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Long Island City, N.Y. 11101

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These speakers are housed in teakwood cabinets just 9½" high x 7½" wide x 9½" deep — yet they provide a frequency range and efficiency you'd expect to find only in much larger systems.

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THE MODEL 12 TAPE RECORDER is a fully transistorized, self-contained portable sound system. It features wider record/playback frequency response (40-16,000 cps ±2 db @ 7½ ips); signal/noise ratio 55 db below maximum recording level; wow and flutter better than .15%. This lightweight (23 lbs.), compact instrument contains two full-range, built-in speakers, provides four-track stereo and monaural operation. The $498 price includes an attractive carrying case.

To take advantage of this tremendous offer, see your franchised Tandberg dealer soon. With your Model 12 purchase you'll receive a special certificate — and the free items you select will be sent direct to you from Tandberg of America upon receipt of your certificate. This offer is good only in the continental U.S. through Tandberg franchised dealers and expires June 30, 1967.

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who'd believe anyone would even think of a tuner like the Acoustech VIII?

The Acoustech VIII features so many advancements it's a wonder anyone even thought of such an FM tuner. Advanced, solid state engineering, unique "see-thru" front panel that hides tuning scale when not in use, "on frequency" tuning meter for best possible reception, built-in headphone amp for added flexibility. You can hear FM stereo without using the rest of your system. DX control for quality reception of distant stations, field-effect transistors (F.E.T.) . . . well, we could go on and on and on.

The new Acoustech VIII was designed for people who have been wishing better quality equipment was available. But don't take our word for it. Write today for complete information or ask your hi fi dealer for a "listenable difference" demonstration of the advanced new Acoustech VIII FM tuner.


Letters

Sir:
When reading HIGH FIDELITY, my heart is always warmed by your ever-present theme that "every day in every way we're better and better. The harmony and agreement between the editors and the industry that fills your little book with advertisements approach real serenity. In this anxiety-provoking world of mass production, planned obsolescence, and corporate tyranny, your rag provides true peace of mind.

I especially like your "Letters" column where, in screening out cranks who write nasty letters, you print those fluffy little notes—even one, now and then, who may criticize one of your "music reviewers." I won't even bother to talk about the level of the latter, but it does strike me as strange that the criticism of your product reviews or of the products themselves approaches zero.

Of your features, "Transistors on Trial" was especially amusing. I guessed that those poor little tubes had had it by the looks on their faces but I read on anyway. Looks like transistors are perfect— not even one word in defense of those dirty old tubes. After all, they're obso-lete. The fact that quite a number of advertisements by high quality companies claim only that their finest are as good as the best tube amplifiers is never con-considered. Not that I am for tubes and against transistors, quite the contrary. I am against your extreme bias towards what is currently salable.

I realize that you think that this is good business. Maybe it is; but while retaining your advertisers, you are losing or have lost the "old time" high fidelity hobbyist.

Stephen M. Shapiro
Philadelphia, Penna.

We have never believed in newness—and certainly not in "what is currently salable"—for its own sake. Performance and reliability remain the guideposts in our attitude towards new equipment. Transis- tors were around for some time before we thought them worthy of praise. In fact, we reported on some early solid-state units rather critically, which cer-tainly did not indicate unquestioning "harmony and agreement between the editors and the industry." And, yes, it did cost us advertising revenue.

We have always been unrelenting in our attitude that HIGH FIDELITY is a con-sumer, not a trade, publication. We avoid editorial puff's and fluffs and we criticize whenever we deem it necessary—recently, for instance, on the spreading play of compatible records, on the problems of servicing, on the way in which amplifier power is being rated, on the location of high fidelity shows, on shoddy practices to foist inferior merchandise onto the public.

As for the particular question of tran-sistors, we believe that recent products have demonstrated them to be capable of excellent performance. To the anti-transistor crowd we can only advise: if you
Full-Sized Bozak Speakers Don’t Cost More

They Just Look and Sound Better

For instance, your Bozak dealer can show you how to own a Model B-300 full-size, two-way system, like those shown, for as little as $152.50. Ask him about the many ways Bozak makes it easy for you to enjoy natural music reproduction for a modest investment.

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Observe these prices - compare them with anyone's:

Albums, that list for $1.98, $2.99, $3.98, $4.98, $5.98 (not on special), $1.23, $1.85, $2.39, $2.99. $3.69 respectively. Tapes are always at least 1/3 off list and auto cartridges are discounted 20%.

SPECIALS you can save on right now: Verne Folk & Jazz—$2.75 Mono, $3.25 Stereo, Deutsche Grammophon and Archive—$3.00 Mono & Stereo; Nonesuch—$1.25; Atlantic—entire line 50% off. COMPLETE LINE included in every Series mentioned.

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[Box options: Check, Money Order, Cash]

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[Form fields: Name, Address, City, State, Zip]

CIRCLE 56 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

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LETTERS
Continued from page 8

like your present tube—or even crystal—equipment, enjoy it. When you get ready to replace it, you'll find quite a lot of high quality solid-state products awaiting your pleasure. (By the way, the things with "the looks on their faces" were not "poor little tubes" but transistors, having to stand up and defend themselves against the allegations being made.)

A Psychoanalyst Looks at a Performer

Sir:
Claudio Arrau's "A Performer Looks at Psychoanalysis" [February 1967] was an eloquent expression of the possible benefit of treatment to the self-realization process of the artist. My own psychoanalytic framework is more Freudian than Jungian but this did not lessen my enthusiasm for Mr. Arrau's ideas.

James A. Kleeman, M.D.
Bethany, Conn.

Wagner, Melchior, Osborne, et al.

Sir:
I was greatly amused by the curious defense of Rossini's anemic Semiramide and other limp bel canto operas in the "Letters" column of your March issue. Mr. Osborne certainly needs no defense from me, for he has already eloquently answered his critics.

Now that I have stuck up for my favorite reviewer, I feel I can offer a note of friendly criticism to him. Mr. Osborne is always lamenting the fact that Melchior is no longer around to give his interpretations of the Wagnerian heroes. I, for one, think we are fortunate to have Windgassen's sensitive and knowledgeable performances. I have heard Melchior's Siegfried and while in no way demeaning his singing of the role, I still prefer Windgassen. I doubt if we will ever hear another Siegfried so youthful-sounding and sympathetic; a few ringing high notes is a small price to pay for such a fully realized interpretation.

Louis Polis
Pittsburgh, Penna.

A further note on Melchior. A fairly complete and accurate Melchior discography, listing his commercial and private recordings made between 1913 and 1964, may be obtained from: Nationaldiskoteket, Copenhagen, Denmark. The discography is free, but it is requested that two International Postal Coupons be sent for each discography desired.

J. M. Cartwright
Denton, Texas

Colleagues

Sir:
Conrad L. Osborne's "Franco Corelli In and Out of Costume" [February 1967] is one of the most interesting articles I have read in a long time on a singing artist. I have enjoyed every moment of my work with Mr. Corelli—especially in Puccini's Girl of the Golden West.

Dorothy Kirsten
Bel Air, Calif.

Errors in Fact and Taste

Sir:
In his review of the musical I Do, I Do [March 1967] Gene Lees stated that Jones altered the end of the plot, thereby robbing the play of its point. This is not so.

In the screen adaptation of the play the wife is dead at the end of the story, but in the play as it was originally presented on Broadway, the couple do "simply move out of their apartment."

Ed Wada
San Francisco, Calif.

Sir:
I have, until now, considered High Fidelity, from its first issue, to be a magazine of high ethical standards and excellent good taste, of unquestioned value to the audiophile. Of particular value have been the record reviews, which have provided intelligent guidelines to the choice of recordings and have generally been entirely fair in their criticism.

It was with utter disbelief that I read the review of the Broadway hit I Do, I Do. I cannot understand why your magazine should consider publication of such an outright malicious attack on a show which is altogether a delight to see and also to recall from listening to the recording. Such a review can only be considered "to put it as graciously as
Sanu,

-Sissaes

"/\n
Music Power: 50 Watts @ ±1dB. FM Usable Sensitivity: 1.8µV ±3dB (IHF).

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possible, lousy." It is certainly not to the
credit of HIGH FINELITY to have pub-
lished such an obviously hateful review
which can be of no benefit to your read-
ers and is proven obviously ridiculous
by the packed houses at the 46th Street The-
atre in New York.

Herbert S. Ingraham, Jr.
Cherry Hill, N.J.

Mr. Lees replies: Mea culpa about the
ending of the play, the film ending was
better so it took precedence in my mem-
ory. But commercial success has never
been the measure of artistic or any other
worth—it's been used to justify everything
from the Roman games to Liberace. It's
really curious how some people, even
those of highly evolved tastes, will often
resort to arithmetic in the attempt to
defend meretricious art.

