcolm Hamilton's treatment of embellishments is among the most striking on recorded work; and won't you recorded sound.

But there is another side—or rather two other sides—to the story. One is that Hamilton is up against formidable competition, and he cannot be said to equal Landowska's profoundly moving interpretive gifts, Kirkpatrick's delicacy and general sense of style in his performance of Book I, or Martins' exciting flair and breath-takingly clear part-playing in his piano version. Comparisons aside, Hamilton's performance has some characteristics that largely outweigh the virtues enumerated above. A fair number of his tempos are tediously slow; he has a tendency, at moments of excitement and sometimes even in the middle of uniform passages, to speed up without warning and lose the basic pulse of a movement; and he occasionally fails to bring out fugal entries adequately. He may well eliminate these failings with greater experience, but they do a good deal to vitiate the present recording.

The records are sensibly presented in manual sequence, but it is a pity that scrolls are provided, not only after the fugues, but between each prelude and fugue: a more continuous treatment with-in the pairs of movements would be preferable. A technical fault that should have been avoided is an occasional deterioration of intonation in the harpsi-chord itself—I, for instance, to the opening of the A minor Fugue in Book II. It's a hard job to keep a harpsichord in tune through a long series of recording sessions, but it can be done. B.J.

BARTOK: Divertimento for Strings

Stravinsky: Concerto for String Orchestra, in G

Hindemith: Five Pieces for String Orchestra, Op. 44, No. 4

Bath Festival Orchestra, Yehudi Menuhin, cond.

- ANGEL 36335. LP. $4.79.
- ANGEL S 36335. SD. $5.79.

This release is the eighth available recording of the Bartók and the seventh in stereo, and, like several of the companion discs (Decca/Carter, Silvestri/Philharmonia/Angel, Barshai/Moscow Chamber/London), it too comes from England. There is also a recording (De Stoyz/Zurich Chamber/Vanguard) that makes the same Bartók/Stravinsky coupling.

The Stravinsky is not the more familiar Dumbarton Oaks Concerto but a more striking work written after the War and not long before the Mass and Orpheus. Like these other late neoclassics, it is highly intense, introverted, a bit eccentric, with a great deal of mordant wit but almost no external show at all; it is a nervous, scampering little master-piece, much neglected amid Stravinsky's large output but considerably above many similar works in quality. The Hindemith, which dates from the Twenties, is also to be classified as one of that composer's more reflective and deeply felt efforts.

Both the Stravinsky and the Hindemith benefit from Menuhin's clean, driving, intense performances. The Bartók does not suffer from the same kind of treatment, but this reading is just a shade less trim and just a little less felt; in view of the competition (see Barshai), the shadow and the light make a difference.

The sound of the recording is excellent. E.S.
BEETHOVEN: Christus am Oelberge, Op. 85

Judit Raskin, soprano; Richard Lewis, tenor; Herbert Blais, baritone; Temple University Chorus; Philadelphia Orchestra, Eugene Ormandy, cond.

- Columbia ML 6241. LP. $4.79.
- Columbia MS 6841. SD. $5.79.

Though Beethoven's only oratorio dates from around 1802 (the period of the C minor Piano Concerto and Second Symphony), it was withheld from publication for extensive revisions and thus bears a later opus number. One does not hear the work in concert very often, and there is much to be grateful for in having the music readily on tap in two such fine presentations as the new set and the Scherchen/Weinberger of several years ago. (Vox's creditable effort suffers from the same flaws that beset earlier versions stem from a difference of basic concept: the Vienna-made set is essentially a small-scaled, intimate (though far from monument) presentation; the current edition offers a big, broad monumentality, suitably framed in rich, ultra-close sonics. The singers are about evenly matched. Columbia's Judith Raskin and Weinberger's Maria Stader are both excellent. However, an over-rhetorical豪华 presentation, as here, can detract from the music.

This music is popularly known as "the Olof Freude," and no wonder: its power and emotion are overwhelming. The characters are a bit archetypal, but Beethoven was not afraid of the romantic style, and in its way this music is just the right sort for the role, and he brings intensity and sharp rhythmic definition to the music: he's superior to most of his recorded colleagues, in fact.

Erich Wenk is just acceptable as Ferdinand; not much energy in the voice, but he sings through the lines in correct fashion.

The sound is listenable, but uneven. For the first three sides, everything is quite close, which is fine for the smaller voices and the solo passages, but a little rough on Miss Kuchta, and a little messy in the ensembles (notably the Act I finale). On the last side, a somewhat more distant and slightly muzzy perspective is employed, possibly to accommodate the closing of the Victor end of the set. The net result is that one would be happy to substitute for what I heard at the Met during the season just past. There is no Leonore No. 3.

This Fidelio is very strong where many are weak, for Helmut Krehms is the best-sounding Jacquin on records, and Melitta Muszely is an excellent Marzelle, singing her aria with fresh, focused tone and some charm, and showing a nice Clark at the end of the trio. The other soloists have bigger mouthfuls to chew, of course, but the major weakest job is that of the Rocco. Karl Kümml. He has a pleasant light bass voice, but his production is somewhat muffled, and tentative above the staff. The part is important, and calls for a singer of stature. The Leonore, Gladys Kucha, the American soprano who has sung a great deal in Germany and with some frequency at the Metropolitan. What she demonstrates here is a good Leonore of not quite the bright and solid, but also somewhat edgy and harsh in the upper-middle area (a problem emphasized by even the most discriminating ears). All the essentials are there (volume and solidity, with good, clear high B's in the aria) but few of the niceties (the runs are pieced together rather tortuously, the line is sometimes scrambled up, and the interpretation is of a feasible, traditional, anonymous kind). A Leonore who gets to all the right places just on time, but a bit winded. I don't know when the album was recorded, but I would assume it must have been within the past five years, and I am amazed that the veteran tenor Julius Patzak copes with Flosrer as well as he does. The aria is really well done, with considerable firmness and ring—the climax is a bit effortful, but one can say that of just about any Flosrer. His is the arioso opening recitative, incidentally, contains some appoggiaturas I've never heard used before.) He is also excellent in the "Euch werde Lohn" trio. Neither he nor Kucha quite gets off the ground in "O namenlose Freude," however, successfully negotiated though it is. He is, of course, a true Florentin. Many of his best."
on Browning's part. Everything he does is either meretricious (the earlier variations on Side 1), slickly noncommittal (the variations involving trills or changes of meter), or cautiously efficient (the pedantic plodding through of the cataclysmic Variations 27 and 28). What we are given seems more an intellectual exercise aimed at solving pianistic obstacles than a wisdom dedicated to seeking out—and transcending—problems of aesthetic interpretation. When, as in the crystalline Fughetto of Variation 24, the requisite contrapuntal structure demands patience and fingerwork, Browning does rise to the situation with purity and grace. For the most part, however, it is apt, if harsh, to call Browning a better stylist for Diabelli than for Beethoven.

Barenboim, on the other hand, appears to me one exemplary (the variations of the Master)—typically Liszt's exemplar), a beacon of wealth down on massive, sacrificing resources for efficiency, which is judged to per- formance. in this work, Barenboim, who caresses and wails into a mike in every conceivable nonverbal way: she stutters, she laughs, she sighs, she cries, she chats, she purrs, she moans, coos, groans, gabbles, shouts, whines, whispers, even talks and sings. Amid all this, there is only one actual word, the real meta-word "parole," which is a word that means "words." Everything else is vocal gesture, sometimes approaching the quality of "pure sound" and thus providing a continuum of sound shaded off into the electronics) but mostly with the character of clearly identifiable verbal-vocal gesture cleared of actual verbal content but of a simple and highly charged emotive character. This vocal behavior is so distinctive and so arresting that the electronic material is irrevocably pushed down to the status of background music; it occasionally swells up to mark the interludes in this wordless drama and, as the voice completes its psychic journey from stutter to song, it comes forward to cover and complete

the final peroration in the classic "Music up and out" manner.

Oddly enough, the Cage also originates in the Milan studio, where it was assembled in 1958. Or rather, the piece consists of both a set of rules (which can be applied in other, non-tape circumstances) and a set of tape materials which can be put together in various ways according to these rules. For example, another version of Fontana Mix appears on a Time record, where it is affixed simultaneously with an entirely independent work of Cage, his Aria performed by Cathy Berberian and a third binding of the piece here is a purely tape version. One tape montage of this piece sounds very much like another. It is a belligerent, babbling collage of random sounds mostly jacked off the Huo radio and interspersed with other materials (Cage's own voice is once or twice recognizable; some of it is probably purely electronic in origin). Unlike most electronic music this one is chock full of activity. Place is, in fact, the Italian opera version of Cage's famous random dial-flipping Mus- sic for 12 Radios, now immortalized on tape and disc.

The third piece on the present set was written at the Columbia-Princeton studio in New York by Ilhan Mima- roglu, a Turkish composer now living here. Mr. Mimaroglu's piece is intended as a tribute to the Armenian-American painter Arshile Gorky, which explains the subtitle "Violin Study." Neither the title Agony nor the composer's record jacket remarks about musique concrète seem particularly appropriate, since, whatever private meaning the piece may have for Mr. Mimaroglu, it emerges as a pleasant and unprepossessing piece of work in a rather pure and classical electronic style.

BARENBOIM: Viaggio

Cage: Fontana Mix
Mimaroglu: Agony (Visual Study No. 4, after Arshile Gorky)

| Turnabout TV 4046, L.P. $2.50 |
| Turnabout TV 34046S, SD. $2.50 |

Viaggio is one of Luciano Berio's best works: a kind of electronic radio soap opera without words. This is not in the least intended as a sarcastic or ironic description. The work was written in 1961 at the Milan electronic studio of the Italian Radio for radio broad- cast and it has exactly the structure of a radio drama with music—only with emotive rather than denotative verbal content and tape-electronic rather than Hammond-Organ-electronic music. The astonishing vocal activity of this meta- drama is provided by Cathy Berberian, who caresses and wails into a mike in every conceivable nonverbal way: she stutters, she laughs, she sighs, she cries, she chats, she purrs, she moans, coos, groans, gabbles, shouts, whines, whispers, even talks and sings. Amid all this, there is only one actual word, the real meta-word "parole," which is a word that means "words." Everything else is vocal gesture, sometimes approaching the quality of "pure sound" and thus providing a continuum of sound shaded off into the electronics) but mostly with the character of clearly identifiable verbal-vocal gesture cleared of actual verbal content but of a simple and highly charged emotive character. This vocal behavior is so distinctive and so arresting that the electronic material is irrevocably pushed down to the status of background music; it occasionally swells up to mark the interludes in this wordless drama and, as the voice completes its psychic journey from stutter to song, it comes forward to cover and complete

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CIRCLE 48 ON READER-SERVICE CARD
wrote thirty-six oratorios and choral music of all sorts, much of it in the so-called Palestrina strict style. He also seems to have cultivated the Monteverdian madrigal nearly a century after it has been presumed to have passed away; Volo il tempo is a classical con- tinuo madrigal, Arcadian-Academic per- haps, but not without charm. Il Gioco del quadriglio is much more modern—a little operatic scene about a four- handed board game, a charmer and not the least bit old-fashioned or churchy but also reflecting a convention popular in Renaissance-mannerist Italy. Similar types of conscious reminiscence and revivification can be found in Italian baroque painting.

The clearly "modern" recitatives and arias that constitute the little secular cantata Che dite actually comprise the most exceptional music on the record. Caldara was also famous for his cantatas but, with one remarkable exception, the samples here are not particularly note- worthy; the first of them isn't even a canon.

The harpsichord sound is ugly and the instrumental contributions passable to good. The only everywhere brisk and lively and the vocal work is effective. The soloist in the cantata, a harpiste by the name of James Loomis (American?), produces the major effort of the disc but, although all sorts of other contributors have their names spelled out, Mr. Loomis does not seem to rate a mention anywhere on the sleeve. There are complete texts and translations which are—up to a point—reasonably accurate.

E.S.

CHOPIN: Sonata for Cello and Piano, in G minor, Op. 63
Prokofiev: Sonata for Cello and Piano, Op. 119

Gregor Piatigorsky, cello; Rudolf Firksuny, piano.
- RCA VICTOR L.M 2875. LP. $4.79
- RCA VICTOR LSC 2875. SD. $5.79.

