A SURVEY OF STEREO MODULAR COMPACTS

MEET THE MODS
You’ll find no high-sounding claims here about the new Fisher 500-T stereo receiver. Only an invitation to listen to it. Then you’ll hear the difference between hi-fi advertising superlatives and hi-fi itself.

But don’t just compare our music with the ad men’s singing of other products’ praises. Compare the 500-T directly with any stereo receiver in its category.

You won’t have to do much legwork because it’s a small category. Not many stereo receivers include four IF stages, three limiters and a wide-band ratio detector in the tuner section, plus a 90-watt (IHF) power amplifier using silicon transistors exclusively. And still fewer incorporate three silicon field effect transistors in the front end.

So here’s all you do. Take your favorite record to the hi-fi stores and play some familiar passages through as many FM stereo receivers as you can. Compare. Then listen carefully to a music broadcast on FM. Most important, count the number of stations you can tune in clearly on the FM dial.

As long as you observe this simple test procedure, you may read as many ads about stereo receivers as your heart desires.

We’re not worried.

The Fisher
No ad man can do it justice.

This revised and enlarged version of the famous Fisher high fidelity reference guide is a full-size 80-page book. Detailed information on all Fisher components is included.

Name: 
Address: 
City State: 

When you visit your dealer, may we suggest listening to the new 500-T through a pair of Fisher XP-9B four-way bookshelf loudspeakers, 12-inch woofer, 6-inch lower midrange, 5-inch upper midrange, 1½-inch soft-dome tweeter, extra-heavy magnets, 300, 1000 and 2500 Hz crossovers; $199.50. In oiled walnut.
The new Fisher 500-T sounds better than any stereo ad you've ever read.
And that includes the ad you've just begun to read.
New Pickering V-15/3 cartridge with Dynamic Coupling for minimum tracing distortion and maximum tracking ability, plus Dustamatic™ feature for dust-free grooves.

As stereo cartridges approach perfection, dust in the grooves becomes intolerable. The Pickering V-15/3 Micro-Magnetic™ cartridge has a new moving system that reduces tracing distortion close to the theoretical minimum, thanks to Dynamic Coupling of the stylus to the groove. But what good is perfect contact between the stylus tip and those high-velocity turns if dust particles get in the way?

That is why the Dustamatic brush assembly is an essential part of Pickering's total performance cartridge. It cleans the groove automatically before the stylus gets there.

The new moving system also provides a further refinement of Pickering's famous natural sound by extending peak-free response well beyond the audible range, and the patented V-Guard Floating Stylus continues to assure the ultimate in record protection.

There are four "application engineered" Pickering V-15/3 Dustamatic models with Dynamic Coupling, to match every possible installation from conventional record changers to ultrasophisticated low-mass transcription arms. Prices from $29.95 to $44.95.

For free literature complete with all details, write to Pickering & Co., Plainview, L. I., New York.
HIGH FIDELITY

Music and Musicians
20 Notes from Our Correspondents: New York, Paris, Zagreb
44 The Wagner Operas on Records—a discography (continued) Conrad L. Osborne
61 The LP as Program Maker: an editorial Charles Reid

Sound Reproduction
54 News & Views: about shows: high fidelity, television, and radio
57 Equipment in the News
62 Meet the Mods Norman Eisenberg
71 Stereo alla Toscana: a photo feature
75 Equipment Reports
H. H. Scott 382 Stereo Receiver
Viking 230 RMQ Tape Recorder
Bose 2201 Speaker-Amplifier System
Orofon S-15T Cartridge
Leak Mini-Sandwich Speaker System

Reviews of Recordings
52 The Sonic Showcase
83 Feature Record Reviews
Schubert: Die schöne Müllerin (two recordings by Fritz Wunderlich)
Beethoven: Symphonies; Nos. 1-9 (Philadelphia Orchestra, Eugene Ormandy, cond.); Nos. 8 and 9 (Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra, William Steinberg, cond.)
"Musica Hungarica": (soloists, choruses, instrumental ensembles)
86 Other Classical Reviews
106 Music in Ancient Cities: Hanover, Venice Jeremy Noble
114 Repeat Performance
118 The Lees Side
120 The Lighter Side
126 Jazz
134 Theatre & Film
136 Folk Music
139 The Tape Deck

JANUARY 1967 • VOLUME 17 NUMBER 1
Should you pay $80 for a new stereo cartridge?

of course!

...if it's the new S-15T by Ortofon, the most rugged, super-sensitive moving-coil stereo cartridge ever built...the cartridge that represents a new milestone in sound recreation.

Ortofon, the first to introduce the elliptical stylus, now brings you, for the first time, the end product of years of audio research and development — the Ortofon S-15T moving coil stereo cartridge. This new Ortofon cartridge is built so ruggedly yet is so ultra-sensitive that your stereo system will actually deliver fuller, more satisfying sound, adding a completely new dimension of sound recreation to your enjoyment.

A close look tells you why. The S-15T tracks at a 15° angle. Its true, elliptical shape is made exclusively with carefully selected prime diamonds polished to a high degree of perfection. Each S-15T stylus is precision set by skilled craftsmen under powerful production-type microscopes. The S-15T eliminates the four major causes of sound distortion: pinch effect, bottoming, inner groove distortion and tracking distortion. It combines the delicate sensitivity of a professional moving coil cartridge with the ruggedness of the home user's requirements. Each and every S-15T receives a final dual quality control inspection. This "zero defects" program is your positive assurance that your personal S-15T will work as it should. The S-15T has been acclaimed by leading sound engineers as "the finest cartridge ever made by man."

Features:
- Unique Printed Circuit assures ruggedness
- Retractable Stylus for record and stylus protection
- Ultra-high sensitive compliance
- True elliptical shape highly polished
- Record care "protecto-skate" glide
- Premium prime diamonds
- Sleeve tubing for stylus and cantilever protection
- Robust construction

Model S-15T, as illustrated $80. Model S-15MT, in Ortofon Shell $85.

See a demonstration at an Ortofon Franchise Hi-Fi Dealer or write for more details and name of nearest dealer to Dept. G51

ELPA MARKETING INDUSTRIES, INC. NEW HYDE PARK, NEW YORK 11040

CIRCLE 35 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

Specifications
- Weight of pickup cartridge...18.5 grams
- Output impedance...15000 ohms
- Frequency response...20-22,000 cps
- Equivalent mass, at stylus point...0.9 mg
- Recommended stylus pressure 1 - 2 grams
- Output in m-volt/cm/sec (loaded)....0.04
- Stylus tip radius (elliptical diamond)....0.007/.0003
- Vertical tracking angle....15°
- Static compliance cm/dyne...20 x 10^-4
- Channel separation...20 - 30 db

A D V E R T I S I N G

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Unit Mock-up: Institute of High Fidelity Mfrs., Inc.

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HIGH FIDELITY MAGAZINE

www.americanradiohistory.com
STOP THROWING AWAY MONEY WHEN YOU BUY RECORDS.

There are two ways you can throw away money on records. The more popular way is to buy records at full price. That’s fine if you enjoy paying several dollars more per record. But the money you’ve thrown away could have gone towards better things. Like more records.

Then why pay full price? Necessity. Many towns don’t have discount stores. And most discount stores don’t have every recording in stock. That’s where record clubs come in.

Some Record Clubs Can Make You Throw Your Money Away.

Record clubs can be one of the least expensive ways of buying records. They can be a means of getting the record you want by the artist you want. But they can also be the second way you throw away money.

Why? Because of the very nature of some record clubs. These clubs give you an obligatory number of records to buy during a period of time. With each unwanted record you’re forced to buy, you’re forced to throw away money.

Some record clubs give you discounts only on a chosen category of records. Or discounts only on their own label. A record club that saves you money only sometimes wastes your money the other times.

Citadel Saves You Money.

Then there’s Citadel. Citadel is a straightforward record club. There are no obligatory records to buy. No records sent to you that you didn’t ask for. No cards to return or else you get the record. You buy the records you want. Only the records you want. And as few or as many as you want. In fact, once you join the club, you don’t have to buy any records at all.

And your choice in records is limitless. You can choose any record you want. By any artist. On any label. Citadel club members have well-rounded musical tastes. So there are no record categories. And even if a record is obscure, we’ll find it for you. At no extra charge. If you collect 4-track stereo tapes, we’ve got every tape in print, including auto tapes.

We’ll also give you the best discounts around. Always a minimum of 35%. That goes for always. There are never any sudden rises in cost. Never any list price purchases. In fact, we’ll regularly give you discounts on the discounts. When we ourselves get records at lower prices, we pass the savings on to you. That can save you more than half the listed price.

Citadel Has Jet-Speed Service.

Citadel has faster service than any other record club. Once we’ve received your order, we send you your records immediately. Often on the same day as received. If you’ve ordered a record that’s hard to find, we’ll send it as soon as we find it. Your other orders will go on ahead. Since there are no records you must buy, obviously you’re eager to hear those you’ve chosen. And you get to hear them almost immediately.

Once your records come, they’ll be factory fresh and free from defects or damage of any sort. That we guarantee. But if by any chance a defective record does get through our inspection, we’ll immediately replace it free of charge.

Citadel Offers Life Membership.

That’s what we mean by being straightforward. There’s no red tape. We like giving you the best deal possible in the nicest possible way. And that’s to give you all the benefits of our record club for life. Records, discounts, super-speedy service for the rest of your life… all for $5.00. (Add $1.00 for tape.)

And the very minute you become a life member in the Citadel Record Club, we’ll send you a free Schwann Record Catalog listing over 30,000 recordings by artist, label and title. If you collect tapes, we’ll also send you a free Harrison catalog listing all available tapes.

Send us your $5.00 now for record membership or your $6.00 for tape and record membership. It’s the only fee you’ll ever have to pay. You’ll never have to buy a single record or tape from us. But you’ll know Citadel’s “there.” Just in case you don’t feel like throwing away any more money on records.

CITADEL RECORD CLUB, 545 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y. 10017

Please enroll me as a lifetime member of the Citadel Record Club. I understand that I am entitled to all membership privileges without any obligation to buy anything, ever. If, after 30 days, I am not fully satisfied, I understand that my membership fee will be immediately refunded.

☐ I am enclosing $5.00 for Record Division membership. Send Schwann Catalog.
☐ I am enclosing $6.00 for Record and Tape Division membership. Send Schwann and Harrison Catalogs.

NAME ____________________________

ADDRESS __________________________

CITY __________________ STATE ______ ZIP ______

CIRCLE 15 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

January 1967

www.americanradiohistory.com
We could've used a $59.50 changer. Others do.

Instead, we installed a modern Miracord auto-manual turntable that would cost at least $85 were you to purchase it as a separate component. And we equipped the Miracord with an Elac diamond-stylus, stereo-magnetic cartridge.

With the kind of quality we built into these units, it would have been unthinkable to do less.

**The Benjamin Stereo 200** has a 36-watt, all-transistor stereo amplifier with a full complement of controls. **The Benjamin Stereo 200 FM** also includes an all-transistor FM stereo tuner.

In each instance, thanks to solid-state circuitry, we were able to enclose all the components in a handsome walnut cabinet no larger than would have been required for the Miracord alone. And we equipped the cabinet with a plexiglass lift-cover for appearance, protection and convenience.

Discreet styling and superlative performance commend these instruments to the most discriminating homes. They can be relied upon to grace the decor and provide years of gratifying musical enjoyment.

The Stereo 200 is priced at $219.50, and the Stereo 200 FM at $329.50. Each is complete and ready to perform, except for the speaker systems. Any quality units will do. For optimum performance, we recommend the Benjamin 208's, $59.50 each in matching walnut enclosures.

See your hi-fi music dealer for further details, or write:
Benjamin Electronic Sound Corp., Farmingdale, N.Y. 11736

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**LETTERS**

The Barren Fields of Academe

Sir:

If the views of the composers described in Anthony Keller’s article “Composers on Campus” [October 1966] represented the only source of current music, they would reflect an alarming picture indeed. An art form which cuts itself off from the mainstream that produced it, and from its traditional public, is in danger of becoming defunct. However, the article itself suggests why these men may not be truly significant.

It is all very well for an inbred group of specialists to proclaim that the communicative function of music no longer exists. But it is also possible that the function of music has not changed, and that these men are merely burying themselves with something which, in spite of superficial similarities, is no longer music. If the academic composers are genuine in their contempt for public acceptance and not merely uttering a rared version of “sour grapes,” it seems that theirs is an aborted art indeed. Even putting aside Verdi’s frequently quoted remark about the importance of the box office, it would be hard to name any significant composer who was uninterested in being performed or publicly appreciated. Mozart, Beethoven, even Bach, all consciously writing beyond their time and not fully appreciated by their audiences, never indicated that they didn’t care about having a public.

The academic composers are in a situation not unlike that of some modern philosophers who claim that the classic problems of men are not of interest to them, and confine their advanced speculations to those which can be expressed only in mathematical terms. The academic composers have similarly abandoned the attempt to write communicative, emotionally meaningful music. The vacuum in both cases will be filled. In music, the public may have to turn to jazz, rock and roll, musical comedy, or even the modern composers “vulgar” enough to seek public hearing, and old-fashioned enough to do so on terms acceptable to the public. The chances of permanence for these musicians may be slight. Nevertheless, their chances seem greater than those of the academic composers who have made their muse a barren, disapproving spinster, who sits scratching small patterns in the sand before her lonely cave.

George Gregory
Palo Alto, Calif.

Continued on page 10
columbia stereo tape club
now offers you
any 6 stereo tapes free

if you begin membership by purchasing just one tape now, and agree to purchase as few as six additional selections in the next 12 months, from the more than 200 to be offered

JUST LOOK AT THE EXCITING STEREO TAPES
on this page! Which ones would you like to add to your own collection? By joining the Columbia Stereo Tape Club now, you may have ANY SIX of the magnificently recorded 4-track stereo tapes shown here—sold regularly by the Club for up to $54.70—ALL SIX FREE!

TO RECEIVE YOUR 6 PRE-RECORDED STEREO TAPES FREE—simply write in the numbers of the 6 tapes you wish in the coupon at the right. Then choose another tape as your first selection, for which you will be billed $7.95, plus a small mailing and handling charge. Also be sure to indicate the type of music in which you are mainly interested: Classical or Popular.

HOW THE CLUB OPERATES: Each month the Club's staff of music experts chooses a wide variety of outstanding selections. These selections are described in the entertaining and informative Club magazine which you receive free each month.

You may accept the monthly selection for the type of music in which you are primarily interested...or take any of the wide variety of other tapes offered by the Club...or take NO tape in any particular month.

After purchasing your first tape through this advertisement, your only membership obligation is to purchase 6 additional tapes from the more than 200 to be offered in the coming 12 months. Thereafter, you have no further obligation to buy any additional tapes...and you may discontinue your membership at any time.

FREE TAPES GIVEN REGULARLY. If you wish to continue as a member after fulfilling your enrollment agreement you will receive—FREE—a 4-track stereo tape of your choice for every two additional tapes you buy from the Club.

The tapes you want are mailed and billed to you at the regular Club price of $7.95 (occasional Original Cast recordings somewhat higher), plus a small mailing and handling charge. SEND NO MONEY—Just mail the coupon today to receive your seven stereo tapes and FREE take-up reel!

Note: All tapes offered by the Club must be played back on 4-track stereo equipment.

COLUMBIA STEREO TAPE CLUB
Terre Haute, Indiana

CIRLE 19 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

January 1967

www.americanradiohistory.com
Look familiar?

This is the new KLH® Model Twenty-Four high-performance stereo music system. At first glance, it looks very much like our Model Twenty, the most ambitious and expensive music system we make. Understandably so, since it is derived from the same design concept that produced the Twenty.

The Twenty-Four costs a hundred dollars less than the Twenty. But when it comes to sound, it's almost impossible to tell them apart. The Twenty-Four is not quite as powerful as the Twenty. (It's not as well suited to very high listening levels in the largest rooms.) And it's not as flexible. (It doesn't have a tuning meter or a separate headphone jack or a speaker shut-off switch.)

But its sound is uncanny. As good as the Model Twenty's and, not to mince words, better than that of the majority of expensive equipment in living rooms across the country. In its clarity and musical definition, the Model Twenty-Four is close to the most expensive and elaborate equipment ever made.

For $300, the KLH Model Twenty-Four offers an entirely new order of value. Its performance and features, we think, are exactly what most people have in mind when they walk into an audio store and ask for "something really good." It uses the same automatic turntable (made specifically for us by Garrard) as our other music systems, and the same new Pickering V-15/AT-3 cartridge. Its FM stereo tuner is within a hair of the performance of the Model Twenty's, using the same miniaturized 4-stage IF section and multiplex decoder; it will bring in difficult stations without distortion, overload, or cross modulation.

The amplifier of the Model Twenty-Four is entirely new. So are the speakers. The former is a direct-coupled design providing 35 watts IHF music power. The latter are two-way acoustic-suspension systems with an 8-inch woofer and 2-inch direct-radiator tweeter. If any single factor is paramount in achieving the remarkable sound of the Twenty-Four, it is the quality of these new speakers—designed and manufactured, like other KLH speakers and other critical parts of the Twenty-Four, entirely within our own plant.

Several years ago, KLH pioneered the technique of contouring amplifier response to the precise low-frequency power requirements of a loudspeaker. In the Model Twenty-Four, this technique has been extended to produce truly startling bass response from speakers of particularly graceful size.

We don't generally use superlatives to describe the performance of our products. But the Twenty-Four doesn't call for understatement. We have never been prouder of any product.

We suggest that you listen critically to the Model Twenty-Four and measure it against your own requirements. If you need more versatility, or higher power for a very large room, you may well prefer the KLH Model Twenty—still our best system in terms of absolute performance. But if your objective is the greatest possible amount of sound quality and overall performance for a moderate price, the new Model Twenty-Four was designed for you.

For more information, write to KLH, 30 Cross Street, Cambridge, Massachusetts 02139, Dept. HF-2

Take another look.
Sui:

smooth voice of Robert Goulet, but pure, and some

Side.

ItruunncII

automatic switching mechanism features

tape selectivity

time switching

Solid State

We, of Pioneer, are extremely proud of this achievement. Its intro-
duction comes at a time when the audiophile can now select a
Solid State Receiver with complete confidence, to upgrade his
hi-fi system and begin a new adventure in sound reproduction by
the mere flick of a switch. No matter what other components are
used with the SX-1000TA, their performance has to be superior.
The SX-1000TA has both AM and FM bands, and advanced cir-
cuity, has been engineered for more critical and satisfying per-
formances. It contains a time switching circuit equipped with
automatic mono-stereo switching and provides 38 db channel
separation. It is highly flexible in meeting the audiophile's needs
with inputs for magnetic phono, ceramic phono, tape head auxiliary
inputs, and outputs for stereo headphones. Has simultaneous
tape-recording jacks and a tape monitor switch. Each channel has
separate bass and treble controls.
The front end of the FM tuner has a sensitivity of 2.2 uv with abso-
lute selectivity assured by four tuned intermediate frequency am-
plifier stages, followed by a wide-band ratio detector. The precise
automatic switching mechanism features a two-step discriminator
using a Schmidt trigger. A sharp reliable muting circuit eliminates
noise when tuning from station to station. An easily readable, sen-
tive tuning indicator and stereo indicator lamp make perfect
tuning easy.

To fully appreciate the NEW, and exceptional AM-FM Solid State
Receiver, we cordially invite you to listen and compare our "Finest

Dylan's singing without realizing that

Dylan does not "sing" per se—what

Dylan does is a mixture of declamation,
singing, and chanting. If Mr. Dylan's
method of performance does not fit in
with Mr. Brummell's idea of what a song
is, then that is more a commentary on
O. B. Brummell's narrow perspectives
than any ill reflection on Mr. Dylan. As
for the aesthetic qualities of the Dylan
voice, I would like to cite the example of
Louis Armstrong for contrast. Surely no
one would say that Armstrong is blessed
with a beautiful voice, but I have never
seen or heard any violent railings against
his singing.

O. B. Brummell seems to have very
little appreciation of Dylan's poetry which
is hardly more complex or muddled
than most of the lauded poetry of today.
Once again we have a commentary on
O. B. Brummell's narrow perspectives. As
Dylan says in The Times They Are

Continued on page 16

...and Now Our Finest Achievement:
The SX-1000TA 90 Watt AM-FM Solid State Receiver

Unquestionably the finest AM-FM Solid State Receiver under
$500, the SX-1000TA has been rated by a leading testing labora-
tory as the highest quality Solid State Receiver evaluated.

We, of Pioneer, are extremely proud of this achievement. Its intro-
duction comes at a time when the audiophile can now select a
Solid State Receiver with complete confidence, to upgrade his
hi-fi system and begin a new adventure in sound reproduction by
the mere flick of a switch. No matter what other components are
used with the SX-1000TA, their performance has to be superior.
The SX-1000TA has both AM and FM bands, and advanced cir-
cuity, has been engineered for more critical and satisfying per-
formances. It contains a time switching circuit equipped with
automatic mono-stereo switching and provides 38 db channel
separation. It is highly flexible in meeting the audiophile's needs
with inputs for magnetic phono, ceramic phono, tape head auxiliary
inputs, and outputs for stereo headphones. Has simultaneous
tape-recording jacks and a tape monitor switch. Each channel has
separate bass and treble controls.
The front end of the FM tuner has a sensitivity of 2.2 uv with abso-
lute selectivity assured by four tuned intermediate frequency am-
plifier stages, followed by a wide-band ratio detector. The precise
automatic switching mechanism features a two-step discriminator
using a Schmidt trigger. A sharp reliable muting circuit eliminates
noise when tuning from station to station. An easily readable, sen-
tive tuning indicator and stereo indicator lamp make perfect
tuning easy.

To fully appreciate the NEW, and exceptional AM-FM Solid State
Receiver, we cordially invite you to listen and compare our "Finest
When we put this four layer voice coil in the new E-V FIVE-A we knew it would sound better...

we never dreamed it would lower your cost of stereo by $94.00, too!

The voice coil is the heart of any speaker. A coil of wire. It moves the cone that makes the music. And in most speakers, that's all it does. But in the new E-V FIVE-A we've found a way to make this little coil of wire much more useful. Instead of one or two layers of wire, we wind the E-V FIVE-A woofer coil four layers deep.

Voila! Now the coil actually lowers the natural resonance of the 10" E-V FIVE-A woofer. And lower resonance means deeper bass with any acoustic suspension system.

In addition, with more turns of wire in the magnetic field, efficiency goes up. But it goes up faster for middle frequencies than for lows. This means we must reduce the amount of expensive magnet if we are to maintain flat response.

It's an ingenious approach to woofer design, and it works. E-V engineers point out that their efforts not only resulted in better sound, but also cut $47.00 from the price of the E-V FIVE-A.

So now you can compare the $88.00 E-V FIVE-A with speakers costing up to $135.00... and come out $94.00 ahead in the bargain for a stereo pair! The difference can buy a lot of Tschaikovsky, or Vivaldi, or even Stan Getz.

And after all, more music for your money is at the heart of high fidelity! Hear the E-V FIVE-A at leading audio showrooms everywhere. Or write for your free copy of the complete Electro-Voice high fidelity catalog. It is filled with unusual values in speakers, systems, and solid-state electronics.

P.S. If you think the E-V FIVE-A woofer is advanced—you should hear the tweeter. But that's another story.
COLUMBIA RECORD CLUB now offers you a truly wonderful opportunity to acquire at once a large selection of superb recordings by the world's most distinguished artists.

THE ART OF EUGENE ORMANDY
2953-2954. Two-Record Set (Counts As Two Selections). Commemorates Ormandy's 30th Anniversary with the Philadelphia Orchestra. Five works including Beethoven's Eighth Symphony. Also includes absorbing 12-page booklet.

VERDI'S FALSTAFF
Bernstein, Fischer-Dieskau

SPECIAL OFFER
This Deluxe 3-record set counts as only 2 selections.

BEETHOVEN'S 9 SYMPHONIES
George Szell and the Cleveland Orchestra
2203-2204-2205-2206. Seven-Record Set (Counts as Four Selections). All nine Beethoven Symphonies in a monumentally recorded collection in 1477-1478-1479-1480. Also includes absorbing 12-page booklet.

COPLAND: BILLY THE KID
1477
Rodeo: Rodeo, Fugue and Rodeo, Rodeo: Strauss's Don Quixote, Rodeo: Minkus's Dance of the Daisies.

VERDI: FALSTAFF
2204
Vienna, Orchestra, Full Italian translations, Full English translations, Full Latin translations.

BEETHOVEN: PIANO CONCERTO NO. 5
2205
La pianoforte, La pianoforte, La pianoforte, La pianoforte, La pianoforte.

EUGENE ORMANDY: VIOLIN CONCERTO
2206
Philadelphia Orchestra, Eugene Ormandy, Symphony No. 1, Symphony No. 2, Symphony No. 3, Symphony No. 4, Symphony No. 5.

PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA, WILLIAM JAMES THOMPSON: PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA
2207
Symphony No. 2, Symphony No. 3, Symphony No. 4, Symphony No. 5, Symphony No. 6.

COHEN: BILLY THE KID
2208
Rodeo, Rodeo, Rodeo, Rodeo, Rodeo.

BEETHOVEN: SYMPHONY NO. 1
2209
La pianoforte, La pianoforte, La pianoforte, La pianoforte, La pianoforte.

BRUCKNER: SYMPHONY NO. 3
2210
Philadelphia Orchestra, Eugene Ormandy, Symphony No. 1, Symphony No. 2, Symphony No. 3, Symphony No. 4, Symphony No. 5.

TCHAIKOVSKY: VIOLIN CONCERTO
2211
Vienna, Orchestra, Full Italian translations, Full English translations, Full Latin translations.

BEETHOVEN: SYMPHONY NO. 9
2212
La pianoforte, La pianoforte, La pianoforte, La pianoforte, La pianoforte.

BERNSTEIN: SYMPHONY NO. 3
2213
La pianoforte, La pianoforte, La pianoforte, La pianoforte, La pianoforte.

BEETHOVEN: SYMPHONY NO. 5
2214
La pianoforte, La pianoforte, La pianoforte, La pianoforte, La pianoforte.

EUGENE ORMANDY: VIOLIN CONCERTO
2215
Philadelphia Orchestra, Eugene Ormandy, Symphony No. 1, Symphony No. 2, Symphony No. 3, Symphony No. 4, Symphony No. 5.

BEETHOVEN: SYMPHONY NO. 6
2216
La pianoforte, La pianoforte, La pianoforte, La pianoforte, La pianoforte.

BERNSTEIN: SYMPHONY NO. 7
2217
La pianoforte, La pianoforte, La pianoforte, La pianoforte, La pianoforte.

BERNSTEIN: SYMPHONY NO. 1
2218
La pianoforte, La pianoforte, La pianoforte, La pianoforte, La pianoforte.

BERNSTEIN: SYMPHONY NO. 8
2219
La pianoforte, La pianoforte, La pianoforte, La pianoforte, La pianoforte.

BERNSTEIN: SYMPHONY NO. 9
2220
La pianoforte, La pianoforte, La pianoforte, La pianoforte, La pianoforte.

BERNSTEIN: SYMPHONY NO. 10
2221
La pianoforte, La pianoforte, La pianoforte, La pianoforte, La pianoforte.

BERNSTEIN: SYMPHONY NO. 11
2222
La pianoforte, La pianoforte, La pianoforte, La pianoforte, La pianoforte.

BERNSTEIN: SYMPHONY NO. 12
2223
La pianoforte, La pianoforte, La pianoforte, La pianoforte, La pianoforte.

BERNSTEIN: SYMPHONY NO. 13
2224
La pianoforte, La pianoforte, La pianoforte, La pianoforte, La pianoforte.

BERNSTEIN: SYMPHONY NO. 14
2225
La pianoforte, La pianoforte, La pianoforte, La pianoforte, La pianoforte.

BERNSTEIN: SYMPHONY NO. 15
2226
La pianoforte, La pianoforte, La pianoforte, La pianoforte, La pianoforte.

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BERNSTEIN: SYMPHONY NO. 29
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BERNSTEIN: SYMPHONY NO. 30
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BERNSTEIN: SYMPHONY NO. 31
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BERNSTEIN: SYMPHONY NO. 32
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BERNSTEIN: SYMPHONY NO. 33
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BERNSTEIN: SYMPHONY NO. 34
2245
La pianoforte, La pianoforte, La pianoforte, La pianoforte, La pianoforte.

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2246
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NOTE: Stereo records must be played only on a stereo record player. Records marked with a star (*) have been electronically re-channeled for stereo.

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Terre Haute, Indiana

JANUARY 1967

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LETTERS

Continued from page 10

Achungin, "don't criticize what you can't understand."

O. B. Brummell betrays himself as a member of the pseudo-intellectual Bob-Dylan-Has-Lost-His-Purity-And-Has-Gone-After-The-Big-Bad-Dollar set with his condescending remarks about Sad-Eyed Lady of the Lowlands. Bob Dylan might well have been talking about O. B. Brummell when he said in Ballad of a Thin Man, "... something is happening here, but you don't know what it is, do you, Mr. Jones."

Edgar J. Lawrence
Dayton, Ohio

Beecham's Bohème

Sir:

Realizing that criticism of any kind is largely based on personal opinion, I was nevertheless amazed to read Peter G. Davis' comments on the reissued Beecham recording of La Bohème on the Seraphim label ["Repeat Performance," October 1966]. Rather unwillingly, I accept Mr. Davis' personal view that Beecham's La Bohème is "still unchallenged as the most irresistible in the catalogue"; I, however, take his supporting evidence that "Beecham had the advantage of having once discussed the opera in detail with Puccini" as saying effrontery and misguided opinion.

If Beecham's performance of La Bohème is "irresistible," then what objective is available for Toscanini's performance? And, furthermore, if Mr. Davis feels that one discussion with Puccini (which must have been a waste of the composer's time) gave Beecham particular insight into the score, pray tell what effect Toscanini's long and personal association with the composer had on the Maestro's performances, two of which are highly important in a comparative discussion of this kind: the premiere, given in 1896 by Toscanini, and the still available recording, dating from 1946, fifty years after its introduction.

These facts alone, I feel sure, must make Toscanini's recording the most "interesting" if not "irresistible" in the catalogue, even if one does not care to consider its fine cast, chorus, marvelous control, and authenticity of the performance.

Edward Sichi, Jr.
Monongahela, Penna.

Mr. Davis replies: "Mr. Sichi's unbounded admiration for the Toscanini recording has caused him to misinterpret my remarks. That Puccini and Beecham dis-

Continued on page 18

CIRCLE 12 ON READER-SERVICE CARD
The new Miracord 50H achieves a playback quality beyond the capabilities of any other automatic available today. And it accomplishes this with the mechanical reliability, record-handling gentleness and operating simplicity, characteristic of all Miracord turntables.

The 50H embodies every feature known to modern turntable design, and includes several exclusive innovations of its own. It is strikingly handsome, trim and uncluttered, and its very appearance reveals the care and attention lavished on its construction.

The Miracord 50H is powered by a hysteresis motor, assuring locked-in speed accuracy. And it provides the simple, gentle facility of pushbutton operation.

It is also equipped with a dynamically balanced tone arm with interchangeable cartridge insert having a simple, slotted leadscrew control for precise stylus-overhang adjustment. A retractable stylus-position indicator is located on the turntable deck.

The 50H also provides cueing facilities, anti-skate compensation and direct-dialing stylus force adjustment to less than ½ gram.

At $149.50, less cartridge and base, the Miracord 50H is probably the most expensive automatic in the field. This is entirely understandable when you consider it is also the finest. See it at your high fidelity dealer, or write. Benjamin Electronic Sound Corp., Farmingdale, N.Y.11736.

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cassed the score in some detail was offered neither as ‘supporting evidence’ for whatever stylistic authenticity Beecham’s recording may possess nor as an example of my ‘galling effrontery and misguided opinion’ but simply as a statement of fact. I excerpt from Irving Kolodin’s interview with Beecham, included with the Seraphim set: ‘What I have done reflects Puccini’s desires about this score as of 1920. . . . It was then I had the chance to go over the score of Bohème with him in very close detail.’ Had Mr. Sichi finished reading my review, he would have discovered that, despite Sir Thomas’ remarks, I view this performance as a very personal statement by the conductor (‘pure Beecham through and through’), but one which I still happen to find ‘irresistible.’ No one, by the way, denied the historic value of Toscanini’s recording; in fact, I agree with Mr. Sichi—‘it certainly is interesting.’"

Noise Reduction Righthead

Sir:

In connection with our noise reduction system reported in your November issue (‘News and Views’), I must apologize for having given your reporter some incorrect information. Our system was not used in the recording of the Decca/London Die Walküre since the taping of the opera was completed just before our system was installed. In fact no records using the noise reduction system have yet been released.

Nevertheless, you may be interested to know that all Decca/London operatic and classical music is now recorded with our system, normal tapes having been dropped completely. The system is also being phased into their light music activities.

Ray M. Dolby
Dolby Laboratories
London, England

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**LETTERS**

Continued from page 16

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What could we possibly offer an audiophile?

80-watt IHF solid-state stereo amplifier, FM/AM solid-state stereo tuner, air-suspension speaker system, Pickering magnetic cartridge and Dual 1010 automatic turntable.

The CS-15 Custom Component Modular: A completely integrated stereo system with professionally balanced components that reproduce sound the way you want it. Cleanly. Purely. With a frequency response of 15-55,000 CPS ± 3 db. A 160-watt peak. FM Sensitivity (IHF)–2.5 microvolts. FM Quieting Sensitivity—1.5 microvolts. And with a High-Frequency Noise Filter, Compensated Loudness Control. Sound Level Control Switch, Separate Boost/Cut Bass and Treble Controls, Stereo Balance Control, Channel Reverse Control, Pilot Light, FM Interchannel Muting Control, FM/AFC Switch, D'Arsonval Signal Strength Meter, FM Stereo Indicator Light. All wrapped up in an elegant contemporary Walnut cabinet (H 9¾”, W 32¼”, D 15¼”) that fits right on a bookshelf. And a choice of three of our specially developed air-suspension speaker systems. Optional, extra. (AS10W shown.) That’s what we have to offer audiophiles. Sound good? You should hear it. At your Sylvania dealer’s.

Sylvania traditional, period and contemporary consoles offer similarly impressive performance both in the sound and in the specifications. From about $300 to about $2150.
Before anyone could say *nye popóostin*, RCA Victor snapped up three American winners from last year's Tchaikovsky Competition in Moscow and promptly hustled them into recording studios to tape their prize-winning performances. The results are partially at hand already, for a cello recital by Stephen Kates has just been released. To follow shortly will be a collection of operatic arias by soprano Jane Marsh and two discs from young Mischa Dichter: one devoted to Tchaikovsky's First Piano Concerto (with Erich Leinsdorf and the Boston Symphony Orchestra) and a solo album comprising Schubert's posthumous A major Sonata and Stravinsky's *Scenes from Pétrouchka*.

Enter Mischa Dichter. It was the Schubert Sonata that commanded Mr. Dichter's attention one unseasonably humid afternoon last November. The lights in RCA's downtown recording "studio," Webster Hall, were being kept low, not because Mr. Dichter felt the faint glow would help him capture the music's autumnal colors, but primarily to keep the garish glare of the ballroom's 1920-decor (Brooklyn Byzantine) from actually interfering with his concentration—"It just isn't Schubert," he said. With the lighting subdued and the tape machines in place, the pianist settled down to four hours of uninterrupted hard work on the Scherzo and Rondo movements.

Producer Richard Mohr guided the sessions with a sure and understanding hand; young Dichter was allowed as much practice time as he could use while getting the feel of working before a microphone. These little pre-take rehearsal sessions would sometimes last over ten minutes as phrases were continually repolished. One of the pianist's rather novel practice techniques was to take Schubert's rondo theme and transpose it up a half tone, then down a tone, and finally back into A major. "It gives me a fresh perspective on the problem," he said later.

Although born in Shanghai of Polish parents, Mischa Dichter has spent nineteen of his twenty-one years in this country—principally in Los Angeles, where he studied with Aube Tserko, a Schnabel pupil. For the past four years he has been with Rosina Lhévinne at Juilliard and has still another year to go before graduation. Winning the Silver Medal in the Tchaikovsky Competition has naturally opened up many doors and tempting offers for a busy concert career. But save for occasional solo appearances, Mr. Dichter...
Step up, press the power button, and find out.
First, try the FM stereo. As you spin the heavy fly-wheel tuning knob, you experience the satisfaction of hearing and feeling each station lock in, sure and crisp. That's Harman-Kardon's new MOSFET front end working for you. What's a MOSFET? A metal-oxide silicon field-effect transistor—the latest, most effective device for reducing cross-modulation, increasing sensitivity and selectivity, and improving antenna match under all reception conditions.

Now put on one of your favorite stereo records. Notice things you never heard before? Better definition of instruments, inner-voice lines that were missing except at a live performance? That's Harman-Kardon ultra-wide frequency response, restoring the spaciousness and clarity that were there when the record was made.

This is the new Harman-Kardon NOCTURNE Seven Twenty, a solid-state receiver that constitutes a major step forward in high-fidelity design. What's behind that pretty face? 80 watts of startling stereo realism. $369.50*.

The Seven Twenty heads a new line of Nocturne receivers that includes the Two Ten (50 watts, AM/FM) at $269.50 and the Two Hundred (50 watts, FM) at $239.50. Unmistakable sound quality and long-time reliability are the family trademarks. We suggest you hear these new receivers soon at your Harman-Kardon dealer's. Harman-Kardon, Inc., 401 Walnut St., Philadelphia, Pa. 19105

*Prices slightly higher in the West. Walnut enclosure optional.
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prefer components.

This is the Fisher "Statesman" stereophonic console. We call it a console because that's the name given to a complete hi-fi system sold in a single piece of furniture.

Since we know how most hi-fi enthusiasts feel about that word, we decided to show you a detailed picture of what's inside the "Statesman". (No doubt you've already recognized the Dual 1009, the automatic turntable used in some of the best component systems.)

But we also know that just showing a picture, and telling you that a Fisher console is a console in name only, really isn't enough.

So you'll simply have to evaluate it as you would any other component stereo system. By listening and comparing.

As far as calling the "Statesman" a console is concerned, we're sorry about that.

But after listening, we don't think the word will bother you at all.

Mail this coupon for your free copy of the Fisher radio-phonograph catalogue, 1967 edition. Technical information and full-color illustrations on all Fisher consoles and compact stereo systems are included.

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The Fisher "Statesman" with Country French cabinet in Distressed Pecan. Also available in three other styles.

All solid state; complete with FM stereo tuner, AM tuner, Dual 1009 automatic turntable, Pickering V-15 magnetic cartridge, 75-watt (IHF) power amplifier, control center on tilted panel, Fisher 2 and 4-track stereo/mono tape deck*, two 3-way speaker systems with 12-inch woofers, two 5-inch midrange units, 21/2-inch tweeters, large record storage compartment. 65¼" wide, 29½" high, 20½" deep. $1195.**

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plans to move slowly—in fact a New York recital, he says quite flatter, is still far in the future.

As for recording—he grinned a bit ruefully and pushed back an unruly bundle of hair (which somehow accented an uncanny resemblance to Lil Abner): "It's pretty sobering to hear yourself as others do. Sometimes I think that I should be at least twenty years older before recording the Schubert Sonata; it may sound easier than the Stravinsky but when it comes to putting across just the effect you're aiming for. . . ." and he gestured towards the recalcitrant rondo lying propped up on a music stand near the control panels. "This will actually be the second record I've ever made. The first was done in Russia just after the competition when I taped the same two pieces—the Schubert and the Stravinsky—for Melodiya. They only gave me five hours to do both of them," he added, "so I think the new disc is going to be a whole lot better."

New Labels—from London and Columbia. Two new budget labels are slated to join the swelling tide of low-priced lines early this year: Stereo Treasury (from London Records) and Odyssey (from Columbia). As its name implies, Stereo Treasury will place a premium on high sonic quality—the discs will be released in stereo versions only. Orchestral music forms the basis of Stereo Treasury's repertoire and the first release list highlights a dozen items culled from previous London FFRR stereo recordings: the four Brahms Symphonies (Rafael Kubelik), Stravinsky's Pulcinella Suite and Song of the Nightingale (Ernest Ansermet), Hungarian Dances by Dvořák and Brahms (Fritz Reiner), Dvořák's Ninth Symphony (Kubelik), the Schubert No. 5 and Mendelssohn's Italian (Georg Solti), and Adam's Giselle (Jean Martinon). Although reissues will be Stereo Treasury's primary concern, new Decca/London material will also be introduced from time to time.

Diversity is Odyssey's keynote, for the new label plans to work in four different areas: 1) a wide selection of discontinued recordings presently reposing in Columbia's vaults; 2) the rich legacy of the late Max Goberman, including the Haydn Symphony and Schumann Concerto projects originally released on the Library of Recorded Masterpieces; 3) a select group of performances taken from a number of small European labels; and 4) new performances which will be specially recorded to fill in gaps in the Haydn/Vivaldi series left by Goberman at the time of his death. Odyssey's initial ten discs will number items from sources one, two, and three. The reissues include Beethoven's Emperor Concerto (Walter Gieseking and Herbert von Karajan), Mahler's Fourth Symphony (Bruno Walter), Mozart's Jupiter and Prague Symphonies (Sir Thomas Beecham), and the Schumann Cello Concerto (Pablo Casals). From Austria's Harmonia Mundí catalogue we may expect a group of English madrigals performed by the Deller Consort while the first Goberman installment is promised to be a genreous one. In most cases, Odyssey releases were originally recorded in true stereo, but where mono-only versions exist, Columbia has not been tempted to rechannel.