The Tape Race

Sirs:
My heart bled for Don Manning when I
read his letter "Letters," March 1967)
about American tape cartridges which
have no program notes and can't be fast
wound. It sounds like having a can of
beer with no label and no opener. He
may be glad to know that the Philips
Cassette System (marketed in the States
primarily on the Mercury label) is
backed by a full range of recorder-play-
ers (from portable to luxury models),
all with fast wind and rewind, index
and automatic stop. The index means he
can find not just the movement but the very
bar of music he wants—something he
can't do even with the pickup arm he
misses so much.

The musicassettes, all compatible
and cigarette-pack size, come "double
wrapped" in a special transparent library-
style case with an inner card which will
tell Mr. Manning not only "which concer-
to is which," but give him as full a
liner note as he will find on most of his
beloved 12-inch records. And if he does
not like the music he can record his own
on blank cassettes.

Americans seem to lead the world in
the space race: can it be that the down-
to-earth Europeans have wound up ahead
in the tape race?

A. L. Bouma
Philips Phonographic
Industries
Baarn, Holland

Keyed Up

Sirs:
In his review of the Pears-Britten record-
ing of Schubert's Winterreise [April
1967], Conrad L. Osborne states that
Pears "sings in keys that land the songs
midway between the normal medium and
high keys. . . . I'm not sure that this
is entirely accurate; at any rate, it cer-
tainly doesn't do justice to the musical-
rather than purely vocal—considerations
governing the choice of keys in this
recording. In point of fact, Pears sings all
the songs in the keys of Schubert's orig-
inal manuscript. For the first edition,
Schubert transposed five songs downward
(two or three semitones), and it is this
latter sequence which is followed in all
"High Voice" editions I have ever played
from (the Lea Pocket Score gives the
manuscript versions as well as those of
the first edition). Pears's keys are thus
as high as, and sometimes higher than,
the normal keys.

The original keys are important for
three reasons. First, the center of textual
gravity in Schubert's piano parts already
lies relatively low, and downward trans-
position (particularly on a modern piano)
has a deleterious effect upon textural
clarity. Second, the original key sequence
—its associations and juxtapositions of
keys—is not without musical and poetic
significance. Of course, this sequence
could be preserved if all the songs were
transposed down by the same factor—
but this is almost never done, certainly
not by Fischer-Dieskau or Hotter. Ran-
don transposition creates new juxtaposi-
tions and associations, while destroying
some of those intended by the composer.
Finally, Schubert quite consciously places
individual songs in particular parts of
the vocal range, in order to exploit the tim-
bral variety of the voice over the con-
siderable duration of the piece (to choose
two easily classifiable examples, the tes-
situra of Der Lindenbaum is virtually
restricted to the fifth E-B, while Die
Nebensonnen falls almost entirely in the
limits of A-E, a fourth higher). Most
singers tend to jerk out this "instrumenta-
tion" by placing the songs as nearly as
possible in the center of the voice.

Since there are these strong musical
reasons in favor of winter journeys that
follow the route mapped out by Schubert,
I think it only fair to point out that
Messrs. Pears and Britten do indeed fol-
low this route, rather than a musically
capricious one devised to suit their
convenience.

David Hamilton
New York, N.Y.

Teacher and Pupil

Sirs:
In his ebullient and enjoyable review of
London's new recording of Faust [March
1967] George Moxon lists—all with
Calvé, Eames, and Melba—Geraldine
Farrar as a pupil of Mathilde Marchesi.
Farrar had a number of teachers, among
them the noted American concert singer
Emma Thursby, as well as Lilli Lehmann,
but never the redoubtable Marchesi.
However, it is interesting to note that
Farrar shared a common ancestral
teacher with the other three divas. Here
is the way the pedagogical family tree
looks:

Manuel Garcia II
M. Marchesi
Erminia Rudiendorf
| Calvé, Eames, Melba
Emma Thursby
| Farrar
| Robert Rushmore
Sandisfield, Mass.

Joe A. Ingraham, Jr.

LETTERS

Continued from page 10

NATURALLY!

Then do it now! If you're still hesitating,
write us, or check around. You'll find out.
Bonus tape offer and prices are good only
in the U.S.A.

ask anyone who knows

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CIRCLE 4 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

CIRCLE 28 ON READER-SERVICE CARD—

www.americanradiohistory.com
If you can spend as much as $100 on a bookshelf loudspeaker, consider the new Fisher XP-55.

It's only $60.*

The new XP-55 is the most advanced compact bookshelf system Fisher engineers have ever designed. It incorporates an 8-inch woofer with a totally new suspension system: an inverted half-roll surround that provides extra-wide cone excursions and a free-air resonance as low as 33 Hz! This radically new driver, in its air-tight baffle, attains fundamental bass response to 37 Hz without doubling.

The 21/4-inch wide-dispersion mid-range/tweeter is also new. With its highly damped low-mass cone and new dome center, this driver is flat within ±2.5 db from 1 kHz to 15,000 Hz. The LC-type network crosses over at 1000 Hz and uses air-core coils.

At $59.50, there has never been a compact system quite like the new Fisher XP-55. It should be compared only with systems costing at least $100.

(For more information, plus a free copy of the 80-page Fisher reference guide to hi-fi and stereo, use coupon on magazine’s front cover flap.)
Sooner or later, somebody was going to build a tape deck that would start serious music listeners thinking all over again.

At left are pictured two new and unusual home recording tape decks made by an equally unusual company, TEAC. An international company at work in the fields of video tape recording, data recording, analog correlating and data acquisition systems. And now at work building professional tape decks that are pretty much incomparable in features, capability and performance.

We say incomparable because the TEAC decks (models A-6010 and A-4010S) have features no other comparably-priced decks have. Period. And here are some of them:

**Phase Sensing Auto-Reverse System**

This feature is exclusive with model A-6010 and there’s nothing quite like it on any other professional-quality deck. TEAC’s Phase Sensing allows continuous playback in both tape directions. To make it work, simply press a control panel button which automatically applies an electronic reverse sensing signal to any part of the tape you choose. Remember, too, the Auto-Reverse System of both models A-6010 and A-4010S can also be operated with the use of sensing foil. Also, A-6010 can operate on repeat play simply by connecting an optional unit.

**Symmetrical Control System**

Another feature exclusive with TEAC and available with both models. This is a piano-key touch control operation for fast-winding in both directions, playback and stop. We say touch, we mean touch. Symmetrical control is smooth and foolproof. And wait until you see what it does to enhance tape longevity.

**Outer-Rotor Motors**

The reel drive motors in the deck or recorder you own now are probably of the hysteresis synchronous type. They’re very good, but TEAC’s new outer-rotor motors are better. Their movement is comparable to the movement you’ll find in a fine, expensive watch. And this means incredibly smooth, steady reel drive with far less tape rewinding tension. Less wow and flutter, too. The dealer who demonstrates TEAC will prove it for you.

**Four Heads in a Unit**

Record, erase, forward and reverse playback. TEAC decks have all four and all four are the hyperbolic type with narrow gaps. The whole unit is removable and interchangeable with all other TEAC decks and recorders, and unsurpassed for ease of maintenance. And the serious music listener will appreciate the magnificent performance characteristics of TEAC heads—the wide frequency range, reduction of annoying crosstalk, improved SN ratio and distortion-free quality of sound reproduction.

(Plug-In Unit for A-6010)

**Four Solid-State Amplifiers**

Two units for recording, another two exclusively for playback. Another point: Model A-6010 uses costly silicon transistors for additional reliability, strength and sound quality.

**Styling That Doesn’t Grow Old**

TEAC decks look as well as they perform. The styling is dramatic and luxurious, created to blend with any decor. Both decks are finished in rich, polished walnut. Both will look grand 30 years from now.

And There’s Much More

A tape tension control switch which assures total protection of thin long-playing tapes. Automatic shut off, of course. A pair of easy-to-read jumbo VU meters. 100 KC bias-frequency. Independent LINE and MIC input controls to permit mixing signals from two recording sources. And an optional remote control unit.

TEAC sincerely believes these new tape decks represent an important and unusual advance in the whole of tape recording technology. To go them one better, in fact, you’ll have to go shopping for studio recording equipment.

TEAC wants every serious music listener to know more about these exciting new tape decks. For additional information, please write to us at the address below. This could be the start of a great adventure.