This first in a projected series of new Piatigorsky recordings, each in collaboration with a different celebrated pianist (the two Brahms Sonatas with Artur Rubinstein have just been taped and will be along in due course), augurs well indeed for the other discs to come.

The veteran cellist has not been in such superlatively good form for quite some time. Here his tone is creamy and wonderfully well-ambered, his romantic interpretations full of dignity, breadth, and virility. There is a fine version of the Chopin by Starker and Sebök for Mercury, and the Prokofiev has been handsomely done by Rostropovich and Richter (if in dented Russian engineering, but for each work I prefer the Piatigorsky approach. I especially like the majestie Chopin (a very late work and the equal of the great two last piano solo concerti in sumptuous and original). While Starker's admirable play- ing tended to be linear, even monochromatic, Piatigorsky projects the phrases with comparable shape and incomparably greater tonal variety. Firkusny too is at his very impressive best here, and the two musicians sound as if they were born to play sonatas together.

RCA has risen to the occasion with some sumptuous, impeccably balanced sound. Both monophonic and stereo pressings are magnificently reproduced. H.G.

DUFAY: Missa "L'homme armé"
Berkeley Chamber Singers, Alden Gil- christ, cond.
- LYRICHORD LL 150. LP. $4.98
- LYRICHORD LLST 7150. SD. $5.95.

"L'homme armé" was the all-time No. 1 hit of the fifteenth century and it turned up as the basis of Mass settings for more than two centuries thereafter. Every- body wrote a "L'homme armé" Mass. but there are some famous and possibly the first was the Dufay. Together, with its bouncing medieval trochees and iambics, appears quite prominently, generally in the tenor, and at frequent intervals throughout the work; the middle phrases in particular, lying at the top of the tenor range, often actually are foreshadowed to give the impression of being the highest part and stand out like a chorale in a baroque chorale prelude.

Around this, Dufay weaves gorgeous, expressive, controlled patterns of linear motion open, clear, often imitative, sometimes with florid and kinetic rhythm movement. Like early Renaissance painting, this music is still linear in a tradition derived from late Gothic, but this line is also "concrete."—around and into careful new forms of great solidity and depth.

The Dufay "L'homme armé" is one of the masterpieces of the early Renaiss- ance and its absence from the record lists would be surprising if it were not for our general helpless lack of knowledge about this period. We must be very grateful for this recording and appreciative of its excellent chamber-choir qualities. At the same time it should be pointed out that a purified a cappella Palestrina style prevails and it is a little bloodless for the music at hand. One misses the presence of instruments—the music was certainly conceived at least in part with the thought of participating instruments—and the performance needs more in the way of vitality, embellish- ment, and greater clarity and thrust in the complex rhythmical elaboration (in- struments would have been especially helpful here). The tape editing is not always what it should be and slight annoying pitch discrepancies show up be- tween sections. Another problem is that the sound is a little lifeless. But this is by no means a negligible performance. It is prepared with great care, and the vocal and vertical sound have admirable clarity within the sections. We get, in short, a serious representation of a great masterpiece, in black and white perhaps and with a few distortions on the image, but conveying some of the essential power of the conception. E.S.

FALLA: El Retablo de Maese Pedro; Concerto for Harpsichord and Five Instruments
Teresa Tourné, soprano; Pedro Lavirgen, tenor; Renato Cesari, harpist; Orchestra de Concertos de Madrid. Pedro de Freitas Branco, cond. (in El Retablo); Genovery Galvéz, harpsichord, et al., José Maria Franco, cond. (in the Concerto).
- Epic LC 3919. I.P. $4.79.
- Epic BC 1319. SD. $5.79.

El Retablo is one of the greatest stage works of modern times, and this may well be the finest recording it has ever been given. The music itself is Falla at his richest, subtlest, and wittiest. It invokes the songs, dances, and church chant of the Spanish sixteenth century; it is full of marvels of instrumental and harmonic invention; and it has been performed by many. Of all the people in Europe or America who were writing for the theatre at the same time (1923), only the Stra- vinsky of the Histoire du soldat was turning out works of equal individuality and lasting delight.

For an understanding of what goes on, however, a text is absolutely essential, and Epic deserves censure for having failed to provide one. My own summary of the stage action follows. Master Pedro presents a puppet show at a country inn for an audience including Don Quixote. The puppet play has to do with the adventures of one Don Gnyferos in rescuing his wife, Melisandra, from the clutches of the Moors, and it so excites the Don that he ends the proceedings by attacking the dastardly Moorish puppets and delivering an encomium on chivalry.

The principal role is that of a bored boy who spoils off an account of each scene of the puppet play. The happenings and whose part is magnificently taken by Teresa Tourné, although the roughness of a real boy's voice is what Falla specified. Pedro Lavirgen and Renato Cesari are excellent in the relatively small roles of Master Pedro and the Don, and Branco's conducting is the last word. So is the recording. I have always thought that in com- posing the Harpsichord Concerto, Falla was making a kind of ambivalent musical pun, referring both to the significance of the harpsichord at the Spanish court in Domenico Scarlatti's time and to the important role the guitar has played in Spanish music since that period. This re- cord, however, is all harpsichord, and the guitarlike implications of the music are passed over. Certainly the sound of the harpsichord has never been more beautifully captured in a recording of this work: all manner of glints and subtleties are present which one has never heard before. At the same time, there is a whiff of severity to the inter- pretation which misses some of the mean-
ings of the score, and there is a tendency on the part of record companies, according to Robert Gerle, in Robert Dekany Quartet.

Haydn: Quartets and String quartets. There isn't any long and elaborate into every available recording. The sound which will be found in the Allegris more limpid and volatile, tellingly, and the Dekany performances, a hairbreadth slower than those of the Allegri, enable the music to breathe more expansively. I found this to be especially true in the case of my favorite of these Quartets, Op. 54, No. 1, in G—where the Dekany's work not only surpasses the fine Allegri of another era, it offers impressive competition to the splendid Angel/Amadeus and 78 HMV/Budapest statements of another era.

The Dekany's are a first-class organization, and when they have recorded all of Haydn (their raison d'être, according to Voix), it is to be hoped that they stay intact: string groups with their expertise and musicianship are not all that common.

H.G.


Isaac: Missa Carminum
Josquin des Prez: Ave Christe, imolate
Lassus: Factus est Dominus; Cum esse partulus, Nunc cognosco

Niederschriftischer Singkreis (in Hahn), Willi Träder, cond. (in the Isaac); Kaufbeurer Martinsfinken, Ludwig Hahn, cond. (in the Josquin des Prez and Lassus).

Two LP. $2.50.

Two LP. $2.50.

This is a good selection of works by three great Netherlands masters of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. The finest of them is the beautifully wrought and dramatic two-part motet for six voices by Lassus, Cum esse partulus and Nunc cognosco, the first part of which is remarkably modern in its motivic construction. The two older composers are also well represented. Heinrich Isaac's Missa Carminum is a genial work based on several secular tunes, and Josquin des Prez's Ave Christe, imolate makes a fine effect with its skilful textural contrasts.

Both choral good, though the Hanover group seems less solidly endowed in the lower voices, and the recordings are clean and natural. Since the total timing of the music is under forty minutes, it is a pity that the companion-piece to Ave Christe, imolate—which is the first part of a two-part motet—was not included; but it would be churlish to harp on this when the record is so reasonably priced.

B.J.

IVES: Songs, Vol. 1 and 2

Vol. 1. 1894 to 1915: General William Booth Enters Into Heaven; The Indians; The Child's Hour; Canon; Requiem; Mists; from "Paracelsus"; from "Lincoln the Great Commoner"; Like a Sick Eagle; from "The Swimmers"; The Cage; Walking; A Christmas Carol; West London. Vol. 2. 1915 to 1925: Majority; Ann Street; September; Granchester; Afterglow; Walt Whitman; Tom Sails Away; Maple Leaves; On the Antipodes; Charlie Rutlage; Two Little Flowers; Ten English Songs, 1920; An Election; Serenity; White Gulls; 1, 2, 3; Immortality; Evening; A Farewell to Land.

Ted Puffer, tenor; James Tenney, piano; Philip Conner, piano.

Folkways FM 3344/45. Two LP. $4.79 each.

This release lacks any great vocal distinction, but it deserves attention as for far most substantial selection of Ives songs yet to have become available. With all its faults, it is far better than Helen Boatwright's recital of twenty-four Ives songs on Overtone, which is feebly both as a performance and as a recording. Ted Puffer has assembled an intelligent and varied program, illustrating Ives's startlingly unconventional genius in most of its major aspects. All but four of the songs included come from the 114 Songs which Ives published privately in 1922, a volume which ought to be owned by every singer who wants to open his ears to genuinely original, sometimes naïve, sometimes perverse, but always stimulating ideas.

Puffer's performance is of the kind best described as gallant. It is clear that the technical difficulties of the vocal writing tax his equipment to the uttermost, and as a consequence of his pre-occupation with holding his line against the often fiendish dissonances of the accompaniments he is often unable to devote enough attention to nuances of phrasing and dynamics. The fact remains that he does succeed in vanishing a large proportion of the problems, and the music is so strong that much of its power comes through. A good place to sample would be the beginning of Volume 2. Side 2: Charlie Rutlage is one of Ives's most irresistible songs, at once tender and rumbustious, and Puffer does it with just the right degree of ingenuousness, though he blurs the effect of the abrupt ending with an unnecessary ritardando. In Two Little Flowers, which follows, he brings off the little rhythmic displacements of the vocal part very well. Not all the songs are performed as skillfully as these, and a tendency to harshness in the louder ones is accentuated by the closeness and high volume level of the recording, but there is much more to enjoy than to cavil at.

The accompaniments are mostly by James Tenney. They are clear and pretty accurate, though they rarely take wing. Like most aspects of this valuable project, they are conscientious rather than inspired; but the results are better than...
And though clean-limbed and scrupulously fiery, tense flabbiness quite miraculously disappeared, Rubinstein and Curzon (though architectural stunning performance. This tribute less markedly becomes a mark of the years.

Both of these compositions are Rubinstein’s firsts discographically speaking: and through the renowned pianist has been programming the Liszt Sonatas constantly in recital, he here shows the Schubert for the first time since his student days. Liszt gets the more convincing performance. Rubinstein, while still a remarkably robust virtuoso, no longer storms and frets his way through the epic tone poem as he once did. His conception has become far more simply, less sprawling, coloristically more sensitive. The noble, generous sound of the artist’s Hamburg Steinway further contributes to his ripe, generous, worldly-wise conception, lending a solidity to the bass line and thus immeasurably enhancing what would in any case be a stunning performance. This is not a Liszt Sonata in theizzling Horowitz manner, nor is it quite so rigorous and architectural as the versions by Fleisher and Curzon (though it is closer to their point of view than to that of Horowitz). When Rubinstein is at his best, he makes piano playing sound utterly natural and uncomplicated. He is decidedly at his best here.

Rubinstein has not played much Schubert until just recently. His two Impromptus tossed a few years ago are very free and beautiful in tone, but they fail to convey that feeling of elemental simplicity mentioned above—a feeling essential to Schubert above all others. I have the same impression of Rubinstein’s present treatment of the Wanderer. Indeed. I actively disliked this reading when I first heard it in the monophonic pressing, where it seemed rhetorical in the broadest sense, unduly emphasizing the melodramatic qualities which are, for me, this music’s weakest points. Yet in the airy, spread-out stereophonic version the labored, marcellatatto flabbiness quite miraculously disappeared, and I found myself able to enjoy the Rubinstein performance. I still find the fiery, tense Fleisher reading much more clean-limbed and scrupulously thought out, however, and Richter’s rendition is stronger and more rhythmically incisive. And though it may be a quibble on my part, I do wish that when Rubinstein restudied this composition for recording purposes, he had bothered to replace his old old edition of the score; all the old misprints, such as the misstated D-sharp in the tremolando figure closing the second section are scrupulously observed by this master who should have known better.

But the disc is worth owning for the eloquent Liszt.

LASSUS: Factus est Dominus; Crim essem partus, Nunc cognosco—See Isaac: Missa Carminum.

JOSQUIN DES PREZ: Ave Christe, immolante—See Isaac: Missa Carminum.