Salvage Operation. Further news from this quarter is the establishment of a Columbia Connoisseur series which will feature a substantial portion of the company's many valuable contemporary music recordings. Instead of deleting these performances (which were always of limited commercial appeal), Columbia is making them available on special order from record dealers at the regular $4.79/$5.79 price. A number of the discs are still listed in Schwann but these will be transferred to the new series, while many long-deleted recordings are expected to be reactivated. A sampling from the Connoisseur catalogue reveals many performances of interest to the specialized collector of the contemporary scene, among them Ives's First Piano Sonata (William Masselos), the Four Schoenberg String Quartets (Julian Quartz), Blumholtz's space opera Anima, Glenn Gould's String Quartet, Strauss's Enoch Arden, and works by over fifty American composers.

For a well-known instrumentalist to take on a new, and simultaneous, career on the podium is no rare thing these days, but pianist Philippe Entremont's recording debut as a conductor had at least one unique feature: it began with a strike. On the day sessions were scheduled to start, Mr. Entremont of course showed up, recording engineer Hellmut Kolbé had arrived from Switzerland, CBS a & r man Georges Kadar and publicity representative Jacqueline Muller were on the scene, and the National Radio & Televisión crew had appeared with two huge vans of equipment. But there were no musicians.

The Musicians' Union had delivered an ultimatum regarding wages. CBS had refused to meet its demands, Kolbé impasse. Said impasse only lasted twenty-four hours, however. The following day those of the Paris Coliseum Musicians who were not union members (or who could hypothesis union leaders with that peculiarly French hickory-poker so handy and settled down to their jobs in exceptionally high spirits. With Entremont playing and conducting, they finished.
DON'T MOVE UP TO A MAGNECORD....START WITH ONE!

If you own another brand tape recorder/reproducer now, chances are you'll choose a Magnecord when you trade up. But if you are buying your first hi-fi equipment, you may be considering a less expensive "beginner's model" until you get the swing of it. People who won't compromise on sound soon find they aren't satisfied with anything less than Magnecord performance. If you're discriminating enough to want true high fidelity reproduction in your home recording and playback equipment, you are demanding enough to own a Magnecord. You'll probably have one eventually... so why not start with a Magnecord! See your Magnecord dealer or write for a free brochure today.

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CIRCLE 55 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

January 1967
three Mozart Piano Concertos—K. 415, in C major; K. 453, in G major; and K. 595, in B flat major—by noon of the next day, the deadline for engineer and equipment to leave for another project in Switzerland.

Mozart for Youth. The Collegium Musicum is a very young and serious group of musicians. average age about twenty-eight. Philippe Entremont is thirty-two. Mozart was between twenty-seven and thirty when he wrote these concertos. Youth was the common denominator at the sessions, and exuberance the prevailing sentiment.

The authoritative ease with which Mr. Entremont communicated his wishes and the briskness of his approach struck me as downright precocious for a brand-new maestro. until Mrs. Entremont, a pretty, soft-spoken young woman who said discreetly in the background, explained that her husband had almost been brought up in the role; his father had been a conductor and had trained Philippe in the art. Entremont worked closely with the players, often accepting their suggestions and joking with them when time permitted. His cues were always crisp, accurate, pointed, and meaningful—signs of a thoroughgoing musician to whom the musical sense is the main thing. The strongest words he used were "Don’t be shy." when the cellos sputtered an entrance for the dozenth time. Entremont is a man of great authority, and he often accepted the players’ cues.

When Entremont was playing the piano his expression became one of absorbed rapture, though the orchestral cues still came pointedly and accurately. At the conclusion of one of the concertos the orchestra applauded its soloist spontaneously and vigorously, and a burst of metallic applause from the control room sputtered over the intercom. (That intercom, incidentally, is shaped like a cat, with one red ear and one green ear and CBS written on its bow tie.)

The sessions were held in the church of Notre Dame du Liban, in the Latin Quarter, which is being more and more used for recording purposes [see "Notes" from Paris in these pages, October 1966]. The disc is due out here by March, just before Entremont and the Collegium Musicum embark on a tour of France and Switzerland. U. S. release date is as yet undetermined.

Philips and the Renaissance. For the latest in its series of recordings made in Notre Dame Cathedral—a disc of music by Joquin des Prez and Jannequin—Philips installed its Ampex equipment, enclosed in an elegant red canvas tent, at the top of the North Tower’s fourteenth-century spiral stone staircase, and assembled the performers around the great 109-stop organ in the crow’s-nest far above the nave. The evening was chilly, and the small band of musicians—four woodwinds and horn, led by Armand Birbaum, and a handful of singers—all worked with their coats on. Philips’ a & r man passed around throat lozenges during playbacks.

From such efforts, it is hoped, will come another re-creation of the hallowed sound of six centuries ago. JAMES MOORE

NOTES FROM OUR CORRESPONDENTS

Continued from page 24

Yugoslavia is finally going stereo. After a protracted wait-and-see attitude, Jugoton, the country’s national recording enterprise, has just issued its first multi-channel release—a 7-inch 45-rpm disc containing Ulrica’s aria from the first act of Verdi’s Ballo and Azueca’s aria from Trovatore, Act II. Aside from the excitement attendant on the new format, people here are also pleased that the record features the much admired mezzo Ruza Pospis, one of many Yugoslavian artists to have acquired an international reputation. Local opera fans are very proud of Miss Pospis’ success abroad and they have a special affection for her because in addition to her commitments to sing at the Munich Opera House and at the Metropolitan (where she is known to audiences as Ruza Pospinov), she will continue to remain a member of the company which gave her her first chance when she was nineteen. During my stay in this city a new production of Samson et Dalila at the Opera House was met with the open criticism that what future performances needed was the presence of Ruza Pospis.

Baroque and Croatian Beat, Although Jugoton began recording in stereo some

Continued on page 40

HIGH FIDELITY MAGAZINE
The sound of AR speakers is the next best thing to live music—

for large audiences

The Civic Ballet of Greenville, S.C. presents classics of the ballet repertoire to music reproduced from tape. AR-3 loudspeakers were chosen for use on the stage because of their lifelike, non-electronic sound. Inset shows the McAlister Auditorium before a performance of Delibes' Sylvia, part of the 1965 Ballet Festival.

or small ones.

Control room at radio station WHDH in Boston, one of the country's leading FM stereo stations (associated with TV Channel 5). WHDH, like many other stations, uses AR-3 speakers in the control room to monitor broadcast quality. AR-3's were chosen in order to provide a sound check of maximum accuracy. WHDH can afford to buy loudspeakers of any price or size—tens of thousands of dollars are spent on the control room, and there is plenty of unused space under the AR-3's—but the station cannot afford to use speakers that color the sound.

AR speakers are often used professionally, but they were designed primarily for the home. The price range is $51 to $225. A catalog of AR products — speakers and turntables — is free on request.

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January 1967
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NOTES FROM OUR CORRESPONDENTS

Continued from page 26

years ago, the tapes were held in reserve until stereo playback equipment should become available to the average Yugoslav music listener (a 20-watt amplifier was just been put on the market by Radio Industries Zagreb, otherwise known as RIZ).

Jugoton will not be satisfied, however, with simply drawing on its large backlog of stereo tapes. According to a & r director Vlado Seljan, the company has ambitious plans. Apart from the projected international distribution of stereo recordings by Yugoslav performers, Mr. Seljan also feels that there is much native repertoire deserving a wide hearing. He mentioned in particular the works of Ivan Lukacic (1587-1618), a Dalmatian composer whose motets, printed in Venice in 1620, Jugoton has already begun to record. Mr. Seljan also played for me a brand-new Jugoton collection of instrumental music by an almost forgotten seventeenth-century Slovene master, Joannes Baptista Dolar, performed by the Slovene Chamber Orchestra under the baton of Anton Kolar.

Choral music will have pride of place in Jugoton's stereo list as it did in the mono catalogue. This is not surprising in view of the world-wide reputation choral ensembles from Croatia enjoy: even the Salzburg Festival production of Boris Godunov had to rely on the choir of the Zagreb Opera. Yugoslav folk music too will continue to play a large role in Jugoton's program. Mr. Seljan also favors the idea of giving new impetus to pop music "by instilling pop with folk music's vitality," as he puts it. A recent example of this attempt is a recording of what might be described as an amalgam of Beatle-type music with ancient melodies from the Istrian peninsula.

Spring Agenda. Next May, at the time of the Zagreb Biennale, a congress will be held here to consider the function of recorded music in present-day musical life. The panel of speakers, according to the list of invitations which Mr. Seljan showed me, will include technicians, musicians, performers, musicologists and people on the business side from many countries and several continents.

KURT BLAUKOFF
Try this on your changer.

The arm of the AR turntable is designed for neutral balance, so that stylus force doesn't change as the cartridge rides up and down the surface of a warped record. The needle doesn't alternately dig into and lose contact with the groove.

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In some units it is 50% higher, but it doesn't need to be. We do not believe that automatics are inherently inferior to manuals. It is just that for the same quality they are inherently more expensive. They should be judged by equally high standards, with particular attention paid to whether they maintain constant stylus force and constant speed as records build up on the platter.

About 4% of recorded selections take up more than one disc. Whether you use a changer or a manual turntable the remaining 96% must be turned over by hand. A changer has a real advantage only if a good part of your listening is to the multi-record albums, or if you like to stack unrelated singles.

The AR turntable meets NAB standards for broadcast turntables in rumble, wow, flutter, and speed accuracy. It has been rated as being the least sensitive to mechanical shock of all turntables, and has been selected by professional equipment reviewers above all other turntables, including those costing twice as much. The price is $78 with arm, oiled walnut base, and transparent dust cover.

*We will be glad to send you a reprint of the article "What the Consumer Should Know about Record Players," describing how the layman can check these characteristics in the home. Please ask for it specifically.

**Lists of the top equipment choices of four magazines are available on request. All four chose the AR turntable. (Three of the four, incidentally, chose AR-3 speakers.)

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January 1967

CIRCLE 2 ON READER-SERVICE CARD
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Additional details:

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Horizontal chassis design.

Power transformer operated.

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GENERAL INFORMATION

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January 1967
motherly seduction through the vow of chastity. But the vow has a weak spot. In that one does not attain true security and strength in many situations, including test stations, or true virility by denying sexuality, it won't work, because the temptation and the sexuality are inevitable parts of life, against which we all come up sooner or later.

Enter Klingsor, the knight who aspires to the brotherhood. He is, however, unable to toe the line when it comes to chastity, and so the brothers, who know perfectly well that they can admit no chink in the armor, reject him. For this humiliation, Klingsor decides to mobilize the considerable forces of the opposition, and through mastery of the arts of black magic, he establishes his castle and magic garden in a valley on the other side of the mountains from the holy lake and the realm of Monsalvat. He peoples the garden with the Flower Maidens, against whose charms he has rendered himself immune—he is now a eunuch. Being immune to sexuality, he is now also the master even of Kundry in her mother-temptress incarnation.

So his renunciation has placed great power in his hands, and he now goes about his quest for the spear and the cup in a sort of inverted quest for the Grail—he is still after salvation. As Gurnemanz relates in Act I, Klingsor meets with a lot of brutes, the brothers have sought to conquer temptation by simply shutting it out, they are not really proof against it; many of them submit to the Flower Maidens and become Klingsor's slaves, and Amfortas is seduced by Kundry, as a consequence of which he is wounded with his own spear, the Holy Spear, and this ultimate symbol of potency now passes over into the hands of Klingsor, in whose direction the scales of battle tip. Without the spear, the power of the cup to renew life is lost forever, and this is symbolized by the wounded Amfortas's growing reluctance to uncover the Grail, in the presence of which his wound opens and his pain redoubles.

There are only two ways out of this eternal suffering for Amfortas, the Infirm King, and his remaining followers. One is death. The other is the advent of a "pure fool," i.e., a man who, in his innocence, is entirely open, both to the suffering of the brothers and to the temptations of the garden—only a "pure fool" will instinctively sense the connection between the two. Unlike the chaste brothers, who merely removed themselves from this experience, the pure fool will expose himself to it and, realizing that he is being異用 and his own way in life, put it aside, whatever the immediate cost.

This is exactly what Parsifal does, and the symbol of maleness immediately becomes his. But though he is now a man, many wounds remain. Although, in his ignorance and innocence, he found his way easily from Monsalvat to the garden, blundering instinctively from one point in life to another, he is now aware of the complexities and sufferings of life, and the road back is hard. As he relates to Gurnemanz in Act III—he meets many foes, sustains many wounds, finds the path only to lose it, then refine it; and when at last he reaches the realms of Monsalvat again, he finds it so changed he can hardly recognize it.

Kundry represents female sexuality in both its true and its distorted aspect. Much of her time is spent in sleep—a cold, stiff, deathlike sleep. She awakens only for two calls—the call of Klingsor, for whom she assumes her mother-temptress role, and the call of the Grail brotherhood, for whom she assumes the role of serving-maid, nurse, messenger, gatherer of herbs and balms, attendant. In other words, she is awakened only by a sort of motherhood, or by a sort of wifehood, neither of them quite the real thing—that is her curse, that, and the fact that her laughter has closed off her most precious, most feminine means of expression—tears.

So the rulers between these worlds of sexuality and service, neither of them entirely real. She cannot avoid playing her role of mother/temptress, but to find salvation, she must find a man who will resist her in this guise, and Parsifal is right when he tells her that he brings salvation for her too. When Gurnemanz reawakens her at the beginning of Act III, she finds that both her roles are played out, for Klingsor and his garden have been banished by Parsifal, and Gurnemanz is lifting his,cross and seeking herbs or set forth on missions: the knights now perform these tasks for themselves. The man she must now serve, as would a mate, is Parsifal, and so she fetches him water and bathes his feet—the Act II situation is reversed, and the woman who bent over him to give him his first passionate kiss is now at his feet. He blesses her, baptizes her, and kisses her on the forehead; for the first time since the curse was laid on her, she weeps bitterly. As Parsifal has come so far, it is clear that she has at last become a woman.

What has the fable said, then? It shows us the Mount of Salvation, where a dedicated brotherhood guards the holy symbols of potency and fertility, which in turn renew and preserve them. We can attain the Mount of Salvation through purity of purpose and willingness to serve, but our salvation will not be permanent if it is purchased at the cost of denial and incompleteness. We must face the things that keep us from becoming entirely ourselves, recognize them for what they are, and assimilate them, though it will make our road longer and more arduous. Only if we submit ourselves to this and pass this test will we save ourselves—we will be complete, in our male and female aspects, pure fools made wise through pity.

There are two complete recordings of Parsifal, both uncot, both taken from live performances at the Metropolitan Opera: one from the 1951 festival, and Philips' from the 1962 festival. They

Continued on page 46

THE WAGNER OPERAS ON RECORDS

by Conrad L. Osborne

The Philharmonic Recording of Parsifal was the subject of a detailed feature in the March 1965 issue of High Fidelity, in the course of which I summarized some of the work's mythological ancestry and tried to establish some relationships among its more important symbols: I refer readers to that discussion, which complements the following.

I attended two of the depressingly tired and sloppy Parsifal performances given last spring at the Metropolitan, and at one of them my companion was a person who had not seen the opera before, though he was familiar with the music. As we left the theatre, he said, "I still don't see what's wrong with sex." I protested that sex per se (how else?) is not at issue in Parsifal, and he replied that the second act seemed to be pretty specific in the matter.

It is, but it is far more specific than that, for it is not simply a sexual entanglement that Parsifal rejects in the scene with Kundry but the particular form of sexual relationship in which the woman and man stand in a mother/son situation. This is made extremely clear, first in Act I, where we find that Parsifal was born fatherless and that though he knows almost nothing, he recalls his mother with deep feelings of nostalgic tenderness and guilt; and then in Act II, where Kundry's method of seduction is built exclusively around awakening Parsifal's longing for his mother, and identifying herself with her. (Though Parsifal enjoys flirting with the Flower Maidens, who play with him girlishly, he has no difficulty in resisting their advances.) To the extent that a man is unable to relinquish the mother image (I hate these terms, but there are no satisfactory substitutes), he is unable to establish his own individuality, his own manhood; to find himself, Parsifal must reject the thing that tempts him most.

Consider further: the disputed symbol is the spear. It can be seen in many lights, but it is nothing if not phallic—it is a classic representation of male potency, just as the Grail itself (a pre-Christian symbol—a hidden cup containing life's essence) obviously represents female sexuality. Before Amfortas' downfall, both the spear and the cup were in the possession of the Knights of the Grail, who qualified as protectors of these symbols by virtue of having asserted their manly independence of

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Also exclusive to the 1019 is its variable Pitch-Control which allows speed to be varied over a 6% range...more than a half note. This feature is especially important to anyone who tapes from records or uses records to accompany voice or instrument. The 1019's powerful Continuous-Pole motor and massive 7-pound-plus dynamically balanced platter combined to keep speed constant within ±0.1% even when voltage was varied ±10%.

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CIRCLE 86 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

JANUARY 1967
THE WAGNER DISCOGRAPHY
Continued from page 44

constitute almost the only available vocal material, save for a couple of versions of Kundry's "Ich sah das Kind," the Flagstad-Melchior Act II scene, and an Italian Odeon disc, available as an impromptu, in which Bayreuth recordings made under Karl Muck and Siegfried Wagner are gathered (not to be confused with the old Act III under Muck, with the Berlin State Opera).

The conductor of both complete versions is Hans Knappertsbusch, and while it is certainly possible to imagine a very different and equally valid approach to the work, it is not possible to imagine a more beautiful statement of the score—if every piece of music belonged, locked, stock, and barrel to a conductor, then it is Parsifal to Knappertsbusch. I have gone on in some detail about his reading before, and will not append a list of details here. What one comes away with is the luminosity of texture—the music shimmers and begins to end—and Knappertsbusch's apparently total sense of peace with the score: instead of fighting its slowness and inwardness, he realizes that that is the point of the music and settles down to render it. On the one hand, one can stop to admire the care and beauty of balance and detail in almost any bar; and on the other, one could mark down and follow one continuous phrase marking from the beginning of the prelude to the end of the madrigal. Bar for bar, Parsifal is the most singing, beautiful score Wagner wrote, and Knappertsbusch brings that home to us. Naturally, the more recent stereo recording captures the transparency and richness of the orchestral sound better than any older mono recording; but in fact both recordings are among the best examples of live performance engineering, and on both occasions the playing and singing of the festival's orchestra and chorus is of almost unique magnificence, which Wagner youth and conditions would do for this opera, and he had a point.

The Kundrys are Martha Mödl (London) and Irene Dalis (Philips), between whom Dalis is the character artists full into that curious grunting parlando by means of which nearly all Kundry seem to think they are indicating deep anguish, whereas what comes across is the strain on the larynx. It is much more exaggerated in Mödl's case, however, and makes ever-act One Act I and the Klingsor scene painful to listen to—it's the character, not the singer, who must sound tortured. Of course, they both get away from it in the magic garden scene, and here Mödl's singing is actually fresher and better controlled than one might expect, with a well-laid-out "Ich sah das Kind" and a good sense of the dramatic proportions to recommend it. But despite some difficulties with the extreme top (Kundry is quite a reach for an alto), Dalis holds her own here with solid, musical singing, and since elsewhere her interpretation is by far the more sensible of the two, she is the pick. We have not really been given the cream of contemporary Kundry, however, who would be Varnay, from an interpretative standpoint, or Crespin, from the vocal.

I also prefer Philips' Jess Thomas to London's Wolfgang Windgassen in the title role. Thomas' Parsifal is certainly the best thing he has put on records to date, and in the Good Friday scene he rises to some really memorable lyric moments. There are also instances of insight and sensitivity, usually in more inward moments—his "So nannte mich träumend die Mutter" (p. 337 of the Bühne or orchestral score, p. 167 of the Pears vocal score), for instance, is quite touching. When he sings out in the Kundry scene, he makes a solid, hefty impression, occasionally dry but satisfying; here he does less to bring the part to life, however—all the emotional opportunities of the last part of "Amfortas! Die Wunde!" ("Ja! Diese Stimme," etc., pp. 189 ff.) go unrealized, and in fact this whole crucial passage is simply sung out without much animation or coloring. Some excellent mono recordings, though, and the singing is always substantial and intelligently phrased.

Windgassen shows in his phrasing and in his approach to the text that he understands what he is about, and interpretatively he tends to be strong, whereas Thomas is weak—the scene with Kundry

Continued on page 48

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THE WAGNER DISCOGRAPHY

Continued from page 46

is more completely realized than with Thomas. However, though the voice is always clear and basically likable, it is also on the guttural side, and with a white, overly open top that lacks a punch and sometimes threatens to turn blathy and precarious. 

Again, we must go back to Melchior for some genuine incandescence and excitement. Regrettably, the Act II scene (RCA Victor LM 2763) is not representative of either Melchior's or Kirsten Flagstad's best. She makes some wonderful sound, but is surely the most placid, gentle, reassuring Kundry in history—no man, pure fool or otherwise, could conceivably go wrong with her. The conducting is limp and the sound of the transfer shallow; and while Melchior is never less than vocally excellent, we realize how much finer he could be when we hear the separate versions of "Amfortas! Die Wunde!" and "Nur eine Waffe tang" which he recorded with the Philadelphia Orchestra under Ormandy and which have never (for shame!) been transferred to LP. Not only are the accompaniments incomparably better (and better recorded), but Melchior's singing has an inspired fervor missing on the Flagstad recording. "Amfortas! Die Wunde!" is filled with the dawning realization of who Kundry is and what part she is seeking to play, to say nothing of the sheer proclamatory ring and juice of the voice, and the "Nur eine Waffe tang" is simply transfigured—it could not be improved upon. This is one of the items for which collectors should stage a listen-in at the Victor vaults.

The Amfortas of both versions is George London, and while there are sometimes small interpretative nuances which favor the 1962 London, the 1951 London has the vocal goods in greater quantity. There is a flow, an open, easy roundness and beauty to his singing here (topped by splendid high Gs) that on the later version has been replaced by a pointed, barbed sound of some strength but less beauty and less ease above the staff. It is still a solidly sung Amfortas, always musical and expressive, but the real magic in the sound is gone.

It is a hard choice between Gurnemanzes, if a choice must be made. In Hans Hotter (Philips) we have a great artist of unsurpassed poetic sensitivity, who animates and humanizes every bar of this incredibly long and difficult part. We would not willingly miss his warmth, his dignity and perception, or the beauty of his singing in the soft passages. We could, though, do without the spread, nasalized quality and the tremulousness of some of his climaxes, and for all that it is basically a large, handsome voice, it is not a real bass at all, but a dramatic baritone.

Ludwig Weber (London) also has all the authority of an experienced artist of stature, one of the great Wagnerian basses and one of the last survivors of the whole Valhalla-full of singer-heroes of the between-the-wars period. He is in splendidly fresh voice on this performance, and has the true bass timbre that Hotter lacks, as well as the steadiness and focus, particularly at full voice. He pours out a flood of gorgeous tone in the Good Friday Spell, and in fact makes good listening most of the time, though he uses a kind of portamento that often sounds smeared and slovenly to us. I will happily settle for both these interpretations: if I had to select one, it would probably be Weber, simply because one has to listen to Gurnemanz for such long, uninterrupted periods of time, and because the exceptional beauty of the role's best moments deserves the beauty and power of a great bass voice.

Both Klingsors are above average, though I would have no difficulty in selecting Hermann Uhde (London) over Gustav Neidlinger (Philips). Wagner's Klingsor is Uhde's impersonation of the sorcerer knight far more bitter and sadistic-sounding but his voice makes a more open impact around D and E, where much of the music lies. Both Fitrules are also excellent, with Arnold van Mill (London) having the more beautiful vocal quality, and Martti Talvela (Philips) the darker, steadier one.

On both recordings, the Flower Maidens are disappointingly weak, though not enough so to let down the whole, and the bit parts for Esquire and Knights are taken with great point—the London recording has a slight advantage in both cases.
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As for the actual woofer, it's a hardy 10-incher with a hefty 10 lb. magnet structure. This gives you a big advantage over the 2-pounders some others talk about.

A magnet like that helps make the Bolero as efficient as a big speaker. (It develops an amazing 92 db for one watt input.) This means you can use a medium-power amplifier and make the walls shake. Or enjoy dynamic peaks at concert hall levels with absolutely no distortion.

The high frequency sounds are taken care of by our famous 3000H multicellular horn and driver. Mounted above the woofer and phase inverter, it handles anything and everything above the bass with silk gloves.

For adjusting the highs to your own taste there's a built-in 3000 Hz dual-element crossover network with a variable shelving control.

But there's more to the Bolero than just its inside beauty. There's its handsome hand-rubbed walnut cabinet. 14½" high, 25½" wide and 12" deep. A unique snap-on grille makes changing the grille cloth a snap.

To make its small size even nicer, we've kept its price down, too. $169.50. Which makes it a giant among midgets.

If you want to hear how we've made a little go a long way, there's a Bolero at your Altec dealer just waiting to be heard.

While you're listening, ask for a free 1967 Altec Stereo Catalog. Or, write to us for your copy.

A Division of Ling Altec, Inc., Anaheim, California
How To Have Fun While You Save...

NEW Harmony-By-Heathkit Electric Guitars & Heathkit Guitar Amplifier

NEW Heathkit Transistor Guitar Amplifier — Compare It To Units Costing Several Times As Much

- 60 watts peak power; two channels — one for accompaniment, accordion, organ or mike — the other for special effects, with both variable reverb and tremolo; two 12" heavy-duty speakers; line bypass reversing switch for hum reduction; one easy-to-wire circuit with 13 transistors, 6 diodes; 28" W x 9" D x 19" H leather-textured black vinyl cabinet of 1/4" stock; 120 v. or 240 v. AC operation; extruded aluminum front panel. 52 lbs.

Famous American Made Harmony-By-Heathkit® Guitars

All wood parts factory assembled, finished and polished...you just mount the trim, pickups and controls in predrilled holes and install the strings...finish in one evening.

These Valuable Accessories Included With Every Guitar Kit

- Each guitar includes vinylized chipboard carrying case, cushioned red leather neck strap, connecting cord, Vu-Tuner® visual tuning aid, tuning record, instruction book and pick...worth $19.50 to $31.50 depending on model.

Enjoy Hi-Fi FM Anywhere With This Deluxe 10-Band AM/FM/Shortwave Transistor Portable

Kit GR-43 $159.95

10 bands tune Longwave, Standard Broadcast, FM and 2-22.5 MHz shortwave. FM tuner and IF strip are same components used in deluxe Heathkit Hi-Fi equipment. 16 transistors, 6 diodes and 44 factory assembled and pretuned circuits for cool, rock-steady performance. Separate AM & FM tuners and IF strips. 2 built-in antennas. Battery saver switch cuts current drain up to 35%. Rotating tuning dial. Dial light. 4 simple controls for tuning, volume, AFC and band switching. 4" x 6" PM speaker. Earphone and built-in jack. Optional 117 v. AC converter/charger available @ $6.95. Plays anywhere on 7 flashlight batteries. Man size: 13½" W x 5½" D x 10½" H. 19 lbs.

Deluxe Guitar...3 Pickups...Hollow Body Design

Double-cutaway for easy fingering of 16 frets; ultra-slim fingerboard — 24½" scale; ultra-slim "uniform-feel" neck with adjustable Torque-Lok reinforcing rod; 3 pickups with individually adjustable pole-pieces under each string for emphasis and balance; 3 silent switches select 7 pickup combinations; 6 controls for pickup tone and volume; professional Bigsby vibrato tail-piece; curly maple arched body — 2" rim—shaded cherry red. 17 lbs.

Silhouette Solid-Body Guitar...2 Pickups

Modified double cutaway leaves 15 frets clear of body; ultra-slim fingerboard — 24½" scale; ultra-slim neck for "uniform-feel"; Torque-Lok adjustable reinforcing rod; 2 pickups with individually adjustable pole-pieces under each string; 4 controls for tone and volume: Harmony type "W" vibrato tailpiece; hardwood solid body, 1½" rim, shaded cherry red. 13 lbs.

"Rocket" Guitar...2 Pickups...Hollow Body Design

Single cutaway style; ultra-slim fingerboard; ultra-slim neck, steel rod reinforced; 2 pickups with individually adjustable pole-pieces for each string; silent switch selects 3 combinations of pickups; 4 controls for tone and volume: Harmony type "W" vibrato tailpiece; laminated maple arched body, 2" rim, shaded cherry red. 17 lbs.

Now Play In Minutes Instead Of Months...

Heathkit®/Thomas COLOR-GLO Organ

Kit GD-325B $394.90

Color-Glo Key Lights Show You the correct notes and chords...you play melody, harmony and bass notes instantly...even if you've never played an organ before! When you're finished, just flip a switch and the key lights disappear, leaving a beautiful spinet organ. Includes 10 voices, repeat percussion, 13-note bass pedals, two 37-note keyboards, assembled walnut cabinet & bench and more. Fully transistorized. Builds in around 50 hours and you save up to $150! 172 lbs.

CIRCLE 44 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

HIGH FIDELITY MAGAZINE
Build Your Own Heathkit® Electronics

NEW Heathkit®/Magnecord® 1020 Professional 4-Track Stereo Tape Recorder Kit...Save $170

Assembles Easily In Around 25 Hours...and you enjoy the $170 savings. Features all solid-state circuitry; 4-track stereo or mono playback and record at 7 1/2 & 3 3/4 ips; sound-on-sound, sound-withsound and echo capabilities; 3 separate motors; solenoid operation; die-cast top-plate, flywheel and capstan shaft housing; all pushbutton controls; automatic shut-off at end of reel; two VU meters; digital counter with push button zero reset; stereo microphone inputs and headphone outputs...front panel mounted for easy access; individual gain controls for each channel; vertical or horizontal operation, plus a host of other professional features. Requires speakers and amplifier for playback. 45 lbs. Optional walnut base $19.95, adapter ring for custom or cabinet installation $4.75.

66-Watt Solid-State AM/FM/FM Stereo Receiver

Just Add 2 Speakers For A Complete Stereo System. Boasts AM, FM and FM stereo tuning: 46 transistor, 17 diode circuit for cool, instant operation and natural transistor sound; 66 watts IHF music power (40 watts RMS) at ± 1 db from 15 to 30,000 Hz; automatic switching to stereo; preassembled & aligned “front-end” & AM-FM IF strip; walnut cabinet. 35 lbs.

30-Watt Solid-State FM/FM Stereo Receiver

World’s Best Buy In Stereo Receivers. Features 31 transistors, 10 diodes for cool, natural transistor sound; 20 watts RMS, 30 watts IHF music power @ ± 1 db, 15 to 50,000 Hz; wide band FM/FM stereo tuner; plus two pre-amps; front panel stereo headphone jack; compact 3 5/8” H x 15 1/4” W x 12” D size. Custom mount it in a wall, (less cabinet) or either Heath cabinets (walnut $9.95, beige metal $3.95). 16 lbs.

NEW! Deluxe Solid-State FM/FM Stereo Table Radio

Tuner and IF section same as used in deluxe Heathkit transistor stereo components. Other features include automatic switching to stereo; fixed AFC; adjustable phase for best stereo; two 5/8” PM speakers; clutched volume control for individual channel adjustment; compact 19” W x 6 1/2” D x 9 1/4” H size; preassembled, prealigned “front-end”; walnut cabinet; simple 10-hour assembly. 24 lbs.

NEW! Compact 2-Way 2 Speaker System With Acoustic Suspension Design

Handles 10 to 25 watts of program material. Features wide 45 to 20,000 Hz response; 8” acoustic suspension woofer with 6.8 oz. magnet; 3 1/4” tweeter with 4.8 oz. magnet; high frequency level control; 8 ohm impedance; 1500 Hz crossover frequency; assembled walnut veneer cabinet has scratch-proof clear vinyl covering for easy cleaning. Measures 10” H x 19” W x 8 1/2” D. Speakers are already mounted; just wire the crossover and connect cables — complete in one or two hours! 17 lbs.

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FREE 1967 Catalog! Prices & specifications subject to change without notice.

CIRCLE 44 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

January 1967
"133 Authentic Sound Effects." Elektra @ EKL 313-14, $9.58; EKS 7313-14, $11.58 (three discs). Tired of sweet music? Wanna hear something completely different from real life—like a "Cat, Mean,\ldots or a "Squeaky Door Opening and Closing"\ldots "Rattletrap Car"\ldots "Woman's Terrorized Scream"\ldots "Body Falling Downstairs"\ldots or even a genuine "Atomic Bomb Detonation"\ldots ? What for? Well, for home-movie or amateur-theatrical backgrounds, say, or just a living room Happening. Whatever the purpose, each of the 133 effects here is readily accessible in an individual band, wide and clear spacers separate the general categories: Aircraft, Animals, Marine, Household, Machines, Automotive, Sports, Warfare, Human, Emergency, Trains, Weather, Musical, Office, and a (intemnabulatory) Bells, Gongs, Whistles, and Time. This economy collection of three discs for the price of two is an anthology of the most interesting and/or most-often called-for sound effects among the multitudinous ones included in the full 13 volumes (1962-65) of Elektra’s original "authentic" series. Both in selection ingenious and audio excellence these recordings match any of their kind ever produced, while they surpass all currently competitive series in their general avoidance of unnaturally close miking, in their more natural acoustical ambiances, and in their effective use—wherever appropriate—of stereo motion or spacings.

"Vaudeville." Vaudeville soloists, chorus, and orchestra, Eric Rogers, cond. London @ SP 44083. $5.79 (stereo only); @ London LCL 74083, $7.95. It’s not impossible that some future phonograph historian will devote a doctoral dissertation to Eric Rogers’ (or is it producer Tony Anato’s) obsession with Americans which has provided the subject matter of so many Phase-4 programs. Here, the subject is the so-called Golden Age of Vaudeville, and the aim is to resurrect the spirit—and the characteristic music—of typical skits and production numbers. As far as any authenticity of the reconstructions goes, I can only echo Mark Twain’s criticism of his wife’s attempt to cure him of profanity, by swearing herself: “You’ve got the words right, dear, but you just can’t carry the tune!” The undisguisable Britishness of almost everyone involved never permits an American listener to suspend disbelief even for a moment. He’ll laugh, certainly, but too often only at the desperately earnest entertainer’s expense. What really does impress me, though, is the extraordinary skill with which the engineers have maintained complete intelligibility, aural clarity, and appropriate balances between, or among, the most disparate materials—like the combination of full-stage ensembles with variously spaced solo bits or the M.C.’s sotto-voice comments. In some ways the maintenance of sonic lucidity is even more impressive in this recording than it has been in many of the previous Phase-4 symphonic spectacles.

"Claire de Lune." Philadelphia Orchestra, Eugene Ormandy, cond. Columbia ® ML 6283, $4.79; MS 6883, $5.79; "Brilliant Showpieces for Orchestra." Philadelphia Orchestra, Eugene Ormandy, cond. Columbia ® ML 6317, $4.79; MS 6917, $5.79. Here, as in other releases in the Philadelphia Orchestra’s Phase-4 series, I note a tendency (especially in the lyrical little pieces of the "Claire de Lune" program) for expressivity to slip off the narrow edge between sentiment and sickly sweet sentimentalities—a tendency enhanced both by this orchestra’s undue opulences and Columbia’s ultralinear, ultrarexpansive stereo recording. What I consider a weakness may, of course, be a mass-public allure, and in any case it’s unlikely that such favorite encases as the title piece, Hänsel und Gretel Prayer, Midsummer Night’s Dream Nocturne, etc., plus (in transcriptions) Schumann’s Träumerei, a Chopin Prelude and two Nocturnes, etc., ever have been more lusciously played and recorded. For myself, I much prefer to hear conductor and orchestra in more vigorous mood—in the familiar Rimsky-Korsakov and Tchaikovsky Capriccios (superseding Ormandy’s 1954 mono-only versions) plus the former composer’s Cou d’or Bridal Procession and the latter’s Eugen Onegin Waltz. Here the vehemence may be a bit excessive at times, or the mood unduly portentous, but what astonishing orchestral precision, power, and coloristic variety! And what thrillingly realistic recording! There are other renditions interpretatively preferable, but for sheer sonic virtuosity the present ones are in a class by themselves.

R. D. DARRELL
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the more-than-you-pay-for "big speaker" performance.

Fed up with tired speakers that can't keep up? Move to the lively action line by University. The new Cantada — the new Debonaire — the new UR-4 — the new Mini-ette — and the incomparable Ultra D. All multi-speakered. All compact. All decorator styled. All designed to fit where the action is!

Take the 2-speaker UR-4, for instance. This mighty midget (only one cubic foot) goes anywhere! Bookcase. Headboard. In a built-in. On the wall. On the floor. Get the lively natural sound of University.

And that's only one of the full line. You'll find University's same highest standards of quality in each of the new action 5 — at the right price. Go to your dealer today — hear ... see ... the new University action line!

For complete information write to desk A71.

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CIRCLE 87 ON READER-SERVICE CARD
AR SHOWS NON-PRODUCT; SMAB LIVES ON

In this day of non-matter and negative energy, it is hardly surprising that someone should introduce a non-product—and Acoustic Research, Inc. (manufacturer of such real products as AR turntables and speaker systems) has done just that with its SMAB. The letters stand for, sort of, Sonic Monster for A-B tests, and the thing—a Seeburg nickelodeon that was the rage in the World War I era—was discovered by AR president Edgar Villchur at the Musical Museum in Deansboro, N.Y. a repository for antiques and memorabilia. Museum director Arthur Sanders restored the con-

What tickles us now is the news that SMAB will live on. AR feels that SMAB has proven its merit as a part of the current audio scene and should not be relegated to the museum. SMAB will be used at future high fidelity shows and—between shows—will serve as another testing tool for evaluating new speakers. Say what you will, we agree that the percussives and transients SMAB puts out are a very telling test of any sound playback system. And who knows—maybe the nickelodeon will trigger a revival of that other venerable American institution, the corner ice-cream parlor—the non-night club so to speak.

TV CAN MEAN TASTEFUL VIDEO

Into the world of Batman, tired re-runs of old movies, and frenetic commercials (that's television, in case you didn't know) a new series of quality, musically-oriented programs has been launched via the thoroughly revised format of the Bell Telephone Hour (NBC-TV, Sundays). One that we especially liked was the recent documentary on the career of Van Cliburn. The program emphasized the pianist's work with students at Interlochen and featured some marvelous footage of RCA Victor recording sessions—out front and behind the scenes. Climax of the film was the concert with Wyrt Kondrashin conduct-

FM: THE CONQUERING CLASSICS

In our August issue we reported on the ruckus that occurred in Baltimore when WBAL-FM switched from a classical format to background music and how the station happily returned to adult programming. And in November we told of how KFM (San Antonio, Texas) listeners kicked up a fuss when that station departed from its classical format. Here's another related item.

About six years ago, WZZ (Bridgeport, Connecticut) was launched as an FM counterpart of AM station WICC. The call letters signified the new FM station's
Scott 388 120-watt FET AM/FM stereo receiver outperforms finest separate tuners and amplifiers

The new 120-Watt solid-state 388 is specifically designed for the accomplished audiophile who demands the best... and then some. Every feature... every performance extra that you'd expect to find in the finest separate tuners and amplifiers is included in the 388... along with many features that you won't find anywhere else. The 388's enormous power output, suitable for the most demanding applications, is complemented by Scott's exclusive 3-Field Effect Transistor front end*, which approaches the maximum theoretical limit of sensitivity for FM multiplex reception. The 388 offers virtually flawless reception of both local and distant AM, too... thanks to Scott Wide-Range design and wide/narrow switching for AM bandwidth.

388 specifications: Music power (at 0.8% harmonic distortion), 120 Watts @ 4 Ohms load; Frequency response, 15-30,000 Hz ±1 dB; Power bandwidth, 20-20,000 Hz; Cross modulation rejection, 90 dB; Usable sensitivity, 1.7 µV; Selectivity, 40 dB; Tuner stereo separation, 40 dB; Capture ratio, 2.5 dB; Signal/noise ratio, 65 dB. Price, $529.95.

Scott... where innovation is a tradition


* Patents pending

Prices slightly higher west of Rockies. Subject to change without notice. We reserve the right to make changes and improvements without notice.

There's a Scott FET receiver for every budget... turn the page →→
Scott FET performance now available in two new low-priced stereo receivers

Now, even Scott's lowest-priced receivers offer you features you won't find anywhere else, regardless of price! All Scott receivers have Field Effect Transistor circuitry, enabling you to hear more stations more clearly...all have direct coupled all-silicon output and all-silicon IF circuitry...all are unconditionally stable, even with speakers disconnected...all are built to Scott's peerless standard of quality and reliability, and differ only in amount of power and extra features.

Scott 382 FET AM/FM Stereo Receiver. Here's AM reception so good it has to be heard to be believed. Scott's new 65-Watt 382 has the exclusive Scott FET AM and FM front end*. New Scott Signal Sentinel (Automatic Gain Control) increases tuner sensitivity for weak, distant stations, and increases resistance to cross modulation when signals get stronger. Best of all, the price is less than FM-only competitive units without FET circuitry.

Scott 342 65-Watt FET FM Stereo Receiver. AUDIO magazine says that Scott's new 342 provides "...a level of performance that far exceeds the relatively modest price asked." And you'll agree, when you see and hear this complete Scott stereo receiver, with new FET circuitry...at under $300! The 342 incorporates all popular Scott receiver features, including Scott's patented time-switching multiplex circuit which instantly and silently switches the tuner to stereo operation when stereo is being broadcast.

382 and 342 specifications: Music power @ 4 Ohms load, 65 Watts; Frequency response 18-25,000 Hz ± 1 db; Usable sensitivity 2.2 μv; Cross modulation rejection, 80 dB; Selectivity, 40 dB; Tuner stereo separation, 40 dB; Price: 382, $359.95; 342, $299.95. * Patents pending

Prices slightly higher west of Rockies. Subject to change without notice. We reserve the right to make changes and improvements without notice.