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A-6010 Specifications: Four heads, 4 track, 2 channel. 7" maximum reel size. Tape speeds 7⅝ and 3⅞ ips (±0.5%). Dual speed hysteresis synchronous motor for capstan drive, 2 eddy current outer-rotor motors for reel turntables. Wow and flutter: 7⅝ ips: 0.08%; 3⅞ ips: 0.12%. Frequency response: 7⅝ ips: 30 to 20,000 Hz (±2 db 45 to 15,000 Hz); 3⅞ ips: 40 to 14,000 Hz (±2 db 50 to 10,000 Hz). SN Ratio: 55 db. Crosstalk: 50 db channel to channel at 1,000 Hz. 40 db between adjacent tracks at 100 Hz. Input: (microphone): 10,000 ohms, 0.5 mV minimum. Output: 1 volt for load impedance 10,000 ohms or more.

A-4010S Specifications: Four heads, 4 track, 2 channel. 7" maximum reel size. Tape speeds 7⅝ and 3⅞ ips (±0.5%). Dual speed hysteresis synchronous motor for capstan drive, 2 eddy current outer-rotor motors for reel turntables. Wow and flutter: 7⅝ ips: 0.12%; 3⅞ ips: 0.15%. Frequency response: 7⅝ ips: 30 to 20,000 Hz (±2 db 45 to 15,000 Hz); 3⅞ ips: 40 to 12,000 Hz (±3 db 50 to 7,500 Hz). SN Ratio: 50 db. Crosstalk: 50 db channel to channel at 1,000 Hz. 40 db between adjacent tracks at 100 Hz. Input: (microphone): 10,000 ohms, 0.25 mV minimum. (line): 300,000 ohms, 0.1 V minimum. Output: 1 volt for load impedance 10,000 ohms or more.

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TEAC

TEAC CORPORATION OF AMERICA 1547 18th St. Santa Monica, Calif. 90404

CIRCLE 55 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

JUNE 1967

15
DGG Records Mozart's Don On Its Native Grounds

In the autumn of 1787 Mozart traveled from Vienna to Prague to complete *Don Giovanni*, which had been commissioned by Bordini, the director of the National Theatre. The days before the first performance on October 29, and even the journey itself, have spawned a multitude of legends, and the dividing line between fact and fiction became blurred long ago—Eduard Mörike, the German poet, did not help matters with his short novel *Mozart auf der Reise*, in which he has the composer give an improbable account of the inspiration for the graveyard scene. Two things, however, are certain: Mozart liked Prague, and Prague adored Mozart.

With a touch of the forelock to history Deutsche Grammophon decided to go there for its new recording of *Don Giovanni*. The first plan was to use the Tyl Theatre, a reconstruction of Bordini's original house on the same site, "after the style of Mozart's time." Long, narrow aisles wind round the orchestra, and four tiers of green and gilt boxes stretch up to the ceiling. The Tyl is now primarily used for plays, but a certain amount of opera is given too. While I was there a performance of *Die Entführung* was sandwiched between a drama by Lope de Vega and Thornton Wilder's *Jen O Chlup* (which turned out to be *The Skin of Our Teeth* in disguise). The Tyl's acoustics proved unsatisfactory from the point of view of DGG's engineers, however, and romantic associations were pushed aside in favor of Supraphon's new studios.

**Bohm's Acerbities.** When I arrived, Karl Böhm was in the middle of the graveyard scene. Tempers were a little frayed. The Czech National Theatre had been forced virtually to relearn the score, since *Don Giovanni* is not in their repertoire (although a new production is planned for next season). "Nein, nein; espressivo, bitte, espressivo," Böhm addressed the violins, rather like a schoolmaster confronting a class of recalcitrant pupils. They tried again. Great improvement. Böhm decided to go off and hear a playback before continuing. He returned and nodded.

*Continued on page 18*
When engineers get together, the conversation turns to pickups.

It's an irresistible topic. Especially since Stanton came out with the Model 500 stereo cartridge. That's an engineer's pickup, if there ever was one.

Beautiful curve—within 1 db from 20 to 10,000 Hz, 2 db from 10,000 to 20,000 Hz. Fantastically small moving system to trace the wildest twists in the groove.

Light weight (only 5 grams!) to take advantage of low-mass tone arms.

Ana, of course, Stanton's legendary quality control. No wonder engineers use the Stanton 500 for critical broadcasting and auditioning applications.

And to impress other engineers with their pickupmanship.

(Available with 0.7 or 0.5-mil diamond, $30; with elliptical diamond, $35. For free literature, write to Stanton Magnetics, Inc., Plainview, L.I., N.Y.)
Relief all round, and Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, Don Giovanni, and Ezio Flagello, his Leporello, took up their positions again.

Of the sixty or so people in the room Fischer-Dieskau alone was relaxed. The dress was casual—Harris tweed jacket and neatly knotted tartan tie—and the manner totally at ease near Mozart's true intentions.

Of this Don Giovanni he said the cast was one of the finest he had ever assembled: one needed a voice of Birgit Nilsson's size for Donna Anna: Martina Arroyo, known for Verdi, had solved the perennial problem of casting Elvira; Reri Grist was the ideal Zerlina; and so forth. About the Don Ottavio, Peter Schreier, he spoke with particular warmth. "Rarely," said Böhm, "have I encountered such perfect breath control as Schreier has"—Schreier began his career as a boy soprano in the Dresden Cathedral Choir, where standards have always been high—"never have I heard 'Il mio tesor' more beautifully sung."

It is not often that conductors use such terms. Schreier seems to be the answer to Germany's search for a replacement for Fritz Wunderlich, who before his death last summer was scheduled to sing Don Ottavio in this recording. So far Schreier has recorded little opera; when Don Giovanni is released, we'll have a chance to measure our judgment of tenors against conductor Böhm's.

JOHN HIGGINS

NOTES FROM OUR CORRESPONDENTS

Continued from page 16
Any similarity between this new $89.50 automatic and an expensive Dual is purely intentional.

When you make a famous and costly product, the most advanced in its field, you're bound to have some imitators. But we were never quite satisfied with imitations of our $129.50 and $109.50 automatic turntables. They all lacked a certain touch.

Ours.

So we decided that if we wanted to see a perfect imitation of a Dual at a lower price, we'd have to do it ourselves.

Then it would be a genuine Dual. With genuine Dual performance. (After all, we had inside information.)

That's how the new 1015 came into being. The only automatic under $90 that can be realistically compared to the top-priced Duals.

Same low-mass tonearm design with dynamic balance. Same low-friction bearings. Same ½-gram tracking. Same dead-accurate anti-skating control to assure equal force on both groove walls. Same auto/manual cueing system for gentle stylus placement on any part of the record. Same Dual precision throughout.

Then why does the 1015 cost less? We are using a new platter, a new kind of counterweight, and a slightly different motor. And we have omitted the fine-speed adjustment and the rotating spindle, luxury features that nobody else has anyway. You can't have the ultimate Dual for only $89.50.

But you can have a strikingly similar one. So similar that there's no difference in performance.

Our engineers did it intentionally.

NOTES FROM OUR CORRESPONDENTS

Continued from page 18

ers, all well-versed in the problems of Monteverdi performance practice. Just before tapping the light-hearted Damigella, tutta bella, oboist Melvin Kaplan called out the instrumentation variations for each repetition of the ritornello between verses, and it all sounded just as delicately sensuous as Monteverdi could have wished (especially pleasing to Light's ears was "the bit between the piccolo and the lute; I'm getting worried—I like this stuff").

Light's delight was tempered by occasional sound advice to the musicians, all of which bespoke a good deal of mutual respect on both sides of the control booth's glass panel. When Light requested a more romantic touch at the vocalists' entry on Lidia spinia, everyone seemed to know just what was wanted ("At last it's sounding more Italian," engineer Bob Fine sighed gratefully). During another touchy moment when ensemble threatened to go thoroughly to pieces, referee Light diplomatically suggested that if the lute didn't push, perhaps the piccolo wouldn't drag. It worked, but another take was made just to be sure. "One for you, one for me, and one for the scrap basket," quipped Cuenod.

Souzay—and More Poulenc. Looking dapper and suave despite his casual garb of shirtsleeves and slacks, Gérard Souzay was hard at work putting the finishing touches on a collection of Poulenc songs one gray afternoon last March. Vocal collectors are familiar with Mr. Souzay's numerous discs for Philips, but this record signals the baritone's first solo recital for RCA Victor. The program contains two cycles (the Chansons galliardes and Tel jour telle nuit), but when I sat into an inconspicuous seat in the balcony of Town Hall to overhear a bit of the session, Mr. Souzay was throwing heart and soul into Rosemonde, one of the miscellaneous songs that will comprise Side 2 of the album.

"Can I do alone, this phrase which is so difficult?" he questioned recording director Richard Mohr through the intercom. Permission was readily granted, and a few moments of concentrated solo rehearse followed as Mr. Souzay perfected a forte-piano decrescendo on the word "monde" without a trace of portamento. "That was better, no?" he asked to microphone brightly. "Vocally it was fine, but I don't think you'd like it," came the doubtful answer: "I missed that sad, intense quality it had before." Sad intensity was instantly reapplied to the smooth decrescendo and everybody seemed happy.