MEINDELSOHN: Elijah (excerpts)

Elizabeth Harwood, soprano; Marjorie Thomas, contralto; Richard Lewis, tenor; John Shirley-Quirk, bass; Arnold Greir, organ; Royal Choral Society; Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, Sir Malcolm Sargent, cond.

“The English musicians say. Purcell was a great composer: let us go and do Mendelssohn’s Elijah over again.” Bernard Shaw’s liner note to a recording made in 1894: and here are the English musicians doing Mendelssohn’s Elijah yet again. Not all of it, in fact, and I am inclined to think that this one-disc version will be ample for any music lover not irretrievably enamored of hearing at great length how God is angry with the wicked every day.” As Shaw wrote in another place, “the prostitution of Mendelssohn’s great genius to this lust for threatening and venturing doom and wrath, upon which he should have turned his back with detestation, is the most painful incident in the art-history of the century.”

Most of Elijah’s best bits are here, including the chorus “Be not afraid” and the final chorus, the soprano air “Hear ye. Israel.” the contralto’s “O rest in the Lord,” and the tenor’s peaciful “If with all hearts ye truly seek me.” The only regrettable omission is the chorus “Thank ye to God.” However. some of the numbers should be presaged by the recitative and the chorus “Baal, we cry to thee” (which is better suited to roasting chestnuts round the camp fire than to invoking a savage pagan god) scarely qualify for Angel’s album title of “highlights.” The performance itself is very good. Its release celebrates the seventieth birthday of Sir Malcolm Sargent, who knows the work inside out, and who, a few untidy attacks and one or two turgid choral textures excepted conducts it with skill and sympathy. Of the two soloists who also took part in Sir Malcolm’s earlier complete recording, the new version finds Richard Lewis, as usually these days, in commanding form and honeyed voice, and an effortless technique allows him leisure to turn his phrases so that we may savour their full sweetness. Marjorie Thomas also sings well: I find her “O rest in the Lord” a trifle brisk in feeling, but perhaps that is because I got to know the piece through Kathleen Ferrier’s 77.

The two newcomers are admirable. Elizabeth Harwood’s light soprano voice is as pretty as her appearance, and John Shirley-Quirk is probably the finest bass voice England has produced since the Second World War. In the air “Is not His word like a fire” I had the old impression, probably due only to the character of the music, that he was doing an imitation of Owen Brannigan, but in any case he handles all his music with panache and impressive sonority.

I have been hard on the music, I know, perhaps provoked by the reference in Charles Reid’s liner note to “the last, and, as some consider, the supreme sunburst of Mendelssohn’s genius,” which really is going a bit far. So long as you are not in search of the grandeur of Handel’s and Haydn’s oratorios, there is much pleasure to be had from this excellent presentation of some urban, graceful, and often very pretty music.

MIMAROGLU: Agony (Visual Study No. 4, after Aristle Gorky)—See Berio: Visage.

MOZART: Concerto for Two Claviers and Orchestra, in E flat, K. 365—See Bach: Concertos for Three Claviers and Strings.

MOZART: Quintet for Piano and Winds, in E flat, K. 482; Trio for Clarinet, Viola, and Piano, in E flat, 498

David Hancock, piano; instrumentalists

• CAMBRIDGE CRM 817. LP. $4.79.
• CAMBRIDGE CRS 1817. SD. $5.79.

In the Quintet four members of the Fairfield Woodwind Quintet join forces with the pianist, David Hancock. One of them, David Weber, Mr. Hancock, and Jorge Mester, viola, play the Trio. All hands are skillful artists and perform together precisely and with good balance. Aside from the piano’s loud beginning in the finale of the Quintet (it more likely should be soft), the playing is lyric, sensitive, and in good style. The Trio is of course one of Mozart’s fine works, with the special mellowness that he (and Brahms) seems to have associated with the clarinet. But it is especially the Quintet that always arouses wonder. Its prophetic Larghetto, with its piano figurations, its harmonic progressions, and its use of the horn, point to early Romanticism. Realistic sound in both versions.

MOZART: Sinfonia concertante for Violin, Viola, and Orchestra, in E flat, K. 364; Concerto for Clarinet and Orchestra, in A, K. 622

Susanne Lautenbacher, violin; Ulrich Koch, viola; Karl Dörr, clarinet; Bamberg Symphony, Ivstan Kertesz, cond. (in the Sinfonia), Ferdinand Leitner, cond. (in the Concerto)

• NONESUCH H 1074. LP. $2.50.
• NONESUCH H 71074. SD. $2.50.

Let’s take the goodie first. The great Clarinet Concerto here receives a smooth,
easygoing performance in which I could hear no fault. Karl Dörr has an attractive tone. lots of breath, and sound musical instincts. Letnner provides a polished, beautifully balanced orchestral contribution, and the sound is first-class. No glamor names here, no false eyelashes; just honest, well-scrubbed playing and recording—a highly satisfactory job.

The performance of the Sinfonia concertante, unfortunately, is not in the same class. While the solos play well and there is effective separation in the stereo, the oboes are sometimes too far back, and Kertesz has a tendency, especially in the Andante, occasionally to accent the first beat of the measure unnecessarily. The wonderful slow movement is given a rather noisy and insensitive reading here. Kertesz has done much better by Mozart in other recordings.

NIELSEN: Symphony No. 4, Op. 29
("The Inextinguishable")

Royal Danish Orchestra, Igor Markevitch, cond.

Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra, Max Rudolf, cond.

For a feature review of these recordings, see page 67.

ORFF: Carmina Burana


- Heliodor H 25004. LP. $2.49.
- Heliodor HS 25004. SD. $2.49.

This is an East German performance recorded by West Germany's Deutsche Grammophon and never before released in this country. It's not a bad show, but I'm afraid that after the grand technicolor Carmina Burana it seems rather tame. You either have to give this piece the Hollywood treatment or take the full 1937 Strength-through-Joy approach (massed gymnastics, organized hikes through the Wald, ribald German student songs, free love—and all of it filmed by Leni Riefenstahl). The East Germans try to manage the work as a kind of proto-Socialist Realism: the tavern scene is effective enough in a somewhat Brechtian way but the rest is treated as if it were a charming collection of old Bavarian folk songs.

The solo singing is excellent and enthusiastic, and the chorus is well trained and generally most effective. The orchestral playing is good too in a rather pleasant controlled way. But try as I might, I could not get any presence out of the instrumental sound—and Carmina Burana without instrumental presence is like Les Noces without its piano-and-percussion sound. And without the piano-and-percussion sound of Les Noces there would be no Carl Orff or Carmina in the first place.

E.S.

PURCELL: Music for the Theatre; Excerpts from "The Fairy Queen," "The Indian Queen," "King Arthur," and Other Works

Joan Carlyle, soprano; Bath Festival Orchestra, Yehudi Menuhin, cond.

- ANGEL 36332. LP. $4.79.
- ANGEL S 36332. SD. $5.79.

This is an attractively planned and well-recorded disc of some spirited music making, but it is marred by a number of blemishes, one major and the other minor. The major one is the singing of the four arias included. Joan Carlyle does quite well in the legato opening measures of Pandora's "Sweeter than roses," from Pandora, but as soon as she comes to the fast florid section her line becomes insecure. Of her other numbers, the exquisite "Fairst Isle" and "I attempt from Love's sickness" (from King Arthur and The Indian Queen respectively) are almost total write-offs. This is equally, out-of-tune singing, further disfigured by impure vowel sounds.

I am sure Neville Bowling, who prepared the editions for this record, was right in taking an ad lib. attitude to instrumentation, and the actual sonorities offered are varied and attractive. There seems, however, to have been some monkeying around with levels in the control room, because the movements entrusted to woodwinds come up as loud as or louder than those for full orchestra; a recorder shouldn't really sound as though it was a part of a trumpet. For the rest, the editions are both scholarly and effective—though even if, as the liner observes, the ornamentation in Fairst Isle is contemporary, it seems rather odd to do the first verse embellishment in the new way.

But I quibble. Here is a generous selection of airs, dances, overtures, symphonies, and trumpet tunes, which Menuhin directs with refreshing zest.

B.J.

RAMEAU: Hippolyte et Aricie

Soloists: St. Anthony Singers; English Chamber Orchestra, Anthony Lewis, cond.

For a feature review of this recording, see page 65.

SCHOENBERG: Complete Music for Solo Piano; Songs for Voice and Piano


- COLUMBIA M2S 736. Two SD. $11.58.

This album, volume four in Columbia's admirable Schoenberg series, is chock-full of pivotal pieces—landmarks in Schoenberg's development and thus, literally, music that shook the world.

The songs, op. 1 and 2, were the composer's first published works and they demonstrated his mastery—not even his greatest detractors could deny it—of the Brahms-Wagner tradition which he was apparently so intent on demolishing. The first work to make the break in a thoroughgoing fashion is generally said to be the Three Piano Pieces, Op. 11, of 1908; actually parts of the song cycle The Book of the Hanging Gardens, Op. 15, were written first. We have them both here. The Piano Pieces, Op. 19, of 1910, are an astonishing condensation of the rich, intense chromatic ideas of Schoenberg's early "atonal" period—a series of tiny forms which lose these ideas of ever-increasing plasticity, invention, and meaning. Their influence, serving as they did to confirm Anton Webern's direction, has been enormous. The Six Piano Pieces, Op. 23, coming after a long period of apparent silence, include the first "official" twelve-tone music—the final Waltz—as well as a great deal of other inventive, highly organized, proto-scholastic music. Op. 25—a "baroque" Variation Suite—is the first full, extended exploration of the new twelve-tone method, a composition in which the row permeates every nook and cranny.

Finally, Op. 33 announces Schoenberg's later preoccupation with the row, not merely as the basis for a totally organized thematic structure but as a more generalized sound source, broken up into a much more complicated affair. The nine poems (by such as Auden, Dickinson, Roethke, and Cummings) are, with one exception, each set to music twice. Each setting emphasizes a different aspect of meaning; if the first is gentle, the second is agitated, and so on. These different musical versions of the same texts are not, however, presented in immediate juxtaposition; all nine poems are first sung through, and then repeated in reverse order on the lines with which the cycle begins. The ninth poem, around which the structure makes its U-turn, is sung only once. The idea is extremely ingenious and its working out is reasonably effective. Schoenberg's harmonic palette has broadened since 1949, but his melodic invention has regressed; consequently the songs of meditative and brooding character are decidedly the best.

The Poems were written for Regina Sarfaty, who makes, in both, the best of them, and the recording is good. The recording of the Sonata is a "technical" refurbishing" of a tape made in 1952—and sounds like it. A.F.

ROREM: Sonata for Piano, No. 2; Poems of Love and the Rain

Regina Sarfaty, mezzo (in the Poems); Ned Rorem, piano (in the Poems); Julius Katchen, piano (in the Sonata).

- COMPOSERS RECORDINGS CR1 202. LP. $5.95.

The Second Piano Sonata, composed in 1949, is typical of the tuneful, bland, and Poulenç-like music with which Ned Rorem made his bow and his early reputation. The Poems of Love and the Rain, written in 1962-63, add up to a much more complicated affair. The nine poems (by such as Auden, Dickinson, Roethke, and Cummings) are, with one exception, each set to music twice. Each setting emphasizes a different aspect of meaning; if the first is gentle, the second is agitated, and so on. These different musical versions of the same texts are not, however, presented in immediate juxtaposition; all nine poems are first sung through, and then repeated in reverse order on the lines with which the cycle begins. The ninth poem, around which the structure makes its U-turn, is sung only once. The idea is extremely ingenious and its working out is reasonably effective. Rorem's harmonic palette has broadened since 1949, but his melodic invention has regressed; consequently the songs of meditative and brooding character are decidedly the best.

The Poems were written for Regina Sarfaty, who makes, in both, the best of them, and the recording is good. The recording of the Sonata is a "technical" refurbishing" of a tape made in 1952—and sounds like it. A.F.
and fantasy it purposely held in check with the aid of classical rhythmic and formal designs—Prelude, Gavotte, Mutisette, Intermezzo (or song form). Menotti, Gigue trios, da capo and all—combined with a great delicacy and clarity of idea, texture, and shape. The various movements of Op. 25 are in effect a series of extended variations on a basic material: the twelve-tone idea was in itself partly a variational concept and the notion of variations became at once the most universal and the most specific expression in the logical sequence of Schoenberg's ideas.