For your free copy of Scott's 16-page full-color illustrated 1967 Guide to Custom Stereo, Circle Reader Service Number 100
GE TO LAUNCH VIDEO TAPE UNITS
General Electric enters the new year with definite plans to market a line of color and black-and-white solid-state video recorders for the home, as well as for education, industrial, and commercial use. In making this announcement, GE pointed out that its color video entry is the third in a series of recent color TV developments, starting with what it calls "the world's first personal portable color TV set" unveiled in May 1965, followed by a compact color TV camera in March 1966. The new home color recorders are expected to become available early in 1967. Price, including the cost of the color monitor-receiver, may be above $2,000. The camera will "carry a suggested retail price under $400." Several models will be offered, including a furniture-styled console with color recorder, 25-inch color TV set, AM and FM/stereo tuner; similar units in component form; and a monochrome video deck designed to operate with a 19-inch monochrome TV receiver.

CIRCLE 146 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

NEW SHAPE FROM TANNOY
Tannoy joins the trend of odd-shaped speaker enclosures with the Biarritz, an hexagonal speaker system that can also serve as a side table. Available in antique pecan and antique white finishes, the Biarritz is a damped port bass reflex designed to obtain maximum performance from Tannoy's 12-inch dual-concentric speaker. It is also acceptable for use with the 10-inch Tannoy. When the system is not being used, its two carved doors may be closed over the speaker.

CIRCLE 146 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

INTEGRATED AMPLIFIER FROM SCOTT
A new solid-state, high-powered integrated or control amplifier, the Model 260, has been announced by H. H. Scott. Styling matches that of Scott's recent 312C tuner. The 260 is rated for continuous power of 40 watts per channel, or music power into a 4-ohm load of 60 watts per channel. Features include a front-panel stereo headset jack, separate bass and treble controls on each channel, tape in and out facilities. The amplifier employs massive heat sinks, heavy printed circuit boards, and silicon output transistors. Price is "less than $294.95."

CIRCLE 147 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

ADC UNWRAPS NEW COMPONENTS
In addition to its huge ADC-19 speaker system (News and Views, November 1966), Audio Dynamics Corporation has announced four other products. Two are cartridges: the Model ADC 220, and the ADC-900E—$9.95 and $19.95 respectively, the latter featuring an elliptical stylus. There also is a budget-line speaker system, the ADC 505, priced at $49.95—and ADC's newest receiver, the ADC shown here, which lists for $279.95. The 606, among other features, has a special input for electric guitars.

CIRCLE 148 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

NOVEL CLOCK RADIO
If you've wondered where all the tubes have gone now that just about everything is transistorized, some of them obviously have found their way into a new line of AM-FM clock-radios brought out by Guild Radio and Television of Inglewood, California. Named the "Old Timer" (in deference to its authentic styling we suspect and not because of its 7-tube innards), the new set features a dial face said to be an exact replica of an original 1714 Eli Terry clock. Yes, it tells time too. Guild's Old Timer will be equally at home mounted on a wall, or sitting on a mantel or table top.

CIRCLE 149 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

Continued on page 58
EQUIPMENT in the NEWS

Continued from page 57

TEAC OFFERS REVERSE RECORDER

Automatic reverse play is one of the many features of the new Teac R-1100, a two-speed, three-motor, four-head recorder. The unit also has facilities for input mixing, multi-track recording, echo effects, and monitor-while-recording. Operation is by push buttons, and a remote-control accessory is available. In addition to the speakers supplied, outputs are provided for hooking into an external sound system. The R-1100 is one of a new line of stereo recorders imported into the U.S.A. by Intercontinental Seaway Products of Cleveland, Ohio.

CIRCLE 150 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

NEW ITEMS FROM MARTEL AND TELMAR

Martel, the Los Angeles importer of Uher tape recorders, has introduced the Dia-Pilot, a compact impulse transmitter for fully automatic synchronization of tape recorder and slide projector. Dia-Pilot works in either stereo or mono modes and can be used with almost any tape recorder, two or four track. The transistorized unit contains its own erase and record circuitry and power supply.

Telmar, a division of Martel, has just unwrapped its latest portable recorder, the Pocketcorder. At its speed of 15/16 inches-per-second, this ultra lightweight machine (less than two pounds) can record up to 90 minutes without changing tape. It has a built-in speaker and runs on four penlight batteries.

CIRCLE 151 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

MELCOR ANNOUNCES AMPLIFIER

Melcor, a Long Island, N.Y. firm specializing in professional equipment, has introduced an amplifier for home music systems or studio use. This is the Model AB-247, a solid-state power amplifier rated for 50 watts continuous power per channel. Two versions are available, one for standard 19-inch rack mounts. The unit features separate gain controls on each channel and an overload indicator. Planar transistors and diffused silicon transistors are used in the output stages. Frequency response is rated from 20 Hz to beyond 60 kHz.

CIRCLE 152 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

PIONEER INTRODUCES RECEIVER

One of the first of a new wave of products from Pioneer is the Model ER-420 receiver, offering AM, FM stereo, and an integrated amplifier in one unit. The tuner section employs a TRF (tuned radio-frequency) front end, followed by four IF (intermediate frequency) stages, and does not rely on the ratio detector for noise elimination, but precedes this circuit with a double-cascade limiter. The set has the usual features found on a receiver plus the unique one of being switchable for either 110- or 120-volt line operation. Announced price is $210.

CIRCLE 153 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

EMPIRE REVEALS NEW STYLUS SIZE

Empire's newest cartridge—the Model 888E, which has a 0.4 x 0.9 mil elliptical stylus—was designed, says company president Herbert Horowitz, "for a specific purpose... for use in record-playing systems that require a somewhat higher tracking force than is recommended for the standard 0.2 x 0.9 mil elliptical stylus." The 888E may be used for stereo or mono discs, has a recommended tracking force of 3/4 to 6 grams, and a vertical tracking angle of 15 degrees. Weight is 7 grams; rated compliance is 12 x 10^-6 cm dyne.

CIRCLE 154 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

High Fidelity Magazine
We call them component compacts. Because they deliver the kind of sound that comes only from true high fidelity components. And we give them to you in the form of a beautiful addition to your living room, ready to be enjoyed and admired.

These compacts are unlike any you've ever seen or heard about. The difference starts with the circuitry of our most advanced solid state stereo receiver...the all-silicon TR100X. This features a powerful 60 watt (120 watt peak) amplifier and super-sensitive AM/FM-stereo tuner.

Its new breed of modular circuitry is as much at home in a compact as in a standard component system, with power enough to drive four separate speaker systems. Which is why Bogen component compacts have extra outputs and selective switching for two pairs of stereo speakers, plus headphones.

Then we add Garrard's newest 60 Mark II automatic turntable, with Pickering cartridge and diamond stylus.

In our model MSC, you even get a custom tape cartridge player that lets you enjoy all the sensational new Stereo-8 cartridges, including those you use in your car.

All this is enclosed in a finely crafted walnut cabinet that's too good looking to hide and too small ever to be obstrusive

Complementing these great components is a pair of our new SS200 bookshelf speaker systems. With revolutionary four-way sound radiators that produce sound every bit as good as those Big Berthas owned by your friend, the hi-fi perfectionist.

Finally, we hang an irresistible price tag on each system and invite you to hear both at your Bogen dealer's. Or write for our new 12-page catalog.

Live a little. With a little Bogen. From the people whose leadership in high fidelity started over twenty years ago.

**Bogen MSC component compact system.** With Stereo-8 tape cartridge player, 60 watt AM/FM-stereo solid state receiver, Garrard 60 Mark II automatic turntable, Pickering cartridge, two Bogen SS200 speaker systems. $521.95 list. Smoke-tinted vinyl dustcover, $16.60 list.

**Bogen MSR component compact system.** Identical to MSC except less Stereo-8 tape cartridge player. $444.90 list. Smoke-tinted vinyl dustcover, $14.45 list.

Have a little Bogen

Have a great sound...

from the new compact stereo system that even plays tape cartridges

---

*January 1967*
GARRARD'S 50 MARK II

A NEW COMPACT AUTOMATIC TURNTABLE WITH HIGH PERFORMANCE FEATURES AT ONLY $54.50

Far from being keyed to the level of budget or even medium priced music systems, the 50 Mark II deserves comparison with the finest and most expensive automatic turntables. Its dramatic impact begins with styling ... functional, handsome and beautifully coordinated. Operating features are equally impressive ... encompassing the latest advances in convenience and performance. The 50 Mark II is one of five new Garrard Automatic Turntables. For complimentary Comparator Guide describing each model, write: Dept. GA27, Garrard, Westbury, N.Y. 11590.

New coordinated Garrard base, richly molded in ebony with walnut overlay.

Stylus force adjustment sets tracking pressure by sliding a pointer along the tone arm.

Lightweight plug-in shell with precision bayonet fitting accommodates all cartridges.

Cueing and pause control lever places tone arm on or off any groove with perfect safety to record and stylus.

Lightweight, tubular tone arm has fixed counterbalance, resiliently mounted.

Oversized turntable with distinctive mat and contrasting trim ring.
The LP as Program Maker

Though nearly twenty years have passed since the LP revolution, record listeners with long memories have not yet ceased to marvel. With the dawn of that day, music on records no longer had to be divided arbitrarily into four-minute segments of time, interrupted by the leap from chair to phonograph to turn the disc or by the helpless pause for the obtrusive workings of a clumsy changer mechanism; no longer was the proud but often hardpressed collector burdened by the problems of storing a growing library of heavy, easily damaged, multi-multi-disc and near-unportable albums. And in the intervening years we have of course become increasingly aware of the more fundamental developments attendant upon microgroove recording—the provision for concentrated listening, the enormously increased repertoire on records, indeed the very acceptance of recorded music as a common adjunct of daily living.

But the blessings of LP have been much rehearsed. At the moment we would like to ask if those blessings are entirely unequivocal, if the LP record, like other manifestations of progress, may not share the defects of its virtues.

We put the question because of late we have noted in our own pages such observations as the following: “The succession of so many pieces in C major makes for monotony in continuous listening”—this from a review of a collection of baroque works; “Three overtures on one side are hardly conducive to continuous listening”—this from an appraisal of an album of Berlioz’s orchestral music. The implication of these remarks seems obvious enough: the LP record has come to be regarded not only as a miraculous device for the storage of music but as a concert or recital program in miniature, to which it is assumed everyone will listen in toto and at a single sitting. We do not mean to imply a rebuke to our reviewers; they are, we think, simply acknowledging a fact of our time: the record listener has relinquished the unique prerogative of planning his own programs for the ease of putting a record on the turntable and leaving it there till it’s finished.

No one, of course, would challenge the therapeutic pleasures of letting tensions ebb while a Mozart quartet runs its course unhindered, nor would anyone deny the benefits to the serious student of close analytical listening over an uninterrupted span of time. Yet there are other ways of responding to music, perhaps equally valuable, and these the LP record has tended to make us forget. We are thinking in particular of the spirit of inquiry, of intellectual curiosity, that reveals in the insights offered by unlikely juxtapositions. To stimulate receptiveness by assembling an idiosyncratic hodgepodge of Beethoven, Beatles, Gregorian Chant, and operetta; to investigate the interaction of minds and media by listening to an oboe concerto by Alessandro Marcello and then hearing what Bach did with it in his keyboard transcription; to devise bird’s-eye panoramas of musical history by tracing, say, the development of the solo concerto from Torelli and Vivaldi to Bartók and Shostakovich, or the evolution of song from the troubadours by way of Sermisy, Dowland, and Monteverdi down to the nineteenth and twentieth centuries; to savor geographic variety by comparing the treatment given in Italy by Corelli and in Germany by Emanuel Bach to the originally Spanish melody of the Folia. . . . These and similar projects are both instructive and enormously entertaining.

The passivity with which we settle down for a near half-hour’s listening to whatever a record company has chosen to assemble in a disc side has to be regarded, we’re afraid, as a concomitant of the LP format. It is not, however, an inevitable consequence. Surely we are not so easily seduced by the merely practical conveniences of a physical medium as to risk enslavement to a concept of music as consisting of twenty-five minute slices of time. After all, it is not really very difficult to raise a pickup and lower it to another band. . . .


Wether you think of "mod" as modern, modular, or even modest, the term aptly defines stereo's newest product form, also known as the three-piece music system. In these installations one cabinet (usually in walnut) houses a record changer and a control amplifier (sometimes with a tuner, making it a stereo receiver) and is known as the electronics module or, less austere, as the control unit; two matching cabinets house a pair of stereo speakers. Such systems have also been called "compacts"—a term suggesting a place in the audio world somewhat akin to that enjoyed by compacts in the auto world: not as luxurious or as high-powered or as "last-word" as full-size, but fun to own, economical, and right handy for parking in tight spots. And most important, very competent performers.

So much so, that stereo mods have become a new staple on the home entertainment market. At last count there were more than two dozen firms offering them (sometimes in a number of models) and representing a fair cross-section of the electronics industry. The manufacturers of high fidelity components of course comprise one major group—the group which in fact gave birth to the modular idea (most agree that its prototype was the "suitcase stereo" system of a few years back). Joining the mod parade are several of the nation's "home entertainment giants" who for years have been supplying us with television sets, car radios, and just plain low-fi phonographs. In addition, at least three record companies have announced stereo mods, and several sources abroad are turning them out for export.

It is hardly surprising that so many firms are producing mods; what may be surprising, and certainly heartening, is the number of good ones. While no one expects that mods will displace the all-out superiority of the best separates, everyone agrees that the new systems have permitted thousands of new listeners to enjoy well-reproduced sound. Which is, of course, the rationale behind the mods. They are specifically aimed at a growing army of buyers eager for good stereo but disinclined to become even minimally involved with audio technology. For these numbers, the stereo mod represents an easy entry into a realm of sound closed to small package sets and perhaps only dimly approached by the large costly consoles. As for the confirmed audiophile, the stereo mod may be just the thing for a second system—for another room in his house or for that second house which we are told by the sociologists, so many of us own or rent these days.

First system or second, the engineering principle behind the stereo mods is component integration: record changer, cartridge, amplifier (or receiver), and speakers are chosen for their ability to work efficiently with each other at a predetermined level of performance commensurate with the system's cost. There is, in other words, a ceiling on the ultimate sonic splendor you can expect of a mod. It is a very high ceiling, but a ceiling nonetheless. And this really is what distinguishes the mod from a system made up of separates. In the realm of separate components, the sky is the limit: you are a participant in a game, or an adventure, that has nothing short of perfection as its goal. You spend what you can, when you can, and you use what you buy in any manner you choose. You have the privilege of mating units of your choice: turntable A with tone arm B, or any amplifier with any speaker system, or—if you really play hard—combinations of several speaker systems. A truly great home sound system may be created this way. But not all of us want or need or can afford such greatness. Enter the mod: by limiting itself to more modest goals, it gives reasonable assurance that they will be met and maintained.

The participation of high-fidelity components manufacturers in this new wave of integration is merely the climax to a trend that began years ago with such products as combined speakers and enclosures, to form a "speaker system"; with the integrated amplifier-speaker system designs; the turntable-with-arm; the arm-with-cartridge; the preamplifier-power amplifier and, more recently, both of these with a tuner to form a receiver. These represented, from a technical standpoint, functional/electronic integrations. What we have now, in the modular systems, is a closer integration physically and stylistically.

Directly responsible for this development is the use of transistors. Transistors are, in fact, the star performers here. They have made possible the design of audio equipment small enough, and cool-running enough, to permit its being closely installed in a common enclosure where record player and a full array of electronics share less than two cubic feet of space. Whereas in the days of hot, bulky tubes and hotter, bulkier output transformers such an installation would have been (justly) described as overcrowded to the point of being anti-audio, today it is quite feasible.

Also playing a major part in the successful design of the modular system is the improved response now possible with small speakers. Although the audio world still pays homage to the big systems or the costliest bookshelf types, there is a new peerage of compact and inexpensive performers. Several of these new speakers have been tested by us in the past year or so. The best of them are fairly clean-sounding, and audible differences are subtle. As a class, their bass output, while not overwhelming, is nonetheless convincing: they may not be able to re-create the lowest pedal notes with the nth degree of exactitude, but they will permit you to recognize that it is an organ you're listening to and not a
muddled version of an orchestral choir. The bass they provide is the result of their use of heavy magnets, driving small but efficient cones. This design technique has made for clean reproducers that literally can fit on a shelf and that do not require more than the ten to fifteen watts of amplifier power supplied by the electronic module in order to provide clean bass down to about 60 Hz.

The midrange and highs in these systems generally are handled by an additional speaker designed for fairly wide-angle dispersion and clean tones up to or just beyond about 14 kHz. While all the elusive highs and the sense of ultimate air and space that you might hear from a costlier, more elaborate speaker system may be missing, you will get the best part of the important overtone structure of music—which will certainly let you distinguish easily between, say, the strings and woodwinds in the upper register. Most important, these systems have a well-balanced output and do not favor one portion of the musical spectrum over any other: they will neither shriek at you nor blast your ears with overheavy thumping bass. And most of them are quite good at handling transients, those short-duration sonic pulses that lend a touch of realism to reproduced music. Over-all, these systems can fill a normal size room with very listenable sound.

Transistors, small speakers—and style. The stereo mods have an immediate easy-to-live-with quality, a quality built-in and ready-made and apparent as soon as you start unpacking the cartons. Aside from their obvious visual appeal, there is the tidy thoughtfulness with which everything is arranged and planned; the prefitted cable connectors neatly bundled and ready to be plugged in; the cartridge already fitted correctly in the arm shell; the freedom from guesswork in determining what size or length of wires to use for hookups; the little fillips in some mods, such as the option to select a colored grille cloth, or the inclusion of a stylus brush on the record changer, or a unique just-right arrangement of controls and indicators. You get a feeling that someone finally has taken the trouble to make everything as easy as can be for stereo enjoyment but without, as a concomitant, seriously limiting or compromising the performance.

**Just what is the nature of this performance? To what extent is it true that the stereo mods offer "component quality" without "component involvement?"** There is no simple answer to this. It depends largely on what stereo mods and what components you're attempting to equate. So far, we have test-reported four modular systems (Shure M-100, November 1964; Benjamin 200, November 1965, with a follow-up on the 200 FM tuner, March 1966; Harman-Kardon SC-440, July 1966; KLH-Twenty, December 1966). We also have listened to several others, studied their specifications, and discussed them with their manufacturers.

Our conclusions, to date: when evaluated against any of several possible systems assembled from today's best separate components, the mods as a class fall into second or third place. They plainly do not represent a perfectionist's dream rig, nor would any of them do for professional monitor service. When considered, however, in the context of what used to be available as audio package-goods, the mods signify tremendous improvement—and the best of them manage to cross the line into what we may call the fringe-to-suburbs of the high fidelity realm. To repeat: one's over-all opinion of the mods must be based on one's frame of reference. For the owner of an elaborate component system which pumps, say, 60 watts of power per channel into speakers loaded-for-bear down to 30 Hz, the mods may be a subject of scorn or possibly amused tolerance. Yet for the newcomer to quality sound reproduction who may be short on technical inclination, available space, or budget, the mods can prove to be not only a revelation at the outset but a source of lasting satisfaction.

Naturally, in any system designed and built to be sold at an attractive price on a highly competitive market, some corners have to be cut, some limits imposed. In this light, the ceiling discussed earlier becomes more discernible. A few points for the prospective buyer are here suggested:

1. While the record players supplied in the mods offered are uniformly good, they are a jot or two down the scale from the top-ranking automatics. In our own tests, we have found that the mid-ranking changers tend to run a bit on the fast side—which may be a matter of concern to those who have a better-than-average sense of pitch. They also are somewhat more susceptible to instability caused by external jarring—a possible problem for those who cannot isolate the equipment from floor vibrations, or who plan to use it at dance parties or as background for ping-pong games. Extreme care in installation would be required.

2. The tone arms, again while much better than those typically supplied on an automatic of some years ago, simply are not the last word in design refinement. Their total characteristics—balance, resonance, mass, and so on—rule them out as carriers for the best of today's cartridges. In general, the arms ought to be used at the highest tracking force recommended for whatever cartridge is installed, and this comes to, as a rule, 3 grams—a figure that most authorities regard as the very top limit for playing stereo discs without undue record wear.

3. As for the cartridges themselves, they are either magnetics of the middle- to low-price range, or even lower-priced ceramics. Don't expect to find ultra-high compliance and ultra-low tracking forces in the mods. In many of the mods offered by the big-name radio-TV companies, a turnover ceramic is used—with one stylus for 78 rmps and the other for microgrooves, mono and stereo. This offers considerable
versatility but at the price of lower performance vis-à-vis today's better ceramics.

4. Regarding amplifier power, the mods are being presented with a new variety of the old numbers game, and you can't even choose sides on the basis of those offered by IHF members and those offered by EIA members (each group has its own rating system). Some IHF firms are quoting power figures for 4-ohm outputs despite the fact that at least 95% of the speakers used are nominally pegged at 8 ohms—a rather devious ploy to woo the buyer with high numbers. On the other hand, some EIA firms are quoting IHF-type power figures—appealing obviously to those who are quality-minded and suggesting that their sets can stand up under the more rigorous IHF rating method. What you can gather from all this is that the power figures quoted by any single manufacturer for his own line of mods will indicate the relative capabilities between one model and another in that same line or series. But it would be next to futile to choose one brand of mod over another simply on the basis of published power output figures. As things stand now, Brand X's "15 watts per channel" can very easily turn out to be the same as Brand Y's "150 watts stereo power." And it really doesn't matter as long as the buyer remembers that the numbers quoted are intended to catch his eye rather than indicate anything absolutely significant about what will greet his ear.

5. Although the various elements or sections of a mod system have been chosen for their ability to work optimally with each other, you can expect to find some "sectional unevenness"—especially among the lower-priced mods in which, understandably, technical compromise becomes less of an art and more of an expedient. For example, you may encounter a set of controls and/or input or output jacks that may prove inadequate later for such possible uses as hooking in a tape recorder or driving an extra pair of speakers, or listening via headphones, or tailoring the tonal output precisely to suit different program material and your own room acoustics. Or, you may have to settle for a tuner section best suited only for strong, local signals. Or, you may find that the amplifier section—while clean and responsive enough for the speakers supplied—just lacks the power to take on additional speakers, which you may want to install in another room.

6. When a mod system is offered with an option of speakers, our advice is to buy the best. Our earlier commendation of mod speakers applies to the top-of-the-line models. In direct A-B comparison, you may find that the cheapest speakers sound less airy at the high end, and these will not disperse the treble as evenly into the listening area as will the better speakers. The bass, interestingly enough, strikes us as more uniformly satisfactory in all units, ranging, we would say, from good to surprisingly good.

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WHO MAKES THE MODS!

The roster of manufacturers of modular or three-piece stereo systems grows steadily. At last reckoning, the following companies were offering these systems:

- **Benjamin**—2 systems, 1 with FM/stereo.
- **Bogen**—2 systems, 1 with built-in 8-track tape cartridge player, both with AM and FM/stereo.
- **Capitol Records**—1 system, with built-in 8-track tape cartridge player.
- **Columbia Records**—3 systems, 2 with AM and FM/stereo.
- **Concertone**—1 system.
- **Crestmark**—2 systems, 1 with AM and FM/stereo.
- **Dynavox**—1 system.
- **Electro-Voice**—1 system.
- **EMI/Scope**—1 system, with guitar-amplifier input.
- **Fisher**—4 systems, 2 with FM/stereo.
- **General Electric**—4 systems, 2 with AM and FM/stereo.
- **Harman-Kardon**—4 systems, all with FM/stereo; 2 with AM also.
- **KLH**—6 systems, 4 with FM/stereo.
- **Lafayette**—4 systems, 1 with FM/stereo and AM.
- **Mercury**—2 systems.
- **Motorola**—2 systems, 1 with AM and FM/stereo.
- ** Olson**—2 systems.
- **Panasonic**—1 system, with mono AM and FM.
- **Philco**—1 system.
- **Pilot**—3 systems, details to be announced.
- **Pioneer**—system to be announced.
- **RCA**—4 systems, 3 with AM and FM/stereo.
- **Scott**—3 systems, 2 with AM and FM/stereo.
- **Sherwood**—1 system, with FM/stereo.
- **Shure**—3 systems.
- **Sony**—2 systems.
- **Sylvania**—4 systems, 1 with AM and FM/stereo.
- **V/M**—2 systems, 1 with AM and FM/stereo.
- **Wurlitzer**—details to be announced.
- **Zenith**—2 systems, 1 with AM and FM/stereo.
Georg Solti’s Full Score

The salient thing about Georg Solti, the thing everybody talks about after a first encounter, whether sitting out in front or rehearsing under his stick in theatre or recording studio, is the man’s startling, febrile energy. The images that occur to most people have to do with electricity. Solti’s impulse, Solti’s drive, Solti’s occasional outbursts are commonly spoken of as if measurable in megohms and ampere-flow.

Of the recordings he has made since his phonographic debut in 1947, fifty or so titles remain in the Decca/London and RCA Victor catalogues. Each of these resulted from an electrifying occasion in the studio. A turbogenerator hummed. You were advised to keep your feet off the live rails. Sir Thomas Beecham’s old orchestra, the London Philharmonic, had an early encounter with Solti at the Kingsway Hall Studio, London. At four sessions they did four Suppé overtures—Poet and Peasant, Pique Dame, Morning, Noon, and Night, and Light Cavalry. John Culshaw was there for Decca/London. He remembers: “Solti played those overtures faster and louder than anybody had played them before. A sensation. He nearly killed the orchestra—and delighted everybody.”

His recording debut with the orchestra of the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden (where he has been musical director for five years) was in 1959. This too is remembered with marvel. Business in hand: six orchestral excerpts from operas by Rossini, Verdi, Offenbach, and Ponchielli slated to appear in the RCA Victor list under the portmanteau title “Venice.” The witness here is Charles Taylor, concertmaster at the ROH. “A staggering experience,” says Mr. Taylor. “He danced from one side of the podium to the other. Sometimes he danced clean off it and halfway down the fiddles. None of this was planned. It wasn’t an act. It was the Solti dynamic.”

Soon after this I had my own first rehearsal glimpse of him. In the Covent Garden pit he was taking the orchestra through Benjamin Britten’s setting of A Midsummer Night’s Dream. He didn’t so much beat time with the baton as lash and thrash...
the air with it. He gave lunging cues with such passion and impetus that more than once he seemed on the point of diving over his desk and clean across the orchestra pit. All the time he was whistling top thematic lines with penetrating accuracy, or moaning them like somebody on a sick bed.

We will revert to Solti's career as a recording artist. Meantime, a glance at his traits, presence, opinions, and doings. He was born on October 21, 1912, which makes him now in his fifty-fifth year. He is smallish and spare of build, with quick, dark gimlets for eyes. His smile modulates from wistful to radiant, reflecting unusual mobility of mood. The baldness and sallowness are striking. Both characteristics are related, in my unscientific fancy, to the currents and fires that perpetually crackle away inside him. As to the baldness, what head of hair has ever been known to survive on top of an electric furnace? What is the sallowness but a sort of obverse suntan, product of fierce inner radiations?

When in top physical form, around ten in the morning, he looks at least ten years less than his actual age. It is a different matter when a black despondency suddenly hits him. The first big-scale rehearsal call for the now historic 1965 Covent Garden production of Moses and Aron turned his sallowness to haggard pallor. At the end of the day he waved a despairing hand in the direction of the outsized mixed chorus, with its fringe of non-

rounds out twenty years on record.
singing actors, and waited: "How the hell control that lot? How the hell get them to memorize those twelve-tone choruses? How get the words across? How make the thing heard? . . . We're in for disaster. A costly disaster." In fact Moses and Aron ran like clockwork, stunned the town, turned thousands away at the box office, and made sense of Schoenberg's opera for many who had found it giberish before. The laurels of such a success are fragrant. They do not quickly wither. Yet Solti often thinks back to that first rehearsal. It makes him shudder. "I had never been so worried, so troubled in my life," he vows.

As well as despondencies there are sudden, flat-out perfections. A chain of rehearsals, each running from soon after breakfast until midafternoon, followed by a Ring cycle or, say, four Roseauvaliers in a new production with new singers, spread over a week and a half, will turn the turbo-generator into a wet rag. Coming off the podium he takes a bath and a nibble, tumbles into bed, sleeps as if pole-axed for five hours (perhaps only four), and wakes up with the music of the night before pounding away inside his temples. He is chary of sedatives. He will take a sleeping pill perhaps once a week, not more. "Better to stay awake and suffer now," he argues, "than risk laming my memory and damping my vitality."

In this situation he usually switches on the bedside lamp and dozes the previous day's papers—London's three quality "mornings" as well as the Evening Standard and the specialist Financial Times, the New York Times, and the Neuer Züricher Zeitung, the latter partly because it is printed in a town loaded with nostalgic memories: the town where he lived as a needy refugee and where he fell in love during Hitler's War.

At his office in the Royal Opera House he sits in a desk chair, which, whenever I have been there, creaked distractingly. (The fact that he doesn't seem to notice argues a steady nerve, for all his impulsiveness.) On the wall behind, to his immediate right, hangs a Daumier print of theatre stalls occupied by row upon row of ninnies. Their fatuous smiles stretch from ear to ear. The caption is in German. It says: A Colossal Hit.

Considering that Solti has been in opera houses as musical director for twenty years (Bavarian State Opera, Munich, 1946-52; Frankfurt Opera, 1952-61; Covent Garden from 1961 on), his choice of wall decoration suggests a cynical cast of mind. There are lots of less withering things in the Covent Garden print collection. Is he a cynic in fact? Leaping through my transcribed talks with him and other records, I find nothing to warrant such a charge. On the other hand, there is plenty of impatience and more than a touch of the peremptory.

He has tart things to say about houses (Covent Garden happens to be one of them) which, rather than pick one out of several international artists who can sing Boris Godunov in English, assign the role to a star who sings it in Russian only. "To bolster up this decision," Solti adds, "they make the chorus spend weeks learning to sing in Russian a lot of words that mean no more to them than they do to the audience." As long as five years ago, Solti declared that, so far as Covent Garden went, this "silly" practice was going to stop. It still goes on. Why? Because, runs the murmure, Decca/London thinks of using the Covent Garden chorus some day in an all-Russian Boris, perhaps with Ghiaurov in the name part.

Solti has often been trenchy or patronizing about musical styles for which he has no personal taste. In the spring of 1963 he was reported by The Guardian as saying: "They complain I don't like this or that composer—Bellini or Donizetti, Massenet or Gounod. Well, I don't, I don't!" When I asked him for a 1966 gloss on this quote, he replied: "Gounod is mentioned as one of my aversions. But I like Faust. I like Faust very much. That, by the way, is the only opera by Gounod I know. I don't know a note of Roméo et Juliette. Certainly, I'm not a Bellini-Donizetti fan. I'm no fanatic in these matters. But I just don't like them. Many people do. Therefore they have to be put on. The Royal Opera isn't run for my pleasure. If I were Ludwig II of Bavaria, nothing would be played that I didn't like. As it is, I can at least refuse on my own account to conduct a composer I don't like. I have had just the same freedom since my early years. At Munich I never had to conduct these bad, second-rate, cheap pieces—the Lortzings, the Donizettis, the Bellinis."

I mentioned Norma, I Puritani, Don Pasquale, L'Elisir. Would Mr. Solti call these works "bad, cheap, second-rate"? Mr. Solti agreed to take out "bad" and "cheap" but still opted for second-rate: "... on the same level as Cav and Pag (I love them both)—or something like the same level. Then there's Massenet. I know Monod and Werther, of course. But no! They're not my taste. Yet I am very much a 'French' musician among other sorts of musician. I'm a Bizet man, a Berlioz man, a Roussel man, a Debussy man. I consider Pelléas et Mélisande a marvelous work."

There are many marvelous works in the Solti pantheon. It isn't easy to make out which is preeminent. He has been quoted as saying that he con-
siders *Moses and Aron* the greatest opera of the century (*The Times*, June 1965). Well, no, he allows on reflection. He didn't say that really— or at any rate, he didn't mean it, "*Moses and Aron*," he puts it now, "is a masterpiece in its own way, with pointers to the music of the twenty-first century. But after all, it is a torso. Act III is missing. Let us call it the greatest opera since 1916, the greatest of the half century." This judgment gives Schoenberg's score the palm over other post-1916 scores that are peculiarly close to Solti's heart—Strauss's *Die Frau ohne Schatten* and Berg's *Wozzeck*. On the other hand it downgrades *Moses and Aron* as compared with *Pelleas* ("a rounded masterpiece in its own idiom which has led to styles of writing as remote from its own period as Boulez") and with *Der Rosenkavalier*, ("another rounded masterpiece whose perfection belongs distinctively to the nineteenth century and completes a cycle that began with Wagner").

LIKE MOST MEN of ebullient temper and exceptional gifts Solti is fond of getting his own way. Of his eight years at the Frankfurt Opera, he says: "I was dictator. I ruled the house. Nobody mixed into my business. I made my merits and my mistakes. They were mine. I got the praise. I got the blame." When, at the end of his Frankfurt term, he had an offer from the Los Angeles Philharmonic Orchestra, he sought personal authority of the same kind and, as he understood, was conceded it. His own account of the Los Angeles fiasco is as follows: "My contract as chief conductor was for three years. Marvelous opportunities! Salary for twelve weeks' work: $40,000 the first year, $45,000 the second, $50,000 the third. I was to be Caesar in my own orchestra, with full powers in all artistic matters. But there was another Caesar in the land— Mrs. Chandler [Mrs. Norman Chandler, chairman of the Los Angeles Philharmonic]. One day I learned that Mrs. Chandler had appointed an assistant conductor over my head. I said to her, 'If you don't cancel this appointment, I don't come to Los Angeles at all!' She refused to withdraw. So I withdrew myself.

At Covent Garden the ex-dictator of Frankfurt found an utterly different type of organization and hierarchy. Fortified by a 20- or 30-clause contract which precisely defines the extent and limits of his personal authority and of powers shared with others, he geared in as best he could. During the first eighteen months or so it was not a very good best. Certain colleagues and subordinates were at the outset abraded by Solti's impetuosities. He, in turn, felt that he wasn't being made enough of. Halfway through his first three-year contract he wrote a gloomy note to the chairman of the Covent Garden board, Charles Garrett Ponsonby Moore, eleventh Earl of Drogheda (pronounced Droyda: Lord Drogheda for short). He felt (he said) that as musical director he was expending a great deal of energy for little return. Instead of building up his own position he was becoming a cog in a vast machine. Another point. The newspapers weren't friendly; the critics seemed more concerned with production standards than with the music side. Altogether he felt he'd had enough. Perhaps it was time to move on . . . .

That Solti should have unburdened himself thus about the critics will strike most people versed in newspaper-theatre relations as naive in a vestigially Central European way. But soon Solti's temperament turned a corner. Problems smoothed themselves out. Suddenly all was well. People inside the Royal Opera House who had bristled found themselves on cordial, Christian-name terms with Georg, now pronounced George. What had happened? The answer is plain. ROH audiences had begun to love him. This change was partly because of Solti's conducting of the Wagner operas.

A house which during the 1950s had adored the exquisite pastel shades and half-lights of Rudolf Kempe's *Ring* was converted almost overnight to Solti's more opulent and, up to a point, more traditional treatments. Under Solti's baton the weight and surge, purples and golds of Wagner's more symphonic pages were elatingly restored. Singers' voices were drowned here and there beneath great orchestral breakers. People didn't seem to love Solti any the less for that.

Like everybody who is loved and knows it, Solti blossomed. He smiled more, became as relaxed as anybody could be who is saddled with such dynamism. As to the source and nature of that dynamism I have a theory of my own. It is, I think, a twofold product—partly inborn and partly the product of bygone repressions and frustrations. His demonic podium exhibitions today are the outcome of a bottling-up process that goes back almost thirty years.

IN DECEMBER OF 1932, young Solti, Budapest-trained, was taken on as a répétiteur by the Karlsruhe Opera. They promised him promotion to the conducting staff by the end of 1933. Six weeks later the Nazis came to power and whipped the promised baton from under his nose. Back, therefore, to Budapest. At the Hungarian State Opera he resumed his old coaching job. Again a conducting chance was promised. He waited five years. Then they gave him *Figaro*. At the interval half the audience drifted away. Date: March 11, 1938. Solti's anguish and bewilderment may be imagined. "What's happening?" he asked.

"Haven't you heard?" somebody said. "Hitler marched into Austria today. Everybody's got the jumps."

Under a Nazi-slanted edict, all unmarried Jews were struck off State payrolls. Solti was the first to be expelled from the Opera. This was in June 1939. Three months later he fled to Zurich. On a police work-permit, renewed every six months,
he couched a Swiss Heldentenor in Tristan daily for two years. Living in the Heldentenor's house, he practiced absurdly on the Heldentenor's piano in his spare time. After his pupil's debut as Tristan (Berne Opera) his coaching income fell off. When down to his last penny and last suit—a light-colored summer completer which he wore to evening parties in midwinter—he providentially won 2,000 Swiss francs, first piano prize, at a 1942 Geneva competition. (Sitting anonymous behind a curtain, he had played loads of Bach, Beethoven, Liszt, Schumann and Debussy.)

Something else happened that was even more joyous than the 2,000 Swiss francs. That was his meeting with Hedi Oeschli, his future wife. Charmingly intelligent, and cultivated, Miss Oeschli was the daughter of a Swiss family eminent in industry and for musical taste. With Hedi at his side, he battled through four more straitened, anxious years. A call to Munich came in the summer of 1946. Postwar Germany was desperately short of qualified and politically acceptable conductors. Casting about all over Central Europe for eligible batons, the American military government heard about Solti and realized that he was just the man for the vacant Munich podium. He and Hedi jumped through the night from Zurich with a precautionary load of tinned foods and settled on Maximilianstrasse in a single room in a bombed house. There were holes in the rain-damp walls. You could see the sky. . .

At the Prinzregententheater he started with Fidelio and, before moving on to Frankfurt, did forty other operas there. While others were being denazified, Solti was being defrustrated. The stopper was out of the bottle at last.

Since then his dynamism has sparked and crackled in the orchestra pits and concert halls of many countries. I have before me a four-year sample: his engagement diaries from the spring of 1963 to mid-1967. These show him as having conducted or as being down to conduct seventeen first-line orchestras, among them the Vienna Philharmonic, the Berlin Philharmonic, the Philadelphia, the Chicago Symphony, the London Symphony, the London Philharmonic, the Orchestre National de la Radiodiffusion Française, and the Israel Philharmonic. With these and others he has played or is playing in forty major cities and in territories as wide apart as Israel and Japan, Central Europe and North America. By this time he is a familiar of leading European festivals, among them those of Salzburg, Edinburgh, Vienna.

Solti's current repertoire has some sharply contrasted nodes: on the one hand, Moses and Aaron; on the other, Le Nozze di Figaro. He adjusts from the Mahler and Bruckner symphonies to the Bartók Concerto for Orchestra or the First Cello Concerto of Shostakovich as convincingly as from heavy Wagner (Der fliegende Holländer onwards) to a wide range of heavy Verdi—his readings of Don Carlo and Otello being of special note.

Up to a point his special affinities are reflected in the RCA Victor and Decca/London catalogues. It will soon be twenty years since he made his first record. His debut was as a pianist, not as a conductor. In March 1947 he made a trip back to Zurich from the Prinzregententheater and, at the broadcasting station there, joined the violinist Georg Kulenkampf (he too had been a refugee in Switzerland during the war) in Beethoven's Kreutzer Sonata, Mozart's B flat, and three sonatas by Brahms. (The first two of these performances have just been reissued by Decca/London.) Solti recalls the experience as uncanny. The emptiness of the studio and the microphone's basilisk eye made his heart thump painfully. The following year John Culshaw stopped off at the Prinzregententheater during a lecture tour for Military Government's cultural section and heard Solti conduct, with immense drive, Die Walküre. Culshaw said to himself: "If ever I have the authority, I'll record the Ring in its entirety—and Solti shall be the conductor." As everybody knows, dream became flesh; begun in 1958, the Solti-Culshaw Ring is complete at last.

A recorded repertory which balances against the Ring and some notable Strauss (Salome, Arabella) five massive Verdis (Falstaff, Rigoletto, Aida, Un Ballo, and Don Carlo) will, if present plans mature, be extended on the symphonic side by a complete Mahler cycle. No. 4 (with the Concertgebouw Orchestra) and No. 1 (London Symphony Orchestra) are already in the shops. No. 2 he completed with the LSO this spring. "For years," he admits, "Mahler bored me. He came to me, or I came to him, eight or nine years ago. Up to then his symphonies were all pieces and bits. Now I see their form. I love them. It is not enough to like music. You must love. And love means change."

Like every other conductor I have canvassed on the subject, he doesn't readily listen to his own recordings, especially the oldish ones. "Ears change. Tastes change. My recordings are evidence of this. I don't like people to put them on for me." In the studio, however, he works as demonically and devotedly as if every note were being taped for Posterity's last lap. From his earliest sessions he proved himself a quick, decisive pouncer at rehearsals. Always with one eye on the clock, he spots good and bad at first run. Without wasting a second, he will decide whether a wrong note or two shall be accepted for the sake of the take's general sweep; or whether it's aesthetically worthwhile to winkle out mistakes and splice in retakes.