Poulenc has always been very close to Souzay—who was only thirteen when he first met the composer, through Pierre Bernac, a close friend of the Souzay family and the premier interpreter of many Poulenc songs. "I heard most of the songs in their first performances—by the composer himself," Mr. Souzay recalled. "He loved to sing but he had a monstrous voice.

Although you probably could never tell from these songs, Poulenc evidently suffered many moments of self-doubt during his composing career. Afraid of sounding old-fashioned, he once studied violin for a while. A string quartet using principles of row technique. He was so ashamed of it, however, that he burned the work on the spot. "That was one of Poulenc's greatest qualities: his complete honesty," Mr. Souzay commented. "I remember he was very depressed after this incident with the string quartet and he told me: 'Gérard, I'm afraid I'm not writing the music of my time.' I answered, 'You should not worry so. After all, what is fashion? Today's fashions will be out of date tomorrow, besides being of your own time is just being yourself.' And that is exactly what he always was—completely spontaneous, writing music as naturally as the birds sing."

One of the most curious aspects of Poulenc's oeuvre is its striking contrast of devout piety and bad-boy frivolity, often without the slightest readjustment in musical approach. This seeming duality bothers Mr. Souzay not a whit. "He never stopped looking for pleasure—and for religion too; in one sense, I suppose, his religious approach was a sensuous one. But why must composers always write such stern music for God; if he really can hear our songs, then I think, Poulenc's sacred compositions surely must give him a little pleasure too—after all, it is nothing but a child kissing his father."

P.G.D.

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Charge of address notices and undelivered copies (Form 3579) should be addressed to High Fidelity, Subscription Fulfillment Dept., 2160 Patterson St., Cincinnati, Ohio 45214.
Which three Duals won’t you buy?

To some of you, buying a Dual automatic turntable may pose somewhat of a problem. Not that it was our intention to create one. We simply wanted to make Dual precision engineering available to everyone, in every price range and for every application.

But we outdid ourselves. We made four automatic turntables (from $69.50 to $129.50) that are, in every respect, Duals. For example: all four have a low-mass tonearm, a constant-speed motor, feather-touch slide switches, a heavy platter, and an elevator-action changer spindle. And all four have performance that rivals the best manual turntables.

This means that when you buy a Dual at $69.50, you don’t get more rumble. You simply get fewer features. Features that nobody else has anyway.

Like the variable pitch control, the single-play spindle that rotates with the record to eliminate any possibility of record slip or bind, the cue-control that operates on automatic as well as manual play, and the direct-dial anti-skating control for totally accurate skating compensation.

So, if buying a Dual automatic turntable does present a problem, it’s simply because it may take you a little more time to select the one Dual with the features you’d want for your system.

But don’t get angry with us. After all, by making it a little more difficult for you to choose one, we’ve at least made it possible for you to own one.

A Dual.
MEMO. To: Operations. From: Planning Dept. Dear Joe: I've been hearing a lot lately about color video tape. As you know, we've been using a black-and-white for our training sessions. What info can you come up with on a color unit? Can we get one reasonably soon?—Harry

MEMO. To: Planning Dept. From: Operations. Dear Harry: Re color video tape: up until a week ago, I'd have said forget it, at least for the next year or so—the only color VTR available was the $50,000 Ampex. Right now, though, it turns out that we can get a color VTR for much less. If your budget can stand $4,495, you can get Ampex to ship you its brand new Model 7500-C. This color video deck uses the same one-inch-wide tape as the Ampex black-and-white VTR, and it's supplied on different size reels to give you twelve minutes, thirty minutes, or a full hour of playing time. The new deck runs at the same 9.6 inches-per-second speed as the monochrome deck; it boasts a variable slow-motion feature, and the audio section can be wired with a second sound-track—for stereo, or for special background and mixing effects.

This deck is compatible with any recent model color TV set which can serve as both program source, for taping color TV shows off the air, and as the playback viewing monitor. I imagine one of our technical people can make the necessary wiring changes in the color set (Ampex will furnish instructions) to enable us to use it with the deck.

If you can stretch your budget further, you might think about the Ampex 7800 color VTR, a model similar to the 7500-C but somewhat more sophisticated; its fast-forward and reverse modes are speeded up, and it also has a fancy electronic editing feature by means of which you can eliminate and substitute frames in push-button fashion, without the need to cut and splic e the tape. The 7800 we have can be expected to hit the market next year for $7,995. This price does not include camera or monitor.

Naturally, you can use either of these color VTRs for monochrome recording and playback also. In other words, if you jack a black-and-white TV into them, you'll get black-and-white pictures. Same goes for the camera; in fact, the chances are that for a while anyway any live stuff you tape will be black-and-white—if for no other reason than that the only color video camera available from anyone costs no less than $75,000 (which I can't see us spending no matter how audio-visual minded the old man is).

That's about it in "relatively inexpensive" color VTR for the time being. The Sony color VTR remains under wraps; all I could learn is that it may appear before the end of 1967 and the deck may cost about $1,500, plus an undetermined amount for an adapter to permit its use with color TV sets. The Sony color camera is even more of a secret and they would tell me nothing about it. The Sony VTR will use the same ½-inch tape as this company's monochrome deck, with the same playing time per reel. This machine will not do slow-motion work.

Sketchy as this is, it's even more than General Electric was willing to say about their color VTR plans. Everyone thought, after last year's Chicago demonstration, that G.E. would be now marketing a color deck made for them by Sony. Now G.E. admits that such a deck is not available; they can't tell when it will be; and they're not even certain any more that they will use the Sony.

There are, of course, rumors of color VTRs from other sources, but so far it's all a collective (multichrome) gleam in the eye.—Joe
How to make a scene
(that everybody will love you for)

Record it in both sight and sound
with this Sony video tape deck

a. With this Sony TV camera you
can film almost any scene

b. See and hear it on this large
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Total cost of this
Sony TV Studio $1340

It's as simple as A, B, C to enjoy this year's most enjoyable product, the home video tape recorder. You can produce instant movies in sound of memorable family events. Tape TV programs off the air. The compact, low cost Sony Videocorder® has hundreds of uses in business and education.

You can enjoy an hour's video tape for less than the cost of an hour of processed black & white film. There's no processing cost and you can erase and use the tape over and over again. It's instant movies in sound. This instant visit your Sony Videocorder dealer or write for details. The Videocorder is the only quality, low-priced video tape recorder available for immediate delivery.

Sony Corporation of America, 47-47 Van Dam Street, L.I.C., N.Y. 11101

Products pictured above include: A. VCK-2000 Camera ensemble (solid-state camera microphone, tripod) $350. B. CV-2080D Videocorder deck, compact video tape recorder in handsome walnut-finish cabinet, $695. C. Model CVM-23/0U 22" (measured diagonally) monitor/receiver, $295. The Videocorder is not to be used to record copyrighted materials. Price subject to change.

SONY® VIDEOCORDER®
Anybody watching "ABC's Wide World of Sports" in color last March 18, when the skiing championship events were telecast from Vail, Colorado saw the first public demonstration of instant replay in slow-motion and stop-action using color. The recording device, developed for ABC by Ampex, uses a shiny disc made of "rare-metal" (that's all Ampex would explain, pending their patent attorney's studies). The disc holds a maximum of thirty seconds' worth of program material—and the same disc can be used over and over again, as in any magnetic recording system. The high-band color system is of extraordinary fidelity; and we found it impossible to distinguish between the live and recorded segments of the program, except that the recorded segments could slow the action down to a single held frame. (A week earlier, CBS introduced its own stop-action color disc-recording system on the National Invitational Basketball Tournament telecast, but the CBS system had no slow-motion capability.)

In the accompanying photo, the model's face is reflected in the highly polished disc. The electronics are housed in the cabinet at the rear. In the lower right corner is the timer that lets the engineer know when his thirty seconds are about up.

Don't plan on using this attachment with your own video tape recorder yet; it costs $110,000.

HEATH OPENS HUGE RETAIL SHOP

The largest Heathkit retail outlet in the U.S. opened recently on a midtown street in New York City that is rapidly becoming known as "Electronics Row." At 39 West 45th Street, the shop boasts 5,000 square feet of floor space, including a mezzanine that serves as a sound studio, with Heath equipment built into the walls. Inasmuch as Heath units are sold as kits, the new store is expected to become something of a do-it-yourself electronic center, where customers not only will be able to buy any of the firm's 250 different kits, but can get equipment serviced and otherwise be accommodated by a staff of ten. Other similar Heath outlets are found in San Diego, Los Angeles, Anaheim (near L.A.), Denver, Chicago, Detroit, Philadelphia, and Washington, D.C. There are also stores in Munich, London, Toronto, and Montreal.