In the late Twenties and early Thirties, Schoenberg began to search for new implications of the twelve-tone idea, new expressive and formal means and applications and the clear that larger examples, able examples, all dimensions of fantasy, have been been discovered and created, and the presence of Glenn Gould, Donald Beardslee, Margaret Rosen, whose performances of Op. 25 and Op. 33A and B are on the Epic label. In his superb performance of Op. 33A every accent and articulation is perfectly in place, everything is thought through and clarified exactly in the terms indicated by Schoenberg with no loss of forward motion or over-all expressive and intellectual conception. Gould tends to overpedal and blur; his tempo is slow and his expressive conception fights the actual explicit character of the piece. The two interpretations of Opus 25 are much closer in quality, but even here Gould tends to linger and cut down extremes where Rosen clarifies, inflects, and intensifies.

With Op. 11 and 23 Gould does well. Op. 11 is, however, a monophonic transfer which comes out at a much lower dynamic level than the rest of the music in the album and has a high noise content. There is everywhere a good deal of Glenn Gould vocalizing and all kinds of strange shuffling and inexplicable clicking noises. My review copy of the set was plagued by preecho, especially in that unfortunate Op. 11 transfer; otherwise, and with the exceptions noted, the sound is good.

The whole project is, of course, a

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valuable and important piece of work, and in Glenn Gould, Schoenberg has certainly a powerful advocate. Mr. Gould is a major artist who brings deep insight—not to mention all kinds of technical, tonal, and musical capacities—to this music and plenty of it shows here. Most of the song "accompaniments" and, most especially, the brilliant performance of Opus 23 are full of the kind of expressive intelligence which is so right for Schoenberg. But it is just because we get so much that we are led to expect more.

E.S.


Amadeus String Quartet
• Deutsche Grammophon LPM 19103. LP. $5.79.
• Deutsche Grammophon SLP 139103. SD. $5.79.

The Amadeus Quartet recorded this work once before for Deutsche Grammophon and that effort is still available in Europe (as Heliodor 478-433, mono only). In the present recording, their interpretation is broader and more emphatic, with a rugged, tough-fibredness supplanting the swift lyricism heard before. The changes are particularly apparent in the scherzo and in the tarantellalike finale, both of which are considerably slower in the newer performance. One can sense the greater deliberation in the opening movement too. While I personally would like a more direct, rhythmically cohesive presentation, I find the Amadeus group's meditative approach decidedly more sincere than the faster-moving tempo and accent and the harsh tonal characteristics displayed by the Juilliard Quartet in the only other stereo presentation.

The extremely close-to-recording makes for tremendous impact and vivid presence, although the proximity sometimes magnifies the ensemble's raspy tone in general, and Norbert Brainin's sometimes sour intonation on high notes in particular.

H.G.


Orchestre de la Suisse Romande, Ernest Ansermet, cond.
• London CM 9457. LP. $4.79.
• London CS 6457. SD. $5.79.

Ansermet's way with Schumann is of the cool, mercurial kind which allows the potent romanticism to speak through delicate instrumental textures and colors, without any actual physical tampering with tempo or rhythm. His readings of both the Symphony and the Overture are compact and intellectualized, yet with no less feeling for the opus. Ansermet favors a thoroughly Gallic type of ensemble sonority, with linear movement rather than lush sensuousness always the focal point. The prevailing impression is heightened by the arc clarity of the sound and the extreme prominence of woodwind detail (a shade embarrassing for the Swiss Romande's undernourished first oboist!). Ansermet's classicist bent provides for a good deal of fine-grained, sharply etched phrasing, and also a repeat in the first movement of the Symphony. The conductor is pretty much of a purist in regard to Schumann's often revised orchestration, which appears mostly "as written" here (though he does allow his timpanist to replace those formidable Cs and Gs at the Symphony's conclusion instead of merely striking the notes once).

For me the healthy vigor and refined sensitivity to which Ansermet treats this music are much to be desired. I would place his account in the uppermost bracket alongside the very similar, though slightly more massively conceived DGG version by Rafael Kubelik and the Berlin Philharmonic.

H.G.

SIBELIUS: Symphony No. 4, in A minor, Op. 63; Legends, Op. 22; No. 3, The Swan of Tuonela

Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra, Herbert von Karajan, cond.
• Deutsche Grammophon LPM 18974. LP. $5.79.
• Deutsche Grammophon SLP 138974. SD. $5.79.

Much of Karajan's recent work on records has given evidence, it seems to me, of a trend towards overrefinement. This disc, happily, counteracts that impression. Right from the very opening of the Symphony, the playing of the Berlin Philharmonic has a darker burnish and more roughhewn personal commitment than that of the Philharmonia Orchestra in Karajan's older Angel version of the same work. The conductor's present approach would also appear less given to disparate extremes of tempo than before: the finale here is far more emphatic and deliberate than was once the case, though the first two movements are, if anything, rather tauter and more sinewy. There are a few unexpected treatments of detail, such as the lavish, almost Stokowskian retardation near the end of the finale. It will also be noted that Karajan now has decided to opt for the standard reading of the first movement rather than the odd-sounding variant heard before. Again, bells rather than chimes are utilized in the finale. The main thing to be said is that here is easily the finest stereo performance of Sibelius' finest symphony, and it is partnered by a warm, idiomatic, and not at all Teutonic-sounding Swan of Tuonela (Karajan's first recording of that lovely score).

DGG's edition, atmospheric sound lacks the clinical, analytical clarity of the recent London performance conducted by Ansermet; but, fortunately, Karajan's approach similarly lacks the pedestrian stiffness of the Swiss maestro's interpretations. Altogether, one of Karajan's best records.

H.C.

STRAUSS, RICHARD: Burleske for Piano and Orchestra, in D minor — See Schumann: Concerto for Piano and Orchestra, in A minor, Op. 54

Leonard Pennario, piano; London Symphony Orchestra, Seiji Ozawa, cond.
• RCA Victor LM 2873. LP. $4.79.
• RCA Victor LSC 2873. SD. $5.79.

These excellently recorded interpretations can be cited for having the best intentions. Unfortunately, they are not always realized with particular distinction. Pennario displays his customary pearly tone and reliable facility, but also a somewhat slack, lumpish impulse for phrasing and rhythm. The Schumann lacks ardor and solidarity; the Strauss is deficient in the requisite fervor. Indeed, both statements of the piano parts are quite without panache. Seiji Ozawa's brilliantly defined command of the orchestral scores compensates to a degree, though hardly enough to alter the balance away from the good, routine category into that of the truly outstanding. Of the two works included, Strauss (abated by a splendidly peppery percussionist) comes off best, but the prospective buyer would be well advised to wait for the appearance of Serkin's new stereo recording before making a decision.

H.G.

STRAVINSKY: Concerto for String Orchestra, in D — See Bartók: Divertimento for Strings.

WARD: Symphony No. 3; Sacred Songs for Pantheists

Iceland Symphony Orchestra, Igor Butkoff, cond. (in the Symphony); Sylvia Stahlman soprano (First National Radio Orchestra, William Strickland, cond. (in the Sacred Songs).

• Composers Recordings CRI 206L. LP. $5.95.
• Composers Recordings CRI 206SD. SD. $5.95.

These pieces by Robert Ward are well made, in a conservative, thoughtful idiom, and are consistent in style, but rather work up to anything very memorable. The recordings are good, and the performances seem to be quite authoritative; Miss Stahlman's singing of the five Sacred Songs for Pantheists is, in fact, superb.

A.F.
war against Louis XIV of France, the Emperor Leopold I (1640-1705) also found time to develop one of the most brilliantly musical courts in Vienna’s history—to which he contributed as composer and performer. Three of the composers represented here were actually at the court; Legrenzi stayed in Venice but was, according to the notes here, one of the most likely candidates for the position of choir master in Vienna, and he dedicated a collection of sonatas to Leopold.

The four set each other off very well. Fux’s Overture is marvelously varied in texture as well as mood, with brief solo essays by violin and bassoon, and seven short sections ranging from a noble aria to an adventurous Lentement. The canon sonata for the pair of gambas is sonorous and rhythmically lively. Biber’s elaborate writing for the first violin in this ensemble marks him as the virtuoso he was; Schmelzer’s sonata for solo violin and bass is even more of a curiosity—employing the variations-over-a-ground framework for some of the most rhapsodic, even erratic, violin solo writing you are apt to come across. Legrenzi’s sonata for four gambas is a study in timbres—the instruments sound, by turns, like an organ and like an accordion. In La Brasca, woodwinds are attractively antiphonal.

The instruments used in the recording, by the way, are purported to be originals

JULIAN BREAM: “Baroque Guitar”


Julian Bream, guitar.
• RCA VICTOR LM 2878. LP. $4.79.
• RCA VICTOR LCS 2878. SD. $5.79.

We have come by now to take for granted the distinguished guitar playing of Julian Bream (such is the fate awaiting a chosen few)—his just and telling ornamentation, his ability to conveyaurally every surface from chrome to mahogany. But we cannot always take for granted, from any artist, a program of exceptional worth from start to finish, and that is what Bream gives us here. The mood, in general, is not a merry one. Bach’s fugue from the Solo Violin Sonata No. 1 (transposed from G minor to A minor) is serious stuff, though it sounds much more lyrical in its guitar guise a la Bream than it can ever sound on the violin; Sor’s Fantasy has dramatic, almost narrative implications, which may remind the listener of Schubert’s Death and the Maiden—a suggestion which the guitarist’s clear emphasis on dialogue does much to support; Weiss’s Tombeau is evocative, improvisatory, and sepulchral all at once. For the rest—with the exception of Visée’s suite, which embraces the conventional variety of pace and mood—the pieces are serious and often highly contrapuntal. Bream’s art does beautifully by them, and vice versa.

S.F.

CONCENTUS MUSICUS: “Music at the Court of Leopold I”

Fux: Overture for Two Oboes, Bassoon, and Strings; Sonata (Canon) for Two Violas da gamba. Biber: Fidicinium Sacro-Profanum; Sonata X. Schmelzer: Sonatue Unarum Fidium; Sonata Quarta. Legrenzi: Sonatas for Four Violas da gamba; Sonata (La Buscha).

Concentus Musicus, Nikolaus Harnoncourt, cond.
• BACH GUILD BG 690. LP. $4.79.
• BACH GUILD BGS 70690. SD. $5.79.

While fighting off the Turks and making
or copies of those of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Once tipped off, the ear does, I think, discern the difference in the woodwinds. Performances are not slick or showy. The slow movements are all quite sober, the fast movements have rhythmic life, and the final effect is one of genuineness. Mono sound is a bit more remote than stereo; the reasonable use of stereo spread is appropriate. S.F.

BENIAMINO GIGLI: Arias and Duets, Vol. 2


Beniamino Gigli, tenor; Maria Caniglia, soprano (in Vicino a te); Iva Pacetti, soprano (in Tu qui, Santuzza?); various orchestras, cond. [from HMV originals recorded 1932-1949].

* ANGEL COLH 144. LP. $5.79.

It hardly seems there is room for any more Gigli on LP, and in fact practically everything here is already in the catalogue, though much of it on import labels. But since the quality of the selections is high (nothing as embarrassing as the Manon Lescaut aria on Vol. 1) and the transfers are in all cases superior to previous LP versions, the disc turns out well.

"Except for a separate 1933 version of "St. Jui soldato," all the Chénier excerpts are from the 1941 recording with Caniglia and Bechi (and with Simonato, Taddei, and Tajo in comprimario parts!). The Improvvisato (not to be confused with Gigli's much earlier one) has always sounded precarious to me, with the tone opened out in the upper-middle part of his voice to the point of dryness and whiteness; it's certainly not dull, though. But the last act excerpts are magnificent, so far as Gigli is concerned—the aria is done with a sumptuous, velvety flow, and the duet is accorded a polish of phrase and treatment of mezzo-voce passages it hasn't received since. Maria Caniglia does not have an easy time of it, but she gets there, one Away in another, and brings her customary temperament and authority to the music. Unfortunately, the closing pages are monitored down, with the result that the high climaxes do not make their full effect.