His coolness, speed, and professionalism in such situations are much admired by old studio hands. They agree that Solti is an electric storm on two legs. But, they add, there's a calm zone at the center of every storm. A shrewd point. Solti has one of these calm zones. That's where the brakes and dampers are. Without them his dynamism would have torn him apart and sent the bits flying in all directions years ago.
When a young Italian journalist set out a few years ago to restore an ancestral country seat—a rambling complex of ex-convent, farmhouse, and Romanesque basilica located on a remote hilltop in the Chianti wine district between Florence and Siena and dating variously from about A.D. 900 to 1500—he was faced with a number of exciting challenges. Conspicuous among them was the problem of installing a stereo system and housing a collection of more than nine hundred records (Gregorian chant to end-of-Bach) in a way that would not clash, or even intrude upon, the mellow medieval character of the ancient living room. The owner of the property became his own architect (the church and fifteen rooms of the extensive main house have so far been restored) and planned and installed his own music system. For a glimpse of “Stereo in Tuscany,” turn to the following page.
In the large photograph at left we see the harmonious blending of ancient and modern. The massive arched oak beams overhead date from about 1365; the stereo speakers (a pair of AR-3s) are positioned on either side of the fifteenth-century fireplace, the right speaker in a niche cut into a nearly five-foot-thick solid granite wall thought to have been constructed about A.D. 850. The white wooden door in which the left speaker is mounted, also coverable by a hinged panel, leads to the attic of the sacristry, where are located two Dynaco ST-70s, one per channel (the power is needed when the system is used in the adjoining 70,000 cubic-foot basilica). In the right foreground are shown two rectangular wall niches holding a Thorens TD-224 and a Dynaco PAS-3X; space has been left above the preamplifier for future installation of a tuner. Special large-capacity audio cables travel forty feet from the preamplifier up through the wall, across the roof between inner and outer tiles, and down to the power amplifiers in the sacristry attic. The protective wooden drop-down lids for turntable and preamp (see also close-up, bottom left) were fashioned from an old wine cask; when open, the lids form a handy repository for record jackets and other objects in immediate use.

The photo below shows the opposite end of the room, dominated by a twelfth-century stone archway—a reminder of the days when the building was a monastero fortilizio, a small but heavily armed military outpost manned by soldier-monks for self-defense in the interminable Florentine-Sienese wars. To the right of the arch, under the wrought-iron sconce, is a seventeenth-century cassapanca, or general-purpose chest; today, it stores some five hundred records. Other records are housed on shelves recessed in the arched niche (with tall candlestick, left foreground), which once opened on a narrow stairway to a long-since fallen tower.
THE TYPE II SHURE V-15

...a new genre of cartridge, analog-computer-designed, and measured against a new and meaningful indicator of total performance:

"TRACKABILITY"

The radically new V-15 TYPE II heralds a new epoch in high performance cartridges and in the measurement of their performance. We call it the era of high Trackability. Because of it, all your records will sound better and, in fact, will hear some recordings tracked at light forces for the first time without distortion.

THE PROBLEM:

While audiophiles prefer minimum tracking forces to maximize record wear and preserve fidelity, record makers prefer to cut recordings at maximum levels with maximum cutting velocities to maximize signal-to-noise ratios. Unfortunately, some "loud" records are cut at velocities so great that nominally superior styli have been unable to track some passages: notably the high and midrange transients. Hence, high level recordings of orchestral bells, harpsichords, pianos, etc., cause the styli to part company with the wildly undulating groove (it actually ceases to track). At best, this produces an audible click; at worst, sustained gross distortion and outright noise results. The "obvious" solution of increasing tracking force is impractical because this calls for a stiffer styli to support the greater weight, and a stiffer styli will not track these transients or heavy low-frequency modulation, to say nothing of the heavier force accelerating record and stylus wear to an intolerable degree.

Shure has collected scores of these demanding high level recordings and painstakingly and thoroughly analyzed them. It was found that in some cases (after only a few playings) the high velocity high or midrange groove undulations were "shaved" off or gouged out by the styli, thus eliminating the high fidelity. Other records, which were off-handedly dismissed as unplayable or poor pressings were found to be neither. They were simply too high in recorded velocity and, therefore, untrackable by existing styli.

Most significantly, as a result of these analyses, Shure engineers established the maximum recorded velocities of various frequencies on quality records and set about designing a cartridge that would track the entire audible spectrum of these maximum velocities at tracking forces of less than 1½ grams.

ENTER THE COMPUTER:

The solution to the problem of true trackability proved so complex that Shure engineers designed an analog-computer that closely duplicated the mechanical variables and characteristics of a phono cartridge. With this unique device they were able to observe precisely what happened when you varied the many factors which affect trackability: inertia of tip end of the stylus or the magnet end of the stylus, the distance between the record and the needle tip, or the compliance of the stylus shank, or the compliance of the bearing; the viscous damping of the bearing, the tracking force, the recorded velocity of the record, etc., etc. The number of permutations and combinations of these elements, normally staggering, became manageable. Time-consuming trial-and-error prototypes were eliminated. Years of work were compressed into months. After examining innumerable possibilities, new design parameters evolved. Working with new materials in new configurations, theory was made fact.

Thus, the first analog-computer-designed, superior trackability cartridge was born, the Shure SUPER-TRACK™ V-15 TYPE II. It maintains contact between the stylus and record groove at tracking forces from ¾ to 1¼ grams, throughout and beyond the audible spectrum (20-25,000 Hz), at the highest velocities encountered in quality recordings. It embodies a bi-radiial elliptical stylus (.0002 inch x .0007 inch) and 15° tracking.

It also features an ingenious "flip-action" built-in stylus guard. It is clean as the proverbial horse's tooth and musical as the storied nightingale.

THERE ARE MANY WAYS TO PROVE ITS SUPERIORITY TO YOURSELF:

- (1) Shure has produced a unique test recording called "An Audio Obstacle Course" to indicate cartridge trackability. It is without precedent, and will be made available to Shure dealers and to the industry as a whole. You may have your own copy for $3.95 by writing directly to Shure and enclosing your check. (Note: The test record cannot be played more than ten times with an ordinary tracking cartridge, regardless of how light the tracking force, because the high frequency characteristics will be erased by the groove deforming action of the stylus.)

- (2) A reprint of the definitive technical paper describing the Shure Analog and trackability in cartridges, which appeared in the April 1966 Journal of the Audio Engineering Society, is available (free) to the serious audiophile.

- (3) A representative list of many excellent recordings with difficult-to-track passages currently available is yours for the asking. These records sound crisp, clear and distortion-free with the Shure V-15 TYPE II.

The Shure Super-Track V-15 TYPE II is available at your dealers at $67.50.

Shure Brothers, Inc., 222 Hartrey Avenue, Evanston, Illinois 60204

CIRCLE 74 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

This chart depicts the new performance specification of trackability. Unlike the oversimplified and generally misunderstood design parameter specifications of compliance and mass, trackability is a measure of total performance. The chart shows frequency across the bottom, and modulation velocities in CM/SEC up the side. The gray area represents the maximum theoretical limits for cutting recorded velocities; however, in actual practice many records are produced which exceed these theoretical limits. The smoother the curve of the individual cartridge being studied and the greater its distance above the gray area, the better the trackability. The trackability of the Shure V-15 TYPE II is shown by the top (solid black) lines. Representative curves (actual) for other cartridges ($30.00, $75.00, $32.95, $29.95) are shown as dotted, dashed and dot-dash lines for comparison purposes.
HIGH FIDELITY
equipment reports

The consumer's guide to new and important high fidelity equipment

H. H. Scott 382 Stereo Receiver


Comment: This new receiver from H. H. Scott looks on the surface like a recent predecessor, the Model 344 (see HIGH FIDELITY, October 1965). Although both sets are the same size, the new one costs considerably less than, and offers performance almost on a par with, the 344. That is to say, FM reception seems as good over-all, and amplifier power is just a shade lower, though quite clean and ample for most speaker systems. And the lower-priced 382 includes a respectable AM section for those interested in it.

The set is styled in the black and gold tones of recent Scott units and the chassis is encased in metal. The 382 may, with its four small feet, be placed on a shelf as is, or dressed up with an optional accessory walnut case. Alternately, the 382 may be flush-mounted for a built-in look. The upper half of the escutcheon is devoted to the station dial (AM and FM channel markings plus a signal strength meter and a stereo indicator) and the tuning knob. The lower half contains all the other controls. At the left is a group of three slide switches for mono/stereo mode; channel balance; tape monitor. At the right is another group of three: noise filter; speakers off/main/remote; power off/on. To the right of this group is a low-impedance stereo headphone jack which may be used regardless of what position the speaker selector switch is in.

Between these two groups of switches are the knobs for program selection (phono low, phono high, FM, AM and extra), bass, treble, and loudness. The bass and treble controls are dual-concentric, friction-coupled types that permit tone adjustment on each channel simultaneously or independently, as desired. Standard pin-jack inputs on the rear permit connecting signals from tape deck, phono cartridge, and any additional high-level source. Another pair of jacks is for feeding signals to a tape recorder. A pair of barrier terminal strips is used for hooking up two sets of stereo speakers although only one pair (nominally "main" or "remote") can be switched to run at the same time. The 382 is furnished with a swing-out loop-stick AM antenna that plugs into a special receptacle at the rear and which should do for all local AM reception. Alternately, there is a terminal for connecting a long-wire antenna and, of course, the terminals for FM twin-lead. The set has three fuses—one each for the output channels and one for the B-plus supply. A switched AC outlet is provided, and a system grounding screw.

The 382 uses FETs (field-effect transistors) in its FM front-end—and apparently they do contribute another jot to the already high level of performance we have come to expect from Scott equipment. The set—in tests at CBS Labs—actually exceeded the manufacturer's specifications for IHF sensitivity, capture ratio, and signal-to-noise; it stands in a word as one of the "hottest" little FM tuners around. Response, in both mono and stereo modes, was uniform and smooth across the audio band, and there was more than enough channel separation for stereo. We especially liked the way the stereo indicator comes on only for a real signal, and is not triggered by noise along the FM band. The set should do exceedingly well on FM in just about any locale.

Apparently Scott engineers have not thrown anything away either in the design of the 382's amplifier section. For rated distortion of 0.5%, the set again went better than specified. Power bandwidth, for instance, was clocked from 13 Hz to 30 kHz, remarkable for a low-priced combination set. IM was satisfactorily low at the normal output levels that would most often be expected from this set, with best performance—logically enough—available into an 8-ohm load. Tone control action, while relatively moderate, was judged in listening tests to be effective enough. The loudness control has a built-in contour that begins lifting the bass end fairly soon after rotating it; it is up by about 7.5 dB at 9 o'clock. This cannot be switched out but it was not found to be disagreeable, even when listening through high-quality wide-range speakers. Low-frequency square-wave response showed the typical tilt found in most combination sets; the 10-kHz square-wave shows fast rise-time and no ringing—both resemble closely the square-waves obtained from the 344. The 382's damping factor, interestingly, was slightly better than that of the 344—28.6 as compared to 20.

Some of the features, flourishes, and fancy detailing that characterize more expensive units are missing from the 382 (for instance, no rumble filter; no interstation muting; a slide-switch rather than a knob for getting channel balance). Okay—if some limits must...
be set to keep cost down, better let it be gadgetry rather than performance, that is compromised. The 382 does achieve its avowed design goal hands down, and shapes up as one of the best receivers in its price class we've yet auditioned.

CIRCLE 140 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Lab Test Data</th>
<th>Performance characteristic</th>
<th>Measurement</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Tuner Section</td>
<td>HF sensitivity</td>
<td>1.95 \mu V at 98 MHz, 1.85 \mu V at 90 MHz, 2.1 \mu V at 106 MHz</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Frequency response, mono</td>
<td>\pm 1, \pm 2 dB, 20 Hz to 16 kHz</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>THD, mono</td>
<td>0.9% at 400 Hz, 1.3% at 40 Hz, 0.7% at 1 kHz</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>IM distortion</td>
<td>0.27%</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Capture ratio</td>
<td>2.6 dB</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>S/N ratio</td>
<td>64 dB</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Frequency response, stereo, 1 ch</td>
<td>\pm 2 dB, 20 Hz to 16 kHz</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>r ch</td>
<td>\pm 1, \pm 2 dB, 20 Hz to 16 kHz</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>THD, stereo, 1 ch</td>
<td>1.2% at 400 Hz, 1.2% at 40 Hz, 0.9% at 1 kHz</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>r ch</td>
<td>1% at 400 Hz, 1.1% at 40 Hz, 0.9% at 1 kHz</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Channel separation, either channel</td>
<td>better than 30 dB at mid-frequencies, better than 15 dB at 10 kHz</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>19-kHz pilot suppression</td>
<td>-30 dB</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>38-kHz subcarrier</td>
<td>-39 dB</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**Amplifier Section**

| Power output (at 1 kHz into 8-ohm load) | 20.7 watts at 0.45% THD |
| r ch at clipping                         | 21.1 watts at 0.35% THD |
| r ch at clipping                         | 23.8 watts at 0.56% THD |
| both chs simultaneously                 | 17.8 watts at 0.69% THD |
| r ch at clipping                         | 18.5 watts at 0.56% THD |
| Power bandwidth for constant 0.8% THD   | 13 Hz to 30 kHz |
| Harmonic distortion                      | below 0.55%, 20 Hz to 20 kHz |
| 20 watts output                          | below 0.55%, 20 Hz to 20 kHz |
| 10 watts output                          | below 0.85%, 28 Hz to 20 kHz |
| IM distortion                            | below 1% to 12.5 watts |
| 4-ohm load                               | below 0.5% to 13.5 watts |
| 8-ohm load                               | below 0.5% to 12 watts |
| 16-ohm load                              | below 0.5% to 12 watts |
| Frequency response, 1-watt level         | +0, \pm 3 dB, 12.5 Hz to 42 kHz |
| RIAA equalization                        | +0, \pm 2 dB, 20 Hz to 20 kHz |
| Damping factor                           | 28.6 |
| Input characteristics                    | Sensitivity 5/N ratio |
| low phono                                | 3.9 mV 49 dB |
| high phono                               | 8.9 mV 54 dB |
| extra                                    | 280 mV 78 dB |

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

**TONE CONTROL, LOUDNESS & FILTER CHARACTERISTICS**

**Tone Control**

**Tone control, loudness & filter characteristics**

**TUNER CHARACTERISTICS**

**RF INPUT—MICROVOLTS**

**IN—10 KHz**

**Power Bandwidth at 0.1% THD**

**Harmonic Distortion**

**20 Watts Output**

**AMPLIFIER PERFORMANCE CHARACTERISTICS**

**IM CHARACTERISTICS**

www.americanradiohistory.com
VIKING 230 RMQ TAPE RECORDER

THE EQUIPMENT: Viking 230 RMQ, a two-speed, quarter-track tape transport; mating record/playback preamp is Model RP 120-H2. Transport dimensions: 10½ inches high, 8 inches deep over-all; available 16 inches wide or 19 inches wide for standard rack-mount. Preamp: same width, 5½ inches high, 11½ inches deep over-all. Prices vary according to features ordered. Units tested: 230 RMQ transport, rack mount size, with optional photoelectric run out, $392.25; preamp, $399. Manufacturer: Viking of Minneapolis, 9600 Aldrich Avenue, S., Minneapolis, Minn. 55420.

COMMENT: Construction, features, and functional options mark the Viking 230 as a tape system for the professional or for the advanced, technically-inclined hobbyst. This is no open-it-up-and-plug-it-in-to-use recorder; on the contrary, it requires careful setting up to integrate transport and electronics, more than the usual time in studying the instruction manuals supplied for both units, the use of professional connectors instead of the usual types, and in general a certain amount of "tape sophistication" to get the most from it. Apparently this degree of involvement is not fazing a number of well-heeled and knowledgeable tape machine buyers who have shown a lively interest in this type of "advanced recorder."

This system is supplied in two basic, unmounted units: the transport and the separate preamp. These may be rack-mounted in studio fashion (which is how they were installed at CBS Labs for testing), or fitted into an optional carrying case, $59.50, or—as we did for our listening tests—fitted to a wooden frame which we fashioned out of ¼-inch wood cleats to hold transport and preamp together in a convenient, organized way. Beyond physical installation or setting up, the system is available with literally dozens of optional electronic combinations, including several head configurations, choices of plug-in modular circuit boards for special input and output purposes, tape counter, remote control unit, single or double photocell run-out and re-cue accessories, and so on. It also is available as a single speed machine, or in various two-speed combinations, and some of these may be run at 220-240 volts instead of the U.S.A. standard of 115-120 volts AC. In fact, the catalogue "sheet" describing the 230 is a six-page brochure which we advise sending for if you're interested in this complicated, but versatile, system.

The system we chose for testing was one which we felt would be of most interest to the advanced home recordist. The RMQ designation for the transport means three-quarter-track heads for erase, record, and playback in stereo or mono. These are mounted on a rugged block assembly centered below and between the reels. The transport is the two-speed (7½ and 3¼ ips) model, fitted with a photocell switch that stops the reels when the tape runs out or breaks. Up to 7-inch diameter reels can be handled. Three heavy-duty motors are used—one each for the supply and take-up reels and one for capstan-drive. Operation is by quick-acting push-buttons through a system of solenoids and relays. Controls include a two-position speed selector and the four buttons for rewind, stop, play, fast forward.

![Image of a tape recorder](image-url)
The optional tape footage index counter is at the right of the buttons.

The preamp itself is a stereo unit with one half virtually a mirror-image of the other; each channel has its own separate controls for playback level, recording input levels (two per channel for mixing or cutting in and out different program sources), recording button, and VU meter. In addition there is a two-speed equalization switch combined with the power off/on switch, a stereo monitor headphone jack, and a four-position monitor switch that lets you hear the source being recorded, or the tape itself, or either channel playing while the other is being recorded. The RP-120 permits sound-on-sound recording, has an elaborate interlock system to prevent accidental tape erasure, and contains trimmer adjustments (behind the chassis) for equalization playback, recording level, and recording bias.

The rear of the preamp contains a series of Amphenol connectors for hooking up between the preamp and the tape heads on the transport, and another set of Cannon connectors for getting signals in and out of the machine. There also is the record interlock connector and two AC connectors—one goes to the AC line and the other powers the transport. Both the transport and preamp are fused.

If all this seems complex, it is—but once set up, the system runs smoothly and flawlessly. And you always can change things by substituting plug-in circuit boards, adding heads, readjusting the circuit trimmers, and so on. Studying the test data and using the system add up to a verdict of "go" on the 230 for anyone who can spend the money and time on it. Accuracy at both speeds was very high; wow and flutter, insignificant. Response at both speeds was smooth and linear; the slow-speed results in fact were astonishingly good, and 3¼ ips tapes on this system sound about as good as 7¼ ips tapes on former, or lower-priced, recorders. Signal-to-noise ratio was fairly high; distortion, low. The meters are accurate, the controls all respond beautifully, the sound is great. Construction is first-rate: rugged, heavy-duty—promising long trouble-free service.

**BOSE 2201 SPEAKER-AMPLIFIER SYSTEM**


**COMMENT:** The Bose 2201 becomes, as far as we know, the third integrated amplifier-speaker system to be made in this country (the other two being the Acousteck X electrostatic and the J. B. Lansing Energizer-Reproducer). In such a system, the audio designer starts with a speaker that represents his idea of the best way to reproduce sound, and then combines it with a basic or power amplifier that he feels is best suited to the job of driving that speaker. The result is an integrated amplifier-speaker that is fed directly from any equalized "high level" signal source, such as a system preamp control, a tuner, or the line output of a tape deck with its own preamp.

In the Bose 2201, the speaker section itself consists of twenty-two cones mounted on a triangular-shaped, convex baffle which is framed in walnut and faced with a grille covering. The system is completely enclosed and sealed, forming what is literally one-eighth of a sphere. Inside this enclosure is installed a self-powered 50-watt solid-state basic amplifier which drives the twenty-two speakers and which itself is fed from a special circuit known as a spectral-matching network. To use the 2201, you plug its line-cord into an AC outlet (to get power for the amplifier), and you connect its signal jack via audio cable to a preamp or other suitable signal source. The signal goes through the network into the amplifier and then to the speakers. Thirty-five-foot lengths of both power and signal cable are supplied with the system to permit installing it at some distance from the rest of one's equipment and operating it remotely.
if the system is installed high up) to act as "sound mirrors," creating the image of a room eight times as large with a full sphere at its center. (This concept was originally reported in "The Prospects in Audio," HIGH FIDELITY, April 1966.) Thus, the shape and proportions of the Bose enclosure.

The rear surface of this enclosure is loaded with twenty-two separate 5-inch cone speakers, built to Bose's design. These are all identical speakers which receive the same audio signal. (Bose has discarded the woofer-tweeter and dividing network approach.) The characteristic average resonance of any one of these speakers is about 200 Hz, but the multiple driver array tends to broaden the resonance so that there is no pronounced peak at that frequency. Below resonance, of course, response if unaided would fall off. To compensate for this, the spectral matching network introduces an inverse response characteristic that "lifts" the bass end of the signal before it enters the power amplifier. This network also introduces certain lesser amounts of frequency contouring for the midrange and highs to suit the calculated response of the speaker array. Interestingly enough, the network also is designed to compensate for the grille that covers the baffle; Bose's taste here ran to raw silk—which has a different filtering characteristic than that of ordinary grille cloth.

The Bose 2201 is designed to perform at its best in a corner, and for stereo, two 2201s need two corners. Thus installed we found that they loaded to the room very amply: the sound was spread out over a very wide "front" and even with the pair spaced about 16 feet apart there was no "hole in the middle" effect. The system responds to signal gain from the preamp by seeming to move the music closer—it's as if you were listening to the performers from the rear of the auditorium and then walked closer to the stage. It handles large ensemble effects—opera recordings and the like—with due spatial grandeur and yet it does not "over-enlarge" the picture on chamber groups, unless you care to boost your volume beyond any normal level and sort of put yourself right in the midst of the players. Your listening position in the room has virtually no effect on what you hear as far as stereo perception goes: the stereo image presented by a pair of Bose systems is a very firm one, and everything remains in place about and between the speakers regardless of how you shift your head or change your seat. And there is, on all material, an effect of "air" and "space" in the sonic presentation. The system's response to transients was very clean and crisp, reminding many listeners of the best electrostatics in this regard. The "internal separation" of complex instrumental effects was very good, and one could hear both the blend, and the subtle differences, of instrumental timbres played in ensemble.

The frequency response of a Bose system was estimated to extend from about 32 Hz to beyond audibility. The system will double somewhat on sine-wave test tones when driven excessively hard from about 45 Hz and below—although comparable volume levels on musical material didn't seem to bother it at all. A musician friend who listened with us to both speakers going full tilt (preamp volume control at 3 o'clock) commented that "the bass drum surrounds you as it does in the orchestra." The midrange is about as clear and well-aimed as one could ask. The highs continue upward cleanly, with an apparent slope beginning at 14.5 Hz and extending to inaudibility. Directional effects, at any frequency, are virtually nonexistent; white noise response is moderately smooth, with the least trace of brightness.

The Bose has a prominent high end, probably due to the enhanced projection of midrange and highs that result from its design. With some records, in which Bose believes the treble may have been boosted during recording, the highs may sound over-bright. For such material, you can either back off on the treble control on your own preamp, or flick a high-frequency compensation switch that is located under the speaker system itself. Lifting the unit to get at this switch is not the most convenient thing to do, and we would prefer that this adjustment be somehow incorporated on the front of the unit—without, we hasten to add, spoiling its appearance. Although the Bose is intended primarily for corner placement, it will work well in any position, and a pair can produce stereo even when placed side by side (to form one-fourth of a sphere) and located along the floor at the center of a wall. The bass will be somewhat less full but hardly anything else will be lost. And because each speaker on the baffle "looks out" at a different angle, there is very little you can do to obstruct or muffle the sound. This is one speaker system that does not suffer when a chair or even a sofa is placed in front of it.

CIRCLE 142 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

ORTOFON S-15T CARTRIDGE


COMMENT: Refinement of design is the hallmark of the audio art, and the new Ortofon S-15T is an excellent example of the never-ending drive toward perfection. Always regarded as a top performer, the new version of this world-famous cartridge boasts increased compliance (20 as against 10 x 10^-6 cm/dyne of older models), slightly lower tip mass (0.9 mg as compared to the 1 mg of former versions), more robust construction (a tiny printed circuit links the cartridge movement to its built-in transformers), and a polished elliptical stylus (0.7 by 0.3 mils). The S-15T also conforms to the new 15-degree vertical tracking angle, furnishes a little higher signal output than its predecessors, and has a retractable stylus surrounded by an oval-shaped cup which protects both stylus and records against the hazards of careless handling. The entire unit is housed in a magnetic shield.

Recommended tracking force is 1 to 2 grams; at CBS Labs, test engineers found that the S-15T could track the demanding bands 6 and 7 of CBS test record STR-120, and the glide tone bands of STR-100, at only 0.75 gram. The 1-gram force was used in all other tests and was found to yield excellent results. Frequency response was virtually a straight line across most of the audio band, and both channels were very closely matched.

Except for the twin-peak at the high end, response could be stated as within ±1.5 dB on either channel from 20 to 20,000 Hz. Actually, the two peaks sort of average out in use to about a 2.5 dB rise which, on normal program material, is of no audible consequence. Ortofon specifies 20 dB of separation; our sample ran noticeably better than that.

Distortion in the S-15T was about average-to-low for a magnetic pickup. The actual vertical angle measured was 17 degrees (close enough to the nominal
15: No evidence of record damage could be found after the test runs. The cartridge's square-wave response had one cycle of ringing at the leading edge (that twin peak) that was quickly damped. The overall wave-shape and rise-time are excellent. The S-15T "listens" as superbly as its test results would suggest. It has a full, clean bass line, a very natural-sounding midrange, and extended, airy highs. It also is an intrepid "tracker" and stays with the most demanding of record grooves. Like former Ortofons, the S-15T is a fairly large pickup that takes up a bit more space than others in the tone arm shell; even in the Ortofon shell itself (or the identical SME), the installer will find it necessary to bend back the metal sleeves at the ends of the shell leads in order to fit the cartridge securely in place. Maybe Ortofon's next improvement will be to reduce the cartridge's size without reducing its performance.

CIRCLE 143 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

Response to 1-kHz square-wave, either channel.

LEAK MINI-SANDWICH SPEAKER SYSTEM


COMMENT: Sandwiches, both the eating and listening kind, originated as everyone knows in England—the latter type having been introduced in this country by Leak via Ercona a few years ago (see report in High Fidelity, December 1962). The speaker got its name from the sandwich that comprises its cone material, a multi-laminate of lightweight, fairly stiff plastic between two thin layers of aluminum that was designed to lend a desirable piston-action to the in-and-out movement of the diaphragm. The new Mini-Sandwich is a scaled-down version of this system, employing a similarly constructed woofer (of oval shape, 12 by 7¾ inches) and a 3½ inch fairly flat cone tweeter.

ERRATA

Two typographical errors occurred in the Sherwood S-8800 report published here in November. 1) The numbers along the left side of the IM chart should start with zero and not with figure one as shown. The correct reading, going up, is: 0, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5. 2) The exponent figures were omitted after several of the 10's under the IHF sensitivity chart. Beginning with the second 10, these should read: 10, 10², 10³, 10⁴.

Crossover at 900 Hz is provided by a network which, together with the two drivers, is sealed within the enclosure. The system is a direct radiator. The enclosure itself is handsomely finished in oiled teak, with a tan grille cloth. It may be positioned horizontally or vertically, and should fit on most any shelf. Four small self-adhering felt pads come with the speaker. Connections are made by a plug-in two-terminal block that fits over the color-coded pins on the rear. Impedance is 15 ohms (the 16-ohm rating of U.S.A. amplifiers will do nicely). No controls are provided. The Mini-Sandwich strikes us as another in the recent procession of compact speakers that offers performance distinctly better than what one might expect from its size. Over the broadest part of the musical spectrum it sounds as clean and smooth as any, with no discernible irregularities, imbalances, or other undesirable effects. The sound it puts out seems fairly widely dispersed, and directional effects do not become easily noticeable until at about 5 kHz, narrowing gradually as you go up the scale. A 10-kHz test tone is still clearly audible well off axis, and an 11-kHz tone just a bit less audible. At 12 kHz, the cone of sound narrows more noticeably and there also is an apparent slope here toward inaudibility. The low end holds up firmly to about 80 Hz, with a slope here toward about 50 Hz. The bass output is clean, but not as prominent as the rest of the range. Doubling can be induced below 75 Hz when the system is driven very hard. Response to white noise is smooth, with very little trace of "bumps" or harshness; it seemed in fact smoother than many a speaker of this class.

Although the deepest bass was missing on program material, the total sonic output of the Mini-Sandwich was musically clean, and bespeaks a regard for as natural a kind of sound as can be achieved within the design limits of the system. This is a "refined" sort of speaker, with smoothness, and lack of coloration its chief assets. It is good on transients too. You get a fairly close-up or "bright" kind of feeling on first listening to it, and yet you find after a time that a pair—on either stereo or mono—do put a lot of open, balanced sound into the room. As with other speakers of this general type, don't expect to be able to project grand opera down the block—but do expect to get a lot of enjoyable listening from them installed in an average size room. The Mini-Sandwich is one of the more efficient of the compact systems and can be driven by 8- to 10-watt amplifiers—but it also is robust enough to handle up to 30 watts RMS power.

CIRCLE 144 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

REPORTS IN PROGRESS

Shure V-15 Type II Cartridge
Sony TA-1120 Amplifier
Marantz makes an incredible move forward...

model 15 solid-state 120-watt stereo power amplifier

With one devastating move, Marantz has check-mated all existing power amplifiers. The strategy was straightforward — build an amplifier to a set of specifications bordering on the far edge of the possible, then add a series of unique features to complete the coup. The 15’s specifications are designed to test the mettle of your other components, while allowing them to perform to the limit of their abilities. Power output — 60 watts per channel, with safe, full-power operation from 20 to 20,000 Hz. Harmonic distortion — less than .1 at full power, infinitely better than any other amplifier. Hum and noise — better than 90 db below 60 watts. Response — ± 1 db from 10 to 60,000 Hz. As playing partner to these performance characteristics, Marantz has created features of equal caliber. A safety circuit rendering short circuits completely harmless, even at full power. Instantaneous, distortion-free overload recovery. Separate power supply for each channel. High input impedance, permitting the use of even tube pre-amps without distortion. If having the finest power amplifier ever built is important to you, there’s no need to ponder your next move. See and hear the 15 at your Marantz dealer’s immediately.
Off-beat albums for on-beat people

These exceptional albums are your key to adventurous listening. Ranging from Bernstein’s first opera recording (“Falstaff”) to the first comprehensive collection of Ives choral music (“Music For Chorus”), these unusual LPs are for listeners who care about Mahler, Verdi, Ives, Nielsen, Ruggles, Helps, Copland, Schoenberg. Interpreted with rare insight and excitement. Included are premiere recordings. And first stereo performances. So add these albums to your library. You’ll find you can’t beat Columbia for the finest in recorded repertoire. And the greatest artist roster in the world.

Adventurous Listening From COLUMBIA RECORDS

CIRCLE 18 ON READER-SERVICE CARD
WUNDERLICH'S LIEDER—AN ARTISTRY ALMOST FULLY IN FLOWER

by Peter G. Davis

AN ASSIGNMENT to comment upon Fritz Wunderlich's two recordings of Die schöne Müllerin should have been a source of great pleasure. In fact, the tragic accident which ended this gifted young tenor's life just last September was too fresh in mind. We shall now never really know the full measure of Wunderlich as a Lieder singer, though the interpretative strides made between the Eurodisc performance of Schubert's cycle and the new DGG version indicate that in time he might have developed into a great exponent of this delicate art.

Certainly, his operatic work showed him to be a sensitive and intelligent musician with a proven capacity for artistic growth. He was only twenty-five when the Stuttgart Opera engaged him in 1955 for leading lyric tenor roles, and the sheer beauty of his voice quickly made him a favorite with the local Swabians as did his sunny personality ("eine ganz huchende Natürlichkeit," a colleague once said of him) with everybody at the opera house. During my years as a student at the Stuttgart Hochschule für Musik in 1958 and 1959, some of my happiest opera-going memories are the dozens of Wunderlich performances I attended. His repertoire covered all the major Mozart roles, Verdi's Alfredo and Duke of Mantua, Puccini's Rodolfo and Pinkerton, in addition to unfamiliar operas by Smetana, Lortzing, Orff, and even Schubert. As a relative newcomer to the company, he was expected to help out with the comprimario roles too—Cassio in Otello, the Idiot in Boris, Pang in Turandot, the Rosenkavalier singer, the actor in Janáček's Fata (a short part, but Wunderlich favored it with such gorgeous tone that I can still hear his voice in this haunting music every time I pull out the score). His acting, at least in those Stuttgart days, was more serviceable than galvanizing, although he did have a natural flair for comedy (his Almaviva in Rossini's Barber sported some particularly wild bits). But even if his stage presence was less than compelling, it always generated the same appealing eagerness to "give" to an audience that characterized his vocal personality.

This rare quality of complete musical integrity was one of Wunderlich's most enduring and treasurable gifts. It shines through his Mozart singing with unerring generosity and I think he was never happier than when at work on the music of this composer. (No one at the Stuttgart Opera was exactly surprised when he named his first two children Constanze and Wolfgang.) Luckily we have his superb recordings of Die Entführung aus dem Serail and Die Zauberflöte as proof of his unrivaled stature as a Mozartean stylist; sadly enough no complete Don Giovanni with Wunderlich exists—he was scheduled to record the work next month for DGG in Prague. Yet although Mozart may have always come first with this tenor, he was equally at home in more expansive operatic genres. Just listening to him pull out all the stops for Pinkerton's "Addio" in the Madame Butterfly excerpts on an Odeon disc or Hermann's splendid scene of dementia on Angel's recently released Pique Dame/Eugen Onegin highlights. And for something a bit more subtle (but, alas, commercially unrecorded) one should hear his total identification with the complex and troubled character of Pfitzner's introspective Palestrina—a spellbinding performance.

Wunderlich's apprentice years in Stuttgart ended in 1959 when his impassioned singing of Henry Morosus in the Salzburg Festival's production of Strauss's Die schweigsame Frau caught the attention of an international audience. His career then moved forward steadily as he polished old roles and added new ones, made guest appearances in more opera houses outside Germany, and started an intensive study of the Lieder repertoire. After a long wait, this country was to hear him at the Metropolitan Opera last October 8, but that traditional final step up the international vocal ladder ironically eluded him by just three weeks.

I have no idea how many years separate the Eurodisc Schöne Müllerin from the new DGG, but the time span was evidently long enough for Wunderlich to do some pretty serious rethinking about his approach to Lieder. The voice as it emerges from Eurodisc's grooves is perfectly lovely—full and rich, a meltingly lyrical instrument. The musical results are breath-taking and the album could be recommended just for its sensuous beauty, but the fact is that the luscious sound conveys little real emotion and even less character. This is especially damaging in such strophic songs as Morgengruss and Thrünenregen, which require a far more imaginative investigation of the text. I suspect that Wunderlich must have felt a trifle inhibited so near the beginning of his Lieder career,
for a Liederabend in Germany, after all,

... is still something of a sacred ritual and
... a young singer may well be forgiven for
... proceeding with caution. But it does seem
... strange in the face of his operatic inter-
pretations, which, as I have already
... pointed out, were anything but bland.

Turning to the DGG version of the
cycle I found that his voice had taken
... on a slightly huskier quality and, although
... the difference is a small one, it helps
... bring more point to the words. The sing-
ing still has the glorious musicality of
... his earlier effort but the effect is en-
riched a thousandfold by the many happy
... shadings and interpretive touches. Der
... Buches Wagenlied is a good example:
... the mood of each verse is nicely dif-
ferentiated by slight tempo variations
... and well-chosen vocal colorations and
... the last verse is suffused with a magical
... hush which ends the cycle on just the
... right touch of poetic mystery. There are
... spots that still do not quite work—quicker
... songs such as Der Jäger tend to fall
... rather flat—but on the whole Wunder-
lich's progress is remarkable. Much of
... the improvement may well be due to

Hubert Giesen, a wise and skilled vocal
... coach who probably worked very closely
... with the tenor on his interpretation. If
... Giesen's accompaniments are a shade too
... self-effacing, they are far and away pref-
... erable to the dull and listless efforts of
... Eurodisc's Karl Heinz Stolze, who does
... no more than manage the notes.

Seven complete songs
... differen-
... tiate the
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SCHUBERT: Die schöne Müllerin,
... D. 795; Lieder: Der Einsame,
... D. 800; Frühlingsglaube, D. 686;
... An Sylvia, D. 891; Heidenröslein,
... D. 257; Schwanen, D. 957, No. 4;
... Liebhaber in allen Gestalten, D.
... 558; An die Musik, D. 547

Fritz Wunderlich, tenor; Karl Heinz
... Stolze, piano.

DEUTSCHE GRAMMOPHON @ LPM
... 19219/20, $11.58: SLPM 139219/20,
... $11.58 (two discs).

SCHUBERT: Die schöne Müllerin,
... D. 795

Fritz Wunderlich, tenor; Karl Heinz
... Stolze, piano.

EURODISC @ 70880 XX, $9.96 (two
... discs, three sides; mono only).

ORMANDY AND STEINBERG COMPLETE THEIR BEETHOVEN NINE

by Harris Goldsmith

HOW WELL I REMEMBER that flurry of
... excitement back in the spring of 1952
... when Columbia reissued on LP all nine
... of the Beethoven Symphonies as con-
ducted by Felix Weingartner. Weingartner
... was the only leader then to be repre-
... sented on records with the entire cycle,
... and the big question at the time was
... who would come in second. We all knew
... that Bruno Walter, who had been build-
ging up his series with deliberate regular-
... ity, needed only Nos. 2 and 4 to pass
... the finish line; and it was a poorly kept
... secret that Maestro Toscanini had been
... burning the midnight oil in Carnegie Hall.

Nowadays, conductors tend to regard
... the recording of all nine Beethoven Sym-
... phonies as a sort of status symbol. With
... the present releases, two more names
... enter the ever-expanding fraternity. Or-
... mandy’s set, it seems to me, will serve as
... his vindication as a Beethovenian. For
... reasons never quite fair, his maestro’s
... Beethoven has always been downgraded
... by the so-called musical cognoscenti.

I mention this circumstance because it
... might influence some people to give the
... new album an a priori dismissal. They
... would be making a great mistake. Aside
... from having a splendid orchestra at his
... disposal, Ormandy has always com-
manded many of the prime requisites for
... a Beethoven interpreter—notably a first-
... rate sense for rhythmic pacing and ac-
centuation, and a vigorous, manly style
... devoid of eccentricity. Although a certain
... rigidity and mechanization of subordi-
nate accompanimental voices will alienate
... listeners used to a chamber music giv-

Ormandy included in his single-disc re-
cordings, as here has been expunged in order
to encompass all of the Mucia funebre
... (Side 1).

Ormandy sets good tempos for both
... the Second and Fourth, though in these
... scores he is apt to concentrate too highly
... on well-groomed, unexceptional orches-
tral execution. Both performances, I feel,
... would profit from a wider dynamic
... range and greater tonal nuance. While
... No. 5 is hampered by the omission of the
... imperative first-movement repeat, it gets a
... sensibly paced, though rather too
... rhetorical, interpretation. No. 6 gets un-
der way with fine gusto, and its storm
... is notably tempestuous. No. 7, on the
... other hand, begins with perhaps too
... much deliberation, but develops moment-
... um as it proceeds. (Ormandy’s Alle-
gretto here, by the way, is decidedly
... cognizant of the implied “quasi An-
... dante” and is therefore very much akin
... to the old Toscanini New York Philhar-
monic record.) The Eighth starts out by
... being conservatively paced, but some
... novel strokes (such as the end of the
... Menuetto du coup with absolutely no
... ritardando) become evident in due
course. I do not like the raspy collective
... sound of the Philadelphian violins in the
... fourth movement, for I feel more point
... and purity of attack are essential here.

Ormandy’s Ninth is a beauty. He has
... obviously patterned his conception on
... Toscanini’s—including a steady, cumu-
... lative first movement and a scherzo with
... its double repeat intact. His celebrated
... string section ravishes the ear in the
... Adagio, while the Choral finale marches

84

HIGH FIDELITY MAGAZINE

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ahead with affirmative spirit. There are, of course, imperfections: the solo quartet, while adequate, is hardly outstanding, with both ladies apparently chosen for dark-toned weight and sheer amplitude; the Mormon Tabernacle Choir is lusty rather than lustrous; and I was momentarily offended by John Macurdy’s nasal diction in his opening recitativo. But such defects are washed away in the inexorable musical tidal wave which Ormandy knows so well how to keep in motion.

Uniformly excellent sound and quiet surfaces add to the attractions of the album. It deserves scrutiny alongside the best of the rival editions.

Steinberg’s Ninth is a straightforward, unpretentious affair, though the conductor is sometimes susceptible to the butty Wienerisms and Luftpfeisen so beloved of many Central Europeans. What his performance lacks is some of the crisp assurance that makes the Ormandy version so attractive. Steinberg’s choral forces seem more intimate than the Mormon group, though perhaps that effect is attributable to the mellifluous Command sonics which add a creamy gloss to the proceedings and flatten out such matters as the cataclysmic choral climax beginning the fourth movement. On the whole, Steinberg’s vocal quartet makes a somewhat stronger impression than Ormandy’s, with Thomas Paul’s musical baritone giving special pleasure. (Actually, Schmidt-Isserstedt’s recent Ninth for London has a foursome which leaves all other Ninth teams, save Toscanini’s unreleased 1938 Bovy-Thorborg-Peerse-Pinz line-up, panting to the rear.)

Steinberg made a fine Eighth for Capitol (recently reissued on the Pickwick label). His new one is even better: imperious, dynamic, and beautifully pointed. It rather steals the thunder away from his respectable Ninth.

BEETHOVEN: Symphonies (complete)


Lucine Amara, soprano, Lili Chookasian, contralto, John Alexander, tenor, John Macurdy, bass, Mormon Tabernacle Choir (in No. 9); Philadelphia Orchestra, Eugene Ormandy, cond. COLUMBIA ® DTL 345, $23.70; D7S 745, $28.70.

BEETHOVEN: Symphonies: No. 8, in F, Op. 93; No. 9, in D minor, Op. 125 (‘Choral’).

Ella Lee, soprano, Joanna Simon, mezzo, Richard Kness, tenor, Thomas Paul, bass, Mendelssohn Choir of Pittsburgh (in No. 9); Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra, William Steinberg, cond. COMMAND ® CC33 12001, $9.58; CC 12001SD, $11.58.