McINTOSH SHIPPING SOLID-STATE UNITS

McIntosh's first solid-state basic amplifiers should be reaching dealers by now. The Model 2505, rated for 50 watts RMS power per channel (both channels driven simultaneously) at 4-, 8-, or 16-ohm loads, distorts less than 0.25% at full power. It is styled in the McIntosh "panloc" manner so that it can be panel-mounted. Price is $450. The same performance is claimed for the MC-250 basic amplifier, designed for out-of-sight installation and priced at $379. The Model 1700 receiver (the tuner uses tubes; the amp section is solid-state) offers higher power (40 watts RMS per channel into a 4- or 8-ohm load) at lower distortion (less than 0.25%) than McIntosh's last receiver; price, $599.

JAPANESE BUYING "MADE IN U.S.A."

In the midst of a wave of electronic equipment being imported from Japan comes interesting word of a flow in the other direction. Bob Schmetterer, head of Hartley (speaker manufacturers), tells of an audio distributor in Tokyo who handles Acoustech and Dynaco and who last year became interested in the Hartley systems. The dealer ordered six units on a trial basis, later upped the quota to fifty models, including several of the huge Concertmaster systems. By early
suggest a cure by mail. At least one manufacturer (Acoustic Research) pays shipping costs to and from the factory on units repaired under their five-year warranty. And many manufacturers

We have heard a rumor that AR's five-year speaker guarantee* (covering all repair costs including freight and a new carton when necessary) doesn't cost us anything because AR speakers never fail. It isn't true.

For example, the return rate of AR-2a's and AR-2ax's over the five-year guarantee period has been more than eight-tenths of one per cent. During the two years that we have been shipping AR-4's and AR-4's we have had to repair a full nine-tenths of one per cent of them at the AR plant (or at one of our repair depots in New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, Los Angeles and San Francisco).

These return percentages are actually lower than the figures projected by many carton manufacturers for shipping damage alone. They reflect heavy, over-designed shipping cartons, and a quality control at AR which borders on the fanatical.

The superior quality of AR speakers and turntables, attested to in almost every review of AR equipment,** is not likely to change after years of use. If the unlikely does occur we take care of it—free during the guarantee period, at moderate cost afterward.

AR speakers are $51 to $225; the AR 2-speed turntable is $78. Literature will be sent on request.

* AR turntables are guaranteed for three years under the same conditions.

** Lists of the top equipment choices of four magazines are available on request. All four chose the AR turntable, and three of the four chose AR-3 speakers.
this year, all systems had been sold to Tokyo buyers. Schnetterer claims that this represents the first major invasion of Japan by high quality speakers made in the U.S.A. International marketing has some weird side effects: a Japanese, currently staying in Texas, read a review of a Hartley speaker in a Japanese magazine to which he subscribes and went to the trouble of telephoning New York to order it.

TWO EQUIPMENT SHOWS THIS MONTH

Chicago and New York will be the scenes of two major equipment showings, both to be held about the same time. From June 25 to 29, the 1967 Music Show, sponsored by the National Association of Music Merchants, will run at Chicago’s Conrad Hilton Hotel. Musical instruments as well as playback equipment will be on display. In New York, at both the Americana and Hilton hotels, the Electronic Industries Association is putting on its first annual Consumer Electronics Show, from June 25 to 28. The New York show is “for the trade only.”

AUDIO ORIGINALS SHOWS STORAGE UNITS

Two new stereo storage models have been announced by Audio Originals. The 101D is a free-standing cabinet and shelf system that can serve as room divider or wall unit. The suspended cabinet has two storage areas, each 19 3/4 inches wide, 13 inches high, and 13 1/2 inches deep (inside dimensions). It comes in KD (knocked down) form, but finished in oiled walnut, as shown here. Price is $144.50.

The Model 404 is an assembled cabinet available in five styles and finishes: oiled walnut for the contemporary, honey maple for early American, dark walnut for Mediterranean, and fruitwood for Italian and French provincials. Cost of each is $144.50. The 404 has two interior areas, each 19 3/4 inches wide, 24 3/4 inches high, 13 1/2 inches deep. These areas may be divided with shelving, available at the buyer’s option.

COMPACT RECEIVER FROM SHERWOOD

Said to be specially designed for compact, bookshelf installation. Sherwood’s S-8600 is a solid-state FM stereo receiver that is offered with a three-year warranty. The S-8600 is rated for FM sensitivity of 1.8 microvolts (IHF), and music power output of 80 watts at 4 ohms or 50 watts at 8 ohms. All the usual controls and inputs are provided, plus the facility for operating two sets of stereo speakers together or independently.

MIKE TRANSFORMERS

From Microtan comes word of a line of transformers for matching mikes of different impedances to high-impedance inputs. Shown here is the Model M8027 inline transformer for using low-Z mikes with long cables. Cost is $9.00. The company also offers plug-in transformers for different applications, and various accessories including head demagnetizers, bulk tape erasers, and telephone pickup coils.

VOICE ACTUATED MIKE

Lafayette Radio has introduced a voice-actuated microphone for use with a battery-operated transistorized tape recorder that has a jack for remote mike control. With this mike connected, any sound picked up starts the recorder. When the sound stops, so does the recorder. The mike, stock No. 99-4604, requires a 9-volt battery, weighs 1 pound, and is priced at $14.95.

Continued on page 28
FREE HOME TRIAL

Test drive a pair of new Scott S-11 speakers today!

You bring the wheels... Scott's got the speakers! Scott's all-new S-11 speakers are absolutely unparalleled in performance. To prove it to you, Scott wants you to listen to a pair at leisure, in your home, with your own equipment, at no cost or obligation. Test these speakers with your favorite records, with FM stereo... even with AM. Compare them with your present speakers... regardless of cost. Once you've enjoyed Scott's new S-11 speakers in your home, you'll never again be satisfied with any other speaker.

Who else but Scott, the top name in solid-state components, could design a speaker system so perfectly matched to the needs of solid-state components? Only Scott speakers have been specifically designed to give optimum performance with today's advanced solid-state amplifiers and receivers. Scott Controlled Impedance speakers both safeguard your valuable equipment and give you the kind of sound that prompted AUDIO's Larry Zide to state... "... we were strongly impressed by the clarity of reproduction... These Scotts are as clear a musical sound as we would want... Frequency sweeps were unusually smooth over the entire range... Transient response is quite sharp with little hangover... a stereo pair will do justice to the finest sound source. We would like to think that we are quite fussy about the kind of sound we want. Certainly these Scotts fulfill our demands without need of qualifications."

Need more proof? Take home a pair of Scott S-11 speakers today, and hear for yourself the dramatic difference.

Dimensions: 24" x 14" x 11 1/4". Price, $149.95.

TAKE ME TO YOUR DEALER

Take this certificate to your Scott dealer for your 10-day free home trial of Scott S-11 speakers.

Here's all you do:
1. Take this certificate to your Scott dealer.
2. Pay the dealer for a pair of Scott S-11 speakers under his normal terms.
3. Take home the S-11 speakers and try them out.
4. If, within ten days, you are not completely, ecstatically delighted with the performance of the Scott S-11 speakers, return them to your dealer, in the same condition in which you received them, and get your money back.

Scott... where innovation is a tradition.
NEW COMPACT FROM UNIVERSITY

One of University's new speaker systems is the Cantada, a three-way system housed in a high-style cabinet that measures 23½ by 15¾ by 12¼ inches. Drivers used are a 12-inch long-throw woofer, an 8-inch midrange cone, and a Spherson tweeter. Crossover, by electrical network, is at 600 and 4,000 Hz. The Cantada is priced at "less than $140."

CIRCLE 147 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

CROWN INTRODUCES BASIC AMPLIFIER

A new version of the Crown pancake-chassis amplifier has been announced. It is the Model SA 30-30, only 1½ inches high, and rated for over 20 watts RMS power per channel into 8-ohm loads, or over 30 watts per channel into 4-ohm loads. The SA 30-30 weighs 7½ pounds, employs all-silicon transistors, and printed circuit modular construction. Price is $199 for the chassis which may be rack-mounted on standard 19-inch spacings, or $215 for a covered version.

CIRCLE 148 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

BASF ANNOUNCES TAPE STORAGE UNITS

BASF brand recording tape now comes packaged in durable, library-style "Perma-Store" containers at no extra cost, the company has announced. The tape is held in a swing-out compartment and is protected by a reusable inner plastic guard that encircles the reel. Each package also contains a tape index form. Also available for those who buy three reels at a time is a three-reel version of the pack.