Next follows an absolutely gorgeous "Amor ti vieta" (1940), and then the excerpt from Marcella, which has no value except to shame other tenors into silence at the sound made by the 59-year-old Gigli.

Neither of the Puccini excerpts is from the complete set; the Serenade he recorded at the same time, and with the same soprano, Pacetti—but the "No. Pagliaccio" dates from a year earlier (1933) and is conducted by Barabrioli. The Serenade I find disappointing, for the tenor slips into a falsetto-ish high voice for most of it: maybe he felt he should sound like a comprimario. Canio's aria is, if anything, even better than on the complete set—exciting, scornful, and heartbreaking beautiful in the cantabile beginning at "Sperai, tanto il delirio."

The second side opens with the splendid Cavalleria duet (1932), Gigli in top form and Duolina Giannini far from lovely but powerful and compelling as Santuzza. The transfer is so much superior to the old Victor LCT as to virtually remake the record; Giannini, in particular, benefits from the less edgy sound. Turiddu's farewell (1933) is also excellent in its unrestrained fashion. The remaining Mascagni pieces have less intrinsic interest, but L'Amico Fritz is at least listenable, and almost unbelievably well sung considering its date (1948). All in all, highly recommendable, and much superior to the previous volume. C.L.O.

Marilyn Horne: "Souvenir of a Golden Era"


Marilyn Horne, mezzo; Geneva Opéra Chorus; Orchestre de la Suisse Romande, Henry Lewis, cond.

* LONDON A 4263. Two LP. $9.58.

There is much here that is very good, a little that is so-so, a very little that is very bad. On the whole, it can be called a representative account of the work of an accomplished and valuable young singer at the present state of her art. But we get there by a devious route.

The brochure accompanying these records evokes the personality and achievement of two legendary singing sisters of the nineteenth century, Maria Malibran and Pauline Viardot, daughters of an equally fabled tenor, Manuel Garcia, who achieved many things, including the introduction of Italian opera to New York in 1825. His daughters were mezzos of rare quality who inspired composers to write leading roles for their kinds of voice. Each was able to build on the mezzo foundation a superstructure of high notes that enabled Continued on page 86
arias, the willful and sudden contrasts in dynamics and tempo in “Raht wohl.” have to be weighed against some indeniably dramatic and affecting moments. Of the soloists, John van Kesteren makes a first-rate Evangelist, Phyllis Curtin sings both of the soprano arias beautifully (the retard at the end of “Zerstieße mein Herz” is presumably the conductor’s idea), and David Smith does the brief role of Pilate very nicely. The work of the other soloists is not much above average. In the first part of the Passion the choral sound is not always as clear as it might be, and the soloists sound rather far back in some numbers.

The latest recording of this work to appear in this country, conducted by André Vandernoot for a Swiss company and issued here by Nonescoch (HC 3004 or HC 73004) is one of the lowest in price but far from the lowest in quality. It is especially strong in its soloists—Richard Lewis, who sings the role of the Evangelist and the tenor arias, Heinz Rehfuss, who does Jesus and the bass arias, Agnes Griebel, soprano, and Wilhelmine Matthes, alto. Indeed Lewis, it seems to me, is in a class with H spreading and van Kesteren, while Miss Matthes is perhaps more consistently moving and appealing than any of her opposite numbers. What keeps this set from the top of the list is the unbalanced choruses—this time bottom-heavy, with the soprano too far back and the altos practically inaudible—and the dogged jog trot at which all of the crowd’s utterances run, as well as the unimaginative performance of the continuo.

The four performances I have discussed so far are all sung in German. London’s set (4348 or 1320), conducted by David Willcocks, is in English. Among the best elements of this reading are the dark-voiced Jesus of David Ward; the Evangelist, varied in color and feeling if a bit tight-throated, of Peter Barnes; the very moving singing by Hervey Alan of the bass arioso with lute and viols d’amore; and some of the work of Elizabeth Harwood, soprano. The weakest aspect is the work of the choruses, the usually excellent Choir of King’s College, Cambridge. The choral balance is often poor—there are times when only the sopranos can be clearly heard—and while the softer portions are nicely sung, the dramatic choruses lack force and incisiveness.

All of the above recordings are, as indicated, available in stereo as well as mono. Three sets remain from pre-stereo days, and each has qualities that account for its staying power. Foremost among these editions, it seems to me, is Robert Shaw’s reading on RCA Victor LVT 3000, sung in English. Here one of the enduring satisfactions is the work of the chorus. Except in a few of the chorales, which seem a little heavy, its finely balanced texture and the sheer beauty of its sound are applied in a wide range of expressivity, from a kind of quiet ecstasy in deliberative passages to the powerful ejaculations of the crowd. Blake Stern, the Evangelist, and the late Mack Harrel, in the role of Jesus, head the list of soloists in the quality of their work here. The others all provide acceptable performances but none of them, it seems to me, strikes fire.

Kurt Thomas’ version, on Decca Oiseau-Lyre 5023/25, does not stress drama and contrast as much as Shaw and Scherchen do. The work seems to interest him less as an exciting narrative than as a musical structure. Even so, he achieves gripping intensity in the great choruses that frame the work, and throughout the Passion shows the skill and judgment expected from the man who holds Bach’s post as cantor of the Thomaschule in Leipzig. The Evangelist, Herbert Hess, is an able tenor who maintains the somewhat objective attitude that characterizes a good part of the whole performance. There is admirable singing by Paul Gümmer, who does the Jesus and all the solo bass parts, but the two ladies—Gunhild Weber, soprano, and Sybylla Plate, alto—are seldom more than acceptable. The sound of this set is not quite up to the best standard of its time.

Last, and perhaps least, is VHX 202, directed by Ferdinand Grünmann. His soloists are not bad—indeed Gisela Rathauscher, the soprano, compares well with her opposite numbers—but the choral sound is sometimes rough, some of the tempos are impossibly fast, and most of the chorales are heavy. Some readers may have noticed that I have made no mention of anyone’s singing of the most famous aria in the St. John Passion, “Es ist vollbracht.” It is indicative of the uneven character of all the available recordings that, whatever their merits, not one of them has an alto who does justice to this, one of Bach’s greatest vocal pieces.

The St. Mark and St. Luke Passions

There remain to be mentioned two Passions whose authenticity is questionable. Last year Epic brought out a one-disc affair labeled the “Passion According to St. Mark” (LC 3906 or BC 1306, no longer listed in the Schwann catalogue). This consists of twelve numbers whose music has been taken by modern scholars for von Karajan, Sibelius and the Berlin Philharmonic

Last year, Herbert von Karajan and the Berlin Philharmonic scored a critical triumph with their recording of the Sibelius Fifth. Now, from Deutsche Grammophon comes the new album worthy to stand alongside it. SIBELIUS: SYMPHONY NO. 4 IN A MINOR and THE SWAN OF TUONELA. Berlin Philharmonic/Herbert von Karajan. 18 974; Stereo 138 974.

ALSO
An exciting successor to Jochum’s much-praised performance of the Bruckner 8th Symphony.

BRUCKNER: SYMPHONY NO. 9 IN D MINOR and TE DEUM. Maria Stader, Ernst Haag, other soloists; Chorus of the Deutsche Oper/Ann, Wolfgang Meyer, organ; Berlin Philharmonic/ Egon Jochum (boxed two-record set) 39 117/118; Stereo 139 117/118.

GOUNOD: MESSE SOLENELLE STE. CECILIA. Irmin Grinfeld, Gerhard Stolze; Hermann Uhde; Czech Philharmonic Chorus and Orchestra/Igor Markevitch, 39 111; Stereo 139 111.

SCHUMANN: SONGS ON HEINE POEMS. Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, Baritone; Joerg Demus, piano (with leaflet) 39 110; Stereo 139 110.

CHOPIN: 17 WALTZES. Tamas Vasary, Piano, 19 485; Stereo 136 485.

BEETHOVEN: PIANO SONATAS NOS. 4, 9, 10. Wilhelm Kempf, Piano 18 938; Stereo 138 938.

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BACH PASSIONS AND ORATORIOS

Continued from preceding page

from other works by Bach—principally the *Thema-cadence*—and fitted to as many portions of a libretto of the *St. Mark Passion* that Bach is known to have used but whose music has been lost. The result is plausible; some of the music, especially two big choruses from the *Transcendental* is very fine, and we may have here a small portion of a third Passion by Bach. The solo singing is good enough, but the two great choruses have been better performed on records in their other incarnation.

A St. Luke Passion attributed to Bach is available on Lyrichord 110 or 7110, three discs, in a performance conducted by George Barati. This is an interesting curiosity, with a few piquant moments scattered among yards of recitative and dozens of chorales; but if each is composed by a Bach, it must have been by a cousin of Johann Sebastian's four times removed. Chorus and soloists perform well, and the sound is good.

The Christmas Oratorio

The six cantatas (or "parts") that constitute this "oratorio" were designed to be performed separately on six days: Christmas Day (two parts), New Year's Day, the Sunday after New Year, and Epiphany. The modern custom of doing them all in one evening would probably have surprised Bach as much as would our occasional habit of devoting a whole evening exclusively to twenty-four preludes and fugues of the *Well-Tempered Clavier*. True, the texts of the cantatas follow the order of events recounted in the Gospels, from the Birth of Jesus (Part I) to the visit of the Magi (Part VI); but musically each Part is complete in itself. Since there is not much variety of mood from one Part to another, owing to the joyful nature of the Church season celebrated, it is when they are heard one at a time or even three at a sitting that they can best be appreciated. And there is much to appreciate, for every one of these cantatas contains some wonderful movements. The choruses that open five of them are all very fine, and the instrumental movement that begins Part II is one of the tenderest and loveliest of all the baroque pastoral symphonies. There are some first-rate arias and duets, and the work ends with an astonishingly lively and cheerful fantasy on the same chorale melody that appears several times with shattering effect in the *St. Matthew* Passion. (This is the tune that first turns up in a love song a century before Bach!) Of the ten arias currently available (all three-disc sets), the finest one from every standpoint, it seems to me, is the latest—the recent Archive album, 3253/55 or 73253/55, conducted by Karl Richter. It has an extraordinarily good quartet of soloists. Christa Ludwig's singing in all three of the alto arias is hauntingly beautiful. Gundula Janowitz does the soprano part with immaculate phrasing and bull's-eye accuracy; when her voice is first heard, as the Angel in Part II, it is as though a ray of sunshine had burst through clouds. Both Fritz Wunderlich, tenor, and Franz Crass, bass, are on the same album, and the ladies Wunderlich sings both the Evangelist's recitatives and the tenor arias with an enforced lyricism; in the long phrases of "Frohe Hirten" (Part II) he holds his own very well with the obligato flute. Crass's voice lacks the brass needed for the trumpet aria in Part I but in every other respect his performance is entirely satisfactory. Chorus and orchestra are first-rate. Except for the over-prominent sopranos in one chorus ("Ehre sei GOTT," Part II), the balances are neat and the sound transparent and lifelike; in this respect the care taken to differentiate between dynamic levels in the double echoes of "Flüstet, mein Heiland" (Part IV) is characteristic of the whole recording.

The older Archive set (3079/81, mono only), directed by Fritz Lehmann, is also excellent in most respects. While the soloists (Ganthild Weber, Sieglinde Wagner, Helmut Krebs, and the ladies) do not match up to the later Archive quartet, except for the bass, they are all in good form, as are the conductor, the chorus, the orchestra, and the recording engineers.

A recording that deserves consideration, especially if price is important, is that directed by Fritz Werner (Musical Heritage Society MHS 571/73, mono and stereo). It has an intimate quality that suits much of the music well. The chorus, which seems small, is nicely balanced and very responsive to the conductor. Agnes Giebel, the soprano, sings most of her part sweetly; Helmut Krebs employs his light tenor with his usual skill; Berry MacDaniel's attractive baritone does not have the right color for the trumpet aria but is quite pleasing everywhere else; the alto of Claudia Hellmann is smoother and rounder at the bottom than in the middle or especially at the top. This Ernst recording is about half a tone low, and there is some distortion and lack of clarity in tutti, but there is much to enjoy here nevertheless.