THE MARVELOUS MUSIC OF HUNGARY

by O. B. Brummell

A TOWERING achievement. To say that this set marks a musicological milestone, actually tracing the evolution of Hungarian music from its distant Asian beginnings through the romantic nineteenth-century nationalism of Erkel and Liszt, is merely to render the album its scholarly due. Nothing short of hearing it, however, can convey the beauties, the delights, and the surprises encompassed in these four records.

The album opens with a shocker—a Chinese folk song from Shantung Province. The Eurasian and Hungarian variants of the same very old song follow it immediately, establishing the ancient affinities and even the route of the Magyars who swept out of the Orient to occupy present-day Hungary, 1,100 years ago. By the Middle Ages, the pagan Magyars had adopted Christianity; some of the finest moments of ‘Musica Hungarica’ are those in which the Budapest Choir flawlessly re-creates medieval chants recovered from Hungarian archives and monasteries. I have never heard anything to equal the somber glory of the twelfth-century Old Hungarian Lament of the Virgin Mary. In this and in the brief Gracious Mistress of the Angels, soprano Juli Sándor shapes warm and luminous solos. From this same period comes a stirring exhortation to Hungarian soldiers resisting the Turks bent on overwhelming Christendom, You, Lieutenants, Who Are in the Armies.

The album shows that through the sixteenth century and the age of baroque, Hungarian instrumental music was part of the European mainstream. However, the religious folk hymns of this period, particularly a Christmas carol called The Virgin Mary at Midnight—possess a muted loveliness derived as much from folk theology as from appealing melodies. In a fascinating musical progression, the album develops the growth of the famous Rakóczi March from its origin as a seventeenth-century Wallachian dance, through several succeeding folk and student anthems, to the culmination of its musical life in Franz Liszt’s fiery score of 1865.

It is, quite literally, impossible to detail all the felicities and marvels of this set—the stirring nationalism of the Károly songs of the early eighteenth century; the Verbunkos, or recruiting songs, that sadly memorialize the impression of peasant youth into the Austro-Hungarian Army; snippets from little-known Hungarian operas of the romantic era. All of it climaxes in four rather off-beat Liszt works, including his symphonic poem Hungary, and a complete side devoted to excerpts from the gifted nineteenth-century composer Ferenc Erkel.

Accompanying the album, a hardbound 152-page book—in English and Hungarian—gives a comprehensive history of Hungarian music keyed tightly to the recordings.

Complete annotation is provided for even the slightest entries, and a separate booklet contains, again in both Hungarian and English, all the words of all the selections. Sonically, the upper frequencies occasionally break up and the stereo separation is less than state-of-the-art, but these trivial defects detract in no way from the pleasures of this monumental collection of national music. To repeat, editors Bence Szabolcsi and Míklós Forrai—with the assistance of Hungarian peasants, musicologists, collectors, and sophisticated musicians—have fashioned a towering achievement. Recommended warmly and unequivocally.

MUSICA HUNGARICA

Various soloists, choral groups, and instrumental ensembles. QUALITON ® LPX 1214/17, $19.16; SLPX 1214/17, $23.16 (four discs).
Classic

BACH: Arioso (trans. from Concerto for Harpsichord, in F minor)—See Villa Lobos: Concerto for Guitar and Small Orchestra (1951).

BACH: Cantatas: No. 199, Mein Herze schweimmt in Blut; No. 209, Non sa che sia dolore

Maria Stader, soprano; Cologne Soloists ensemble, Helmut Müller-Brühl, cond.

Nonesuch © H 1136, $2.50; H 71136, $2.50.

This appears to be the only recording of No. 199 currently listed in the domestic catalogues. The work is, unfortunately, not among the most interesting of the cantatas, and Miss Stader, singing with competence but hardly with inspiration, does what she can with the undramatic recitatives and less than topnotch arias. Things perk up a bit on the overside, but No. 209 has been sung as well by Teresa Stich-Randall and Agnes Giebel and with somewhat better orchestral support. The solo players—flute in 199, oboe in 209—are excellent but they, and Miss Stader, are rather closely miked. Otherwise the sound is fine and clear in both versions.

BACH: Concertos for Harpsichord and Orchestra: No. 1, in D minor, S. 1052; No. 2, in E, S. 1053

Zuzana Růžičková, harpsichord; Prague Chamber Orchestra, György Lehl, cond.

Crossroads © 22 16 0027, $2.49; 22 16 0028, $2.49.

Zuzana Růžičková (whose first name Crossroads has, for some reason, changed to “Sussannah”) is one of the finest harpsichordists playing today, and this recording of the first two Bach Harpsichord Concertos is as good as any available, and a remarkable bargain at the price. The solo playing has a hypnotic clarity which is well captured by the exceptionally clean recording, and the Prague Chamber Orchestra under Lehl accompanies spiritually. One or two details of ornamentation could be questioned, but they are tiny considerations next to the resounding success of the record as a whole.

BACH: Concerto for Violin and Strings, No. 1, in A minor, S. 1041—See Mozart: Concerto for Violin and Orchestra, No. 4, in D, K. 218.

BACH: French Suites (complete)

Isabelle Nef, harpsichord. Osébal-LYRE © OL 291/92, $9.58; SOL 291/92, S11.58 (two discs).

Isabelle Nef had the distinction of being the first person to record the complete Well-Tempered Clavier on a harpsichord, a feat accomplished shortly after World War II. This new set of the French Suites. Miss Nef’s first appearance on recordings in a decade, is not a particularly auspicious coup.

You will find some attractive playing here—I have in mind the carefree yet energetic Gigue of the Third Suite—but much of it is either routine or just plain bad. The performer’s principal weakness, it seems to me, is an inability to maintain a sense of motion while varying identical rhythmic figurations. This is especially noticeable in the repeats (she observes all of them), where the second presentation sounds less like a complement than a caricature of the opening statement.

Faulty rhythm is anathema to Bach. Although a pianist can almost get by with the varied dynamics at his disposal, a harpsichordist must rely on subtle rhythmic variations to provide tension and contrast. Landowska had this gift to an extraordinary degree and Miss Nef does not. The most distressing moment occurs during the strongly accented, dotted Gigue of the Second Suite, where we are here given no more than a jerky aimless parody of the dance.

The ineptitudes of the performance are reinforced by the sound of the harpsichord. It is one of the ugliest-sounding pieces of machinery I have ever heard.

BACH: Mass in B minor

Pierrette Alarie, soprano; Catherine Delfosse, soprano; Grace Hoffman, mezzo; Léopold Simoneau, tenor; Heinz Rehbus, bass; Chorus and Orchestra of the Philharmonic Society of Amsterdam, Walter Goehr, cond. Vanguard © SRV 216/17, $3.96, 216/17 SD, $3.96 (two discs).

For a set that offers the complete Mass on only two discs at a low price in stereo as well as mono, this has a surprising quantity of good stuff in it. Goehr has some interesting, if not always convincing, ideas. He takes the Large section of the first “Kyrie,” for example, at more than the Andante, which gives the music an uncanny lightness and mobility—an interesting effect, even though some of us may prefer the breadth and profundity attainable with a slightly slower pace. The sublime “Sanctus” fills the heavens with its rolling motion, and the “Pleini” is effective too. In the “Cum Sancto Spiritu” Goehr builds up momentum and maintains it to the end. Other sections are done correctly enough but somehow lack the impact they can have. “Qui tollis, propter angustias,” and “Crucifixus” are among these; they lack tragedy or mystery, and the last-named ends not softer than it was (which is what Bach prescribes) but only slower. One interpretative miscalculation stands out: in the “Domine Deus” flute and violins play pairs of even sixteenth notes as though each comprised a thirty-second note followed by a dotted sixteenth—with a “Scotch snap” rhythm, in other words. It doesn’t work, and only sounds awkward; moreover there is little musicological evidence to support such an interpretation.

Several of the soloists do better than average work. Rehbus sings with a lyricism that would grace any recording of the Mass. Miss Hoffman too employs her rather appealing voice with skill in the “Qui sedes” and “Agnus Dei.” Whoever sings the “Laudamus te” (it is not clear whether it is Miss Alarie or Miss Delfesos) does so in highly laudable fashion. Simoneau is not quite up to his standard; the voice is not very certain in the upper register here. The chorus does well on the whole, although its counterpart is clearer in some movements (like the first “Kyrie”) than in others (like the “Confiteor”). Mention should be made of the excellent first trumpets, who even manages to hit the high Es almost in dead center, and the lovely flute playing in the “Benedictus.” On the debit side are a couple of tuit passages where everybody is not quite together (“Gloria,” “Credo”) and a harpsichord that can scarcely be heard when it is needed (“Laudamus te,” “Prae- dictus”). What, by the way, is that obligatory instrument in the “Laudamus”? It doesn’t sound like a normal violin.

Since Goehr died in 1960 this recording was evidently made in the late Fifties. Nevertheless, the sound is excellent in both versions, with good separation in the stereo.

BACH: Music for Lute

Preludes in C minor; Fugue in G minor; Loure, Gavotte, Menuet I & II; Gigue; Suite in A (trans. Gerwig); Suite in E minor: Allemande and Bourrée.

Walter Gerwig, lute. Nonesuch © H 1137, $2.50; H 71137, $2.50.

Of the transcribed works here, the suite raided from the cello larder (the G major, transposed here to A) seems to me happiest upon the lute. The complexities of the solo violin works (the Fugue from the G minor Sonata, the five movements from the E major Partita—both of which exist in transcriptions by Bach himself), though theoretically perfectly apt for Gerwig’s instrument, seem occasionally to cause him just enough trouble so that he thumps out the rhythm a bit or fails, as in the Gavotte, to keep a natural pulse going (that most elusive and most necessary of intangibles!).

But these are small points, and the recital as a whole is both pleasant and illuminating. Questioning, however, whether taking Julian Bream’s recent account of some of these same movements on the guitar (reviewed here last December), which instrument do you prefer? I have my doubts, but I’m not telling. Recorded sound is very good; only in the Bourné did the big bass strings of the lute sound a little tubby.
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BARBER: Orchestral Music


New York Philharmonic, Thomas Schippers, cond. CBS @ 3211005, $4.79; 3211006, $5.79.

In this collection of four staples from the pen of Samuel Barber, Schippers presents remarkably straightforward and lucid accounts.

It is the Overture and Medea’s Meditation, products of specific literary associations, that respond best to the conductor’s essentially no-nonsense approach. The sobering touch serves the Overture to particularly good effect. Humor and irony remain: traces of silliness are avoided. A similar quality of reserve in Schippers’ statement of Medea brings equal success to that work, despite its obvious differences in style and mood from the Overture. The restraint with which Schippers molds Medea results in a chilling terseness strangely fitting to the heroine’s disturbed psyche.

Neither the Second Essay nor the overplayed Adagio (the Bolvera of the Pepsi Generation) benefits from the approach so apt for the preceding pieces. Both performances are neatly chiseled and exceptionally transparent, yet they suffer from lack of attention to the sensuous lyricism which is their very tissue. Melodic lines are rigidly fixed, hindering the development of any sense of motion or directionality.

Orchestral playing is topnotch throughout and is well served by the disc’s extraordinarily clean reproduction.

BARTOK: Concerto for Violin and Orchestra, No. 2; Duos for Two Violins (6)

Yehudi Menuhin, violin; Nell Gootkovsky, violin (in the Duo for Four Violins, Antal Dorati, cond. ANGEL © 363660, $4.79; $3 36360, $5.79.

Menuhin is perhaps uniquely qualified to give us a definitive account of the Bartók concerto (I still regard this as the Bartók concerto, I’m afraid, in spite of the posthumous discovery of an earlier one). Although the work was written for and dedicated to Bartók’s friend and colleague Zoltán Székely, it was Menuhin who took it up after the Second World War and carried it round the world, and it seems to me that it is still be who plays it with the deepest understanding.

Unfortunately I have no comparisons to hand, but memory says that this interpretation is essentially very similar to the one Menuhin made long ago with (rather surprisingly) Furtwängler. That performance was marked by a lyrical intensity, an inwardness, that may have lacked some of the animal excitement of more bravura interpretations but re-

vealed far more clearly the stature of the work, especially its noble, spacious first movement. This is still the case. Menuhin’s tone and intonation may not be as infallible as Isaac Stern’s, nor his attack so hair-raising as that of Ivry Gitlis, to mention the only two currently available versions that I know well, but the sheer poetry of his playing and his command of the long-range shapes of the music are unrivalled.

And this time, of course, the recording is able to do far more justice to the very precise balance of soloist and orchestra calculated by Bartók. When one considers that its neighbors in Bartók’s oeuvre are the Sixth Quartet and the Music for Strings, Percussion, and Celesta, it is hardly surprising that this concerto should be so contrapuntal a score: time and again the soloist is in dialogue with one of the winds, and this relationship must be audible. It is here, thanks to the excellently balanced recording, Dorati’s scrupulous conducting, and the eloquent playing of the Philadelphia trumpets. It is known under the name of Mahler’s Second, it should be added, were composed in the early 1930s for pedagogical purposes—which, like Mikrokosmos, they completely transcend. It goes without saying that Menuhin and the young violinist Nell Gootkovsky play the six here beautifully.

BARTOK: Concerto for Piano and Orchestra, No. 3, in C minor, Op. 37

Solomon, piano; Philharmonia Orchestra, Sir Herbert Menges, cond. SERAPHIM © 60019, $2.50; $60019, $2.50.

Solomon’s chiseled, subtly sculpted style in this performance (recorded shortly before his stroke in 1957) bears great similarity to his earlier, cameolicke account familiar in this country from HMV shellac discs. As in that predecessor version, the pianist plays the rarely heard Clara Schumann cadenza in lieu of the customary Beethoven one. I admire the Englishman’s lovely pianism, and cite this disc as a distinguished addition to the Beethoven Concerto roster, but personally I prefer a more robust approach for this sublime, energetic masterpiece, such as Leon Fleisher’s (Epic), or Andrei Fisher’s (Heliodora), or Lili Krauss’s (Monitor). The ragged, lackluster orchestral support from the Menges-led Philharmonia is not quite up to snuff. The sound, however, most decidedly is.

H.G.
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Busch Quartet [from HMV DB 2810/41 DB 3375/80; also from RCA Victor M 369/M 490]; ODEON ® E 80968/69, $5.79 each (two discs, mono only).

During their heyday in the mid-Thirties the Busch Quartet recorded the great bulk of the German romantic literature. An examination of thequadro's general philosophy was that of four independent musical personalities harmoniously conversing (as distinct from single, blended entity in which all interpretative differences were settled in rehearsal), the Busch ensemble was more akin to the Thibaud/Casals/Cortot Trio than, say, to the Budapest Quartet. Since, by its very nature, the String Quartet is a less free, if not necessarily more unified art form than the Piano Trio, the Busch's lack of split-second timing and split-and-polish surface veneer is a bit of liability as applied to these complex and integrated quartets. In the second scherzo of Op. 131, which is a veritable tightrope act for even the most efficient of virtuoso groups, the Busch performance is a desolate scramble. Yet what this group had was an innate understanding—in other words, the authority and conviction of how the music should "go." In the great opening fugal movement of Op. 131, in the slow variation movement of the same work, or throughout practically all of the sublime Op. 132, the Busch foursome's emotional responses are regal and dedicated, full of Olympian fire and passionate breadth. For these qualities, one is willing to overlook the slides, the shaky intonation and ensemble, the dubious rhythm which on occasion makes itself apparent. These are great performances, then, though I myself find that neither quite measures up to the Group A, Op. 135 of Szell and Brahms. Reissues of those performances would be welcome.

Sonically, both quartets wear their years with honor, though the transfer of Op. 132 has far more background scratch than its companion.

H.G.

BEETHOVEN: Sonata for Piano, No. 26, in E flat, Op. 81 A ("Les Adieux")
†Mozart: Sonata for Piano, No. 10, in C, K. 330

Van Cliburn, piano. RCA VICTOR ® LM 2931, $4.79; LSC 2931, $5.79.

In a beautifully lucid appreciation accompanying this album, B. H. Haggin, the elder statesman of American music criticism, dispenses once and for all the myth of Van Cliburn as "the flashy virtuoso capable only of flamboyant performances of virtuoso display pieces. Coming from another generation, the unabashed admiration expressed in this essay might smack of press agenty, but Mr. Haggin's integrity is too well known to command anything but respect.

If, in the past, I have had reservations about Cliburn's artistry, they derived not from any feeling that the Texan was a "flashy virtuoso" but rather from a sense that this superbly equipped natural pianist sometimes sounded cautious, lacking range of color and rhythmic impetus. Such reservations, I am happy to say, are largely swept away by this new release, Cliburn's first record in over two years. Both performances are pianistically of the highest distinction and musically they occupy nearly the same high level.

Despite prevailingly broad tempos in the first two movements of the Mozart, Cliburn fills out the phrases with tension and character. His ornamentation is exemplary, with all trills beginning on the upper auxiliary and with all appoggiaturas taken at their proper value, on the beat. While Cliburn's preferences in terms of sonority still do not veer towards the coloristic, he never becomes brittle, for all his linearity: one might describe his tone as a "lyric drypoint."

Perhaps the highest tribute I can pay Cliburn is to say that his Mozart here frequently reminded me of some of the better Landowska piano performances of that composer.

Another attribute of Cliburn's, his immense patience with detail, stands him in good stead for the Beethoven. This "Lebewohl" remains crystalline in conception and perfectly realized in execution even in those moments of wicked technical stress where most pianists smudge and stomp. Indeed, the complete candor of his interpretation sometimes cruelly exposes Beethoven's copious use of empty sequential detail in order to pad his musical construction. As in the Mozart, Cliburn is up to date on all textual niceties, but even more important is the veritable freshness with which he unfolds this oft-played essay. And his stunningly played finale (with scarcely any reliance on the sustaining pedal) is one of the most brilliant bits of pianism to be heard on discs.

In short, Cliburn's work here ought to quell the doubts of even the most diehard skeptics. The reproduction, I might add, is uncommonly faithful. H.G.


BEETHOVEN: Symphonies (complete)
Soloists and Mormon Tabernacle Choir (in No. 9): Philadelphia Orchestra, Eugene Ormandy, cond.

BEETHOVEN: Symphonies: No. 8, in F, Op. 93; No. 9, in D minor, Op. 125 ("Choral")
Soloists and Mendelssohn Choir of Pittsburgh (in No. 9): Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra, William Steinberg, cond.

For a feature review of these recordings, see page 84.

BRAHMS: Concerto for Piano and Orchestra, No. 1, in D minor, Op. 15

Artur Rubinstein, piano; Boston Symphony Orchestra, Erich Leinsdorf, cond. RCA VICTOR ® LM 2917, $4.79; LSC 2917, $5.79.

Rubinstein's earlier recording of the D minor Brahms (with Fritz Reiner conducting) had a little difficulty in making up its mind whether to be primarily lyrical or dramatic. Though Rubinstein's conception has changed little since 1954, the emphasis has shifted decisively towards introspection. Here he gives a worldwide, romantically mellower reading of this turbulent outpouring from Brahms's youthful years. He prefers to stress the golden autumnal majesty and glowing tonal colors of the writing, leaving it to the younger artists who have recorded the work—such as Leon Fleisher—to storm the heavens. Though such episodes as the double octaves in the first movement which marshall in the development section might sound a trifle cautious and constrained here when heard alongside the expansive freneticism of some other performances, the impression left by Rubinstein's interpretation is one of sustained beauty rather than any lack of power. According to informed sources, this performance comes from a memorable recording session in April of 1964 and was virtually unheard. It stands, then, as a lasting tribute to the miracles sometimes wrought by sheer inspiration: Leinsdorf's accompaniment, effusive and impulsive, is most atypical of this ordinarily objective and punctilious maestro and is all to the benefit of Brahms.

The recorded sound in both formats is absolutely magnificent. In sum, this is a disc to treasure alongside the Fleisher/Szell (Epic), the Curzon/Szell (London), and the Arrau/Giulini (Angel). In its gracious plasticity, it resembles the last-named most closely.

H.G.
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a conductor as few others in the standard repertory do. Ideally, he must achieve a burning ardor while at the same time keeping in mind technically formidable rhythmic complexities of the score under firm control.

In Leonard Bernstein one would think this Symphony could find such an interpreter, but the present record disappoints that expectation. Though Bernstein's sense of the large scale and fervor of the work are often apparent, he opts for ardor over technique instead of seeking a balance between them. Specifically, too many running passages in eighth notes and triplets are sloughed over without inflecting their rhythmic backbone. In the first movement the long bars of 6/4 and 9/4 integral to Brahms's large-scale ideas lose much of their inner tension. The two middle movements, conceived as a lyric interlude between the struggles of the opening movement, are detached from the whole work, partly because of Bernstein's rather sentimental phrasing.

To this must be added a curious imbalance in the woodwind playing particularly, where the dynamic relationships between the instruments are variable and poorly blended. Though the string playing sounds very forward, either the performance or the recording balance relates to the background the brass sound which is so important here. Otherwise, the new release offers a particularly full orchestral sound, with broadly spread stereo ambience and deep spatial impression.

For a modern recording of the Brahms Third, I must still recommend either the superbly played Cleveland Orchestra performance with rather objective direction from George Szell, or the Philharmonia version under Klemperer, with its powerful emotional drive and adequate technique, occasionally flawed by heavy texture and ponderous movement. P.H.

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

Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra, Max Rudolf, cond. DECCA @ DL 10128, $4.79; DL 710128, $5.79.

The Cincinnati Symphony is a venerable and justly respected American orchestra, but its performance here simply falls far short of the mark both orchestrally and interpretatively. Where the music calls for power, what we are given is a strident and sometimes dissonant sound. Where richness and warmth are in order, the sound is clean, clear, but lacking in depth.

Max Rudolf's reading cannot be faulted on any specific ground save the lack of a final enkindling spark. His ideas are in keeping with good taste and a solid Central European conception, but they go no further in exploring one of the greatest symphonic experiences.

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important is his misjudgment of tempo in the slow movement: this sounds more like an Andante than an Adagio—Sehr feierlich und sehr langsam—and his brisk pace throughout, although in contrast with the graceful Moderato section is reached. The Hague Philharmonic has some excellent players—the timpanist contributes some admirable work—but particularly in the Scherzo it is no match for its rivals in technical skill. After a good enough beginning, the recording too degenerates into a woolly and oddly granulated quality of sound, and on all counts it seems to me that the disc belongs at the bottom of the pile.

The London release is a very different matter. Backed by absolutely stunning recorded sound and gorgeous playing from the Vienna Philharmonic, Solti combines grandeur and lyricism in a performance of unusual distinction. His first movement, much freer in tempo than Walter's, is well integrated and just as convincing on its own terms, and his Scherzo and Trio are at least as good as Walter's—indeed his Trio, which is marvelously light and airy, is even better. On the other hand, Solti's slow movement occasionally loses its poise, and like Schuricht—and Klemerer and Furtwängler—he fails to differentiate between Sehr langsam and Moderato. Nor is his rhythmic grip quite firm enough in the main theme of the Finale, where the thirty-second notes are not as sharply articulated as they should be. Yet in spite of these things, and one or two untidy attacks—at measure 80 in the slow movement, for instance—which ought to have been remade, the performance constitutes a fine achievement. With a ravishing performance of the Siegfried Idyll—in the original chamber-orchestral version—on the fourth side, this release is one to set beside the Columbia set, though for the sake of style Walter's performance has the edge of Solti's.

But all this reckons without Rosbaud. His is not a new release but a reissue of a recording that was available on Vox for some time, and it should be said at once that it will be of no interest to those who are primarily concerned with quality of reproduction. Though the recording is reasonably clear and colorful, it totally lacks the enormous dynamic range that is so exciting a feature of the London discs, As far as I can recall the original Vox release, I have the impression that the Turnabout is something of an improvement in this respect, but it still leaves much to be desired: if you set the fortissimos correctly, the pianissimos come out somewhere between mf and mp.

However, the performance surpasses every other performance of the work I have heard. From the outset, Rosbaud captures the ardor and ecstasy of the music in a way that makes even Walter sound prosaic, and the urgent sweep and mystery of his opening set a level of inspiration from which he never falls. In the slow movement, like Walter, Rosbaud moves the Moderato sections along with a supple grace that greatly enhances the shape of the movement, and his treat-

ment of the main theme is unsurpassed in its poise and eloquence. For once, the high violin passage at measure 199 of the codetta doesn't sound rushed; and Rosbaud is the only conductor of the six on record to make his first tenor tuba lead into the final few bars of the movement with a true legato. (Incidentally, Walter and Rosbaud omit the controversial cymbal stroke which is, happily, the only major textual problem in this particular Bruckner symphony.) Rosbaud's Scherzo has both vigor and charm, and his Finale is beautifully judged, lean and energetic in the main theme, later on lyrical or monumental as the music dictates.

The South-West German Radio Symphonic Orchestra may not be the equal of the Vienna Philharmonic or even of the Columbia Symphony, but the musicianship of its late principal conductor drew some magnificent playing from it. There are no serious weaknesses in the orchestral execution (though strangely enough Rosbaud allowed his timpanist to get away with an entry four bars too early at bar 229 of the Scherzo—this cannot be a matter of disputed reading, since the da capo is correct), and the high string playing in passages like that around bar 360 of the first movement is impassioned in spirit and impeccable in tonation. To those who are more concerned with performance than with recording, I recommend Rosbaud's Bruckner Seven above all others.

B.J.

DELANANDE: Symphonies for the King's Supper: Trumpet Concerto; Third Caprice; Second Fantasia; First Caprice

Palliard Chamber Orchestra, Jean-François Palliard, cond. WESTMINSTER @ XWN 19104, $4.79; WST 17104, $4.79.

The King's supper—specifically, King Louis XIV's—was obviously no light snack. For this ceremony of state, the music is triumphant in the best trumpets-and-drums tradition, with some lovely dance movements for woodwinds and strings interspersed among the processional fanfares. Conductor Palliard has put the scores in working order, devising instrumentation where needed, and he has done a smashing good job. Performances live up to the occasion.

S.F.

DEMANTIUS: St. John Passion: Prophecy of the Suffering and Death of Jesus Christ

N.C.R.V. Vocal Ensemble (Hilversum), Marinus Voorberg, cond. NONESUCH @ H 1113, $2.50; H 71138, $2.50.

Christopher Demant, or Demanthus, (1567-1643) is a fairly obscure name in music history, but I hope that won't deter anyone who admires the vocal polyphony of the Renaissance from buying this record, which seems to me to be of far more than merely historical interest. Demant was born in Bohemia, educated at Wit tenberg, then served as a cantor and, for the last forty years of his life, at the cathedral of Freiberg in Saxony. He thus belongs, like his English contemporaries, to a rather peripheral area of the European musical scene. His style, which scarcely goes beyond that of Las sus, is old-fashioned by international standards. and yet he uses it with such control and such imagination as to stifle any complaints about "provincialism."

The two works on this record were published together in 1973 in an edition which is now excessively rare. Only the discovery of an unsuspected copy in the Gymnasial-Bibliothek in Freiberg enabled Friedrich Blume to publish them in 1934 as Vol. 27 of his invaluable series, Das Chorwerk. Both works are composed in motet style, in six parts throughout, with no specific distinction in the Passion between the gospel narration and the direct speech of the characters in the drama, even though sections of the choir are constantly having to sing for the sake of expression and color-contrast. In this Demantius is following a long-established German tradition, and in fact it could be claimed that he represents its apogee, before Schütz introduced the more Italianate element into Germany. Yet Blume is probably justified in finding something in common between Demantius and Schütz that goes deeper than mere technical differences—an intense spirituality of outlook.

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Marinus Voorberg. The singing is extraordinarily pure in tone and intonation, blended and smooth—perhaps a little too smooth, in fact, to bring out the full pathos of moments like Christ's question "Warum schliëgst du mich?" ("Wherefore dost thou betray me?"), which would be better served by a more dramatic interpretation of the Passion's three sections. But this is far preferable to an excessively dramatic portrayal: the drama is in fact all in the extraordinarily supple rhythms and colorful harmonies with which Donizetti has clothed the German text. My only criticism of the performance on musicological, as opposed to musical, grounds would be that Voorberg follows the Chorwerk edition a shade too literally; at the time when he edited these works Blume was eschewing sharpened leading-notes with a rigor that few would support today. But this hardly detracts from the value of so sympathetic a performance of so fine and little-known a work.

DONIZETTI: Lucrezia Borgia

Montserrat Caballé (s), Lucrezia; Shirley Verrett (ms), Maffio Orsini; Alfredo Kraus (t), Gennaro; Giuseppe Baratti (t), Girolamo; Antonio Pugliese (bs), Flagello; Liverotto; Fernando Iacopucci (t). Vitellozzo; Andrea Mineo (b), Off-Stage Voice; Camillo Sforza (b), A Servant; Ezio Flagello (bs), Don Alfonso; Franco Pugliese (bs), Gazella; Ferruccio Mazzoli (bs), Father Giorgio; El Hadji: Astolfo: Vito Maria Brunetti (bs), Gubetta; RCA Italiana Opera Chorus and Orchestra. Jonel Perlea, cond. RCA Victor © I.M 6176, $14.437, LSC 6176, $17.37 (three discs).

The basic point at issue here is whether or not Donizetti's Lucrezia is worth recording, and if so under what circumstances. It is really a very uninteresting opera, the performance of which would be justified only by the presence of a couple of singers whose particular talents and temperaments suited them to these roles almost more than to any others. Victor has cast its production solidly, put it in the charge of a musicianly maestro, made only a few brief cuts, and recorded it tolerably well; yet for me, at least, the piece still emerges as an unsparing collection of musical clichés and gestures. I do not say this out of any prejudice towards out-of-way Donizetti; but on the basic of what I have heard, there are other Donizetti operas far more worthy of revival than this one—Anna Bolena, certainly, and possibly Roberto Devereux or Poliuto. The relatively well-known numbers deserve their modest fame: the Brindisi is good fun; "Vieni, la mia vedetta" is an imposing aria in the right hands: and the tenor's "Di pescatori ignobile" is at least eminently singable, though not distinguished or individual. In addition, there are some amusing choruses for a band of brigands, fore-shadowing those in Verdi's Macbeth and Rigoletto, though not nearly as good: there is the lovely second section of Lucrezia's "Cont'è bello" ("Mentre gene il cor sommesso"); and the ensemble at the end of Act I (or the Prologue, depending on the division) builds effectively, providing one grants the juvenile premise on which it is based.

Unfortunately, there is almost nothing else in the music that will repay one's attention—it is just not interesting writing. Almost never do we feel the specific urgency, the personal motivation that informs the better pages of Lucia—the tremolando that try to sound sinister, the rhythms that try to be bouncy, the melodies that supposedly melt all sound-tired and past their use. Moreover, the quality of the score deteriorates as it progresses, so that by the time the last couple of scenes have arrived, one wretched tune follows another, feebly developing. Only in any old how, like one of those pieces of magazine fiction in which you can spot the paragraph at which the author heard the deadline had been moved up.

The libretto is a horrid mishmash of uninteresting plots and impossible situations: no hint of charity towards the conventions can excuse this tenor hero—a mama's boy who runs around defacing people's property—and the others are simply G&S source material. Perhaps the lesser works of Bellini, Rossini, and Donizetti are dealt with by our century, but in the case of Lucrezia the judgment has been just, however strict.

It was in the title role of this opera that Montserrat Caballé scored the Carnegie Hall triumph that turned her from an unknown to another European soprano into an international star. I was not there on that occasion: to judge by all reports, as well as by the privately circulated recording of the performance, she sang substan-

tially better that evening than she does on this recording. It is clear from this performance that she is the owner of a beautiful voice, that she has a good over-all feeling for this style, and that she has some interesting technical strengths. However, there is a disturbing lack of control, a lack of switching between the styles of her singing as a tenor and as a soprano. Caballé's soprano could bring this piece to life for us, and with the best will in the world, it is impossible to apply such an appellation to a singer who launches something like a third of her phrases in a glottal cluck; who cannot trill at all, who often treats passing notes as if they were not written but were simply way stations in a smearable portamento: who cannot sing floriture with any velocity, except at a very low dynamic level: and whose floated pianissimo is not the end of a finely shaded dynamic spectrum but the product of a detached head voice that is not cleanly joined to the rest of her vocalism. All this sounds more severe than I intend it, for judged by the going standard, Caballé is, by far the better singer but a most imperfect one. It is just that these points of failure are some of the very points at which a singer of this repertory must excel, and here they are only jabbed at. In truth, I think the soprano was not at her best for the recording, and for this sort of challenge, any artist must be at her best to do the thing justice.

Her tenor, Alfredo Kraus, turns in a fine piece of work. Ideally, one might wish that voice to be altogether different from anybody; but it would be difficult to find today a tenor who could bring a greater finish of phrase, a better sense of legato, or a surer command of the extreme top range than Kraus. There is nothing like a good interpolated C or D flat to turn a soggy cavatina into a sudden triumph.

Shirley Verrett, the Orsini, is also first-class. To judge from the part's tessitura, one would suppose that a darker, heavier voice was originally intended, but Verrett's singing is smooth, pretty, unexcelled by anyone from the repertory. Her of the title role comes in the second verse of the Brindisi, where she attempts some embellishment (consisting mostly of simple high notes stuffed in the phrases) that sounds awkward and even give us some real embellishment, brilliantly executed or else leave it alone.

Ezio Flagello assuredly owns one of the longest male voices on the current operatic scene—he has better low notes than most of the basso cantante variety, and at the same time the conclusion of his ca. "Quaëmuel sia l'evento," he sails to a secure, open A flat. His voice does not vary the tone color, however, or supply much in the way of dramatic interest, so that one must content with the dark, rolling sound itself. Though the many smaller roles have been well distributed, the only really weak element being the bass who takes the role of Gubetta, Lucrezia's secret agent. The most important of these secondary roles, that of Rustighello, is taken by Giuseppe Baratti, a pleasant light tenor who was with the City Center briefly some years back. Jonel Perlea does a proportioned, intelligent job with the score, and both the choruses and the soloists are treated cleanly. The engineering is reasonably good, though I was aware of some extra reverberration as soon as Flagello began to sing. The edition follows quite closely the old Peters vocal score, with the addition of the "new" cabaletta for Lucia in Act I. "Si voli il primo a cogliere," recently discovered in a manuscript in Paris.

C.L.O.

DVOŘÁK: Symphony No. 8, in G, Op. 88

Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra, Rafael Kubelik, cond. DEUTSCHE GRAMMOPHON © LPM 19181, $5.79, SLP 139181, $5.75, © DGG 9181, $7.95.

Not long ago I responded favorably, but with some reservations, to Herbert von Karajan's recording of the Dvořák G major Symphony with the Vienna Philharmonic, finding itself in choosing between it and an utterly different reading by George Szell. About the new DGG release I have no reservations at all: Kubelik's verve and rhythmic snap and his obvious control of the response
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opens Summer the clarinet comes in a shade too soon each time, but otherwise Goehr is in complete control. There are cuts: the trio with chorus “So lohnt die Natur den Fleischt” with its recitative and three piano cavatina “Licht und Leben sind geschwätich” are omitted entirely, and excisions, sometimes extensive, are made in four choruses and a duet.

The recording goes back to 1960 at the latest (Goehr died in that year). Aside from a bit of distortion in some tufts, the sound is resonant, with good directivity in the stereo. In the review setup there were thumps on Sides 1 and 6, but only in the stereo. The German text and an English translation are supplied.

N.B.

**HAYDN: Sonatas for Keyboard**

In C, Hob. XVI, No. 1; in C, Hob. XVI, No. 3; in C, Hob. XVI, No. 7; in F, Hob. XVI, No. 9; in E flat, Henle Ed. No. 2; Arietta con variazioni in A, Hob. XVII, No. 2—(played on the harpsichord). In D, Hob. XVI, No. 4; in G, Hob. XVI, No. 8; in C, Hob. XVI, No. 10; in G, Hob. XVI, No. 11; in A, Hob. XVI, No. 12; in F, Hob. XVI, No. 14; in E flat, Henle Ed. No. 1; in B flat, Henle Ed. No. 2—(played on the clavichord). In A, Hob. XVI, No. 5; in G, Hob. XVI, No. 6; in E, Hob. XVI, No. 13; in B flat, Hob. XVI, No. 18; Capriccio in G (“Acht Sauncheder müssen seyn”); Hob. XVII, No. 1; Arietta con variazioni, in E flat, Hob. XVII, No. 3—(played on the hammerflügel).

Fritz Neumeyer, harpsichordist, clavichordist, and hammerflügel. Vox © VBX 73, $9.98; SVBX 573, $9.98 (three discs).

**IVES: Music for Chorus**

*General William Booth Enters Into Heaven; Serenity; The Circus Band; December; The New River; Three Harvest Home Chorales; Psalms.*

Gregg Smith Singers; Texas Boys Choir; Ithaca College Concert Choir; Columbia Chamber Orchestra, Gregg Smith, cond. COLUMBIA @ ML 6321, $4.79; MS 6921, $5.79.

This is the first survey of Ives's choral music ever issued on records, and while the singing is not wholly ideal and the balance between voices and instruments is sometimes imperfect, the album is, nevertheless, a major recording achievement.

Ives often issued the same work as a choral piece and as a solo song. *General William Booth Enters Into Heaven* is one of his best-known solo songs, but its choral version has lain unnoticed for many years, and with excellent reason. When Booth “leads boldly with his BIG BASS DRUM,” the last thing on earth one ought to hear is a whack on a bass drum. The solo version comes with an optional bass drum part which the singers quite rightly ignore, but it is hard to ignore it and similar literalisms in the version for chorus and orchestra. In this form the piece is lively but obvious; it is far less obvious, however, the appalling *Circus Band*, which is very early Ives and sounds like nothing so much as the finale to a musical comedy of its year—1894—that was never intended to survive New Year’s Eve of 1894.

The other three songs on Side 1 (Serenity, December, and The New River) are all extremely dissonant and so short that they barely establish themselves in one’s ear before they are over.

All are easily forgotten in the shadow of the tremendous *Harvest Home Chorales*, with which the secular side concludes. Here the tension of Ives’s polytonality in the vocal parts is backed up by the powerful color of the organ and brass to produce a series of musical monoliths without precedent in the literature.

The *Harvest Home Chorales* are matched in power and musical invention by Psalm 90 on the other side. The
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notes quote Ives as saying that this was
the only work of his own which satis-
fied him. It runs ten minutes and is the
nearest thing to a cantata by Ives one is
likely to hear. It is in C major, is under-
girded throughout by a low C on the
organ, and towards its end uses distant
bells. The luminous, radiant sonority of
the piece is beautifully abetted by the
richly plastic performance; together they
provide the record with its highest point.
The other psalms are full of interesting
technical experiments of typically Ivesian
ingenuity and are also very telling from
the expressive point of view, but Psalm
90 is the climax, and one of the climaxes
of modern music as a whole.
A.F.

JERGER: Salzburg Court and Baro-
que Music
Mozart, Leopold: The Peasant Wed-
ding
Bamberger Symphony, Wilhelm Jerger,
cond. MACE @ M 9035, $2.49; SM 9035,
$2.49.

Wilhelm Jerger's Salzburg Court and
Baroque Music is a twentieth-century
concoction (for very full orchestra) made
up in part from themes from "forgotten
compositions by old Salzburg masters,"
whoever they may be. It is hard to say
whether the spirit is one of parody or
something more alarmingly serious; at
any rate the work, premiered at the
1939 Salzburg Festival, has largely lost
its point today.

Leopold Mozart's program piece The
Peasant Wedding is still entertaining. No
hurdy-gurdy or bagpipe provided here,
as Leopold wanted, but the orchestra
does a good job of simulation.
S.F.

KODALY: Choral Works
Kodály Chorus (Debreceu), György Gul-
yas, cond. QUALITON @ LPX 1211,
$4.79; SLPX 1211, $5.79.

This record contains some of the most
beautiful choral singing you will ever
hear—ravishing in tone, superb in shad-
ing, and always right in tune. There are
ten short pieces, both light and serious,
often in the parlando-rubato style of
Magyar folk song. Some of the pieces are
sentimental, but to everything Kodály
brings his colossal redeeming crafts-
manship.

Nothing, however, redeems the illi-
iteracy of Qualiton's editors. The set is
labeled "Choral Works" on one side of
the jacket; on the other side it is given
the general title "Nights in the Moun-
tains." Except for this and the titles of
the individual pieces, sometimes dubious-
ly translated (Nice Imploring, for ex-
ample, in "Chantfor Peace," the Year 1801)
there is no hint whatever of what the
texts are all about.
A.F.

LAPO: Concerto for Cello and Or-
chestra, in D minor—Sei Sant
Santi: Concerto for Cello and Or-

LASSUS: Madrigals: Il grave de l'eta;
Hor vi racontarte; Come la notte;
Ardo, si tu non mi am; La musica
freide e sombre; O foible esprit;
Gallans qui par terre; Amor, che
ved' ogni pensier; Quand mon
mary; Mattona mia cara
Monteverdi: Madrigals: O prima-
vera; Il bel core 'n mio; Ognimento
se tanto amato; Cio mio sentire mi
viso; Lasciate mi morire; Sogavya
con le stelle; Parlo miser o tacco;
To mi son giovinetta; Zefiro torna
Soloists and members of the Prague
Madrigal Singers; Zuzana Ruzičková,
harpsichord; Miroslav Venhoda, cond.
CROSSROADS @ 22 16 0023, $2.49; 22 16
0024, $2.49.

This set is completely unacceptable.
It is marvelous, but it is performed
by far too many voices, and in a cav-
erous acoustic which makes it impos-
sible to follow the words even though
they are reproduced (with brief English
paraphrases) on the jacket. And to add
to the confusion, the madrigals are grouped
not only without separating
spirals but without so much as a mo-
mement's pause, with the result that jolly
French songs trip over the heels of pas-
sionate Italian ones as though they were
all part of the same work. In the pre-
vailing aural fog you can't, it's true,
tell the difference, but that can hardly be
counted as a recommendation.
B.J.