CIRCLE 149 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

NEW FISHER AMPLIFIER

Fisher has brought out a solid-state version of its X-100 control amplifier. Dubbed the TX-100, the new unit offers higher power, lower distortion, and of course no heat. The TX-100 is rated for 32.5 watts per channel music power into 4-ohm loads; 25 watts per channel into 8-ohm loads. Its features include tape monitor, front-panel headphone jack, and main/remote speaker switch. Price is $189.50 less cabinet.

CIRCLE 150 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

E-V SHOWS NEW MIKE

Described as "super-cardioid" is Electro-Voice's new Model RE15 microphone dynamic which, says E-V, "offers a degree of directional control so effective that frequency response is virtually independent of angular location of sound source." The RE15, as a result, is said to generate no off-axis coloration while providing the "greatest possible rejection of unwanted sounds." Highest rejection, up to 26 dB, is 150 degrees off-axis, where needed most for stand or boom use. At other points, the pattern is classic cardioid. Ruggedness and durability also are claimed for the RE15, with a rated response of 60 to 15,000 Hz and output level of −55 dB. Broadcast type cable and a Model 310 stand clamp are included in the "professional user" net price of $153.

CIRCLE 151 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

HEATH OFFERS IC PORTABLE TV

In the wake of its announcement of a stereo receiver using integrated circuits (chips), Heath now is offering a play-it-anywhere solid-state television set using IC techniques. Sold as a kit, the Model GR-104 operates on standard AC line voltage or on a 12-volt battery. The screen is 7½ square inches, the size that used to be called 12-inch. The set has many advanced features such as "memory" fine tuning, and a VHF-UHF tuner. It comes with a built-in telescoping whip antenna for VHF, plus an 8-inch loop for UHF. There also are inputs for 300-ohm and 75-ohm coax antennas. Price is $119.95; optional rechargeable battery pack in kit form (GRA-104-1) costs an additional $39.95.

CIRCLE 152 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

www.americanradiohistory.com
GREAT SCOTT...
the stereo compact with component features!

Here's what's happening... the only stereo compacts with component circuitry, component features and component sound!

1. Radically new Field Effect Transistors let you hear more stations more clearly.
2. Professional automatic turntable with magnetic cartridge just as used in expensive component systems.
3. Exclusive automatic variable bandwidth gives amazing clarity to AM broadcasts.
4. All silicon circuitry for rugged trouble-free performance.
5. Tape recorder and tape cartridge player connections expand your range of musical enjoyment.
6. Electric guitar and microphone inputs and mixer provide you with a stereo showcase for your own talents.
7. Complete component controls, including dual Bass and Treble, let you tune the music to your taste and room requirements.
8. Provision for extra speakers lets you bring great Scott sound to other rooms.
9. Stereo headphone output enables you to listen in privacy, without disturbing others.

$339.95 (Model 2502, illustrated. Other models start at $249.95) Optional transparent dustcover, $22.95

Scott... where innovation is a tradition

"Hot Line for Sound." Bob and Phil and the Orchestra. Project 3 @ PR 5002 M, $4.79; PR 5002 SD, $5.79. Enoch Light is back again—under a new label, but apparently still determined to exhaust every conceivable potential of steep-wave-fronted percussive sonics and of ear-sharp-right/ear-sharp-left stereophony. Here 35mm magnetic-film mastering achieves even more lucid and vivid recording than the best of Light's earlier Command spectulars, but what impresses me most is the absence of a razor-edged quality in the extreme highs—and the welcome inclusion of some genuine acoustical warmth.

There is, however, little change in executive personnel (basically that of the well-known Light Brigade, here starring percussionists Bob Rosengarden and Phil Kraus, Dick Hyman on the Lowery electronic organ, Stan Webb on recorder, Phil Bodner on alto sax, et al.) or in the often overingenious arrangements by Lew Davies. When these virtuosos are at their best, the musical results are magnificent—as in the exultant Blowin' in the Wind and the easier-going moments of the Light-Davies original, Riddle Me This (particularly distinguished by its delicately twanging package for the Mbiria or so-called African piano). The less striking, relatively "straight" performances of Michelle, Telephone Song, and Feelin' Good also boast attractions. But I suspect that the group's synaptic rocking will not be idiomatic enough to satisfy aficionados of this genre—and I know it's heavily plugged and ugly-sounding to my ears.

"Broadway Blockbusters." London Festival Orchestra and Chorus, Stanley Black, cond. London © SP 44088, $5.79 (stereo only); † LPL 74088, $7.95.

"Best of Broadway." Will Bronson Singers. Manny Album Orchestra. Solid State @ SS 17011, $4.79; SS 18011, $5.79; † UAC 1811, $7.95.

Adult listeners will welcome the fact that there is no obeisance to rock styles in Stanley Black's latest set of Broadway hit-tune symphonic apotheoses. While the collaborating chorus here sounds a shade small vis-à-vis the orchestra, it enunciates exceptionally well (though this very virtue enhances the oddity of singing distinctively American lyrics with a painstaking avoidance of either American or British accents). Apart from this, Black's energetic yet secure control and Phase-4 stereosim at its robust best make the most of the effective arrangements and richly sonorous performances, with special honors going to Something's Coming. Lord I'm on My Way (from Porgy and Bess), Consider Yourself, and C'est Magnifique.

Technically, the Bronson/Albam disc is proof that the engineering staff of Solid State—a subsidiary of United Artists—belongs in the front rank of sonic progressivism. Whether the new label's use of all-transistorized recording equipment has anything to do with it I don't know, but the sonics here are indeed outstandingly good. Musically, however, the only performances that warrant such fine recording qualities are the lilting Little Bird, Don't Rain on My Parade, and I Believe in You. Elsewhere the singers seem too dispirited to surmount the handicap of oppressively close miking, while the orchestra goes in for a plugging beat and brassy raucousness.

"Sabre Dance." Philadelphia Orchestra, Eugene Ormandy, cond. Columbia © ML 6358, $4.79; MS 6958, $5.79; © MQ 888, $7.95.

This latest in Columbia's series of symphonic warhorse programs is, again, outstanding for both musical and technological appeals. Here too there is a leavening of hitherto unreleased recordings among thoseanthologized from earlier releases. The present disc's all-Russian selections are mostly relatively short (except for the Polovetsian Dances from Prince Igor, done without chorus): and such hackneyed choices as the title piece, Red Poppy Sailor's Dance, Age of Gold Polka, Nutcracker Suite Trepak, etc. are balanced by the less familiar, magnificently swaggering Polonaise from Rimsky-Korsakov's Christmas Eve plus the better-known but always welcome Gopak from Mussorgsky's Fair at Sorotchinsk and the Galops from Kabalevsky's Comedians and Khachaturian's Masquerade Suite. Throughout, the most substantial and glittering of recorded sonatas make the most of the Philadelphia's palette of kaleidoscopic tonal colorings, while Ormandy himself seems to be conducting in exceptionally high spirits.

"Irish Night at the 'Pop." Boston Pops Orchestra. Arthur Fiedler, cond. RCA Victor © LM 2946, $4.79; LSC 2946, $5.79.

For its magical evocation not only of the sound of a specific orchestra but also of its acoustically distinctive auditorium (accommodating a very much "present" audience), last year's "Highlights and More Highlights from An Evening at the 'Pops" is still vividly remembered. Now RCA Victor has repeated the feat of old—creating—without any Dynagroove en-Continued on page 32
What other automatic turntable compares with this BSR McDonald 500 for features and value?

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CIRCLE 20 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

THE SONIC SHOWCASE
Continued from page 32

Künstlerlebchen, and Wein, Weib, and Gesang conducted by Antal Dorati. The London Philharmonic offers vivid playing ultratransparently recorded, but Dorati is not only overvehement but at times jerkily labored rhythmically.

Overvehement has sometimes also marred the otherwise exhilarating Strauss readings of Arthur Fiedler, but here he demonstrates that he is one of the very, very few American conductors with a sure command of authentic Viennese idioms. He also shows himself an exploiter in the less familiar Strauss repertory: characteristically, this latest release features a first disc edition—the amusing potpourri of mostly familiar classical melodies in the Künstler Quadrille nach Motiven berühmter Meister, Op. 201. Also included are the better-known but still not hackneyed G'schichten aus dem Wiener Wald (with an exceptionally poetic zither solo by Tom Noichi) and Weib, Weib und Gesang Walzeres, the exotic Gypsy Baron Overture and Egyp- tian March, and the vivacious Chaun-pagner and Vergnügungszug Polkas by Johann II, together with Josef's Feuerfest.

Many of these pieces are notable for the spiciness of their scoring, and RCA's Dynagroove recording makes the most of their sonic potentials. If less crystalline and microscopically detailed than the Phase-4 technology on the London disc, that here is more satisfactory over-all. Yet I suspect that the decisive factor in making this an outstanding Strauss repertory is the playing of the Boston Pops Orchestra—remarkable for its kaleidooscopic coloristic palette as well as for an ideal blend of precision and elasticity.