Richter's older edition, on Telefunken 2003/05, mono only, is markedly inferior to his Archive performance. At the time when it was recorded, his rhythm was sometimes rigid, his stresses heavy; he was capable of beginning a slumbering aria mezzo-forte and of slowing up in the middle of a piece for "effect." Further-
more, none of the solo singing on this set is much better than adequate, and the choral sound is sometimes blurred, sometimes dominated by the sopranos.

Each of the two oldest recordings—Ferdinand Grossmann's on Vox VBX 201 and Kurt Thomas' on Oiseau-Lyre 50001/03—has its good points, but neither adds up to anything that can challenge the Archive versions or even, in my opinion, that of the Musical Heritage Society.

The Easter Oratorio

The so-called Easter Oratorio seems to have started life as a secular, pastoral cantata written to celebrate the birthday of a German prince. Bach soon adapted a sacred text to it, for use at Easter, and seems to have performed this version more than once, each time with changes or revisions, in the last two decades of his life. It is not one of his most impressive compositions, but, as so often with his lesser works, it contains some remarkable things. Its first three movements form a most unusual unit: there is a brilliant opening sinfonia in D major, then an expressive instrumental Adagio in B minor, and then the first vocal movement, a duet and chorus in a gay, dancelike rhythm, again in D major—a baroque symphony with a choral finale! Other outstanding movements are a beautiful tenor aria with recorders, and the majestic final chorus.

While none of the three stereo versions—Columbia ML 5939 or MS 6539, Epic LC 3844 or BC 1244, and Angel 36322 or S 36322—is entirely satisfactory, each has considerable merit. Ormandy's, on Columbia, has the advantage of the magnificent playing of his Philadelphia men, and some especially fine singing by Judith Raskin, soprano, and Maureen Forrester, alto. But for some reason the conductor takes the tenor aria, which is a kind of lullaby, too fast. His chorus is below par (for Philadelphia), and the harpsichord continuo is too faint when it is needed. The Epic disc, conducted by Marcel Couraud, lacks the orchestral splendor of the Columbia, and its female soloists (Friederike Saier and Margarite Bence) are perhaps not as impressive as their opposite numbers, but Couraud's forces are better matched and better blended. There may be fewer thrills in this performance but I think it wears better. Wolfgang Güntenwein's reading (Angel) is also less glamorous than Ormandy's, but his soloists and chorus are on a par with Couraud's. While he, too, uses a tempo that robs the tenor aria of its repose, his is the only version of that aria that follows Bach in employing recorders, rather than flutes. There is a curious discrepancy in the duet-and-chorus. The two soloists sing "ei-hei-hei" in melismas on "eiel" but the chorus—correctly—does not follow suit.

Of the two old versions, Vox 8620 and Vanguard 156, available in mono only, the Vanguard, conducted by Felix Prohaska, seems to me superior in general approach and in the quality of the soloists, but still below the Columbia, Epic, and Angel.

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RECORDS IN REVIEW

Continued from page 82

he to take on some of the roles of the dramatic soprano repertoire. Viardot is said to have had a usable F in alt.

Miss Horne (who demonstrates nothing above a B natural in these discs) is a mezzo with the agility to sing the ornamented music of Rossini, Bellini, Donizetti. This is what she has done so well in the past: this is what she does most successfully here. Apart from the Gounod air, sung with gravity, proportion, and elegance, the best things are the scene from the Rossini Otello and Roméo’s (yes, Roméo) choral scene from the Bellini opera. Miss Horne has the long line, the even production, the firm control to do these things well. The chest tones are strong, but there is little perceptible gear-changing as she moves up into her central nuclear range. So we get a well-ornamented “Una voce,” a charming “Di tani pallini” mostly in half-voice, a “Bel raggio” slightly short-changed on joy.

What Miss Horne does not have is an extended emotional spectrum. Azucena is a little detached and we are unmoved by the horror of the stake. Both Gluck arias are well sung, but without real feeling or involvement. The only total failure, however, is Leonore’s hate-then-hope scene from Fidelio. Here intensity and passion should be all, with no time for pretty-pretty singing, which is what we get.

The program also offers strong choral work, sensitive orchestral playing from the Suisse Romande, firm and clear direction from conductor Henry Lewis, who is Miss Horne’s husband. There is also splendid stereo in London’s highly polished tradition.

GEORGE MOYNSON

WALTER AND BEATRICE KLIEN:
Music for Piano Duet


Walter and Beatrice Klien, piano.
• Turnabout TV 4041. LP. $2.50.
• Turnabout TV 34041S. SD. $2.50.

The Kliens really savor this attractive music, and pass its infectious verve on to the listener. The Brahms pieces have appealing lift and fire, the Dvořák abound with poetry, the Grieg are spry and shimmering, while the D major Schubert Marche militaire and its two lesser played brevethave all the necessary mock-brassiness in the world. Furthermore, the collection is extensive, well recorded, quiet-surfaced, and reasonably priced. What more can one ask?

H.G.

LOTTE LEHMANN: Vocal Recital


Lotte Lehmann, soprano; Maria Olszewski, mezzo (in Rosenkavalier); Lauritz Melchior, tenor (in Walküre); Vienna Philharmonic, Bruno Walter, cond. (in Walküre), Robert Heger, cond. (in Rosenkavalier) from Odeon and HMV 78-rpm originals, 1924-35.

• Odeon 83396. LP. $5.79.

I know an otherwise same young opera enthusiast who cannot see any recorded evidence that Lotte Lehmann was as great as people like me keep saying she was—which makes me worry about how much I actually hearing in her recordings and how much I am reading into them from my Clariad. Lotte was my friend is not going to be converted by this peculiar hit-or-miss anthology, much of which fails to impress even this Lehmann devotee.

Lehmann probably acted the most womanly Leonore in history; but the role is not suited to her vocal and she makes heavy weather of this abridgment of the big aria, which is laborpered and breathy when it should soar. Tannhäuser’s Elisabeth is not much more suitable; and her Lichtbendrolle of Sieglinde is presented in its least effective scene (save for a wonderfully expressive moment at “Bruder! Siegmond!”).

The ineptness of Odeon’s editor approaches genius when he starts the excerpt from the 1933 condensed Rosenkavalier immediately after the Marschallin’s monologue, “Kann mich auch an ein Mal wieder!” of which Lehmann’s performance is still the best and the most impressive. The recital is only Lied included by this mistress of Lieder is not even her best recording of that particular song.

But there are pleasures here, and characteristic Lehmann pleasures. Elsa’s dream has dramatic as well as lyric shape; the Nicolai aria sparkles; the Strauss csárdás is wildly Hungarian; and the Marschallin’s scene with Quinquin glows with a rich feminine insight not overly lacking in some highly praised contemporary interpretations.

And if this record is not apt to win new converts, it contains a marvelous treatise for all who love Lehmann: two long bands, apparently recorded recently, in which the soprano simply talks, in her wonderfully clear and expressive German. She talks about everything: her career biography, her favorite roles, the state of opera in the jet age, the relation of the singer to the conductor and the composer and her fellow singers, the nature of the Lied; and every word of it is charming and warm and wise.

The re-recordings here tend to be over-engineered, shrill, and distorted. Don’t throw away your Lehmann 78s.

ANTHONY BOUCHER
JOSEPH SZIGETI: Violin Recital


Joseph Szegiti, violin; Roy Bogas, piano.
• MERCURY MG 50442. LP. $4.79.
• MERCURY SR 90442. SD. $5.79.

All of these pieces except the Honegger (pleasant but minor) have been better recorded elsewhere, and, even with the second chance and splice opportunities offered by recording, Szegiti's playing isn't what it used to be. Never mind; this is a remarkable disc, which not only brings together three or four early twentieth-century pieces (depending on whether you count the Honegger) of real importance but also documents anew the interest that one of the century's great violinists has long taken in latter-day writing for his instrument.

Now guess which one of these pieces is the oldest. Wrong; it's the Webern. Webern's brief, intense, prophetic Four Pieces predate the First World War; the other three were written within a year or two of each other during the war. Debussy spoke in a very deprecating manner about his last work, written in sickness and time of trial; current opinion tends to look at it as part of the tendency in Debussy's later music towards a new, coherent, abstract style. In any case, you can't play the César Franck forever, and the Debussy inevitably looms larger and larger in the violin repertoire as years go by. There are, in fact, a large number of recordings of the work; still, from any meaningful musical point of view, Szegiti's performance holds its own.

The Ives Fourth Sonata is one of the simplest and most affecting of that composer's works. It has a subtitle, "Children's Day at the Camp," as well as one of Ives's more famous tempo directions, Allegro con slugarocko (the boys have run down to the brook to throw stones) and the usual run of hymn tune bits and quotes. It begins with a short march based on a Lowell Mason hymn, follows with a meditative slow movement broken by the rugged piano slugarocko (note the beautifully managed reentry of the violin), and concludes with a hymn in march-rag style. The piece doesn't end; it simply stops. Szegiti's association with the Ives Sonata goes back to the Thirties, when he played the work often in concert and recorded it, thus becoming one of the first musicians to record Ives. It is a pleasure to welcome the new version.

The Honegger is a pleasant little work of the Roi David period; indeed, in some ways it resembles the better-known piece in its modal simplicity and evocation of the classical tradition. Actually the word "little" in this case has a purely psychological meaning; it actually is the longest piece on the record by a good bit, but it seems smaller in scope than, say, the Webern, which, at 4½ minutes, is less than a quarter of its length. The Webern belongs to that remarkable early group of miniatures in which all the intensity and emotional burden that expressionism

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HIGH FIDELITY MAGAZINE
A SELECTIVE GUIDE TO THE MONTH'S REISSUES

Repeat Performance


"The Prodigy and the Genius" exclaims Westminster on the cover of this album in its "Multiple" series. Well, perhaps so. About the music there can be little question; as for Master Barenboim, sixteen years old when these recordings were made, it is a commendation for some remarkably accomplished piano playing as well as for sheer nerve. Predictably, Barenboim here commands a more complete success with the less profound works—he finds plenty of poetry and passion in Nos. 8, 14, and 21 and these are decidedly competitive traversals. It would be silly to pretend that this Hammerklavier and Op. 111 plumb any great interpretative depths—the notes simply roll off the keyboard in a blank, depersonalized fashion too much of the time. But the performances do sport a brimming confidence and exuberance—not to mention an extremely high level of technical accomplishment—that are not without a distinct appeal of their own. The sound has been "augmented" for stereo, but there is no appreciable difference between the two versions.


Any integral set of the Beethoven Nine is bound to have its ups and downs, and Sir Adrian's, which Vanguard is gradually restoring to the catalog, is un-exceptional in this respect. On the whole this Fifth (on SRV 193 or SRV 193SD, with the Leonore Overture) cannot be rated a success: Boult seems to have his eye on a middle-ground somewhere between Tochian intellectualism and Teutonic gravity, but the two elements (by no means incompatible) never mesh and finally simply cancel each other out. Furthermore, the orchestra is not always alert in ensemble matters.

The Pastoral, on the other hand, is one of the finest versions presently available. The orchestra is in top form, and the conductor's genial and relaxed view of the score communicates on every page. Early stereo notwithstanding, both symphonies sound warm and spacious; the mono tends to be rather wiry.


Quite in the contemporary style of Chopin playing, Graffman's performances of the Ballades accent clarity and structure. Dramatic and architectural values are carefully considered but fortunately never at the expense of coloristic refinement. The pianist has the music content well in hand too: he is equally at home with the expansive gestures of the G minor Ballade as with the delicate feathery passages of the A flat. All in all, a most distinguished recording of these most demanding little tone poems.

MAHLER: Lieder eines jahrhenden Gesel- len (A); Kindertotenlieder (B). Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, baritone; Philharmonia Orchestra, Wilhelm Furtwängler, cond. (in A); Berlin Philharmonic, Ru-dolf Kempe, cond. (in B). Odeon 91387, 5.79 [A] from Angel 35522, 1958; (B) from Odeon 70004, 1960].