MESSIAEN: La Nativité du Seigneur
Simon Preston, organ. AKGO @ RG 447,
$5.79, ZRG 5447, $5.79.

Olivier Messiaen is one of the few in-
disputable geniuses composing today.
He is shamefully underrepresented in the
domestic catalogues, but Simon Preston's
organ recordings are going a little way
toward remedying that. La Nativité du
Seigneur (Nine Meditations for Organ),
dating from 1935, is probably the com-
poser's most important work. Its tech-
nical mastery and its enormous range of
expression, from rapid meditation
through pastoral joy to apocalyptic sub-
limity, show up the average conte-
ptory composition as pretty characterless
pup. And like most of Messiaen's music,
it is fortunately unaffected by the pseudo-
metaphysical abracadabra which bedevels
his theorizing.

Recordings of La Nativité du Seigneur
by the composer and by Gaston Litaize
are available as special imports, and they
have much to recommend them. But
Preston's is the first single-disc un-
coupled version, and his playing com-
bines imaginative boldness with remark-
able rhythmic accuracy. Even in the third
Meditation, "Entr'actes," where the pedal
part (marked pp) is grossly over-
weighted in comparison with the mf
of the right hand, his sensitivity and grace
make this a performance of great dis-
tinction.

The recording, made in Westminster
Abbey, has remarkable range, warmth,
and solidity, though the resonance of
the acoustic causes a few details to be
lost.

What is more regrettable is the in-
adequacy of the presentation. Since the
titles of the nine pieces are not listed
on the jacket, unless you have the music
in front of you, you have to jump up
every now and then and try to read the
label as it revolves. And even then, if
you happen to lose count while you're
listening, the position of the needle on
the disc will give you no clue because
there are no bands between pieces. Of
course, anyone who buys the record
cannot copy the nine titles from the label
on separate sheets of paper for ref-
ereence—but this is proper treatment
of the recoding company, not of its cus-
tomers.
B.J.

MONTEVERDI: Madrigals—See Lass-
sus: Madrigals.

MOZART: Concerto for Violin and
Orchestra, No. 4, in D, K. 218
[Bar: Concerto for Violin and
Strings, No. 1, in A minor, S. 104]
Erica Morini, violin; Princeton Chamber
Orchestra, Nicholas Harsanyi, cond.
DECCA @ DL 10134, $4.79; DL 710134,
$5.79.

Miss Morini, being half Italian and half
Austrian by birth, and a first-class artist
by natural gift and training, is ideally
equipped for playing Mozart. This was
proved a few years ago, in her recording
of a violin sonata with Finkus, and it is
apparent in the present performance.
The playing is always vital; while there
is delicacy when it is called for, there is
never cause to consider it feminine.
There are moments in the Andante when
Miss Morini seems on the verge of slid-
ing from one note to another and the
causenda in the first movement is quite
long and elaborate, but most of the time
one finds that she stays well within the
scope.

The Bach is played with a robust tone
and a fine momentum that does not pre-
clude considerable nuance in dynamics
and phrasing. There is only one question-
able bit of interpretation, it seems to me:
in the finale a long crescendo where the
violin plays in barilage just does not
come off. The orchestra provides capable
support. Its sound seems a little dry, and
that of the solo violin a little silvery.
N.B.

MOZART: Quintets for Strings (com-
plete)
Walter Trampler, viola; Budapest String
Quartet. COLUMBIA @ D3L 347, $9.39;
D3S 747, $11.59 (three discs).

The six string quintets of Mozart were
last recorded by the same artists in 1957.
The familiar qualities of the Budapests
are in full operation here. There is the
witty, lively tone which almost never
steps over the line into Romantic juici-
ness. There are the well-chosen tempos,
the musicianly phrasing, the finesse in passing the thematic material from one instrument to another, the innumerable gradations of dynamics between piano and forte, the perfect balances, faithfully caught by my engineers. One may wonder about a point of interpretation here or there. In the C minor Quintet, K. 406, for example, there is a tendency in the first movement to slow up for soft passages, breaking up the flow of the music. I think by the way, an arrangement of the great Serenade for Winds, K. 388, bears the same relation to the original as a black and white print does to an oil painting. The marvelously Adagio of the G minor Quintet, K. 516, may be something a little too restrained; to me it has had a more devastating effect on other occasions. The Andante of the C major Quintet, K. 515, is beautifully sung, but might be even more effective if it were played more softly.

But these are minor blemishes in what are otherwise very fine performances. To single out only one or two high spots, there is the dramatic increase in tension leading up to the development in the first movement of K. 515; the energy and precision of the finale of K. 174; the crisp liveliness of the first movement of K. 614. The theme and variations in this last work, written only a few months before Mozart's death, have that "second simplicity" of which Einstein spoke and which only an ensemble that has worked together long and hard can convey as effectively as is done here.

A few spot checks reveal no drastic differences in interpretation between the 1957 set and the present one. In fact, the passages compared seemed hardly different at all. The sound here, however, is far superior in its clarity and realism. N.B.


MOZART: Sonata for Violin and Piano, in B flat, K. 454—See Brahms: Sonatas for Violin and Piano (complete).

MUSorgsky: Pictures at an Exhibition (orch. Ravel) 
Ravel: Bolero

Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra, Herbert von Karajan, cond. DEUTSCHE Grammophon LPM 19010, $5.79; SLPM 139010, $5.79.

A stylistic incompatibility affects both works on this record. No matter how masterfully Karajan may be in control, no matter how perfectly the Berlin Philharmonic plays, and no matter how plangentely DG has recorded this music, it doesn't make sense either as Russian music or as French music. In the Pictures there are bound to be strong and weak sections, but the latter predomi- nate: Goldenberg and Schmuly argue politely without any naval whine that Ravel conceived in terms of French wind technique, and the Great Gate of Kiev is a pompous bore at Karajan's excruciatingly slow tempo. The Bolero tempo is also somewhat like that of the compo- ser's own recording, but the variety of detail is missing. Karajan's sonoricharosu is too polished to project the glittering orchestral detail required here. Though I find it inappropriate to the music, the recorded sound is impressively mellow.

P.H.

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Schutz: Weintichsor—to—Soloists, West- phalian Choir; Wilhelm Schacherl, conductor

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place suffers from its composer's capricious way of alternating expansive sentiment with crude buffoonery, or modest ideas with overblown theatricality, without ever quite bringing these extremes into coherent perspective. One never quite knows what to make of the waltz tune in the Finale, which is not developed but is subjected to grotesque variations that have little relation to the rest of the movement. The less characteristic Masquerade excerpts are both warmly sentimental (in the Act II Prelude) and brightly comic (in the Overture). The Philadelphia Orchestra performance of the latter is a much stronger one than that by the Cincinnati Symphony recently issued by Decca.

The rich sound of the Philadelphia Orchestra sometimes becomes rather overpowering, but it's always clean. P.H.

PURCELL: Dido and Aeneas

Victoria de los Angeles (s), Dido: Heather Harper (s), Belinda: Elizabeth Robson (s), Second Woman: Clare Walmesley (s) and Sybil Michelow (ms), Witches: Patricia Johnson (c), Sorceress; Peter Glossop (b), Aeneas: The Ambrosian Singers: English Chamber Orchestra, Sir John Barbirolli, cond. ANGEL @ 36359, $4.79; S 36359, $5.79.

Like Monteverdi's Poppea (and unlike almost all Handel's operas, for all their musical riches), Purcell's opera is a dramatic masterpiece that transcends its own historical conventions and speaks directly to us. In order to do so it makes two demands which sound quite simple of fulfillment but are not always realized: a singer in the role of Dido who understands, in her bones, Purcell's absolutely idiomatic way of setting the English language to music; and a conductor who can balance the dramatic implications of the score against the stylistic conventions of Purcell's own day.

Anthony Lewis, on the Oiseau-Lyre record which has hitherto been the best available version, exceptionally well equipped to place the work firmly in its baroque setting: if I had a complaint about his conducting, it was that it needed a little more attention to such things as theatrical continuity and atmosphere. These, predictably, are the points on which Sir John Barbirolli scores. His slow pace for Dido's first aria, "Ah, Belinda, I am prest with torment," establishes the queen's lovesick melancholy more vividly than we are used to. The whole, the expressiveness of the range of frequent dance rhythms are very nicely sprung. The contrast of accent and legato in "Fear no danger to ensue," the well-balanced inner parts in "To the hills and the vales," the unusually delicate declamation in "to the dead"—all these show the advantages of having an experienced orchestral conductor in charge of things. On the other hand there is something a bit anachronistic, almost Wagnerian, about the breadth of tempo Barbirolli apparently feels is necessary to establish the sinister atmosphere of the Sorceress' scene at the beginning of Act II. Quite apart from anything else, it makes it impossible for poor Patricia Johnson to take her phrases in a single breath. The echo chorus, "In our deep vaulted cell," gains from being taken broadly, but the introduction to the following scene does not; it suggests a nineteenth-century fete champêtre rather than a seventeenth-century hunting party. And Dido's magnificent farewell, "When I am laid in earth," is robbed by the slow tempo of the inexorable quality that comes from its ever-repeating ground bass.

By one's standards the musical advantages of Barbirolli's experienced musicianship outweigh his slightly overripe interpretation of the score. I wish I could feel that the comparable thing was true of Victoria de los Angeles' performance as Dido. It has a genuine pathos, that must be admitted at once, but a conscientious attention to the meaning of the words is no real substitute for an instinctive feeling for their weight and color. One need only compare her version of the final alteration with Aeneas ("Thus, on the fatal tides, in voice as deceptively crocodile") with that of Janet Baker on the Oiseau-Lyre set to see how difficult it must be to get to the heart of Purcell's style by musicianism alone. Of the rival Aeneas, I find little to choose between Peter Glossop (Angel) and Raimundo Herincx (Oiseau-Lyre): Glossop sings more beautifully, but has a bad habit of letting his vowels slide up into his nose. Patricia Johnson's Sorceress does not go in for the ham-sinister effects of Monica Sinclair (Oiseau-Lyre) but neither does she achieve the statuesque venom of Helen Watts on the otherwise rather inadequate Vanguard version.

The minor roles are well cast: Robert Tear makes an especially enjoyable thing of his "Come away, fellow sailors." Chorus and orchestra are both first-rate, and the recording, though perhaps a little boomy, is well balanced and in any case in keeping with Barbirolli's interpretation. This is not the whole truth about Dido, but it is a very commendable version all the same. It may well make friends for the work among opera-goers who had never believed they could be moved by music written nearly three hundred years ago. J.N.

RAVEL: Bolero—Sea Mussorgsky: Pictures at an Exhibition (orch. Ravel).

ROSSINI: Semiramide

Joan Sutherland (s), Semiramide: Patricia Clark (s), Azema: Marilyn Horne (ms), Arsace: John Serge (t), Irendra: Leslie Fyson (f), Mitrate: Joseph Rouleau (bs), Asaur: Sporo Malas (bs), Oroee: Michael Langdon (bs), Volicit: Piotr Skwarczynski, English National Opera Chorus: London Symphony Orchestra, Richard Bonynge, cond. LONDON @ A 4383, $14.37; LSO 1383, $17.37 (three discs); @ LOR 90123, $21.95 (two reels).

There used to be a prejudice, Teutonic in origin no doubt, against performances of operas for bird-brained sopranos, festooned with all sorts of exhibitionistic ornamentation, and calculated only to display the specific strengths of some prima donna successful enough to drive a hard bargain. Can't that salutary prejudice be revived?

Not that Miss Sutherland is a birdbrain. But Semiramide is an opera for a bird-brained audience, and it is presented here in a performance which has evidently been conceived so that nothing—including decent singing from the other principals—might get off the ground right after the downbeat in the chorus to Belo in the first scene, or the instrumental introduction to the final scene at the tomb of Ninus, which not only has atmospheric power of its own but looks forward directly to the opening instrumental closet scene of Don Carlo. But the thing just cannot be taken seriously—there is not one character or emotional situation to engage our feelings, and almost no hint of the mature dignity and dramatic purpose to say anything of a semirational situation, that invests Mosé or Tell. Just phony grandeur, ridiculous contrivance, and people "bringing down the house" with numbers that are sometimes effective on their own terms, sometimes not. There is about enough good display music for a reasonably generous highlights disc, and since one will probably be released in the not too distant future, it's worth holding one's breath. Semiramide is an extremely long opera, and despite many cuts (including a good deal of internal curtailment of numbers, so that the shape is often hardly recognizable) runs close to three hours on these well-filled sides. A good hour has been dropped—which means that the whole is clearly of Wagnerian length.

The performance consists of Sutherland and Marilyn Horne, the former not in her very best form, though the second act improves on the first, and contains some fine work in the "Giorno d'orrore" duet and in the final Preghiera. Earlier on, her singing is not encouraging—the first scene has moments of downright insecurity, and there is a gummy, mealy-mouthed quality about much of the vocalism that is not welcome. The "Bel raggio" is quite limp, and compared with her earlier version. There is still much excellent work with the floriture, but not much thrust or fire, and sometimes a lack of focus that I hope is not representative of her current estate.

Horne, as might be expected, also does some remarkable things in the coloratura sections where most of her contemporaries would fall down bad-
ly. The only thing that bothers me is that (despite the many embellishments and inserted high notes), the basic tessitura of the role is low, and the actual sound of her voice in the lower middle area is unattractive. One thus has to listen to a quantity of uningratiating tone for the sake of the excursions above and below the break. Still, it is efficient and often exciting, and she and Sutherland achieve a fiendishly precise togetherness in some of the duet passages.

There are three other prominent roles in the opera, for a tenor and two basses. Since the tenor role here is drastically cut (one of the principal arias is dropped, along with other material), the villainous bass, Assur, assumes even larger relative importance than he was intended to have. Joseph Rouleau shows at several points that he is an artist of some sensitivity, that he understands the effects he is after. Unfortunately, he is simply incapable of obtaining them, particularly when flexibility or excursions above E flat are involved—in other words, at all the important and potentially exciting points. The instrument is basically a good one, but the artist's technique does not allow him enough freedom or ease to cope with such demands, even after simplification and the outright omission or transposition of some lines.

Even less well equipped is John Serge, the tenor who essays what is left of Idreno. His voice boasts some pliancy, but it is constricted and unvaried in color, and quite without any real ring, like that of a cultivated salon tenor. It is placed above the top C a few times, but with almost unlistenable results. In both cases, one could understand such casting from a provincial company trying to build a Semiramide around a couple of big stars. But from a record company whose stable of international performers includes virtually any singer it chooses to select and whose label alone has the prestige to sell its product to thousands of customers, this is inexcusable.

As his career at the New York City Center has so far embraced mostly buffo or secondary bass roles, it is actually a more competent singer than Rouleau, and shows it in his relatively unrewarding part. Michael Langdon, who is the voice of the murdered Ninus' ghost, is quite impressive until he has to sing a solitary E flat.

From a tame, soggy reading of the overture onward, the performance moves in a shuffling, undramatic way. Since the orchestra is the LSO, we may safely lay the blame at the feet of Mr. Bonynge. Everything sounds "nice," and the choice of where and how to embellish, where to take fermatas, and so on becomes very predictable after a couple of sides. If such music is to be brought to life, it will take a conductor of more imagination and authority than Mr. Bonynge here appears to be. The sound is not of London's best, but is satisfactory.

An excerpt disc, provided it concentrates on Sutherland and Horne, and preferably on the second act, should prove worthwhile. I cannot recommend the complete set, either for the music or the performance.

C.L.O.

SAINT-SAENS: Concerto for Cello and Orchestra, No. 1, in A minor, Op. 33

Lalo: Concerto for Cello and Orchestra, in D minor

André Navarra, cello; Lamoureux Orchestra, Charles Munch, cond. Epic © LC 3922, $4.79; BC 1322, $5.79.

The hero of this record is unquestionably Charles Munch, and how good it is to hear his imaginative and lively readings of these two orchestra scores! When the music involves this maestro, as it does here, he can project it with an uncanny sense of how Saint-Saëns almost sounds important as he makes every phrase count and molds the orchestra texture in a way that gives it great inner glow.

Cellist André Navarra unfortunately does not catch the conductor's fire. His rather monochromically finely spun tone lacks the guts (figuratively and literally in this case) of strong cello playing, and his musical ideas are similarly unrobust. One wishes all too often for a solid low register tone and one winces now and then when a high note loses substance of tone or accuracy of intonation. That patrician virtuoso Janos Starker, in a Mercury coupling of these concertos, projects these pieces more impressively; Pierre Fournier on DGG plays with serious musicality, almost more serious than the content deserves.

Here, as elsewhere, Saint-Saëns starts off with two or three very engaging ideas and then, about two thirds of the way through this Concerto, runs out of ways of developing the ideas and resorts to theatrical pyrotechnics to hold the music in the hands of the listener. Lalo, on the other hand, starts out with basically unadorned music that cannot be redeemed completely with skillful structure or thoroughly engaging orchestration.

The Lamoureux Orchestra plays extremely well for Munch and is recorded with spacious acoustics and good stereo perspective.

P.H.

SCHUBERT: Die schöne Müllerin, D. 795

Fritz Wunderlich, tenor; Hubert Giesen, piano.

Fritz Wunderlich, tenor; Karl Heinz Stolze, piano.

For a feature review of these recordings, see page 83.

SCHUBERT: Songs

Lachen und Weinen; Dass sie hier gewesen; Sie mir gegrusst; Du bist die Ruh; Waldensucht; Seligkeit; Heidenröselin; Ständchen; Des Fischers Liebesglück; Fischerweise; Der Jangling an der Quelle; An die Laute; Die Forelle; Auf der Riesenkoppe—on 36342 or S 36341.

An die Entfernte: Auf dem Wasser zu singen; Der Schiffer; Der Wanderer; Nachtgesang; Das Zugglocklein; Der Kreislauf und andere Lieder; Das Lied im Grünen; Der Tod und das Mädelchen; Der Winterabend; Der zirndende Barde; Der Strom; Liane—on 36342 or S 36342.

Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, baritone; Gerald Moore, piano. Angel © 36341/42, $4.79 each; S 36341/42, $5.79 each (two discs).

Here are two more volumes in the Fischer-Dieskau/Moore Complete Schubert—the very sight of them prompts the realization that, whatever reservations one may have about Fischer-Dieskau's way with this song or that, no other artist of our time could have recorded so much of the Schubert oeuvre (there are, I believe, now nine LPs available in the present series—which do not, of course, make up his entire recorded output of Schubert and have left us dissatisfied with so few of the songs.

One of the problems is literal overexposure, as with even the best television conductor—I find I always enjoy Fischer-Dieskau's records the most (especially the older) a few songs at a time, or after a spell of some months away from them. His very virtuosity—vocal, interpretative, and musical—sometimes leads him into an overfamiliar approach to the songs, a tendency simply to see it as a book, and how good is in place and to move on to the next. Many of the songs in these volumes are among the seldom performed ones—songs that the artist has not sung in public, or has sung only a few times, and sometimes the interpretations sound in the nature of good readings. I suspect one of the reasons Fischer-Dieskau is unfailingly great in the concert hall, but only intermittently great on records, is that a public performance at least cannot be undertaken without thorough study and familiarization with the material.

Both these discs mix familiar and unfamiliar material in approximately equal proportions, though 36341 includes only one or two real rarities. The chief discovery, for me, is Waldensucht, which I don't remember hearing before. It's one of those exhilarating, wild pieces that only Schubert could write, full of whistling wind, groaning trees, flaming lightning, and spirits' songs (the poem is by Schlegel). Since it is typically ingenious accompaniment and magnificent little twists of harmony. Fischer-Dieskau really gets his teeth into it, as does Moore; I've already played it several times.

Among this set's more familiar challenges, Du bist die Ruh is especially good—magical, in fact—and so is Fischerweise. I might cite also Dass sie hier gewesen!, the opening of which is hauntingly done. A disappointment to me is Sei mir gegrusst!, a great song, which is fine as a piece of singing and playing but has nothing like the urgency and poignancy of the Hotter/Moore version as an emotional statement.

Angel 36342 gives us a fine performance
of the lovely, mournful An die Entfernte; a beautifully suspended rendition of Die Wanderer (the one beginning "Wie deutlich der Mondes Licht") not the one beginning "Ich komme von Gehirge her"; tremendous exhibitions of sheer power from both performers in Der zärtliche Barde and Der Strom, of which the latter is a fairly imaginative song. Moore always puts on quite a show in Der Schlöffer, though the entire interpretation becomes overblown, I think. Der Tod und das Mädchen just misses—the Death portion conveys no special feeling, and I think the low ending, which is evaded here, seals this song's effect. Der flingend und der fliegend is, as fine, as Das Lied im Grünen, though I have always found the song itself boring and ridiculous.

Angel's sound maintains a high standard, although these discs are excessively reverberant when compared with the imported Odeon pressings (which circulated very briefly here last summer). Texts and translations are included. C.L.O.

SIBELIUS: Symphonies (complete)


Epic offers this significant release in an austere fashion, without so much as a word about either the Japan Philharmonic (that country's finest orchestra) or its conductor, Akeo Watanabe. But no matter—these distinguished performances speak for themselves.

Watanabe, born of a Japanese father and Finnish mother, obviously has the measure of Sibelius in his bloodstream, and he imparts his unique perception of the idiom to the orchestra with blazing effectiveness. In ways, the disc is rather old-fashioned readings, pruned of chrome, broadly rhythmic rather than precipitate, and fervent without emotional excess. One finds instances of Watanabe's exemplary sense of pulse again and again. It greatly enhances the scherzo of the First Symphony, which virtually every other conductor rectangles; it builds an edifice of noble dignity in the often vulgarized Second; it furnishes a powerful, rocksteady breadth in the Third. Yet there is absolutely none of the turgidity that so often afflicts Teutonic Sibelius performances. In every case, Watanabe hammers the music's important message home with brevity and continuity. The Fourth sweeps forward with grim urgency, while the Sixth (an unduly neglected work) conforms with an almost chamber music intimacy. The Seventh moves with inevitable glacial logic. All the strands in No. 5 are so held in check that the work flows onward with the continuity of a single idea, and when you come to think of it, how similar those two works are in format, most strikingly in the central fragmentary dance interludes which crop up in each, only to dissolve (or evolve) into a different, more granitic mood.

Occasionally, the Japan Philharmonic's thoroughly professional execution is not glamorous or ultrapolished. Some of the brass attacks are a trifle raw-toned, the winds can sound a bit penetrating and without magic, once in a while the percussion battery is overstrong. But all present is a welcome purity, amazing definition of the instrumental choirs, and an always evident interrelationship between the individual players.

If Watanabe's Second and Fourth are lacking in the flush that conductors such as Szell, Monteux, and Karajan bring to these works, his complete cycle has nevertheless set an extremely high over-all standard. It will be enlightening to see if Maaezel's or Bernstein's forthcoming integral editions will be able to match Watanabe's landmark. He seems to me a Sibelian to the manner born. H.G.

TCHAIKOVSKY: Concerto for Piano and Orchestra, No. 2, in G, Op. 44
Nikita Magaloff, piano; London Symphony Orchestra, Colin Davis, cond. WORLD SERIES © PHC 9007, $2.49 (discopt disc).

The first notable feature about this new recording of Tchaikovsky's fine—and unjustly slighted—Second Piano Concerto is that the performance is uncut. Even more impressive, however, is the fact that Nikita Magaloff and Colin Davis give us the work as Tchaikovsky wrote it—minus the tampering of Sitori. Alas! Their well-balanced, sanely energetic approach would probably have made far more impact had it been given recorded sound less than it gets here. One hears everything important, but there is no quality or "middle" in the orchestral sonority and little warmth in the dynamically constricted piano tone. Woodwinds sound puffy, the solo violin and cello have resiny, metallic fiber, brass has rasp, and the timpani a certain unpleasant pugnaciousness. In general, one finds here the same type of acoustic encountered in the 1951 Toscanini Brahms First Symphony—and this is 1967!

H.G.

TELEMANN: Motets: Wie ist dein Name so gross; Deus judicium tuum regi da
Edith Selig, soprano; Jeanine Collard, contralto; Peter Witsch, tenor; Barry McGee, Daniel, bass; Jakob Stämpfli, bass; Philippe Caillard Corleone; Saur Radio Chamber Orchestra. C. L. Sistenpart, cond. WESTMILN © XWN 19109, $4.79; WST 17109, $4.79.

The work with German text has its moments, but in general suffers from a deficiency of red blood corpuscles. The Latin one is superior. This caneta-like setting of Psalm 71 (72 in the King James Version) is one of the most impressive works of Telemann so far recorded. From its imposing, rich-textured opening chorus to the lively Amen at the end it is full of substantial material that has considerable communicative power and is worked out with much skill. The solo ariosos are varied and, some of them, quite beautiful. This is a real fin, and Westminster deserves our gratitude for making it available here (it was recorded by Erato in France). One wonders how many more works of this caliber lie hidden in the still enormous mass of Telemann's un-published compositions.

Miss Selig's soprano is a little thin but true, and the other soloists do their work with conviction and again, a pleasing tone, as do the chorus and the orchestra. The sound is good in both versions. No texts are provided. N.B.

VEJVANOVSKY: Sonatas: in C â© 8 ("Vesperina"); in G â© 4; in D â© 5; Natalis; Venatoria in D; Offertory in A ("Ad Duos Choros"); Sere- nada in C
Jiří Horák, Jaroslav Mičánek, trumpets; Milan Slecha, organ; Members of the Prague Wind Ensemble and the Prague Synphony Orchestra, Libor Pešek, cond. CROSSROADS © 22 16 0033, $2.49; 22 16 0034, $2.49.

The very opening, grandly ceremonial pealing of high trumpets and organ proclaims this novel release outstanding both for its magnificent sonics and as the belated epiphany of a hitherto unknown seventeenth-century master. Josef Vejvakovský (c. 1640–1903) was Czech by birth but spent most of his mature life in Kronštádt, Moravia as a church musician and—from 1670—as Heinrich von Bibers successor as orchestral conductor. A trumpet player too, he wrote many works featuring that instrument, often (as here) in baroque-style "sonata," suites, etc. This music is generally gravely eloquent; and at its frequent best it is superbly impressive for its tautly woven string writing as well as for ornamental trumpets and exultant organ. No less spellbinding is the Czech Supraphon recording, which—in its panoramic spread and perhaps especially in its thrilling reverberance—provides the ideal sonorous apotheosis of Vejvakovský and his long-silent masterpieces. R.D.D.

VILLA LOBOS: Concerto for Guitar and Small Orchestra (1951)
†Weiss: Suite for Guitar Alone, in A minor
†Bach: Ario v (trans. from Concerto for Harpsichord, in F minor)
Laurindo Almeida, guitar; Concert Arts Chamber Orchestra, Stanley Wilson, cond. CAPITOL © P 8638, $4.79; SP 8638, $5.79.

As much as I'd like to like Villa Lobos' Concerto, recorded here for the first time, it has simply more Cecil B. DeMille harmonies and Ol' Man River Continued on page 109

104

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MUSIC IN ANCIENT CITIES—ALL ELOQUENCE AND DELIGHT

by Jeremy Noble

Unlike that other fine historical series from Germany, the Archive catalogue, Odeon's "Music in Old Cities and Residences" makes no claims to comprehensive coverage. So far it has concentrated on the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, with a few excursions back into the sixteenth, and each record, of course, has been presented under the aegis of a particular place. This has been a boon to the jacket designers, who have made elegant use of the engraved townscapes that were so popular at the time. On a more serious level the advantages are variable. After all, very few places were sufficiently important to achieve an indigenous style of their own at any given period: Mannheim in Germany, Naples and Venice in Italy, Paris and Vienna as the cultural capitals of wide areas. But for most of the rest, one can regard the geographical tie-up as a harmless gimmick, useful only as a point of focus for program planners faced with an infinite variety of fine but little-known music.

And the music is for the most part fine indeed. To consider first the "Music in Hanover" set, one has to say that the sinfonia from Sartorio's opera Adelaida is a thin piece probably included to show off the players' virtuosity on their authentic clarino trumpets and that the overture by Francesco Venturini (d.1745) scarcely rises above conventionality—but the rest of the contents are sheer delight. There is not so much of Lully's ballet music on records that we can afford to turn up our noses at this stylishly played suite from Les amants magnifiques (1670) just because it was written for Versailles rather than the electoral palace of Hanover. Schmelzer's music is still more of a rarity, and for me this suite of dances composed for an imperial serenade in 1672 was something of a revelation; they have the grace of Lully, but with an added Italianate robustness and clarity as well as a German richness of harmonic vocabulary. And while the instrumental piece by Steffani depicting, apparently, the eponymous struggle between Hercules and Acherous is a bit tame, Lavinia's air "Il dolce respiro;" from the same composer's Turno is charmingly sung by Ursula Terhoeven, with an unusually eloquent lute obbligato provided by Eugen M. Dombois—a new name to me.

But for eloquence, of course, nothing else on the record can touch the excerpts from Handel's Amadigi. The very first chords (in that irresistible sarabande rhythm) of the ritornello to "Pena tiranna" bespeak a complete command of the ritualized theatricality to which baroque art tends, nor is there any falling off when the voice enters, even if Miss Terhoeven fails to color such key words as "dolore" quite as vividly as one might wish. To her falls this one aria of Dardanus, grandly pathetic in style: Teresa Zylis-Gara sings three contrasting arias of Melissa, of which the second ("Desterò dall'empia Dite") is a splendidly vigorous, defiant piece, whose trumpet obbligato is performed with fine bravura by Edward H. Tarr.

From Hanover or elsewhere, this is music of high quality, stylishly performed and well recorded. Musicological questions (ornamented repeats, continuo, authentic timbres) have been unobtrusively solved; my only reservation about the performance concerns a certain sameness of tempo, which robs the Lully dances, for example, of some of their individual character. There appears to be no accompanying booklet for this record, so it is a pity that room was not found on the jacket for the aria texts.

Venice, of course, did create and maintain an indigenous musical style. Ever since Winterfeld published his great book on Giovanni Gabrieli, more than a hundred and thirty years ago, it has been a commonplace of music history that Venice stood for something special in the way of ceremonial church music, mirroring in sumptuous sound the panoply of the oligarchic Venetian state. But a fact is no less true for being generally acknowledged, and we still need to be reminded in sound of the characteristics of Venetian church music that we all know in theory. This set performs the function well, though a single disc can only scratch the surface of the possible repertory and this one permits itself some rather hackneyed choices: at this date we no longer need new recordings of Giovanni Gabrieli's Sonata pian' e forte or the Ave maris stella from Monteverdi's Vespers (published well before he was appointed maestro at San Marco, incidentally)—or at least not as badly as we need their less familiar music. But although the contents of the record are not as imaginatively selected as they might have been, they are welcome nonetheless, and particularly because the performances are almost uniformly good.

The organ music is played by Rudolf Ewerhart on the instrument in the erstwhile Cistercian Abbey of Marlenfeld, near Gütersloh, completed by J. P. Möller in 1751. Ewerhart registers with care, and although I cannot help thinking that this fine baroque organ is really too heavy to represent the characteristic flute tone of an Italian Renaissance instrument, the sound is undeniably attractive. So it is in the big instrumental canzonas by Giovanni Gabrieli, though Edward H. Tarr (whom we know as a fine trumpeter) permits himself a rather heavy vibrato on the zink (cornett) which leads
one of the two antiphonal groups in the famous Sonata pian' e forte. For the big Canzon a 10 a mixed bag of Renaissance instruments is used to very rich effect, the basic antiphony between viols and trombones being overlaid with recorders and plucked strings. There is a good deal of instrumental doubling and substitution, quite justifiably, in the choral pieces as well; among these I would rank the Giovanni Gabrieli Magnificat as one of the most convincing performances of this kind of music that I have ever heard, making its points almost entirely by the contrasts of weight and timbre between the different antiphonal groups. This is true also of the Christmas motet Quis est iste?, though here I was a bit disturbed by the practice of allotting one voice-part in a particular group not to a single voice but to several voices in unison; this makes for poor balance with the accompanying instruments. Neither here nor in the Monteverdi hymn does director Günther Arndt make any use at all of solo voices, which deprives us of a legitimate element of color. All the same, the general effect remains one of authentically saturated Venetian sonority.

One musicological grumble: it would be helpful if the bibliographical references on the jacket were both fuller and more accurate. In the present instance the general policy seems to have been to give modern editions where they were used, but this is not adhered to consistently. Sometimes dates and/or places of publication are given, but not always. Franz Commer's name is misspelled, and Giovanni Gabrieli's brief intonation in the first mode is referred to as "mono tono"! If Odeon is going to give us this very useful information, I hope that the company will make every effort to get it right, especially when (as in this case) it provides a sumptuously produced booklet to go with the record.

MUSIC IN HANOVER

Teresa Zylis-Gara, soprano; Ursula Terhoeven, mezzo; Eugen M. Dombois, lute; Helmut Hucke, oboe; Edward H. Tarr, trumpet; Consortium musium, Fritz Lehman, cond.

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VIVALDI: Concertos for Various Instruments

For Flute, Oboe, Violin, and Continuo, in G minor; for Flute, Oboe, Violin, and Continuo, in F; for Flute, Oboe, and Continuo, in G minor; for Flute, Violin, Cello, and Continuo, in G minor; for Flute, Oboe, Violin, Bassoon, and Continuo, in C.

Milan Munclinger, flute: Ars Rediviva Ensemble. CROSSROADS @ 22 16 0045, $2.49; 22 16 0046, $2.49.

Lest the casual Vivaldian be misled by the title of this disc, which is stated boldly to be "Five Flute Concertos," it should be made plain that these are not flute concertos in the sense of being for solo instrument and orchestra but are, rather, chamber pieces for two to four instruments and continuo. The emphasis in some of them is on the flute, but in others that instrument is a humble enough participant in the corporate goings-on.

The most interesting work here is the flute/overture/violin piece in F—which contains a funeral march to end all funeral marches, and in the finale an unusual duet for flute and the violin in its lowest register.

Performances are alive and sensitive: the only complaint is an occasional passage in which accompaniment figuration is given as much importance as the melodic line up top.

VIVALDI: Sonatas for Cello and Harpsichord (complete)

Paul Tortelier, cello: Robert Veyron-Lacroix, harpsichord. WVN 19112, $4.79; WST 17112, $4.79.

It would not surprise me if some of Vivaldi’s most personal writings were contained within the pages of these six sonatas. Certainly nothing comes to mind quite comparable to the astonishingly chromatic and poignant Largo (in the minor, marked dolcissimo) of the Sixth Sonata. and nothing I know of surpasses in beauty the Siciliana movement of the Fifth. Vivaldi always shows his strength in slow movements, and all of these uphold the rule.

As for the Allegros, they are unfailingly optimistic and occasionally surprising (take the finale of No. 2, for example, in which the cello holds an unusually gruff dialogue with itself). Yet it is hardly fair to break the works down by movement: each sonata has a character of its own. For my money, No. 6 is worth the price of the disc.

Tortelier commands a big, dark tone and a strong sustained legato line worth walking miles to hear (it is particularly remarkable in the repeated-note motif of the opening Largo of No. 5, for example), and he turns off the fast movements with lightness and grace. There is an occasional note of doubtful intonation, but only a cad would carp. Veyron-Lacroix is a perfect partner. Excellent sound.

WAGNER: Siegfried Idyll—See Bruckner: Symphony No. 7, in E.

WAGNER: Tristan und Isolde

Birgit Nilsson (s). Isolde; Christa Ludwig (ns). Brangäne; Wolfgang Windgassen (t). Tristan; Claude Haitter (t). Melot; Peter Schreier (t). Sailor at the Masthead; Erwin Wohlfahrt (t). A Shepherd; Eberhard Wächter (b). Kurwenal; Manfred Braun (bar). Gerd Nienstelt (bs). A Steersman; Chorus and Orchestra of the Bayreuth Festival (1966), Karl Böhm, cond. DEUTSCHE GRAMMOPHON @ 1LP 19222, $28.95; SLP 139222, $28.95 (five discs).

In a way, there is only one acceptable sort of Tristan performance—a great one. Either it seizes the beholder with the particular fever and magic of the work (in which case weaknesses are irrelevant), or it doesn’t (in which case strengths are irrelevant). Either it is the Tristan of the Bayreuth, or the Tristan of the record; and it is possible for a performance to be admirable and even exemplary in nearly every respect, and still fail to add up to much less than what Tristan has to say.

This is surely the case. It boasts what is easily the best all-round cast of any recorded versions, and about the best that could be brought together today, under one of our finest opera conductors. It was recorded during live performances and for rehearsals at Bayreuth (a procedure which in my opinion has more advantages than drawbacks) and is one of the better jobs of that sort. The set is easily the recommendation for all opera lovers in search of a well-balanced, highly efficient performance. If the average opera recording were its equal in integrity and competence, we reviewers could retire with a last ad- mition to keep on buying records.

Yet I am not persuaded that it presents Tristan in any full sense. In the third act it begins to exert the unyielding grip, the sorcerous spell, that it should have had all along. It is then that we become involved, that we stop making mental notes and saying to ourselves, "That’s quite good." Any Tristan that leaves you room to say "That’s quite good," is in an essential way a Tristan manqué.

If a Tristan misses this particular magic, the failure must be found within its trio of principals—the singers of the title roles and Isolde. One may add or detract significantly, but they cannot create that spell—nor can they destroy it, once it is established. In Karl Böhm’s reading of the work we will find much to respect and respond to, but we will also find part of our difficulty. He wants balance and rhythmic strength, the lines of demarcation clearly drawn, and he gets them. His prelude sets forth very clearly what we can expect of the reading—it is hard-lined, firm, clean, the boatman with almost vicious sforzandos and very close observance of the many instances where a subito piano follows a cresendo (a recurrent pattern in the prelude). It is quick, but steady and controlled, so that it avoids pressing. And it does not quite sink in: it gives us a wonderful picture of the piece, which means that it has the effect of objectifying it.

The approach works well in much of the first act—the rhythmic clarity seems to help the singers (Nilsson in particular), and the final scene of the act comes off beautifully, with a constant sense of building and pointing to its end. On the other hand, moments of inwardness and mystery ("Kennt du der Mutter Künste," etc.): p. 51 ff. of the Schirmer vocal score, for example) or of dignity (e.g., Isolde’s instructions to Kurwenal) tend to go beside the point.

The second act is not so impressive, and indeed I would have to say I don’t like it. By “second act” I mean the Liebesnacht (the fast tempos are fine for Marke’s address, which is less of a stop-the-clock affair than usual). There are parts of it that sound like a gallop, and in general the thing just does not settle down, does not establish itself before moving on to the love scene again in Act III, where the intensity, the insistence of the music is sustained with considerable conviction—there is no let-up, and that feeling is as right for most of Tristan’s ravings as it is wrong for certain other parts.

What we wind up with is a Tristan that is fast, clear, understandable, sometimes exciting. It is as if the drama were seen through the eyes of an observer who keenly noted and appreciated the idiosyncrasies of everything he saw. But I want to hear it from a participant.

Birgit Nilsson remains the only entirely adequate Isolde of the day, and she has improved her projection of the character at many points since she recorded the London version six years ago. The Liebestod is more beautifully vocalized and phrased than ever, and from this live recording we get some of the feeling she conveys in the theatre of having hoarded certain resources of power and of using them only occasionally. I am cheated anything that went before. Large portions of the first act too show greater comprehension and specificity; passages such as "Was hältst du von dem Kniete..." etc. convey much more of their underlying feelings than they for-
Emery did, and the whole of the Narrative is more tellingly drawn, ending in a curse of such cold concentration that Tristan's mere appearance seems an act of considerable courage. For the rest, she remains an altogether remarkable singer—the piano phrases are shaded off beautifully, and the treacherous top Cs of Act II pop out with awesome brilliance and security. Tenderness and feminine warmth, however, still seem to make an additional in some of the most important bars of Act II. She flies sharp a few times—if you keep track of that sort of thing.

In Wolfgang Windgassen, Nilsson has a Tristan who is as close as they come nowadays to a tolerable match. If the first act is respect for Windgassen's artistic instincts and intelligence (or in the light of the truly brilliant engineering accorded him by London for Siegfried and Götterdämmerung), it is often possible to forget that, even apart from the fact that a role like Tristan obviously stretches his capabilities almost to the breaking point, he is actually not even the right kind of singer for the part. He gets us to overlook this here, intermittently, during Act III. For his performance of this incredibly demanding scene has such musicality, such understanding and intensity, that we are entirely willing to go along with him and with whatever means he uses to make it that way. As I look over my notations, I see that I stopped making them during most of Act III. O.K.

But he does not induce the same sort of suspension during Act II, and then we notice the actual singing that is being done—white, thin, dry, throaty, and above all, precarious: is he going to make it? One hopes so, one is on his side (there are those you just wait in ambush for), and sure enough, he does, as he has for twenty-five years now. Still, it's not what one ought to be thinking in Act II of Tristan, and it makes involvement pretty much an impossibility. This means, of course, that the other recorded Tristans are more convincing? Of course not—he's much the best of those on the three current sets, just as he is the best Tristan of the past fifteen years. Signs of the times.

The supporting cast is very strong. The disappointment among them for me is Christa Ludwig, for she has proved her worth, and has almost the perfect voice for Brangäne's grand, feminine, full, equivocally soprano or mezzo. But her first act here is almost hysterical-sounding: the voice is constantly tremulous, often less than beautiful, and her inflections (whatever effect they may make in the theatre) give us a most peculiar picture of Brangäne—she sounds like an evil schemer whenever she tries for dramatic animation. She pulls herself together for an exceptionally fine performance of the Watch in Act II. Perhaps separate performances involved, in which case Miss Ludwig should have put her foot down on the Act I tape.

Eberhard Wächter is a shade light for Kurwenal, but he turns in one of his finest recorded performances—straightforward, mature, manly, with splendid notes above E that we would probably not get from a darker voice. Handsome singing, more direct than Fischer-Dieskau's Kurwenal, and far more complete and human than Tom Krause's.