"The Mormon Tabernacle Choir's Greatest Hits," Mormon Tabernacle Choir. Philadelphia Orchestra, Eugene Ormandy, cond. Columbia @ ML 6351, $4.79; MS 6071, $5.79. The mysteries of best-sellerdom seem enigmatic indeed when one ponderers this anthology of popular triumphs by the some 375-voice Mormon Tabernacle Choir—heard with organ in four selections (When Johnny Comes Marching Home, Bless This House, Onward Christian Soldiers, and Come, Come Ye Saints), with the Philadelphia Orchestra in eight others (including that sensational first success of the combined forces, The Battle Hymn of the Republic). Granted that a mass public demands a large element of corn in the music it loves best, can it really enjoy choral singing as unintelligible (as well as stilted) as is heard here? What must amuse more sophisticated listeners are the heroic efforts made by the Philadelphians not to italicize their collaborators' amateurishness by sounding too professional. As for the recordings, made over a number of years, they cope ably enough with the considerable technical problems involved and are never unnaturally exaggerated.

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A SELECTIVE GUIDE TO THE MONTH'S REISSUES

BACH: Cantatas: No. 100, Was Gott tut, das ist wohlgethan (III); No. 175, Er ruft seinen Schafen mit Namen; No. 207a, Auf, schmetternde Töne der müttern Trompeten; No. 214, Tönet, ihr Pauken! Erschallet, Trompeten! Soloists, Choir of St. Jacobi Cathedral, Hamburg State Opera Orchestra, Heinrich Wunderlich, cond. (in Nos. 100 and 175); Soloists, Barmen Choir and Chamber Orchestra, Helmut Kahnhöfer, cond. (in Nos. 207a and 214). Vanguard's new recording from the first Cantate catalogue restores four rarities to Schwann. Though these cantatas will probably appeal more to the Bach scholar than to the casual listener, each has several points of interest. The parable of the Good Shepherd related in No. 175 obviously called for a special pastoral instrumental flavor, and Bach frames the work with lovely accompaniments using a trio of recorders. The tenor aria includes an obbligato for viola pomposa (an instrument played on the arm like a viola but with a cello's tuning), and the stirring bass aria impresses with its spirited writing for two trumpets. All the instrumentalists here are superb performers, but I'm afraid that the vocal soloists range only from distressing to competent.

Both Cantatas Nos. 207a and 214 are secular works—birthday tributes for Elector Frederick August II and his wife Maria Josephine. "I could not create the two works in question, but they are considered to be beautiful and well sung," writes the conductor. "The tenor aria includes an obbligato for viola pomposa (an instrument played on the arm like a viola but with a cello's tuning), and the stirring bass aria impresses with its spirited writing for two trumpets. All the instrumentalists here are superb performers, but I'm afraid that the vocal soloists range only from distressing to competent."

Both Cantatas Nos. 207a and 214 are secular works—birthday tributes for Elector Frederick August II and his wife Maria Josephine. The fullscore expressions of praise for these two works become pretty tiresome (except when the English translation supplied with the record exhorts us to "regard . . . the lozenge of Saxony"), but I suppose one could be swept along by the festive nature of it all. If much of the music sounds familiar, this is because Bach economically transferred a good deal of No. 214 to the Christmas Oratorio, while the opening movement and the soprano-bass duet of No. 207a are reworkings of the Brandenburg Concerto No. 3. Performances of these two works are splendid all around and so is the sound.

COPLAND: Variations for Piano; Piano Fantasy. William Masselos, piano. Odyssey @ 32 16 0039, $2.49; 32 16 0040, $2.49 [from Columbia ML 5568/MS 6168]. The Piano Variations (1930) and Piano Fantasy (1957) are examples of Copland's "abstract" style. Each shows an imaginative approach to row technique, a superb sense of piano sonority, and an ability to exercise precise control over both a compact structure (the thirty-minute Variations) and an extended free form (the thirty-minute Fantasy). While this terse, uncompromising music is not designed for easy listening, those willing to meet Copland on this rarefied ground will be greatly rewarded.

I prefer Beveridge Webster's more incisive account of the Variations on Dover, but it would be difficult to better Masselos' awesome reading of the Fantasy. The piano reproduction is first-class.

HANDEL/BEECHAM: Love in Bath. Ilse Hollweg, soprano; Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, Sir Thomas Beecham, cond. Seraphim @ 60039, $2.49; 60039, $2.49 [from Angel 35504/$ 35504, 1960]. No one complains when composers have a go at doctoring up Pergolesi, Scarlatti, or Rossini; but when conductors set about arranging baroque composers into pleasant and sentimental, the hue and cry becomes deafening. All right, so Beecham's pastiche isn't simon-pure, double-dotted George Frederick. It's lovely, refreshing, light as a feather, and played with a twinkle in the eye down to and including a hilarious jog-trotting treatment of the Largo from Xerxes.

LEONCAVALLO: I Pagliacci. Iva Pacetti (s), Beniamino Gigli (t), Mario Basiola (b), et al.; Chorus and Orchestra of La Scala (Milan), Franco Ghione, cond. Seraphim @ IB 6009, $4.98 (two discs, mono only) [from HMV originals, 1934].

Here's the old HMV Pagliacci—not really golden age, but still good value for $5.00. Gigli, of course, is the center of attraction and he pours on his rich voice ununctiously; he also manages to limn a specific character, something he didn't always succeed in doing on other complete opera sets. Among the assisting singers Basiola excels as an outstanding Tonio, whether snarling, wheedling, or simply using his fine baritone to make a vocal point. The rest of the cast just about passes muster.

As in the recently reissued Cavalleria with Gigli, Side 4 of this set is filled out with a half dozen traditional Italian songs, all given the traditional Gigli touch. No dates of recording are given, but to judge from the sound and the voice quality, the first three (O sole mio, Non ti scordar di me, Senza rispetto) are of the same vintage as the Pagliacci. The others (Madrigale villerrecio, Ritorna amore, Se non a me) are sung robustly but with slightly frayed tone—must have been taped at the tenor's last sessions during the early Fifties.

Continued on page 38
The young man in the photo is heading home from the Electronic Workshop in New York City with a pair of KLH* Model Seventeen speaker systems.

In the not quite two years it has been available, the KLH Model Seventeen has received more than its share of critical approval. Julian Hirsch has said "It delivers a full, open sound, with outstanding clarity and definition..." and that "its sound matches or surpasses most other speakers we have heard which sell for twice its price." High Fidelity praised "a remarkable transparency and a full, well-balanced output that can be enjoyed for hours without contributing to listener fatigue."

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Suggested Retail Price: $69.95
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JUNE 1967

CIRCLE 31 ON READER-SERVICE CARD
Schubert: Symphony No. 9 in C, D. 944, Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra, Stanislaw Skrowaczewski, cond. World Series @ PHC 9044, $2.50 (compatible disc) [from Mercury MG 50272/SR 90272, 1962].

A bright, relaxed performance of Schubert's great symphony. Although Skrowaczewski has difficulty in maintaining a steady tempo, he shapes the score persuasively, with an emphasis on song rather than structure—an approach to Schubert that can rarely go wrong. The orchestra's tone coarsens somewhat in tutti sections (further accent by the overly brittle acoustics), but otherwise the playing is of the highest caliber. On the review copy a strange white afflicted World Series' compatible grooves: this could be a unique problem but there is no escaping the repulsive cover—Schubert at the wheel of a garish, psychedelic 1967 Chrysler.

Strauss, Richard: Ein Heldenleben, Op. 40, Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, Sir Thomas Beecham, cond. Seraphim @ 60041, $2.49; S 60041, $2.49 [from Capitol G 7250/SR 7250, 1961].

One little serif up there like R. Strauss. First the old gentleman's own recording of the Alpine Symphony, then Rodzinski's exciting Death and Transfiguration, and now Beecham's fabulous Hero's Life—Seraphim is doing itself proud with these reissues. For once, a conductor has finally grasped the structure of Heldenleben's gigantic forty-five-minute sonata movement and presented it in one breath as a mighty towering span. The orchestra plays extraordinarily well for Beecham, who somehow imparts a very human warmth to a work that too often is made to sound only pompous and noisy.

Reiner's version on Victrola stands as the chief rival—a reading full of sinew and in some ways even better played than Beecham's, if without the latter's special feeling for long Straussian sentences. Choices are difficult but in this case Sir Thomas wins my vote by a hair. The orchestral detail in Seraphim's remastering emerges with clarity even though the sound is not the very latest.