There is no other current performance of the Lieder eines jahrhenden Gesellen to equal this one, recorded at the end of Furtwängler's career and near the beginning of Fischer-Dieskau's—a happy collaboration between youth and age. (The dates above refer to the discs' initial American release; both were recorded in 1955). The fresh bloom on the baritone’s voice is breath-takingly beautiful as he penetrates right to the core of Mahler's four bittersweet lyrics. Furt- wängler's even pacing of the accompaniments and subtle gradations of orchestral weight and color add further distinction to a remarkable interpretation. The Kindertotenlieder is not at all in this exalted class—Fischer-Dieskau’s recent version for Deutsche Grammo- phon with Karl Böhm is vastly superior. Kempe’s prosaic and sluggish conducting proclaims him out of sympathy with the music and, in spite of many lovely touches, Fischer-Dieskau's treatment of the vocal line is often jarringly overemphatic. The Breitklang method of re-processing for stereo, generally satis-factory for purely orchestral recordings, here surrounds the voice with an un-

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Although the Clarinet Concerto has not been neglected by recording companies of late, good inexpensive versions are scarcer. To fill the gap Helidor has come up with a beauty (hitherto unavailable in this country). Heinrich Geuser is a marvelous musician with an excellent technique and creamy tone that dance merrily through the Rondo and breathe poetry into the Adagio. Fritsay gives his soloist elegant support. The Violin Concerto on the reverse suffers only to the extent that Konwitschny was not the accomplished Mozart conductor that Fritsay was. Oistrakh tosses off her movements with a plodding accompaniment, comparable to the readings of Menuhin, Milstein, and Stern, his most formidable competition.

The two wind concertos offer fewer musical rewards perhaps, but the soloists play agreeably—Klepeis even has occasional flashes of virtuosity. Unfortunately, the plodding accompaniments militate against the fine solo work. The sound on both discs is excellent.

WEBER: Der Freischütz (excerpts). Anny Schlemm (s), Rita Streich (s). Wolfgang Windgassen (t), Hermann Uhde (b); various orchestras, Fritz Lehmann, Ferdinand Leitner, Arthur Rother, cond. Helidor H 25016/HS 25016, $2.49 [from Decca DL 9896, 1957].

All seven arias for the four principals are present on this disc as well as the overture and the entr'acte and hunters' chorus from Act III. Both Windgassen and Uhde are outstanding, easily surpassing their counterparts in the complete Odeon and DGG sets. There is lots of cool poise in Anny Schlemm's voicing of Agathe's two arias but she seems a trifle unconcerned with it all. Rita Streich tosses off her soubrette assignments delightfully and in much fresher voice here than on the integral DGG recording. Five orchestras divide up the accompanimental duties and they are all quite competent. Foggy sound is the only drawback to this well-stung Querschnitt.

PETER G. DAVIS

HIGH FIDELITY MAGAZINE

www.americanradiohistory.com
"The Best of Sammy Davis, Jr." Decca DXB 192, $7.59 (Two LP); DXSB 192, $9.59 (Two SD).

The problem of self-identification is a malaise currently afflicting many popular singers. In his autobiography, Yes I Can, Sammy Davis, Jr., dwells briefly on the moment in his career when he became aware that, as a singer, he was developing almost every aspect of his talent except what was truly himself. As an impressionist, he could catch the significant qualities of a wide range of performers in uncanny fashion. And when he was not doing an impersonation, when he was ostensibly being himself, his singing tended to follow the pattern of whomever he particularly admired at the moment—and Frank Sinatra quickly became his prime favorite. Eventually he realized that he possessed no positive singing style of his own.

This collection, covering a period of recording that goes back to the mid-Fifties, shows Davis in the process of expressing—or trying to express—a distinctively Davis way of singing and in the process we are given a broad glimpse of his talent. He dances (in a warm, informal moment taken from a Town Hall concert); he sings Too Close for Comfort, the hit of his first Broadway show, Mr. Wonderful; he points up his movie role as Sportin' Life in Porgy and Bess with There's a Boat Dat's Leavin' Soon for New York; he applies his brogue to How Are Things in Glocca Morra; he gives the definitive performance of Morty Stevens' arrangement of the song that became his first sure-fire hit in night clubs, Birth of the Blues; he does impressions—both of well-known movie stars (as they might sound as singers) and of popular singers (at least, I assume they are or were popular singers—Davis' run-through would seem to indicate that singers of recent years have had so little stylistic individuality that only two or three of them are immediately identifiable).

But most of this set is devoted to Sammy Davis singing—as Sammy Davis—a lot of good, solid, singable songs. He has a strong, vibrant voice that can belt with the best of them and he is able to shade and use subtleties of inflection. And yet, again and again, in the midst of what appears to be a straightforward Davis style, the voice suddenly takes on the shrill timbre of his Jerry Lewis impression or falls into the broad bellow of Vaughn Monroe. Is he kidding? Or have the puppets taken over the ventriloquist? Maybe these are really facets of his natural voice, but it seems odd that one voice should have so many disparate parts.

It boils down, of course, to a question of finding one's own vocal personality. For Davis, this has been complicated by the fact that imitation was a cornerstone of his early performances and that he was unusually skillful at it. And yet, with all his talents, he finds himself on several of these recorded performances in much the same position as the endless line of young singing hopefuls whose recording careers are launched by giving them everything—special arrangements, a huge orchestra, a big name conductor, specific instructions on the currently fashionable mannerisms to copy—everything except the freedom to be themselves. No wonder that most of them sound like anonymous copycats soon to be washed down the drain and replaced in the recording studios by the next victim in line. What is surprising—even startling—is to find that the routine recording formulas that bury a fledgling singer can often choke the talent of as vital a performer as Sammy Davis, Jr.

J.S.W.
Marilyn Maye: "The Second of Maye." RCA Victor LPM 3546, $3.79 (LP); LSP 3546, $4.79.

"You don't need a big orchestra behind you—when you're Marilyn Maye," reads the headline on Skitch Henderson's notes for this album, the second the red-haired singer from Kansas City has made for RCA Victor. It's too bad nobody thought of this for her first album on which Miss Maye, hemmed in by big-band arrangements, sounded like just one more competent but overstylized singer. For her second disc, however, the big orchestra has been dispensed with and Miss Maye is accompanied by an excellent quintet led by her husband, pianist Sammy Tucker—and what a difference! Recorded in performance at The Living Room in New York, she shows that she is an exciting, versatile, and, in the best sense, stylish singer.

Even under these circumstances, it takes a little while for her true qualities to emerge. The stentorian introduction on the first side establishes an unfortunate tone at the outset and she subsequently adds to this misfortune with several unimpressive and ordinary songs. But then, with a waltz treatment of "I'll Know (from Guys and Dolls)," the warmth and color in Miss Maye's singing begin to come into focus and the disc's second side is a joyous romp all the way—here Miss Maye sounds completely relaxed. Mannerisms have been dropped and her projection is full, open, and beautifully controlled. In both her lyrical and rhythmic moods, she receives superb support from Tucker and his group. Not the least of the pleasures of this second side are the unfamiliar but exceptionally good songs—What I'm in Love, Won't Someone Please Belong to Me, Everything's Made for Love—as well as one that is both familiar and welcome, My Ship.

Peggy Lee: "Big Spender." Capitol 2475, $3.79 (LP); S 2475, $4.79 (SD).

There are quite a few popular singers who have reached that combination of polished professionalism and personal distinction which assures a record buyer of an almost unvariable standard of performance quality from disc to disc. Peggy Lee stands a notch or so above this, for she not only delivers on records consistent polished professionalism and a distinctive Lee touch, but she also manages to inject each LP collection with an additional sense of excitement and adventure—as if she were doing something fresh and different even though it all falls into the general Lee pattern. That sense of freshness sparkles all through this new set. You know the cool, crisp, swinging Peggy quite well but it seems new and provocative when she uses this approach on Come Back to Me and You've Got Possibilities. You know her intimate, slightly throaty ballad style but you can discover it all over again as she sings I'll Only Miss Him When I Think of Him and particularly when she uses it on the haunting, rising phrases of Michel LeGrand's Sentimental Ship. And of course you remember the bluesy bounce which brought her on the scene in the early 1940s with Why Don't You Do Right?; somehow she keeps the bounce fresh as a daisy, relaxed as an old rocking chair on All Right, Okay, You Win and It's a Wonderful World. Bill Holman, Billy Byers, and Dave Grusin have provided arrangements to escort her with exactly the proper flair, and between them they make it all sound so simple and natural. Maybe it is—but then, why isn't anyone else this simple and natural and good?

Barbra Streisand: "Color Me Barbra." Columbia CL 2478, $3.79 (LP); CS 9278, $4.79 (SD).

There can be no doubt that Miss Streisand's managers are showing good commercial sense in getting double distance from her well-received television shows by transferring the Watch What Happens! The issue taken from her latest TV showcase, Color Me Barbra, leaped to first place in the music business' best-selling disc charts on the heels of the show's generally excellent reviews. But it does not follow that good commercial sense is good artistic taste. In this case, the record buyer is getting something less than he might have if Miss Streisand had planned a program for recording purposes alone. On the TV screen, Miss Streisand's songs were accompanied to—sometimes a background to—a swiftly moving production with unusually strong visual values. There are things on

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HIGH FIDELITY MAGAZINE
the disc that Miss Streisand probably would not have done if she had been thinking in recording terms: a long medley of varient lines from nine songs, mostly involving the word "face"—good songs, well sung, effective in the TV context but meaningless on the disc; the inclusion of a pair of mediocre songs, Gotta Move and Starting Here, which served purposes on television but are just songs on the recording; the orchestral overbalance which Miss Streisand has to fight on Yesterdays and Where Am I Going? This still leaves quite a bit that is effective in both media—her warmly lyrical treatment of One Kiss with arranger Peter Matz’s clever use of a cello behind her; the broad comedy of her dash through The Minute Waltz; her very effective move into French and typically French chanson style on Non c’est rien. There is, however, an aspect of Miss Streisand’s performance that one may have overlooked while watching the TV show—and that is the impressive range of her skilled versatility which encompasses standards from our musical theatre, a song done in legitimate style, comedy, big beat, one fully French song, a bit of Franco-American, plus some all-out belting.

Brook Benton: "That Old Feeling." RCA Victor LPM 3514, $3.79 (LP); LSP 3514, $4.79 (SD). The death of Nat King Cole has left a void which, apparently, is not going to remain empty for want of trying to fill it. Oscar Peterson, the jazz pianist who was a young admirer of Cole’s piano and vocal technique twenty years ago, took a tentative dip into the Cole singing style in the form of a "tribute" (With Respect to Nat, Limelight 82029/86029) which presumably will be extended no farther since Peterson has his reputation as a pianist firmly established. But now here is Brook Benton, who has been around for quite a while as a pop singer, moving very directly towards the Cole audience. Most of the songs in this collection (which is focused on such familiar works as Peg o’ My Heart, That Old Feeling, Blue Moon, and Try a Little Tenderness) are done with an approximation of Cole’s rounded, fully articulated sound and his deliberate phrasing. Benton frequently catches quite a bit of the Cole style but to achieve this he has to lighten and lift a voice that is naturally heavier than Cole’s. At times the effort is too obvious and occasionally leads to overplaying. But barring a very hammy treatment of Love Is a Many-Splendored Thing, the general Cole aura is sustained well enough to give the disc a pleasantly easygoing charm.

"It’s a Bird, It’s a Plane, It’s Superman." Jack Cassidy, Michael O’Sullivan, Patricia Marand, Linda Lavin, Bob Holiday, original cast. Columbia KOL 6570, $5.79 (LP); KOS 2970, $6.79 (SD). The incredible powers that are supposed to be at the disposal of Superman apparently do not include an ability to spark creative inspiration. The score concocted by Lee Adams and Charles Strouse (who have Bye Bye Birdie among their credits) for the musical adventures of the celebrated comic strip character is surprisingly routine—surprising not only in view of the team’s past work but in view of the satirical nature of the script with which they were working. They seem to have been restricted by the mock seriousness of David Newman’s and Robert Benton’s book, which deals with Superman’s efforts to foil both the mad scientist, Dr. Abner Sedgwick, and the underhanded Broadway columnist, Max Mencken, while longing for the lovely Lois Lane in his alternate guise of newspaper reporter Clark Kent. Since the "seriousness" of songs in a musical comedy is usually fairly mock even in normal circumstances, these mock-serious songs by Adams and Strouse simply have a drab and familiar ring. There are exceptions—a catchy and twist-tempting tune appropriately called It’s Superman and a rhythmic piece, You’ve Got Possibilities, on which Linda Lavin gets her only chance to show her fine comic flair. Jack Cassidy, as the columnist, manages to bring to the recording some suggestion of the brassy vitality that he spreads all over the theatre, but most of the effective stage qualities of Michael O’Sullivan’s disheveled scientist and Bob Holiday’s massively stalwart Superman and Clark Kent have eluded the disc.
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Unless specifically noted otherwise, the following reviews are of standard open-reel 4-track 7.5-ips stereo tapes.