Martti Talvela, the Marke, starts off slowly, with some strange sounds and a dull reading of the first few pages of his monologue. But then he digs in, shows the true quality of his big, steady, mellow bass, and does some touching things as the king pours out his perplexity and mournful disappointment. He is an easily the best choice over his competition. The bit roles are well handled, but there is nothing extraordinary in their casting. The chorus, as one would expect, is close to perfect. (Side 10 of the set, by the way, contains a rebroadcast of the first half of Act III with Böhm, Windgassen, Wächter, and Erwin Wohlfahrt.)

The engineering is not as rich or warm as that of the wonderful Philips Parsifal; nor does it do equal justice, at many points, to the orchestra. But balances are good for the circumstances, the audience is remarkably unobtrusive, and one is grateful that at least one is hearing one whole, unified sound, not from the inside of some instrument's resonating chamber.

We are back to the puzzle. There is no Tristan on records without a serious weakness—though certainly this one comes closest. But we must still not go back to Flagstad and Furtwängler, who, for all the faults of their colleagues, and even of themselves, give us, for some pages here and some pages there, the overwhelming kind of statement that dispenses with judgments? With a respectful bow toward the well-turned-out newcomer, I must say that we do. C.L.O.


Beveridge Webster, piano. DOVER @ HCR 70061, $2.50; HCR-ST 7006, $2.50.

Neither of these sonatas is as uniformly successful as the poigniant No. 4, in E minor (stunningly recorded by Leon Fleisher for Epic a few years ago), but each has its moments of harmonic daring and even of startling preromantic originality. Webster's piano playing is such as to minimize the facile, salonlike virtuoso qualities in the music (indeed in the whirlwind Moto Perpetuo finale to No. 1, so often played on its own, he frequently sounds flurried, and even desperate, at his wickedly uncompromising tempo!), but the lack of surface gloss is more than compensated for by his probing quest for architectural strength and Innigkeit. Whatever the intrinsic merits of this music (and there is much to admire), they are accentuated by the present strongly stated (if never completely note-perfect) performances.

Webster's monolithic, and sometimes monochromatic, way of playing his instrument is contrasted in this resonant, realistic recording.

H.G.

Recitals & Miscellany

E. POWER BIGGS: "Holiday for Harpsichord: Fun-filled Favorites from E. Power Biggs and His Pedal Harpsichord"


E. Power Biggs, pedal harpsichord. COLUMBIA ® ML 6278, $4.79; MS 6878, $5.79. © MQ 804, $7.95.

It would be a churl who attempted to pick musicological holes in this charmingly conceived and euphemistically executed record. The more ammunition we have against the ridiculous phrase "serious music" the better. So I shall content myself with a whispered remonstrance against one or two liberties such as the bowdlerization of cross-accents in the Haydn, and with a regret that the rubato in the Brahms is a trifle wooden. For the rest I warmly recommend this reverent and stimulating anthology. It makes full use of the instrument's remarkable coloristic and dynamic range, and it's well recorded. If you still think the harpsichord incapable of a true legato, listen to what Biggs does with The Swan. I haven't been able to identify the Weber, but the Boccherini minuet is the Boccherini Minuet. The jacket design is jolly, but misses an opportunity by not making its little dancing figures represent Schb^n, M*z*t, B^-th*V^n, and the rest.

B.J.

BOSTON BAROQUE ENSEMBLE: "Dinner Music of the 1740s"


Boston Baroque Ensemble. CAMBRIDGE ® CRM 815, $4.79; CRS 1815, $5.79.

A well-selected, well-titled, well-played program which should add to the pleasures of any table, whether one dines on escargots, Wiener schnitzel, or steak-and-kidney pie. For the first I would recommend Locllet and Boismortier—both light, unassuming, and stylish; for the second, Telemann—a bit solid.—will do nicely, though he goes giddily elaborate in the final movement; for the English portion, Handel's more solemn beginning is quite appropriate (his high spirits also break out in the last allegro). The Boston Baroque Ensemble plays all these works to a fine turn.

ENRICO CARUSO: Vocal Recital


Enrico Caruso, tenor [from Victor originals, 1906–16]. ROCCO ® 5244, $5.95 (mono only).

People who have not listened closely to Caruso's records frequently have a false impression of him. They think he was just another (if extra-good) blasting Italian tenor—like, say, Del Monaco. These examples should dispel any such confusion.

Listen to the Donizetti arias or the Rigoletto excerpt for nobly sustained pure bel canto and an elegant sense of the long lyric lines.

Listen to the Macbeth or the Forza or the second Ballo aria (and the already mentioned Rigoletto) to see how an artist can make the recitative as musical and as moving as the aria itself. (I have, very rarely, heard tenors equal Caruso's renditions of arias; I have almost never heard them equal his recitatives.)

Listen to the Andrea Chenier and learn how even verismo can be beautifully sung. (And compare this especially, please, with Del Monaco.)

And for something unexpected, listen to the "Coat Song" from the Puccini Bohème—a bass aria which Caruso once sang in an emergency (when Andrés de Segurola had a cold), then recorded for Victor, and ultimately decided not to publish. (It first appeared some twenty-five years after his death.) Granted that, as the notes point out, the actual range is not extraordinary for a tenor; but the consistent tessitura is, as is the coloration of the voice.

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The one poor performance (and the only previously unprinted item) is a very clumsy and badly phrased Celeste Aida of 1906 which both Caruso and Victor were wise in burying. A small blemish—these are most typically records, well reproduced, giving ample proof that Enrico was il tenore assoluto e nobilissimo.

ANTHONY BOUCHER

DELLER CONSORT: "Lamento d'Arianna and Other Madrigals"


Deller Consort, Alfred Deller, cond. BACH GUILD @ BG 671, $4.79; BGS 70671, $5.79.

This record has not been titled "Madrigal Masterpieces, Vol. 3," but in fact it is a successor—and a fully worthy one—to Volumes 1 and 2 already released by Bach Guild. The tenor section of the Deller Consort, now Max Worthley and Philip Todd, is not what it was in the days when Wilfred Brown and Gerald English sang in it. and occasionally a slight weakness in the middle of the harmony impairs the luminosity of the sound. But in all other respects this is still the finest madrigal group to be heard. Sopranos Honor Sheppard and Sally Le Sage are worthy of their predecessors. Deller himself is as eloquent as ever, and Maurice Bevan provides a bass of incomparable clarity and warmth.

The program of this new record is full of beauty, pathos, and humor. Hardly one of the pieces included falls short of the standard set by the two Monteverdi works. Marenzio celebrates the splendors of Rome in lofty, spacious accents; Josquin calls on his fellow-composers Brumel, Pierchor, and Compère to join him in an exquisite lament on the death of their master Okeghen; and almost as touching in his naively humorous way is Jannequin as he anticipates Messiah's birdsong catalogues by four hundred years.

The recording is beautifully rich but a shade overresonant. The stereo version is preferable, since the separation of channels helps to clarify the lines, which tend to clog slightly in the mono. But in neither form is the sound less than very good.

B.J.

MIGUEL QUEROL GAVALDA: "The Pleasures of Cervantes"

Polyphonic Ensemble of Barcelona. Miguel Querol Gavalda, cond. NONESUCH @ H 1116, $2.50; H 71116, $2.50.

PILAR LORENGAR: "Old Spanish Romances and Folk Songs"

Pilar Lorengar, soprano; Siegfried Behrend, guitar; Richard Klemm, viola da gamba. DUTSCHE GRAMMOPHON @ LPM 19155, $5.79; SLPM 139155, $5.79.

The Nonesuch disc of Spanish music dating from the fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth centuries contains songs for one to four voices, some unaccompanied, others with guitar or harpsichord, and a few instrumental solos. The composers represented are Luis Milan, Juan Arñes, Mateo Romero, Luis de Narváez, Gabriel Mena, Antonio de Ribera, Enrique de Valderrabano, and—in far the greatest quantity—Anon. On the DGG disc, one side is devoted partly to similar material—including two of the same songs—by Milan, Navárez, Jacobus de Milurie, Esteban Daza, Diego Pisador, Juan Bermuda, Juan Vasquez, Alfonso de Mudarra, and Anon. and partly to Handel's Spanish Cantata for soprano, guitar, and viola da gamba. The other side contains nine Spanish folk songs.

Of the two albums, the Nonesuch is far more entertaining. Each piece is, as outlined in the jacket notes, connected in some way with Cervantes. Some of the connections are pretty thin, but the idea is a pleasant one. In any case, the music is full of charm, and the variety of forces employed prevents any feeling of monotonony. Seven of the twenty-two numbers feature Anna Ricci as an excellent mezzo-soprano soloist. Straight comparison of the two songs which both records have in common—Milan's touching Durandurte, and the anonymous Tres morillas—shows that the pleasure the Nonesuch affords is not solely due to its variety of media: Miss Ricci sings beautifully, with clean, clear, forward production and a good deal of sensitivity. Pilar Lorengar is an accomplished singer, but on present form she lacks the resources to carry off two full record-sides of fairly similar music: her veiled production becomes enervating after a few songs, and a lack of tempo variation makes matters worse. In spite of the interest of the rarely performed Handel piece, I can recommend this record only to fanatical Hispanophiles; but "The Pleasures of Cervantes" should interest anyone whose tastes go back before Bach.

B.J.

High Fidelity Magazine

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MUSICA HUNGARICA

Soloists, choruses, instrumental groups.

For a feature review of this recording, see page 85.

SOCIETA CAMERISTICA DI LUGANO: "Baroque Masters of Venice, Naples, & Tuscany"

Instrumentalists of the Società Cameristica di Lugano, Nonesuch @ HC 3008, $7.50; HC 73008, $7.50 (three discs).

Up to now I have remained one of those shoppers with an antipathy towards family-sized economy packages, whether of aspirin by the half pound or beer by the quart. The prospect of a supermarket portion of baroque composers, seventeen in all, gave me every sensation of going under for the third time. But having taken off at a running start with Dalil Abaco and finished with Zipoli, I can report to the prospective economy buyer that there are some fine selections in Nonesuch's marathon album, relatively few pieces of the ho-hum variety, and a number of outstanding performances.

The ensemble works in general (in compositions like Tartini's Concerto à quattro in D and Alessandro Scarlatti's Sonata in F for Flute, Two Violins, and Continuo) is good middle-of-the-road style, certainly not anemic but not startlingly electric either—it is the sort, actually, which wears well on repeated hearings. Certain soloists stand out: the Società is obviously proud of its harpsichordist, Luciano Sgrizzi, and with good reason: in sonatas by Pescetti, D. Scarlatti, Durante, Cimarosa, Rutini, and Zipoli—nearly one-third of the collection—he is a deft and vigorous performer, though I cannot agree with registration which (as in the Rutini) mutes the important melodic motive in the left hand while brilliantly projecting a trill in the right. (And, all right, he consistently starts his trills on the lower note.) But, on the whole, both the harpsichord and their rendering are impressive.

Cellist Egidio Roveda, soloist in sonatas by Vivaldi and Boccherini and a sinfonia by Pergolesi, leaves me with mixed feelings: the Vivaldi was superb—bold, sensuous, flexible—and so was the Boccherini; but the Pergolesi struck me as overplayed and emotionally too wrung-out. Among the three violinists, only one (in a Veracini sonata) was disappointing: the other two, in a variety of solo and trio sonatas, were highly presentable. The same may be said of the flutist, though I found the repertory (by Leonardo Vinci, A. Scarlatti, Francesco Bar- santi) rather less stimulating.

The sound is resonant and alive; stereo separation is present but doesn't draw undue attention to itself. Incidentally, Nonesuch has some interesting ideas as to what constitutes a baroque master. Rutini died in 1797 and is as classical as Haydn himself; Boccherini, represented here by a cello sonata, died in 1805 and would probably be startled to find himself in the present company.

S.F.

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January 1967

CIRCLE 91 ON READER-SERVICE CARD
A SELECTIVE GUIDE TO THE MONTH'S REISSUES

BACH: Brandenburg Concertos, S. 1046-1051. Netherlands Chamber Orchestra, Szymon Goldberg, cond. World Series © PHC 2-004, $5.00 (two compatible discs) [from Epic SC 6032/BSC 105, 1960].

For budget Brandenburgs you could hardly do better than these spirited readings—provided you do not insist on such authentic niceties as recorders and the like. Virtually all the soloists are first-rate (the trumpeter in Concerto No. 2 has his fair share of bloopers though—about par for the course), and the continuo customary even verges on the eloquent in his long cadenza in No. 5; Mr. Goldberg himself plays the violin solos in Nos. 1, 2, 4, and 5 and very nicely too. Although the ensemble could be cleaner in several spots and the basses tend to sound tubby in tutti passages, on the whole the orchestra is a topnotch group of musicians. World Series' compatible stereo recording spaces out the orchestra evenly, but the soloists have been miked too closely for my taste.


Rodzinski felt rather proud of this recording, made four months before his death in November 1958, and one can easily see why: the crisp, high-powered playing he draws from the RPO is tremendously exciting. The heat generated by these performances is as intense and dry as a scorching noonday sun in Seville, and the lean, brilliant acoustic helps up the temperature even further.


Richard Lewis is a fine singer with many notable recorded achievements to his credit; this collection, unfortunately, is not one of them. Here one could cavil at the vocalism per se, which is often quite beautiful (the mezzo-voce effects in "Waft her, Angels" from Jephtha for example). But these oratorio arias give expression to some very specific dramatic situations, not one of which is even hinted at here. There is no warlike fervor to "Sound an alarm" (Judas Macabaeus), no trace of despair to "Total Eclipse" (Samson), no sparkle to "Would you gain the tender creature" (Actes and Galatea): it's all done with the same lovely bland tone, a stereotyped approach to oratorio singing that one had hoped was a thing of the past. Sargent's beefy accompaniments are no help at all.


Most of Haydn's miscellaneous keyboard pieces are lost. On this reissue Nadia Reisenberg shows us some of the dozen or so works available to us: four sets of variations—in A (1771/74), in E flat (1774), in C (1790), and the Andante varié in F minor (1793)—the Fantasy in C (1789) and Capriccio in G (1765). There is considerable interest and variety in the collection, ranging from the graceful galanteries of the A and E flat variations to the harmonic explorations of the Fantasy and the dark, romantic profundities of the Andante varié. Miss Reisenberg's exquisite performances are scented by Monitor's primitive and unacceptable stereo rechanneling.

MOORE: The Ballad of Baby Doe. Beverly Sills (s), Frances Bible (ms). Walter Cassel (b), et al.: Chorus and Orchestra of the New York City Opera, Emerson Buckley, cond. Heliodor ® H 25035-3, $4.98; HS 25035-3, $4.98 (three discs) [from M-G-M 3-GC-1/S3-GC-1, 1959].

Douglas Moore's Ballad of Baby Doe has been the New York City Opera's most successful contemporary American opera production to date and the work has rarely missed a season since 1958. It's a grand entertainment, full of catchy tunes, interesting characters, strong situations, and flavorsome Americana. circa 1880. The music for Baby Doe comes off especially well: she radiates a feminine allure that is, in its naive way, as fascinating and individual as that of any opera's more celebrated femmes fatales.

The City Opera performance is representative of this company's very best ensemble efforts (and it's a shame that the economics of recording opera in this country have prevented further discographic preservation of its work). Walter Cassel's hearty Harmon Tabor, Frances Bible's granitic Augusta, and Beverly Sills's lovely Baby Doe couldn't be better, and the large supporting cast captures the spirit of the piece splendidly. Although the overall sound ambience still tends to be dry and a trifle shrill, the unpleasant reverberation that plagued the original M-G-M issue has

Continued on page 116
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The Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra—Willi Boskovsky
Stereo CS-6485
Mono CM-9465

REPEAT PERFORMANCE

Continued from page 114

been mostly eliminated and the stereophonic spread (strangely absent from my M-G-M stereo pressings) is much more successfully achieved.

PROKOFIEV: War and Peace. Radmila Vasovic-Bokacevic (s), Biserka Cvejec (ms), Alexander Marinkovic (t), Dusan Popovic (b), Djordje Djurdejevic (bs), et al.; Ensemble of the National Opera of Belgrade, Vienna Kammerchor, Vienna State Opera Orchestra, Werner Jannsen, cond. Helidor @ H 25039-3, $4.98; HS 25039-3, $4.98 (three discs) [from M-G-M 3-GC-2/S3-GC-2, 1959].

This recording of Prokofiev's sprawling opera has three advantages over its Bolshoi rival (MK 218): richer, more natural-sounding reproduction, a low price tag, and a helpful libretto. There the points in its favor cease. While the Russian performance is more complete and follows the composer's final thirteen-scene version of the score, the lengthy orchestral introduction omitted from the MK is included here. Furthermore, the present soloists are decidedly outclassed by the Bolshoi competition, who also enjoy far more incisive orchestral and choral backing. The Helidor-M-G-M production is a tolerable enough job, but in the balance it definitely comes off second best.

TCHAIKOVSKY: Romeo and Juliet: Francesca da Rimini, Op. 32. Boston Symphony Orchestra, Charles Munch, cond. RCA Victor @ VIC 1197, $2.50; VIC 1197, $3.00 [from RCA Victor LM 2043, 1957].
Munch whips up Tchaikovsky's two popular overture-fantasies with all his customary vigor and unabashed extroversion—and this is, of course, only just and right for such juicy music. The conductor favors a lean orchestral texture, which cuts down on the coloristic palette of the big tunes somewhat; but if we must have a slightly dietetic Romeo, Munch's proteins are preferable to maestro X's saccharine. The Boston Orchestra plays with its wonted brilliance, especially in Francesca—a deceptively tricky score, by the way, and not at all easy to bring off. RCA's fine engineering nicely complements this music.

TELEMANN: Die Tageszeiten. Ingrid Czerny (s), Gertraud Prenzlau (ms), Gerhard Unger (t), Günther Leib (b); Solistenvereinigung and Kammerorchester Berlin, Helmut Koch, cond. Helidor @ H 25041, $2.49; HS 25041, $2.49 [from Deutsche Grammophon LPM 18785/SLP 138785, 1963].
I enjoyed the performance of this four-part cantata (a pietistic evocation of Morning, Noon, Evening, and Night) rather more than did my colleague B.J., who roundly denounced singers and conductor in his Telemann survey in these pages a year ago ["The 'In' Composer," February 1966]. The executants possess modest talents perhaps, but they seem to me to interpret Telemann's equally modest achievement quite capably and pleasantly. Helidor has evidently improved the original sound—for some distortion on Side 2, there are no problems in this department. Texts and translations are provided.

M aria Callas: "The Art of Maria Callas." Maria Callas, soprano; various orchestras and conductors. Angel @ B 3696, $9.58; SB 3696, $11.58 (two discs) [from various Angel originals, 1957-65]. If angel must reshuffle its Callas recordings in such a fashion, it might have come up with something a bit more imaginative than this set. Why not have selected with excerpts from a few cuts, the Belgrade/Vienna team is ruthless with excisions—two scenes are even left out altogether (although the lengthy orchestral introduction omitted from the MK is included here). Furthermore, the present soloists are decidedly outclassed by the Bolshoi competition, who also enjoy far more incisive orchestral and choral backing. The Helidor-M-G-M production is a tolerable enough job, but in the balance it definitely comes off second best.

HENRY Krips: Viennese Waltzes. Philharmonia Promenade Orchestra, Henry Krips, cond. Seraphim @ 60018, $2.49; S 60018, $2.49 [from Angel 35665/S 35665, 1959].
Viennese waltz fans should enjoy this offset collection. The Strauss family has passed over in favor of more unfamiliar but equally resourceful composers: Ziehrer (Wiener Bürger and Weener Madln), Gungl (Amorettenzige), Lanner (Die Schönbrunner), Lehár (Gold und Silber), and Ivanovici (Donaurenlen—The Rosenkavalier, Anniversary Waltz). I could do with a bit more rhythmic flexibility than Krips provides—the slow glides-ins and slight secondbeat anticipations traditional to the genre are not always observed—but these are polished performances nonetheless. The sound is excellent. PETER G. DAVIS

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CIRCLE 52 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

January 1967
Music Has Its Humor

The ambience in which popular music and jazz exist is, on the whole, a serious one. The competition is fierce and too many people in the business have no reason for being there other than their greed. Despite it all, or perhaps because of it, the business breeds an extraordinary amount of wit and humor.

One of the wittiest men I've ever met in music is Paul Desmond, the superb alto saxophonist with the Dave Brubeck Quartet. Aside from his lyricism, the most engaging thing about Paul's playing is its airy humor—a flair for the unexpected note, the startling inversion of a familiar phrase. That's the kind of wit that still comes out of his mind, and it is not surprising that this style of humor carries over into his conversation.

Marian McPartland, the pianist, once asked him what he thought of fashion models since he had a notable predilection for dating them. "Well," Paul said, "they'll go out for a while with a guy who's scuffling, but they always seem to end up marrying some manufacturer in the Bronx." He paused. "This is the way the world ends—not with a whim but a banker."

Paul was once making an RCA Victor album for producer George Avakian. George is a marathon control-board telephone talker. Paul finished a take on one tune and asked into the microphone whether George liked it. No answer—George was on the phone. Paul repeated the question several times, went out to a telephone booth, and phoned in. "George, did you like that take?" he said.

Paul told the late Judy Holiday, who told it to me, a story about pianist Oscar Peterson. Oscar was being interviewed by a fledgling reporter for a high school newspaper, who was visibly shaken by the presence of his hero. Oscar took the boy to a restaurant, ordered a beer for himself and a glass of milk for the young reporter. In his nervousness, the boy swallowed the milk the wrong way. He coughed and spluttered and spilled his beer down his back. He recovered, but in a nervousness now compounded, he swept Oscar's bottle of beer off the table with his elbow. The bottle hit the floor and, incredibly, bounced. More incredibly, the boy caught it in the air and put it back on the table, not a drop spilled. "That's pretty good," Oscar said quietly, "but I liked the first trick better—the one where you made the milk come out of your nose."

The practical joke is not unknown in the music business, but its unchallenged champion is jazz violinist Joe Venuti. It seems everyone has a Joe Venuti story, all of them funny but, alas, not all of them printable. Among the milder Venuti legends is the story of the time he sent a Christmas present to his friend, one-armed trumpeter Wingy Manone—one cuff link.

In a Texas auditorium, Venuti was on the same bill with Paul Whiteman, who was going to conduct a large orchestra. The presentation was typically Whitemanesque, meaning overblown and pretentious. The house lights went down. A small point of light appeared in the dark, waving rhythmically. The orchestra began the opening strains of Rhapsody in Blue, Whiteman's hard-ridden warhorse. As the lights slowly came up, the gleaming dot of light was revealed to be the tip of Whiteman's baton.

When the Whiteman performance ended, the program was turned over to Venuti on another stage, fronting his small combo. When the spotlight hit him, Venuti was in a suit of long underwear, "directing" his little group with a long fishing pole, from the end of which hung a huge light bulb.

Bob Brookmeyer, the arranger and valve trombonist, was in Jim & Andy's—New York musicians' hangout—one day when rumor spread that a certain little-loved musician was having open-heart surgery. "Humph," Brookmeyer grumped, "what're they doing—taking one out or putting one in?"

On another occasion, Zoot Sims, the great tenor saxophonist, arrived in J&A's about noon, wearing a dark suit, white shirt, and dark tie, instead of his usual sloppy gray sweater. "You're looking very dapper today, Zoot," somebody said. "What happened?"

Looking down the length of himself with apparent puzzlement, Zoot said, "I dunno—I woke up this way."

Zoot once worked all night and, next day, was preparing to play on a record date at J&A's in a state of near-exhaustion, he asked whether anyone had some sort of pill that would help him stay awake during the recording session. The fiancée of another musician offered him a spantule. "I don't know anything about these," Zoot said, "are they pretty strong?"

"Well, sort of," the girl said. "But it's a capsule, so you can take half of it and throw the rest away."

Drawing himself up in mock indignation, Zoot said, "What, throw that good stuff away? Do you realize there are people in Europe sleeping?"

One of my heroes—and a hero to many people in the business—is the singer-songwriter-organist-pianist-accordionist Joe Mooney. Disillusioned by directions in which the music business was going, Joe moved to Florida and stayed off the national scene for the best part of ten years. But a couple of years ago, urged by friends to try a comeback, Joe returned to New York. Everyone in the business began dropping in to hear him in whatever nightclub he happened to be playing. He warmed all our hearts during that period, and vastly enriched the lore of music business wisecracks.

One night, he was confronted by a particularly loud and raucous audience—a particular problem for Joe because the best of his act is quiet and subtle. Struggling nobly on, he played the electric organ louder and louder. But of course, the louder he played, the louder they talked.

"Well," Joe said with an undefeated grin at the end of the set, "maybe I didn't get 'em to shut up, but I sure had 'em crescendoing like hell!"

Joe stayed in New York about a year, but even the armor of his wit and ebullience proved insufficient protection from the venal insanity of the contemporary music business. Joe saw little reason to continue putting up with the horrors of New York under such conditions—particularly when a pleasant house, the warm southern sun, and audiences that were at least respectful awaited him in Florida.

His friend Andy Fitzgerald, the saxophonist and friend who had worked with him in the wonderful Joe Mooney Quartet in the '40s, went to the airport with him. There, Joe delivered himself of a line that has since become a classic—quoted as a pungent expression of just about everybody's feelings about the current state of the music business.

"If Manhattan is The Apple," Joe said, "there's a worm in it."

Then he went home.
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CIRCLE 20 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

www.americanradiohistory.com
H. B. BARNUM: Pop & Ice Cream Soda. H. B. Barnum, vocals; orchestra and chorus, Marty Paich, arr. and cond. <i>Gotta Go; More Love; Los Angeles</i>; eight more. Capitol © T 2583, $3.79; ST 2583, $4.79.

H. B. Barnum has worked successfully in commercial music as an arranger, player, conductor, and composer for some years. This album demonstrates that singing is the least of his gifts. Except for Van Heusen and Burke's <i>Here's That Rainy Day</i> and Rod McKuen and Marty Paich's <i>Gotta Go</i>, the songs are brainless. Barnum often imitates Ray Charles or Nat Cole, but in the end he meets this insipid material on its own level.

Marty Paich, one of the finest arrangers ever to grace quality pop music, has managed to tailor his writing to meet such Top-40 standards (and surely this is an unpleasant task for a musician of his stature), but some of his beauty spills through.

Since there's nothing provocative, original, or very pleasant about Barnum's singing, let's hope he returns to the craft of providing solid backgrounds for other frontliners. For that's where his talent lies.

M.A.

RALPH CARMICHAEL: The Restless Ones. Ralph Carmichael, composer and arr.; orchestra. <i>Closer Than a Brother; Like a Lamb Who Needs a Shepherd; I Cannot Hide From God</i>; nine more. Sacred © LP 73046, $3.98 (mono only).

For years, all the major labels have been profiting from the religious market by issuing records in which their top artists sing lead over arrangements taken straight out of a hymnal, with little or no deviation from one disc to another.

In this album, Sacred Records, a leading religious record company, strikes back, gently and in good taste. Ralph Carmichael, long associated with the writing, recording, and publishing of religious material, has produced a first-rate album of secular orientation. All the songs are Carmichael originals, including the title tune from the Billy Graham movie for which he wrote the score. Unless the list of song titles is at hand, there's little evidence, if any, that these are religious songs. In fact, several melodies politely lean towards commercialism.

Carmichael arranges with quiet skill and, for all we know, serenity. The result is an album that is more soothing than it is reverent. "I wanted to do an album for today—for right now," Carmichael says in his rather folky notes. "Not raucous and demanding—but reverent and descriptive—and yet in the vernacular of today." That's what he's done, folks, and he's done it well.

It is somehow heartening that while the majors persist in releasing stale versions of Old Ragged Cross, the inventive Mr. Carmichael has out-hipped them all.

M.A.

PERRY COMO: Perry Como in Italy. Perry Como, vocals; Nick Perito, arr. and cond.: Alessandroni Singers, Ray Charles, cond. <i>Love Theme from La Strada; Santa Lucia; E Lai</i>; eight more. RCA Victor © LPM 3608, $3.79; LSP 3608, $4.79.

In discussions of America's finest popular singers, Perry Como's name is rarely mentioned. But here is a master. Why the lack of recognition? Partly for the same reason that John Wayne is considered a winning personality rather than an actor. In executing their crafts, both Como and Wayne have mastered a subtle quality of effortlessness. Como's songs seem to roll out of him; Wayne rarely appears to be working at a part. The ironic result is that their consummate skill is overlooked even as it is enjoyed.

Here, Perry Como has come up with another charming album. It was recorded in Italy, utilizing a large, superb orchestra. The chorus, under Ray Charles, is equally fine. In the few places where their accents show, such as <i>Arrivederci Roma</i>, it lends charm.

With a few dull exceptions like <i>Forget Domani</i> and <i>Oh Marie</i>, Como's choice of material is tastefully suited to his low-key style. Most songs are sung in both Italian and English. Especially beautiful are <i>Souvenir d'Italie</i> and <i>Un giorno dopo l'altro (One Day Is Like Another)</i>. A major asset to the album is the splendid arrangement of <i>Nick Perito</i>. He has used mandolins, guitars, and an accordion without producing a hackneyed "Italian" sound. The harmonies are warm and rich but not overbearing behind Como's mellow singing.

Whether you're Italian or not, the album is highly recommended. It beats getting your transistor prescription refilled.

M.A.

MARLENE DIETRICH: Berlin. Bert Grund, arr. and cond. <i>Solung noch unter der Linden; Nach meine Breme ist ja ganz Berlin verrückt; Ja das haben die Mädchen so gerne;</i> twelve more. Capitol © T 10443, $3.79; ST 10443, $4.79.

This recording was made with obvious love and affection and relatively little voice. And because the first two qualities are so apparent, the lack of the third is irrelevant.

Miss Dietrich has chosen a program of songs she remembers from her childhood in Berlin. They are nostalgic, sentimental, gay. She sings them in German, which is as it should be. She sings huskily, of course, and occasionally she strains a bit for a note that she'd rather make than fake. If anything, the quavers, the uncertainties in her singing, add rather than detract from her performances. It's that kind of disc—one that projects an attitude, a feeling. And if the singing is less than perfect, who cares? It's real.

J.S.W.

GOTHAM STRING QUARTET: The Immortal Songs of Bob Dylan. Gotham String Quartet; Irv Spence, arr. and cond. Mr. Tambourine Man; It Ain't Me, Babe; Don't Think Twice: nine more. Philips © PHM 200218, $3.98; PHS 600218, $4.98.

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mortals as a headache, and sometimes as painful.

What an absurd album idea! There was nothing to work with—no melodies, no tempos, nothing. Whatever presence this material had, Dylan and similar current stylists gave it. Strip the color of current idiom from these ditties and you have a field of dead panises. The arranger and players try to excuse themselves by putting the music on, sliding along the notes in hillibilly fashion; but it's all too dumb to be amusing. M.A.

WOODY HERMAN: The Jazz Swinger

Woody Herman, clarinet, alto saxophone, and vocals; Bill Chase, Mary Stamm, Alex Rodriguez, Paul Fontaine, Bill Byrne, Dave Gale, and Lima Riviano, trumpets; Carl Fontana, Jerry Collins, and Henry Southall, trombones. Frank Vicari, Bob Prierson, Andy McGhee, and Sal Nistico, saxophones: Nat Pierce, piano; Mike Moore, bass; Ronnie Zito, drums.

Swingin'-in' the Morning—Sunny Boy—seven more. Columbia @ CI 2552, $3.79; CS 9352, $4.79.

Woody Herman has never forgotten his early trade as a juvenile song-and-dance man. When jazz styles of the moment are set aside, he chooses his own. When things get altogether desperate in jazz, he even dances. The last time I caught him dancing was in 1961 at the Waldorf-Astoria in New York, shortly before he organized the big band with which he has been swinging lustily ever since. Since then he has done more legitimate occupations, adding a pleasant leviening to his band's programs. But an entire LP of Woody singing puts the balance of his talents out of whack. He is not good at a singer. To send him down the Judy Garland-Saumy Davis trail picking up songs that Jolson once sang is no help. Woody, sensibly, does not try to make like Jolson. He remains himself but the songs and the arrangements are, in general, insipid. The band is kept up under most of the time, leaving Woody to struggle alone on his own. And the marve is that, given half a chance (which means, given the opportunity to use his own style of singing effectively), he is quite wonderful. He comes through twice on April Showers, which Ralph Burns has arranged to make Woody part of an Early Autumn voicing, and San Francisco, done in the easy, bluesy manner that is Woody's best vein.

PEGGY LEE: Guitars à la Lee. Peggy Lee, vocals: Dave Grusin, Dick Hazard, Bob Bain, or Billy May, arrs. Nice 'n' Easy; Touch the Earth; Call Me; nine more. Capitol @ T 2469, $3.79; ST 2469, $4.79.

Aside from Miss Lee's wonderful singing, the most striking thing about this album for me is the fact that last someone has made something decent out of that rolled egg. Strangers in the Night. At this point, almost every time singer in the business has tried to corner into recording it. But the song is so merrily bereft of chord changes or dynamics that until now no one has been able to get it off the ground, except commercially. However, arranger Dave Grusin, ex-pianist and musical director of the Andy Williams Show and a brilliant musician, arranged strangers, using little more than a few guitar and a rhythm section moving in a smooth bossa nova. Because of Grusin and Miss Lee's artistry, the song's lyric is less odious than usual.

There's a stunning song on this album by Dick Manning and Luis Bonfa entitled An Empty Glass. Rarely does a lyric hit between the eyes as this does, and Miss Lee is superb with it. Also notable is a flunky, rock-style song by Dallas Frazier called Mohair Sam. Miss Lee is the only quality top singer I know who can get down into this sort of material. Other highpoints are Think Beautiful (from I Had a Ball), Goodbye My Love, and Good Times. All the arranging, using several guitars and an occasional brass or reed section, is first-rate.

The remaining songs don't reach the level of those mentioned above, but the good moments make the disc more than worthwhile, and all told I would call it the best of Miss Lee's recent albums.

M.A.

BILLY MAY AND HIS ORCHESTRA: Today! Capitol @ 2560, $3.79; S 2560, $4.79.

BILLY BROWN AND HIS BAND OF RE-nown: A Sign of the Times. Decca @ 4768, $3.79; 74768, $4.79.

The theme nowadays for the old established big band names seems to be to get with the new pop repertory and to find some way of blending their styles with the new beats—big, Tijuanaish, or corny. Billy May has an advantage over most of his band-leading colleagues in that he has always found humor in whatever he was writing and humor is a tremendous saving grace in today's pop market. May's elegantly bent saxophone ensembles are essentially a joke so that with less time than they've had between songs the May fan is amused and bemused, quite willing to take whatever comes. Some of May's humor is extravagant—his Strangers in the Night.

Miss Lee: everything's off the ground.

High Fidelity Magazine
is total burlesque with "dooby-doo" vocal ensemble, bent saxophone phrases, and a background death rattle of a vibraphone. Some of it is mild satire, as in his extension of Herb Alpert's basic corny tune, "Spanish Flea." And sometimes the humor is so subtle that it simply improves on the competition—his swirling, sweeping attack on The Shadow of Your Smile, for instance. But even May can't keep a steady diet of big beat from becoming monotonous. Although he has included several current big beat hits, he gets the best results with two of his own compositions in the big beat vein, St. Joe, Mo. and Compatibility.

Les Brown's attempt to update his band lacks May's humor. A few years ago Brown tried an out-and-out big beat set for Columbia, which was dreadful. This time his approach is more temperate—a blend of contemporary pop and bossa nova with mild variations of his old band style. The results, played with great solemnity, are bland and pallid—a spiritless excursion into limbo that can scarcely arouse the old big band fans and will certainly not interest the younger set.

J.S.W.

THE GLENN MILLER ORCHESTRA: Something New. Chico O'Farrill and Walt Stewart, arrs.; Buddy De Franco, con. A Taste of Honey: What Now My Love; Whipped Cream; Mexican Shuffle; six more. Epic © LN 24206, $3.79; BN 26206, $4.79; © EN 646, $6.95.

This is a lively mixture, a refreshing use of the Miller stigma. On A Taste of Honey, for example, Miller reeds on the left channel challenge Tijuana brass on the right, while Buddy De Franco's po- lite, precise, lean-toned clarinet runs piping between them. Most of the set borrows Herbie Mann's established charac- terizations, which is all right as a novelty, but it leads the Miller band nowhere—and this band desperately needs some sort of direction. De Franco's clarinet gives it a bit of valid modern identification and the treatment of one non-Alpert piece—I'm Gittin' Sentimental Over You—suggests how the Miller sound (which, of course, has to be used or you don't have a Miller band) can be mixed in with such borrowings as the Tijuana Brass, Tommy Dorsey's trombone style, and De Franco's clarinet to produce something that could have a legitimacy of its own.

The band, incidentally, is a far crisper ensemble than the similar inflated version of McKinley was lugging around for the Miller estate in recent years.

JANUARY 1967

MONKEES: The Monkees. David Jones, Mike Nesmith, Peter Tork, Micky Dolenz, vocals and rhythm accompaniment. I Wanna Be Free; Papa John's Blues: I'll Be True to You; nine more. Col- gens © COL 101, $3.79; COS 101, $4.79.

The Monkees are a rock 'n' roll group created to inhabit a television series set in the mold of the Beatles movies, wherein four young men gallop through thirty minutes of quick cuts displaying a quaint irreverence calculated to please viewers. There's something pretty pat about the whole thing. The Monkees do everything that's expected of today's zoo groups, image-wise. They're satisfac- torily nonconformist, like everybody else from Byrd to Beast. But once again, high-powered subsidi- zation proves too constricting to produce exciting work from its subordinates. The Monkees' computerized brand of fun emerges as mild as thin porridge. One waits in vain for an interesting edge to grab onto. This isn't a group; it's a formula.

The only believable track in the album is Gonna Buy Me a Dog, a smooth blend of music and wit.

M.A.

JANE MORGAN: Fresh Flavor. Jane Morgan, vocals; orchestra, Frank Hunter, arr. and cond. Good Lovin'; Monday, Monday; Message to Michael; seven more. Epic © LN 24211, $3.79; BN 26211, $4.79.

When will record companies realize that rock and roll must be met on its own terms to make any sense? Here we have another silly project: Jane Morgan, a competent but unsung singer, per- forming Top 40 hits. She does her best to sound convincing, but she's not built to accommodate this material, nor should she be.

The best track is a non-rock-and-roll song called Daydream but Paul Simon's

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DA 41—Record 1 (Played by Lhévinne)— Liszt: Liszt: Liszt: La Campanella; Chopin: Noc- turne in B, Op. 9 No. 3; Etude in E flat major, Op. 10 No. 11; Etude in G flat, Op. 25 No. 9; Liszt: Gondoliera (Venice and Naples); Struts, arr. Schultz-Evler; The Blue Danube; Schubert-Lisztt; Sortic de Voyage No. 6; Cué; Cauerie, Op. 40 No. 6—Albeniz; Sevilla (Suite Espagnole); Mendelssohn-Lisztt; On Wings of Song, Fantasia on Hungarian Gypsy Songs

Played by Moritz Rosenthal and Sergei Rachmaninoff

DA 42—Record 2 (Played by Rosenthal)— Chopin; Etude in G sharp minor, Op. 25 No. 6—Borkiewiez; Etude in D flat, Op. 15 No. 8—Albeniz; Oriental—Chopin-Lisztt; Polish Songs, My Joy—Rosenthal; Carnival de Venice, on themes by Johann Strauss—(Played by Rachmaninoff)— Kreisler-Rachmaninoff; Liebesfreud—Rachmaninoff; Impromptu in G; Barcarolle, Op. 10 No. 3; Polichinelle, Op. 3 No. 4; Etude Tableau, Op. 39 No. 6—Tchaikovsky; In the Troika, Op. 37 No. 11—Mendelssohn; Song without Words, Op. 67 No. 4—Chopin-Lisztt; Polish Song, The Maiden's Wish—Bizet-Rachmaninoff; Minuet (L'Arélléienne)—Paderewski; Minuet, Op. 14 No. 1

Played by various virtuosi

DA 43—Record 3 (Erwin Nyberg-Czichos)— Liszt; Matepe—(Mieczyslav Müntz)—Lisztt; Paganini Study No. 2 in E flat—Van Chippassc—Lisztt; Wilhe Jagd—(Leonpold Godows- sky)—Lisztt; La Leggiereetza—(Julius Chaloff)—Balakirev; Islamey—(Tina Lerner)— Chopin; Etude in C sharp minor, Op. 10 No. 4—(Richard Bühlig)—Glinka-Balakirev; The Lark (Barto Kliffchak)—Chopin; Scherzo from Sonata in B minor—Brahms; Intermezzo in E flat minor, Op. 117 No. 6—Ravel; Jeux d'eau—(Robert Schmitz)—Debussy; Toccata (Pour le Piano)—(Ernst von Dohnányi)—Dohnányi; Concert Study, Op. 29 No. 3—(Mischa Levitzki)—Levitzi; Waltz in A, Op. 2

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123
powerful The Sounds of Silence is spoiled by a lightweight tempo and vocal reading. Strangers in the Night is an inevitable inclusion. Funny thing about this song. Rock and rollers include it in their albums to add "class" and quality artists record it to lower album levels for the commercial market. It's an ill-written, totally tiresome song. Even the best arrangers in the business are unable to do anything with it (the best attempt was by Dave Grunin in Peggy Lee's new Capitol album). But in today's erratic, confused record market, it's only fitting that such a colossal loser should come up winners.

This superficially commercial disc will be instant turn-off for most rock and roll devotees. And surely Miss Morgan's fans would rather hear her singing quality material.

CLAUS OGERMAN: Sauses Mexicanos.
Small orchestra: Claus Ogerman, arr. and cond. Name: My Own's Latin' Armes; Always; Nine more; nine more. RCA Victor © LPM 3640, $3.79; LSP 3640, $4.79.