BEETHOVEN: Concertos for Piano and Orchestra (complete)
Leon Fleisher, piano; Cleveland Orchestra, George Szell, cond.
- Epic E-4C 847. 33-1/2-ips quadruple-play. Approx. 170 min. $17.39.

The widely esteemed Fleisher/Szell disc series of 1959-61 has been represented previously by 7.5-ips tapeings of the last three concertos, each of which stands near if not at the head of the list of preferred reel versions. The present new-to-tape performance of the Second Concerto is perhaps even better than these: it not only easily surpasses its two other tape competitors but is individually outstanding for its superbly invigorating bounce and dashing bravura. The First is also played with a verve and power that many listeners are likely to relish highly with an excessive footedness-on poetry with an excessive strain. Thus we prefer the smaller-scaled, more poetic treatment by Richter and Munch for RCA Victor.) Indeed, my main adverse criticism of the series as a whole is of some tendency to heavy-handedness—or at times perhaps pedaling heavy-footedness—on the part of the soloist. In compensation, however, Fleisher’s playing is also magnificently robust, authoritative, and eloquent, while Szell’s orchestral accompaniments hardly could be bettered throughout.

Not surprisingly, the present slow-speed tape transfers italicize the slight bottom-heaviness of the original disc and 7.5-ips tape versions, but they seem to have lost none of the high-end sparkle, and they have been quite satisfactorily processed. Thus the set can be recommended quite aside from its relatively low price—nearly $5.00 cheaper than its corresponding stereo disc edition, and just about half the cost of the only other complete tape edition, in three 7.5-ips reels, by Buckhaus and Schmidt-Iserstedt for London. Even so, though, an annotations leaflet should have been included.

MOZART: Dances and Marches, Vols. 1 and 2, 3 and 4
Vienna Mozart Ensemble, Willi Boskovsky, cond.
- London LC 10169 and 80172 (double-plays). 93 and 91 min. $11.95 each.

If there is one serious weakness in the tape medium that I thought was undeniable, it is its lack of suitability for handling a long series of short pieces intended for serious listening (for background music purposes the problem of course doesn’t arise). Yet now along come these first two double-volume reels in a series which eventually will run to ten disc volumes (five double-play reels) and which so far includes seven marches plus thirteen sets of dances comprising no fewer than eighty-seven individual Deutsche Tänze, Contradances, and Minuets. And the over-all effect, so wrong in theory, is in practice sheer enchantment!

When we go back to single out individual pieces, we are indeed likely to curse tape’s deficiencies (which unfortunately are real enough in this respect). But no matter. The vital consideration is that at long, long last the fantastically extensive Mozartian legacy of “entertainment” miniatures is being made accessible. I shan’t attempt to list the detailed contents here. It’s enough to say that most of these pieces are new not only to tape but to most listeners’ experience; that they represent widely varied periods in Mozart’s career; and that they are ingeniously varied in the present sequences to contrast double-time marches and contradances with triple-time minuets and German Dances, while within the sets of dances (one of which runs to nineteen minutes) Mozart himself introduced a characteristic range of variety in melodic contours, instrumental colorings, etc. Boskovsky’s gifted players, ranging as needed from small groups of soloists to fair-size chamber orchestra with brass and percussion, play throughout with both the skills one might fairly expect and a zealous spontaneity; and the stereo recordings are models of transparency.

PUCCINI: Turandot
Birgit Nilsson (s.), Turandot; Renato Scotto (s.), Liù; Franco Corelli (t.), Calaf; Bonaldo Giaiotti (bs), Timur; et al.; Chorus and Orchestra of the Rome Opera House, Francesco Molinari-Padelli, cond.
- Angel Y35 3671. 33-1/2-ips, triple-play. Approx 112 min. $17.98.

If you’re at all like me, you may find yourself of two (or more) minds when it comes to comparing this second Turandot on tape with the fine 1961 Nilsson version under Leinsdorf for RCA Victor. For myself, I agree with those who assert that Nilsson sang with somewhat less strain in the earlier performance; that Bjoerling’s poetic sensibility was superior; aesthetically if not dramatically, to Corelli’s magnificently robust but uninhibited vocalism; and that in general the other members of Leinsdorf’s cast, along with his chorus and orchestra, provided the more distinguished performances. It is harder, however, to decide the question of technological superiority. The RCA Victor version boasts more luminous and lucid sonics, the Angel version more immediacy and vivid realism. Despite the employment of slow-speed taping, the newer recording is immensely impressive—more so, perhaps, than in its stereo disc edition, which well may have had a more extended high-frequency range but which apparently lacked the weight and powerful impact achieved by what must be a

Continued on next page
THE TAPE DECK

Continued from preceding page

lower center of gravity in the reel edition's frequency spectrum. This last factor, plus Molinari-Pradelli's more exciting style (if I ever saw somber, melodic conducting of the last act in particular), is what balances the many virtues of the older edition. I still admire that as much as ever, but for more frankly sensuous thrills I find myself drawn willy-nilly to the new one.

RAVEL: Concertos for Piano and Orchestra: in D, for the Left Hand; in G

Monique Haas, piano; Orchestre National de Paris, Paul Paray, cond.

* • DEUTSCHE GRAMMOPHON DGC 8988. 38 min. $7.95.

For sheer deftness it would be hard to fault the thoroughly Gallic performances of both Miss Haas and Mr. Paray here, and the gleamingly transparent stereo recording is matched by fault-free Ampex tape processing. In my particular preference for the pseudo-jazzy elements in the Concerto in G (such as Bernstein once gave us years ago), but since the only other tape (that by Holland and Leinsdorf for RCA Victor, September 1963) is neither particularly jaunty nor idiomatically Gallic, there is no competition for the present version (which has the added advantage of giving us a stereo edition to replace Miss Haas's widely admired early LP-era Decca recording). The Concerto for Left Hand in its first tape edition may not be as muscular or perhaps as sinister here as it is in some disc versions, but the performance is a dramatically gripping one, and the recording is particularly notable for its exploitation of tape's special ability to reproduce genuinely solid low frequencies.

SAINT-SAENS: Concertos for Piano and Orchestra: No. 2, in G minor, Op. 22; No. 4, in C minor, Op. 44

Philippe Entremont, piano; Philadelphia Orchestra, Eugene Ormandy, cond.

* • COLUMBIA MQ 788. 47 min. $7.95.

Even the most chauvinistic Frenchman (well, outside Le Général himself) is not likely to regret the candid disregard of Gallic grace and delicacy here. For both these skillfully contrived showpieces are played for all they're worth. I haven't heard young Entremont play with such gusto since his debut Concert Hall recordings of the 2-track tape era, and Ormandy's Philadelphians back him up magnificently here. Yet, dazzling as the performances are, what can be guaranteed to bowl over every sonically-minded listener is the imperiously full-blooded stereo recording. For sheer boldness, bigness, and solid impact of both piano and orchestral textures, this one will be hard indeed to beat. Curiously, only the more familiar Second Concerto is a first tape edition; the larger-scaled Fourth was once available in an RCA Victor mono taping by Brailowsky and Munch.

"Basis Meets Bond." Count Basie and His Orchestra. United Artists UAC 6480. 36 min. $7.95.

"Dr. No." Recording from the sound track of the film. Monty Norman, composer-conductor. United Artists UAC 5108. 39 min. $7.95.


Monty Norman's early-Bond score is notable for its Jamaican materials, including an engagingly calypso-flavored love theme called Under the Mango Tree, and Jerry Goldsmith's music for a riotous travesty of secret-agent misadventures includes some pulsing jazz bits (Man Does Not Live by Bread Alone, etc.) and some atmospheric exploitations of a Thomas electronic organ, a Solovox, and lots of echo-chambering (In Like Flint, etc.). Yet there's more consistent musical entertainment as well as far more vital orchestral playing—including Basie's own inimitable piano commentaries and solos—in the Count's salute to Agent 007. This includes not only some of the best Norman contributions to Dr. No but some of the still more striking pieces (especially Girl Trouble and The Golden Horn) from the pen of John Barry. Most of the tunes are also more ingeniously arranged (by Chico O'Farrill) than in their soundtrack versions, and the recordings themselves are more markedly stereophonic.

"The Duke at Tanglewood." Duke Ellington, piano; Boston Pops Orchestra, Arthur Fiedler, cond. for RCA Victor FTC 2214, 38 min. $7.95.

What could go wrong with such a brilliant idea as that of teaming Ellington and Fiedler? Apparently the combination pleased a Pension Fund audience at Tanglewood last summer, and presumably RCA Victor has spared no pains in documenting the occasion in vividly live (non-Dynagroove, by the way) stereophonic. Yet hearing the present well-processed tape edition, one immediately becomes aware that strategically the combination is not truly harmonious and that tactically the choice of Richard Hayman as arranger was a fatal one. His symphonic scores of pop hits, Broadway shows, etc., often are ideal of their kind, but he reveals here a blank incomprehension of the unique Ellingtonian magic. And sad to say, even the Duke's piano playing (supported by his own rhythm section comprising Louie Bellson on drums and John Lamb on guitar bass) generally sounds quite subdub.

It chimes more brightly in Satin Doll than elsewhere, and the orchestra musters some animation for the Timon of Athens March and I Let a Song Go Out of My Heart; but over-all, in the words of an early Duke reviewer wisely omitted here, It Don't Mean a Thing If It Ain't Got That Swing!

Not surprisingly, the "favorites" are such tried-and-true encore pieces as the Liszt Liebestraum and Hungarian Rhapsody, the Rachmaninoff Prelude plus that in G minor, Debussy's Clair de lune, Chopin's A flat Polonaise. The two-piano selections, in which Pennario dubs himself in as a mirror-image collaborator, are mostly warhorses too: the Arensky Waltz, four of Brahms's Op. 49 Waltzes, three Dvořák Slavonic Dances, two Grieg Norwegian Dances. But there is a more novel (if pointlessly in tricate) Pennario arrangement of the Chopin Minute Waltz, his original grotesque-miniature March of the Luminates, and a vital Jamaican Rumba by Arthur Benjamin. This last is easily the best of the generally methodical and disinterested, however digitally dexterous, performances—although there is also a rather interesting comparison between the hackneyed Schulz-Evler solo arrangement of the Blue Danube Waltz and the much more effective one for two pianos by Abram Chasins. These recordings, dating back to 1960, are still bright and strong, rather than particularly vivid—characteristics, like that of a decidedly constricted studio acoustical ambience, which undoubtedly are inherent in the original masters rather than a consequence of the new slow-speed tape technology.


Lots more of Alpert's curious blend of bull-ring, mariachi, bossa nova, Broadway, Dixie, teen-age rock, and what have you—mélange that should be just messes but which most of the time are sneakily yet well-nigh irresistibly appealing. The standard speed album (notable for its vividly bright sonics and strongly marked stereosim) does best with such present-day standards as A Walk in the Black Forest, And the Angels Sing, etc., although a couple of the more Latinized selections (an atmospheric Felicia and a jaunty Spanish Flea) come off better than others. In comparison, the first side of the slow-speed reel suggests that the 3⁄4 ips technology is decidedly inferior—but the strikingly improved Side 2 sonics make it likely that the tonal edginess and murkiness first heard are faults of a considerably earlier master recording. Ironically, though, the Side 2 program is generally less distinctive than the more quintessential Side 1, which is perhaps more to my taste, a few too many examples of Alpert's predilection for atmospheric crowd-noise effects, but in compensation many of his own compositions (Acapulco 1922, El Lobo, Struttin' with Maria, Mexican Corn, etc.) fairly bubble over with zestfulness, plus—for all the sophisticated scorings—an engaging naïveté.

"Waltzes, three Arensky—But which most of the time are sneakily the "favorites" are —ips, 40 min., $7.98.

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