Only in the minds of some record industry executives are musical quality and commerce mutually sympathetic. Some good records do sell. And some commercial records are good. This album is in the latter class.

Attempting to capitalize on the success of Herb Alpert's Tijuana Brass, it uses two alto saxophones as a front line. That there is a Mexican trumpet style (such as used by Alpert) and that there isn't a comparable sax style didn't apparently bother anybody. It certainly doesn't bother me. For the album succeeds in and of itself. catchy and a little gimmicky it is. But musical? Yes, indeed.

Beautifully written and arranged, the music is also beautifully played. And it's little wonder: though they aren't credited on the sleeve, the two saxophonists are Gene Quill and the superb Zoot Sims, who replaces his tenor with alto for this session. The rest of the band includes first-rate studio players, such as Dick Hayman. Besides the two saxophonists and rhythm section, the group includes five trumpets, and Viole Blumenhein, who work together impeccably.

An unexpected pleasure is the chestnut Dardanello. Underpinning it with a Latinized rock rhythm, Ogerman has Quill and Sims play the melody in a corny old-style Staccato phrasing. Then in the release he cuts them loose into a warm legato. It's a perfect touch, and the track is a real hip-shaker. Ruined in the head and sick of the foot, as a Brazilian song lyric puts it, is the man who doesn't feel like dancing to this.

The material is from disparate sources: Dardanello is wedged between Roger Miller's King of the Road and St. James Infirmary Blues. Bossa nova gets a look-in with John's Face eu, which is beautifully done. Even Artie Shaw's old theme, Nightmare, gets the two-saxes treatment.

There's nothing profound in this album. But there is the joy of superior and unselfconscious musicianship applied to the pure-pops field, which badly needs it. There's imagination in this album. But then, that's the quality that is so sorely lacking in the record industry. G.L.

EMILE PRUD'HOMME: Accordion à la Piaf. Emile Prud'homme, accordion; small group accomp. L'Accordioniste; La Vie en rose; La Foule, seven others. Epic © LF 18051, $3.79; BF 19051, $4.79.

No musical sound evokes the feeling of Paris like that of a button accordion jauntily tossing off a musette waltz or a java. Alas, the tradition is dying, starved by the public taste for jazz in the past and rock 'n' roll in more recent times. You can still hear one or two of them on the instrument by going down to Rue de Lappe, in behind Place de la Bastille —taking care, of course, not to look like a slumming sight-seer unless, as a bonus to your evening, you look for a fast bust in the mouth.

Corny, sentimental, and obvious though it is, musette accordion—when it's played well—has a quality of spinning, dizzying gaiety in the brighter material, and a brooding virility in the darker stuff. Emile Prud'honne is a virtuoso of the instrument. Unfortunately, technology does damage even to this record: the group that accompanies him contains what sounds like a solovox, as well as vibes and amplified guitar. Ah, progress.

All the songs in the collection are associated with the late Edith Piaf. Piaf was close to the roots of French music, and the selection is therefore appropriate. This a good album for those with a taste for it.

G.L.


In discussions of new-generation lyrics, a point often shrugged off or missed, is that imagery does not make a song: it only makes a mood. The best of the current singer-writers are those whose words come together both gracefully and comprehensively, and of these, Paul Simon and Garfunkel—singer-writers.

HIGH FIDELITY MAGAZINE
Simon, of Simon & Garfunkel, is the most important.

Bob Dylan has never written an entirely good song because he has no grasp or apparent interest in the concept of completed ideas. But he has written good lines—occasionally ingenious lines. It is these stray lines, making sudden sense in a morass of unconnected imagery, which hold up his material and give his promoters a foothold with which to persuade people that Dylan is a poet. The new generation’s mistake is not in breaking old bonds, but rather in not yet perceiving the need for new principles by which to knit their words into strong ideas. Thus, most current songs trash (pretentiously, at that) between two stools, not yet having acquired the presence to be embarrassed over their predicament.

Within this trying no-form form (abetted by adults like Ralph J. Gleason, who wrote the inexcusably destructive notes for this album), Paul Simon emerges a sighted man in a children’s kingdom of the blind. A college graduate who majored in English, Simon brings coherence into the not-yet-form in which he writes. Among the stronger tracks are Scarborough Fair/Canon in D: The Dangling Conversation (enormously heightened by Peter Matz’s superb orchestration); A Simple Despository Phillippic (Or How I Was Robert McNamara’d Into Submission); and The 59th Street Bridge Song. The latter is something rarely heard from the new writers: a genuinely happy song. 7 O’clock News/Silent Night is just that: a news broadcast covering civil rights, murder, Viet Nam, and other horrors, softly heard as the Christmas carol is sung. The piece is upsettingly eloquent for what it leaves unsaid.

Musically, Simon & Garfunkel are in better shape than most groups. Their arrangements are often thoughtful, though it should be added that some of their “head arrangements” look as long as twenty studio hours to perfect, and the singing required an additional ten hours. Still, Simon’s lyrics outclass his melodies, and the group’s musical sound is somehow hesitant.

Simon & Garfunkel are certainly the most imaginative and intelligent of the new groups. If the current idiom achieves refinement, these two will have a good deal to do with it. M.A.


Andy Stewart is from Glasgow and sings like it. It’s very pleasant to hear a man stand up and do a thing well. Stewart sings Scottish songs in a neat but robust voice. Soldier Boy is no more than a bugle call, weaving the notes of a G triad into a charming and rather ingenious little song.

If you’re tired or depressed, Stewart’s irrepressible energy may bring you down even further. But if it’s one of your good days, you’ll probably love him. M.A.

NANCY WILSON: Tender Loving Care. Nancy Wilson, vocals; orchestra, Billy May, arr. and cond. Tony Late Now: As You Desire Me; Try a Little Tenderness; eight more. Capitol © T 2555, $3.79; ST 2555, $4.79; © VT 2555, $5.98.

Nancy Wilson’s singing style is now in full stride. Unfortunately, Miss Wilson has dragged along through her career several tasteless, distracting mannerisms as a child drags a rag doll. It’s increasingly difficult to tolerate such affectations in an otherwise mature performer. Why must she turn all breathy and gooey in the middle or at the end of phrases? Why must she shriek open vowels on high notes? What have these gimmicks to do with her genuinely distinctive qualities—the lovely voice, the remarkable agility of phrasing and intonation? But with all its faults, this album is better than much of Miss Wilson’s recent work. Her voice is in good shape, and she doesn’t exploit every song as though she wanted it to make the Top 40 at any cost.

Arranger Billy May’s contribution to the album is enormous. He’s as authoritative with strings on a ballad (and this is primarily a ballad disc) as he is with a band on an up-tempo tune. May can communicate more humor in music than any arranger I’ve ever heard. M.A.

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January 1967

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JAZZ

STAN GETZ: Another Time, Another Place. Stan Getz, tenor saxophone; various groups. Blues for Junior; Gladys: Tenderly; five more. VSP @ 22, $2.49. S 22, $2.49.

Verve records in recent years has been under the guidance of Creed Taylor. But the label was founded by Norman Granz, who made a fortune off it, sold it, and retired to comparative freedom from taxes in Switzerland. Much of Granz's product was cheap—carelessly thrown-together albums that consisted mostly of ill-planned or unplanned jamming. He once had Oscar Peterson record nine albums in eight days, and, needless to say, they were not representative of the pianist.

There are, in spite of the slipshod way in which Granz made his albums, some really remarkable Stan Getz performances among those earlier Verve dates: one he is notable with J. J. Johnson is a milestone in American music. The present album contains good Getz performances—I've never heard him play poorly, not since he joined Woody Herman's band at the age of seventeen. But they're not great Getz.

The most stimulating track, for me, is a performance at fast tempo of The Way You Look Tonight. Coleman Hawkins is on the track and Getz, perhaps because of his innate competitiveness, is extremely inventive. Adding to the value of the track is a superb, biting horn solo by Dizzy Gillespie.

Though I admire a lot of Getz's earlier work, on the whole I prefer the more mature musicalities today. To be sure, we hear him mostly in commercial contexts, albeit tasteful ones, but to catch him in a club when he's in top form is an unforgettable musical experience. What's in here only suggests it.

Jack Maher researched and coordinated the album for VSP (a brave issue subsidiary), and he did a good job of it.

Dexter Gordon: Gettin' Around. Dexter Gordon, tenor saxophone; Bobby Hutcherson, vibraphone; Barry Harris, piano; Bob Cransham, bass; Billy Higgins, drums. Manha de Carnaval; Shiny Stockings; Everybody's Somebody's Fool; three more. Blue Note @ 4204, $4.79; 84204, $5.79.

Dexter Gordon has arrived at that estimable stage where he's no longer compunction to prove anything to anyone but himself. He knows, and we know, that he can hold his own in all flash routines. So now he plays to his own discrimination which, fortunately, is well honed. These six pieces will not go down in jazz history as landmarks of anything, but I'd rather have a good stock of solid, thoughtful, completely executed performances of this kind than some of the "turning points."

A turning point, too often, is based on the excitement of someone who has just discovered how to fly. Good for him—and historically it has value. But Gordon has polished his flying technique. He is now a perceptive editor who can make even Who Can I Turn To seem palatable. Harris and Hutcherson, though younger, are in much the same category: they are all pros in the finest sense. Worthy of special note is B. B. King's quirkson tune, Le Coiffeur, and the easygoing, Lester-Young-influenced swing he finds in Heartaches.

EARL. "FATHA" HINES: Here Comes Earl 'Fatha' Hines, Earl Hines, piano; Richard Davis, bass; Elvin Jones, drums. Save It Pretty Mama; Bye Bye Baby; Shoe Shine Boy; four more. Contact @ 6, $4.79; $6, $5.79.

Grace, authority, and power flow effortlessly through these Hines solos. They have an ineradicable quality, for Hines gives the impression that he is not forcing things at all—that those lean, snaky lines are just rolling along in inevitable fashion, with human hands adding only a dash of glitter here and there.

His Herd company here, Davis is a strong, no-nonsense bassist who adds a direct, soloistic line to Hines' piano (especially on the old Casa Loma theme, Smoke Rings, and the pulsing Stanley Steamer), while Jones, known primarily as an outstanding modern drummer, shows how well he can get down to basics with brushwork, taking one back to Big Sid Catlett. Hines responds with some of the most joyous playing he has done since the Hines revival got under way a couple of years ago. He's Bernie's Tune flies on a wonderfully swinging beat and the Hines versions of Sy Oliver's catchy Dream of You and Smoke Rings combine lyricism with a lazily persistent beat that is one of Hines' finest attributes.

This is the compleat jazz pianist at his most compleat.

BOBBY HUTCHERSON: Components. Freddie Hubbard, trumpet; James Spaulding, alto saxophone and flute; Bobby Hutcherson, vibraphone and marimba; Herbie Hancock, piano; Ron Carter, bass; Joe Chambers, drums. Tranquility; Little B's Poem; Movement; Juha Dance; four more. Blue Note @ 4213, $4.79; 84213, $5.79.

Two very different musical approaches are joined on this disc. One side is made up of four compositions by Hutcherson in customary contemporary jazz style—ensemble opening theme, solos, and ensemble out. On the other side are four works by drummer Joe Chambers that focus on free counterpoint.

The Chambers pieces are interesting displays of the virtuosic abilities of these musicians in creating and developing a variety of dissonant lines, some of which occasionally come together in provocative juxtaposition. There is almost nothing in these pieces that might be considered jazz, whereas the Hutcherson tunes are completely in the jazz tradition. Hubbard's vital, sonorous...
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9. *Waiting Game* by Zoot Sims A-9131

Other albums not shown:
10. *Hank Jones/Oliver Nelson* A-9132
11. *Chico O'Farrell* A-9135
12. *Steve Kuhn Plays the Compositions of Gary McFarland* A-9136
trumpet is an enlivening force through all four Hutcherson compositions, but he rises to a peak of ruggedly gutty brilliance, even for him, on West 22nd Street Theme, a slow, sinuous blues which is the most completely realized piece on the disc. J.S.W.

BILLY LARKIN AND THE DELEGATES: Hold On! Billy Larkin, organ; Fats Theus, tenor saxophone; Jimmy Daniels, guitar; Jesse Kilpatrick, drums. Cuchy Frito Man; Blowin' in the Wind: It Ain't Necessarily So; seven more. World Pacific @ 1850, $4.79; 21850, $5.79.

As a synthesis of everything that's making it in the pop jazz area, Billy Larkin's quartet is not only touching all the bases but has come up with a blend that has a certain amount of engaging individuality. The instruments involved are all currently "in." The tunes are from Bob Dylan, James Brown, and, as the liner observes, "the sales charts," with Gershwin and Cole Porter thrown in. The style is subdued soul—mellow, with a beat, just a hint of a wail in Theus' sinuous saxophone and Daniels' guitar. Some very attractive organ and saxophone passages with lovely guitar lines in the background.

This is not a disc that hits you on the head. It has to have time to worm its way into acceptance, but it grows and lingers.

J.S.W.

LES MCCANN: Plays the Hits. Les McCann, piano and vocals; Leroy Vinegar, bass; Booker T. Robinson, drums; band. Sunshine Superman; Guantanamera; Les Skates: nine more. Limelite ® LM 82041, $4.98; LS 86041, $5.98. Picture a noisy nightclub near closing time on a Saturday night, its patrons putting the final touches on tomorrow morning's ruin. "Lady, you're standing on my umbrella." "Somebody stole my bowser bag!" Nothing can penetrate such a crowd but a falling chandelier. Or, Les McCann playing the piano. McCann's remarkable talent for bringing out smiles in both people and music has gone airily unappreciated by jazz critics. Perhaps no other jazz pianist, except Oscar Peterson, has been so critically maligned as McCann. What effect this has had on him is unknown. One must assume it smarts, but not so that you'd notice. His career has grown steadily, and so has his playing. Because people tend to pigeonhole artists. Les McCann is thought of primarily as a pianist of gospel and blues roots, and that he is. But more subtle and even more meaningful at times is his loving touch with ballads, many of them originals. In jazz, the effect of a ballad depends not only on the melody but on the way the chords are voiced. McCann's voicings are at once intense and fragile. But the aspect of his playing which grabs the listeners first is his unique gift at "setting a groove." It's the one thing his imitators—an interesting list including Playboy Club circuit riders and hip clergymen—can't get together. McCann's time sense is so firm that temps are secured even before he touches the keys, just by the way he kicks them off. That's why singers and instrumentalists love to play with him: they always know where the beat is.

Several years ago McCann made a vocal album. Unfortunately it didn't sell well (it's probably the only McCann album with that distribution and that delayed a second career which has all the earmarks of being even more rewarding than the first. In my opinion, McCann is capable of singing even better than he plays. Invariably the one or two vocals he sandwiches into his albums are among the best tracks.

In the present album, in which McCann is reunited with his original bass player, the inimitable Leroy Vinegar, the group has been given several Top-40 tunes. Somehow McCann has managed to make most of them swing. Three tracks are especially strong. One is Bobby Hebb's Sunny, played first as a ballad and then a swinger. The other two are—that's right—vocals. Sad Little Girl was written by McCann with lyricist and friend Steve Alsbeg. With proper promotion it could make the charts—good songs occasionally do. Compared to What ("Tryin' to make it real, compared to what?") is a provocative piece by singer-composer Gene McDaniels, another friend of McCann's. Never has McCann's rhythmic flow been more evident on record than in this track. These selections are so impressive that,
GERRY MULLIGAN: Something Borrowed, Something Blue. For a Gerry Mulligan, baritone or alto saxophone; Zoot Sims, tenor saxophone; Warren Bernhardt, piano; Eddie Gomez, bass; Dave Bailey, drums. Davenport Blues; Sometime Ago: Decideably: three more. Linelight @ LM 82040, $4.98; LS 86040, $5.98.

This could have been called “Gerry Mulligan Meets Zoot Sims.” But they’ve met before. Nonetheless, that’s what the album’s about: Sims on tenor and Mulligan on baritone or alto having some good material back and forth to each other. Mulligan has been playing alto publicly for only a short time, and sometimes the differing speed of articulation (alto reacts much more quickly than baritone) throws his time sense off. For most of the distance, however, he plays the new instrument very well in a style rather like that of Lee Konitz, only warmer. Sims is excellent. There’s a quality of ingenuousness in his playing that at odds with the sophisticated fluency of his technique. But it’s this very combination of qualities that makes him rewarding to hear.

The album marks, for practical purposes, the recording debut of pianist Warren Bernhardt. Bernhardt recorded many high-speed bassists of the new school, and he and Steve Swallow strike me as being about the best. Unlike so many of their colleagues, Swallow and Gomez swing, playing first-rate straight-ahead rhythm section bass when that’s required. In addition, Gomez is a genuinely exciting soloist. Next time you hear somebody defending one of the odious idiots in rock ‘n’ roll on the grounds that “he’s still very young,” point to the example of Gomez: he’s twenty-five.

The over-all flavor of this album is one of relaxed musicality. Mulligan didn’t set the goals at unusual height for the disc, but those he did set are comfortably and amply achieved. G.L.

OSCAR PETERSON: Blues Etude. Oscar Peterson, piano; Sam Jones or Ray Brown, bass; Louis Hayes, drums. I Know You Oh What Stills by Starlight; Bassa Bepique: six more. Linelight @ LM 82039, $4.98; LS 86039, $5.98.

This is the debut album of Oscar Peterson’s new trio. It’s nothing short of sensational. So amazing is Peterson’s technique that if he didn’t swing so much, it would almost make one nervous. He has a history of sustaining the tightest
rhythm sections in jazz and the new one, though not better than those of the past, has given Peterson a rebirth of freshness; yet things are as tight as ever.

Most groups don't attempt to play at the Peterson trio's fast temps. A non-musician has to be in pretty good shape even to snap his fingers that fast. Yet speed and technique alone don't make good jazz. Peterson has far more. For all his depth, obscurity has never been Peterson's bag. His brilliance is straightforward, firm, communicative. Because of this approach, no cult of vagueness ever grew up around him.

Jazz fans are very big on cults. Many people who don't know what to listen for in jazz take comfort in idols who don't seem to know what they're playing. That way no one's uncertainty is exposed and everyone's happy talking about a player's "feeling," his hidden emotions, his soul. Since Oscar Peterson's music is crystal-clear and authoritative, it's not surprising that so many cultists shrug it off. Beauty in jazz is becoming unfashionable, sadly replaced by programmed harshness given the catch-all name "honest." This has not helped Peterson's case because he's never stopped being beautiful.

Part of Peterson's great freedom comes from the care he takes to rest upon solid and well-rehearsed musical frameworks. Take his treatment of the much-recorded Shadow of Your Smile. The song is written to begin in minor and end in the relative major key. Starting in a smooth bossa nova tempo, Peterson plays a lovely chorus, ending in the minor equivalent of the relative major key originally written, having set up the switch earlier by inserting a flat fifth into a pivotal seventh chord. In this way, he creates just enough of a change to make the song fresh without altering its flavor. It's really not complicated—only beautiful and new to the listener. Too many people overlook these ingenious touches which Peterson gives to his performances.

In my opinion, this is the best Oscar Peterson album in years, and his solo on his original, L'Impossible, is one of the finest moments in jazz's recording history.

M.A.

**ROGER RAM: Fine and Mellow.** Roger Ram, piano and organ; Gary Burton, vibraphone; Al Lucas, bass; Oliver Jackson, drums. Later for Lover Ram, page: It Had To Be You; As Time Goes By; seven more. RCA Victor © 1.P.M. 3616. $3.79; LSP 3616.

Record producers who spend their days grinding out routine performances by routine performers ought to feel a little sheepish about Roger Ram. Ram has been around for more than twenty-five years, playing piano and organ and writing songs. He has not been precisely unknown during this period because he wrote Lover Man in 1941, a song which is one of the sturdiest props of the pop repertory. Yet, until producer Brad McCuen caught him at a club near RCA Victor's New York office in 1966 and brought him back to the studio, Ram had never recorded his justly famous
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CIRCLE 11 ON READER-SERVICE CARD
Lester Young: Pres & His Cabinet.
Just You, Just Me (with Oscar Peterson, Barney Kessel, Ray Brown and J. C. Heard); Lester Leaps In (with Count Basie's band): They Can't Take That Away from Me (with Roy Eldridge, Harry Edison, Hank Jones, Herb Ellis, George Dayvveri, and Mickey Sheen); Red Boy Blues, Mean to Me (with Peterson, Ellis, Brown, and Buddy Rich); Gigantic Blues (with Eldridge, Vic Dickerson, Teddy Wilson, Freddie Green, Gene Ramey, and Jo Jones). VSP @ 27, $2.49; SRF 67559, $3.98; SRF 67559, $4.98.

The opener is Empty Arms and Empty Heart, a pretty melody on which has been interposed a lyric (lyricist unidentified) as trite as the title itself. Next is The Idol, a tune that might be all right if it hadn't been backbeated and aimed at the charts. Both these songs, the notes advise, were "not heard in original sound track." Really? Then one must assume they had nothing to do with the film which this album is supposed to represent, but were later additions. The third track is The Seducer, a sad, moody piece where Dankworth finally exhibits his composing skill; it's the album's one fine moment. Next is The Party, and it's a dull one, followed by an instrumental version of the opener, Empty Arms and Empty Heart.

Now we turn the record over and play the first band: "Title Music." You guessed it. Empty Arms again, with almost no variation from the version we just left—lest you should forget it. Then another variation with another insipid lyric, writer unknown. Because both vocals are so lyrically meaningless, Cleo Laine has little chance to display what a truly fine singer she is. The next track is There's a Fight Outside. If so, it's the happiest little fight you over heard, raucous backbeat and all. Then comes The Houseboat Set, which is a scant variation of The Party on Side 1. The album ends by repeating the first two selections.

This is certainly not Dankworth's best work. It may well be his worst. Nevertheless, the album's real assassin was its editor.

Michael Flanders and Donald Swann: At the Drop of Another Hat. The Gas Man Cometh; All Gall; Friendly Duet; Hippo Encore; Gas Man Cometh; Friendly Duet; Hippo Encore; ten more. Angel @ 36388, $4.79; S 36388, $5.79.

The views, gusm, and witty ditties of Flanders and Swann, previously recorded on At the Drop of a Hat (Angel 35797)
Some plain talk from Kodak about tape:

The big squeeze—Multitrack Stereo

Remember the college fad a few years back—how many brawny brutes could be squeezed into a little car built for plain folks? For a while, it looked like a somewhat similar situation was about to take place in the tape-recording field—first monaural, then 2-track, then 4-track, and now even 8-track recording. Even though these developments continue at a fast clip, 4-track stereo is still the name of the game as far as high-fidelity applications are concerned. And very nice it sounds, too, thanks to the precision built into modern heads. But you do have to watch yourself. Having double the information on a given length of tape means everything has to be just so—including the tape you use.

4-track star. The first thing to worry about in considering a tape for 4-track stereo is output. As you can see in the chart above, adequate separation must be maintained between each track to prevent cross-talk. And as the actual width of the recorded tracks drops down, the output per channel on the tape drops in proportion.

Thus, to make the most of what you can record, you need a tape with a high-powered oxide layer—one that’s going to give you a high output with a good signal-to-noise ratio. KODAK Sound Recording Tape, Type 34A, fills the bill—gives you 125% more undistorted output than conventional general-purpose tapes. You get practically the same per-channel output on 4-track stereo with Type 34A that the other tapes would give you on 2-track! But there’s more to recommend the use of Kodak tape.

Staying on the right track. Because everything gets smaller in proportion when you go to 4-track, dimensional precision becomes that much more important. Take a tape that suffers from a case of drunken sitting. (That’s when the edges of the tape snake back and forth even though the width is constant.) It’s not hard to see how this tape isn’t going to “track” straight past the head. A slight case of this and you get alternating fluctuations in output on both channels. If the condition is bad enough, a poorly sit tape can cause your heads to drop out the signals completely, even pick up the signals on the tracks going the other way. Horrors! Lucky for you, you have nothing to worry about with Kodak tapes. We keep our tolerance to .001 inches. That’s twice as close as industry standards. To make your life even easier, we also backprint all our tapes so you can always tell whether a reel has been wound “head” or “tail” first. Simply note which comes first off the supply reel, the “E” of “EASTMAN” or the “O” of “CO”… and note it on the reel.

Kodak tapes—on DUROL and Polyester Bases—are available at most electronic, camera, and department stores. To get the most out of your tape system, send for free, 24-page “Plain Talk” booklet which covers the major aspects of tape performance.

EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY, Rochester, N.Y.

January 1967

CIRCLE 32 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

www.americanradiohistory.com
Another hat from Flanders & Swann.

and The Bestiary of Flanders and Swann (Angel 36112), continue in fine form in the second edition of their theatre evening. This performance before a London audience includes occasional local references that may glide by Americans but it's all part of the casual give-and-take atmosphere that the team builds.

Flanders is a suavely garrulous and acerbic as ever, walking all over poor Swann (he always seems to be "poor Swann"), who continues to live in a state of high—i.e., frustrated—poetry. Their subjects include home repairs, air travel, status symbols, the art of talking to a scientist, big brass broken bedsteads, olive stuffing, and other vital matters, treated in the erudite low comedy that they have developed to a fine point. The program has its ups and downs but their performance grows on one in such a way that even the lesser bits seem to have a certain charm. And you have to give full support to anyone who understands that "La belle dame sans merci" actually means, "The beautiful lady who never says thank you." J.S.W.

OLYMPUS 7-000. Donald O'Connor, Larry Blyden, Phyllis Newman, Eddie Foy, Jr. Command © 67, $4.79; © 07, $5.79. Shades of our glorious, callow youth! College life, movie musical style, when every campus was populated by Jack Oakie and Toby Wing and the future of the world hinged on a football victory over treacherous Ipecac U! The difference between movies thirty years ago and television today is that, even by movie standards, these collegiate japes were recognized as potboilers. But in 1966 television could dig up those dear clichés as a presentation on what is supposed to be a prestigious attempt at quality TV, ABC's Stage '67 series.

Richard Adler, who wrote the score of Pajama Game and Damn Yankees with Jerry Ross and since then has been turning out television jingles, is not only responsible for the lackluster music and generally witless lyrics of Olympus 7-000. He produced it too. The performers put up a game fight with the material but only Donald O'Connor manages, in the course of two songs, to suspend one's belief that this is a definitive example of the musical which, in the theatre, mercifully closes in New Haven. J.S.W.

FOLK

MORRISTON ORPHEUS CHOIR: The Valley in Song. Enithrin John, A.R.C.O., cond. Epic © LF 18049, $3.79; BF 19049, $4.79. Here is music with an honest, refreshing, and sometimes inspirational difference. Welsh Choirs have for generations gained fame beyond their native valleys for the sonorous beauty of their massed voices and the texture of their harmonies. In an exciting, virile recital, the Morriston Orpheus Choir offers a half-dozen selections, of which five are religiously orientated. While Victoria and Lasso are represented, the major anthems are the works of Welsh church musicians composing specifically for male choir. But there is nothing provincial or naive in these settings for sacred themes, and the choir sings with ardor and splendor.

OLIVER SMITH. Oliver Smith, guitar and vocals. Elektra © 316, $4.79; 7316, $5.79. One of the exciting implications of this disc is that even an ordinary record buyer can stumble across live talent. The record buyer in this case was Peter Siegel who had been browsing in Goody's in New York. Coming out of the store, he heard a street singer who impressed him so much that he rushed him into a recording studio and made this record. It was the first time that Oliver Smith—fifty-five years old, blind, an itinerant singer for almost forty years—had ever been recorded. And . . . the result is a fascinating set of performances by a singer with a strong, open voice and a very catholic repertory.

As a youngster he played with Riley Puckett and Sid Tanner and the "Georgia gang" who produced some memorable recordings of lively Southern country music. In the Twenties and Thirties, Smith still retains some of that country style in his singing and in his guitar picking, which is patterned on country fiddling. But sometimes you also get a whiff of Leadbelly (K.C. Blowers) both vocally and on guitar. Or he digs into Tin Pan Alley for Breez (Wang strongly conceived, straight, with an interesting guitar counterpoint) and twists Sam, the Old Accordion Man into Guitar Pickin' Sam. He hits the most maudlin side of country music with the bathetic Gambling on the Sabbath Day, and then turns to vaudeville comedy for Everybody Works But Father.

No matter what part of this utterly irrational but delightful mixture of material he undertakes, he sings like a man on the open road—sings out, with power, with pride and with a sure knowledge of what he's doing. The contrast to the numblers, moaners, whiners, and wheezers who have established much of what is considered "folk" style is exhilarating. How on earth could this man, who was "discovered" at 48th Street and Broadway, have been overlooked for so long? J.S.W.
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THE TAPE DECK

This Is The Year That Will—decide whether the CARtridge-tape boom is more than a passing vogue ... perhaps also provide auguries of the CARtridges' possible future role as a medium for home listeners in addition to its present mobile auditors ... perhaps determine a clear-cut direction in the current race between two leading endless-loop configurations (Lear 8 track and Fidelipac 4 track).

Of more significance to the tape fan who is also a serious music lover are the coming year's prospects for standard open-reel recorded tapes. Will the general prosperity of the over-all tape industry ensure the effective growth of the reel-to-reel catalogues? Will the original goal of optimum—not just possible—technical quality once again be such a sought? Will bargain-price releases be given the adequate annotations so often missing (as they are even from full-price reel programs)? Above all, will the recorded-tape industry keep in mind the interests of its original connoisseur audience as well as of its growing mass public?

The Dark-Horse "Musicassette." In prognosticating the future of recorded tape, many observers believe that while an entirely new tape public can be won over by the handling ease of cartridge packaging, the limitations of any endless-loop format are such that eventually CARtridges themselves may well be outstripped by the potentially more versatile "cassette" format, originally developed by Philips.

Since the tiny cassette (only 4 x 2 1/4 x 7/16 inches) uses the reel-to-reel principle (literally it's hub-to-hub), fast-forward and fast-reverse operation is possible, and blank-cassette cassettes can be used for home recording. The novel features (which distinguish the cassette from the somewhat similar RCA Victor tape cartridges first issued some years ago) are the use of tape narrower (only 0.15-inch wide) than the present quarter-inch standard, and a non-interlaced configuration of the 4 tracks. And since tracks 1 and 2 running in one direction, and 3 and 4 in the other, are adjacent, stereo programs can be reproduced monophonically on mono-only players.

The tape speed is only 1 1/2 ips, which gives each cassette a playing/recording time of some ninety minutes maximum but which up to now has not been considered capable of giving the high fidelity sound. Yet at the current rate of technological progress, it may not be long before 3 1/2-ips tapings match the sonic quality improvements with which 3 3/4-ips tapings have confounded their critics.

The Soul of Spain. On the heels of the catalogue's recent expansion of its chamber music list, there now come two new contributions in the hitherto inadequately represented solo song repertoire. The particular appeal of the current examples is that each radiates the magnetic attractions of Spanish music at its best. Included with the first tape edition of Falla's La Vida breve on Angel's double-play 3 1/2-ips reel (Y 25 3762, 82 min., $11.98) are nine Granados Tonadillas, hauntingly sung by Victoria de los Angeles to piano accompaniments by Gonzalo Soriano; on an RCA Victor reel (FTC 2324, 41 min., $7.95) are nine zarzuela airs, sung by Montserrat Caballé to orchestral accompaniments conducted by Eugenio Marco. There are of course many Iberian-flavored symphonic and piano works on tape but none, I think, are more revealing of Spain's special atmosphere than these vocal releases.

The Hero Goes Gently. One may experience a real sense of shock on first hearing Herbert von Karajan's radical departures from the traditional approach to Strauss's Heldenleben. His DGG version with the Berlin Philharmonic has been something of a best-seller on discs ever since 1960 but by chance I've encountered it only now in its belated tape transfer (DGG 8025, 46 min., $7.95). To anyone accustomed to the fierily heroic treatment of this tone poem in its Ormandy/Columbia, Leinsdorf/RCA Victor, and Ludwig/Everest tapings, the present reading may seem almost like chamber music! The opening quite lacks its usual exuberance, and even the normally molievolent Critics seem to chirp mellifluously. But as one listens to violinist Michael Schwalbé's superbly tender portrayal of the Hero's wife and to the broadly poetic reading of the work's later pages, one not only realizes the validity of Von Karajan's super-sensuous approach but discovers that the rather remote tandem at first seemingly anemic) miking fully captures the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra's enchanting sonic loveliness. An acquired taste, perhaps, but one worth at least trying.

Reels Are Made for Masses. New to tape, relatively unfaamiliar to most listeners in any medium, and markedly different from the best-known musical settings of the Mass is Gounod's Messe solennelle à Sainte Cécile, now done by the Chor des Kinder Igor Markevitch for Deutsche Grammophon (DGC 9111, 50 min., $7.95). Although Irmgard Seefried, other German soloists, and a Czech chorus sing (in Latin) without much feeling for the work's distinctive French turn of idioms, the immaculately processed tape is nevertheless seductively beautiful both in its devotional performance and its airily floating stereo sonics.

Yet welcome as this romantically lyrical work certainly is, its appearance reminds me forcibly how limited, and how unbalanced historically, the taped Mass repertory remains. There are no Gregorian examples at all, and only three by preclassical composers—Josquin des Prez, Palestrina, and Bach. Considering that stereo recording demonstrates its finest powers in choral works and that tape is especially well suited to large-scale works of all kinds, there should be many, many more Masses in the reel catalogues.

A New Audio Devices Bonus Reel. Not since 1960 have we had any of the budget tapes with which so many tape recorder owners began recorded-tape collections, and through which Audio Devices, Reeves, and other manufacturers won new customers for their various brands of raw tape. So it's good to welcome a renewal of a promotional practice that seemed to make everyone happy.

The first example of Audio Devices' new series is a 31-minute "Sounds of Melody" program of pop selections in vivid Columbia recordings starring Woody Herman, André Previn, Skitch Henderson, André Kostelanetz, Dave Brubeck—and Pattie Page. Vic Damone, Leslie Uggams, Buddy Greco, and the Ray Conniff Chorus. The package deal includes an 1,800-foot reel of blank Mylar Audiotape for only $5.98. "Sounds of Melody" itself is recorded on 1/4-mil acetate Audiotape, in the standard 7 1/2-ips, 4-track stereo format. But what is particularly interesting is that the whole program is recorded on the "A" side (tracks 1 and 3) only. This enables one to "play" the blank "B" side (tracks 2 and 4) as a test of the vertical alignment of one's playback head: if the silence is broken by any audible reverse-channel spill-over, realignment is called for.

Haus-ta la Vista? One of the pleasantest surprises in current tape resuscitations is that of Karl Haas's "Art of the Baroque Orchestra" reels (Vanguard Everyman Classics VVE 1918-19, 3 1/2-ips, 47 and 44 min., $4.95 each). The Little London Baroque Ensemble plays with all its famed grace and resilience, while the 1958-59 stereo is still an aural delight. Four of the five Vol. I and all four of the Vol. II selections are first tape editions. The former are novel works by Albimon, A. Scarlatti, Tartini, and Vivaldi. The latter feature the rare Bach Sinfonia in D, S. 1045, and Bach's alternative versions of the First and Fourth Brandenburgs: the S. 1071 Si-Bemolle, and F. major Concerto in F—true Devotional Tapestries every one!
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Key No.</th>
<th>Page No.</th>
<th>Product</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1</td>
<td>27-39</td>
<td>Acoustic Research, Inc.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2</td>
<td>41</td>
<td>Acoustic Research, Inc.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>11</td>
<td>133</td>
<td>Acoustical Manufacturing Co. Ltd.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4</td>
<td>124</td>
<td>Allied Radio</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5</td>
<td>49</td>
<td>Altec Lansing</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6</td>
<td>91</td>
<td>Ampex Corporation</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7</td>
<td>108</td>
<td>Audio Devices, Inc.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9</td>
<td>136</td>
<td>Audio Exchange</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10</td>
<td>24</td>
<td>Audio Originals</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>12</td>
<td>6, 17</td>
<td>Benjamin Electronic Sound Corp.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>47</td>
<td>126</td>
<td>Bluesway Records</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>13</td>
<td>59</td>
<td>Bogen Communications Division</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>16</td>
<td>111</td>
<td>CM Laboratories</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>17</td>
<td>12-15</td>
<td>Columbia Record Club</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>18</td>
<td>82</td>
<td>Columbia Records</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>19</td>
<td>7</td>
<td>Columbia Stereo Tape Club</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>20</td>
<td>119</td>
<td>Command Records</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>95</td>
<td>134</td>
<td>Cousino Electronics Division</td>
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<tr>
<td>22</td>
<td>26</td>
<td>Crown International</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>24</td>
<td>18</td>
<td>Decca Records</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>25</td>
<td>88, 89</td>
<td>Deutsche Grammophon Gesellschaft</td>
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<tr>
<td>26</td>
<td>130</td>
<td>Dixie Hi Fidelity</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>27</td>
<td>132</td>
<td>Dresser</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>86</td>
<td>45</td>
<td>Dual</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>30</td>
<td>52</td>
<td>Du Pont &quot;Mylar&quot;</td>
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<tr>
<td>31</td>
<td>93</td>
<td>Dynaco, Inc.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>32</td>
<td>135</td>
<td>Eastman Kodak Co.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>23</td>
<td>Cover III</td>
<td>Electro-Voice, Inc.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>33</td>
<td>Electro-Voice, Inc.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>34</td>
<td>48</td>
<td>Elektra Corporation</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>35</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>Elpa Marketing Industries, Inc.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>36</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>EMI, see Scope Electronics</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>37</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>Empire Scientific Corporation</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>38</td>
<td>122</td>
<td>Ercona Corporation</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>29</td>
<td>Cover II, 1, 22, 23</td>
<td>Fisher Radio Corp.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>103</td>
<td>60</td>
<td>Garrard</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>42</td>
<td>21</td>
<td>Harman-Kardon, Inc.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>43</td>
<td>133</td>
<td>Harmony House, Inc.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>44</td>
<td>50, 51</td>
<td>Heath Company</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>45</td>
<td>115</td>
<td>Heliodor Records</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>46</td>
<td>140</td>
<td>Hi-Fidelity Center</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>48</td>
<td>127</td>
<td>Impulse Records</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>49</td>
<td>16</td>
<td>Kenwood Electronics, Inc.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>50</td>
<td>8, 9</td>
<td>KKL Research and Development Corp.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>52</td>
<td>117</td>
<td>Koss</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>53</td>
<td>99</td>
<td>Lansing, James B., Sound, Inc.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>38</td>
<td>122</td>
<td>Leak, H. S., Co. Ltd.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>97, 116, 123</td>
<td>London Records</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>55</td>
<td>25</td>
<td>Magnecon Division</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>56</td>
<td>81</td>
<td>Marantz, Inc.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>59</td>
<td>114</td>
<td>McIntosh Laboratory, Inc.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>92</td>
<td>107</td>
<td>MGM Records</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>61</td>
<td>133</td>
<td>Newton, Murray, Custom Audio</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>34</td>
<td>48</td>
<td>Nonesuch Records</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>62</td>
<td>132</td>
<td>Olson Electronics, Inc.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>95</td>
<td>134</td>
<td>Ortronics, Inc.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>35</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>Ortofon</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>63</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>Pickering &amp; Company</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>64</td>
<td>87</td>
<td>Pickwick International</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>65</td>
<td>10</td>
<td>Pioneer Electronics</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>69</td>
<td>105</td>
<td>Project 3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>66</td>
<td>132</td>
<td>Rabsons-57 St., Inc.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>67</td>
<td>137</td>
<td>RCA Stereo 8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>94</td>
<td>129</td>
<td>Schober Organ Corp.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>36</td>
<td>110</td>
<td>Scope Electronics Corp.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>100</td>
<td>55, 56</td>
<td>Scott, H. H., Inc.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>73</td>
<td>128</td>
<td>Sharpe Instruments, Inc.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>70</td>
<td>112</td>
<td>Sherwood Electronics Laboratories, Inc.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>74</td>
<td>74</td>
<td>Shure Brothers, Inc.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>76</td>
<td>47</td>
<td>Sony Corp. of America</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>77</td>
<td>138</td>
<td>Sony/SuperScope, Inc.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>79</td>
<td>130</td>
<td>Sound Reproduction, Inc.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>80</td>
<td>131</td>
<td>Stanton Magnetics, Inc.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>81</td>
<td>112</td>
<td>Stereo 1967 Edition</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>82</td>
<td>132</td>
<td>Stereo Parts</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>94</td>
<td>19</td>
<td>Sylvania Entertainment Products</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>28</td>
<td>46</td>
<td>Uniclip</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>86</td>
<td>45</td>
<td>United Audio</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>87</td>
<td>53</td>
<td>University Sound</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>88</td>
<td>125</td>
<td>Utah</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>89</td>
<td>101</td>
<td>Vanguard Recording Society, Inc.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>90</td>
<td>40</td>
<td>Viking of Minneapolis</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>91</td>
<td>113</td>
<td>Viking of Minneapolis</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Please print 167

Name:

Address:

City:

State & Zip:

Products mentioned editorially

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Product</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

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the S-8800 did not let us down. The tuner section, with its high sensitivity and very low distortion, is among the best in the business—clean and responsive. FM stereo comes in loud and clear and, as the curves plotted at CBS Labs show, with very ample separation. The usual increase in distortion, when switching from mono to stereo in receivers, was in this set just about negligible. We would say that Sherwood has come up here with another typically 'hot' front end that makes FM listening a sheer joy. As for the amplifier... comparing the results with the specifications, it is apparent that the S-8800 does provide the power it claims, and this—for a popularly-priced combination set—is considerable. A glance at the IM curves, for instance, shows how much power the S-8800 will furnish before it runs into any serious distortion problem at all three impedences... For rated power bandwidth distortion of 1%, the curve ran below and above the normal 20 to 20 kHz band; and the 1-watt frequency response was virtually a straight line in this area, being down by 2.5db at 40 kHz—fine figures for a receiver...

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