Weber: Der Freischütz, Elisabeth Grümmer (s), Lisa Otto (s), Rudolf Schock (t), Hermann Prey (b), Karl Christian Kohn (bs), Gottlob Frick (bs), et al.: Chorus of the Berlin State Opera; Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra, Joseph Keilberth, cond. Seraphim @ IB 6010, $4.98; SIB 6010, $4.98 (two discs) [from Odeon STE 90956/58, 1960].

Der Freischütz has never caught on in this country: perhaps the unlikely combination of prim Teutonic virtue and wild E. T. A. Hoffmannesque romance is too much for us to swallow, even as a period piece. There's nothing wrong with Weber's score though—it's a fine opera.

Continued on page 40
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June 1967

CIRCLE 30 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

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full of strong melodic appeal and inventive orchestral writing, all redolent of the very best Germanic atmosphere. If you’ve ever passed through the Black Forest on a cool summer’s evening or visited a sleepy North German village, you will probably find this music bringing it all back.

The Odeon recording is doubtless an old friend to most Frischütz fans and the low-priced Seraphim edition will hopefully reach an even wider audience. The performance is disarming—everyone concerned obviously knows and loves the work through and through. Special praise goes to Elisabeth Grünmer, who does some ravishing singing in her two arias, and to conductor Kelibeth, who coaxes a splendid sound from the Berlin Philharmonic.

The opera has been given superb reproduction: not a stereophonic trick is missed during the spooky business in the Wolf’s Glen. Unhappily the cracking low-performance flavor of the three-disc Odeon set no longer makes its full effect here, for in order to accommodate the work on two discs, Seraphim has had to cut nearly all the dialogue. No matter, the music is complete—and if you’re looking for a breath of fresh operatic air, by all means give this splendid issue a try.

HANS HOTTER: Vocal Recital. Hans Hotter, bass baritone; Hermann von Nordberg and Gerald Moore, pianos; various orchestras. Odeon • HQM 1030, £4.79 (mono only) [from various Angel and HMV originals, 1946–71].

Odeon’s reissue is a welcome companion to Seraphim’s recent and excellent Hotter Lieder recital. The first selection on this disc—Schubert’s Der Doppelgänger—leaps out of the speakers in an awesome performance, one of the most terrifying interpretations I’ve ever encountered. It is followed by three quiet songs by the same composer (Der Wanderer and the two Wanderers Nachtlieder), and here again the bass baritone immediately gets to the heart of the matter with his expressive, intimate half-voiced singing. The lengthy aria “Schlummert ein” from Bach’s Cantata No. 82 unfortunately fares badly; save for some affecting moments in the recitative, the singing is too labored and breathy.

Side 2 is marvelous: Hotter sustains the intense declamation of Wolf’s Prometheus and the narrative line of Loewe’s Der Erkönig with splendid dramatic timing, while Wotan’s Farewell (recorded in 1957 with Leopold Ludwig leading the Philharmonia) gives a generous sampling of this artist’s greatest role. A brief biography of the singer is included with some descriptive notes on the music, but don’t bother looking for the leaflet with texts and translations promised on the jacket: copyright restrictions prevent Odeon from importing this material.

PETER G. DAVIS
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Just two years ago, the stereo high fidelity world was introduced to the Lab 80, the first Automatic Transcription Turntable. It was instantly acclaimed because of the significant developments it contained. These imparted professional performance capabilities never before anticipated in automatic record playing units. Now, the Garrard Laboratories have refined and surpassed the original model with the Lab 80 Mark II, still priced at only $99.50, less base and cartridge. It is one of five new Garrard Automatic Turntables each of them the leader in its class.

SELECTING SPEAKERS by listening to them is like wine-tasting: you sample some and form a judgment. The more varieties you have on hand for comparison, the more revealing such sampling can be and the more meaningful your decision. The connoisseur (of wine and of speakers) also knows that tastes vary; and while he applies certain criteria for general quality, he is not unmindful of variations—in balance, in relative "dryness," in coloration, to name a few. That is to say, what can make one man feel heady can give another a headache—true of wine and of speakers both.

One school of thought will protest the analogy on the score that any audible difference in the sound of two speakers indicates that one of them is more faithful to the original than the other. One must be relatively wrong, the other relatively right. The hitch in this argument is: wrong and right by what standards? Or, as the comedian asks his friend, "How's your wife?"—only to get the reply, "As compared to whose?"

The fact is that the original sound can, and often does, have variations. We hear of concert halls that are acoustically more or less "dry"; we know that one conductor deliberately strives for treble emphasis in his performance, while another favors a mellower sound; we detect sonic differences in recordings. And, we say, vive les différences! It would be a sad day for the muse if all her efforts were pretailored to a computerlike regularity and sameness. May gray-flannelism never take over in the arts!

Having said this, are we left in a no man's land where anything goes and no criteria apply? Definitely not. There are certain guideposts to what a speaker should and should not do. These are based in part on one's memory of live sound (allowing for the variations mentioned) and on one's awareness of a speaker's basic nature as a translator that must change one form of information (electrical signals) into another (audible sound waves). In the last analysis, the speaker stands or falls by how well it does this job—no more or less. To extend this concept into listener-significant terms: the better
a speaker is, the more it will give you the feeling that you are listening through it back to the program source, rather than to it as it reproduces that source. Patently no speaker can do this perfectly (something always is lost in any translation), but the good ones come remarkably close. Evaluating speaker performance, then, is judging how close. Or to put it another way: it is a matter of how little the speaker affects (i.e., distorts) the sound while reproducing it. Engineers like to say that the essence of speaker performance is its "transparency"; the opposite being "coloration."

No set of numbers or specifications can fully document these qualities. They can tell you what a speaker may be expected to do under certain conditions, but they cannot tell you how well it will do it—and especially under varying conditions (of program source, driving amplifier, and room acoustics). The numbers simply state that a test situation has found what a speaker will do as an element in a sound chain, as a device responding in a manner dictated by a certain amplifier energized from a given source. This information is highly useful to the speaker designer, but it is too finite to be relied on as a sole arbiter of speaker choice. On the contrary, for every speaker response curve or distortion measurement derived, you could come up with several alternate results, obtained by varying the signal source, the amplifier, or the acoustic environment. And none of these measurements would really tell you how the speaker sounds. For this verdict you have to rely on your own hearing.

Indeed, one's first impression of a speaker, playing a familiar piece of music, often will be the right one. What I have found is that having formed this impression, the prospective buyer then seeks verification of it. It is surprising how many people who firmly believe that "seeing is believing" do not ascribe this same infallibility to their sense of hearing. And yet the ear is one of the most sensitive and reliable "instruments" ever encountered: it can distinguish between subtle differences; it can be selective and hear one sound over another, or mask one sound under another; it encompasses a range of frequency response and dynamics scarcely met by the costliest of man-made test instruments. And it gets better with use: despite the well-known falling-off of sensitivity to extreme high frequencies as one gets older, the over-all response ability of the ear, the total hearing experience—particularly to music and "music-type information"—grows progressively more sophisticated. Listeners, like conductors, improve with age. By virtue of your own ear, you can verify your first impression and, more to the point, you can zero in on the final choice that often has to be made between two or three speakers which have impressed you equally favorably.

Although "transparency" and "coloration" can hardly be defined in clear-cut textbook fashion, they can be described in terms of the specific effects they encompass. Judging a speaker is rather like viewing a painting: from a few feet away you form a general impression; closer, you see how the individual brush strokes contribute to the total.

Coloration of the sound, caused by severe irregularities of a speaker's frequency response (peaks of, say, 6 to 10 dB or greater anywhere along the spectrum) will show up as a tendency for the speaker to emphasize certain portions of the musical range. The highs may be too prominent with respect to everything else, or the mid-bass may force itself on your attention while all tones below and above it seem to recede into the speaker box. Coloration also shows up as a speaker's favoring of one group of instruments over the others: the speaker may be prodigious, for instance, at projecting the characteristic guttiness of the string bass while at the same time masking the upper registers, or it may waft bold waves of brass tones into the room while lending the woodwinds and strings a too distant quality. It may favor the male voice (with a characteristic and false heaviness) while slighting female vocalists. And so on.

Of course, any of these effects might be inherent in a badly recorded disc or tape, and many of them—particularly extreme discrepancies in bass and treble balance—could result from poor room acoustics. For this reason, it is important to listen to the speaker playing material which you know well, preferably your own fairly new recordings. As for the acoustic setting, you should try to evaluate a demonstration room in terms of how closely it resembles your own listening room. A room that is abnormally small is no place to assess speaker quality; it will tend to suppress or muffle the bass and prob-
ably bounce the highs around excessively. A room that departs in shape from the normal rectangle is also bad: if it approaches a cube in shape, it will cause most speakers to take on a hollow sound; if very long and corridorlike, it will introduce false resonances to the mid-bass. Any room that is heavily carpeted and draped will tend to tone down the highs; conversely, any room with prominent hard surfaces, such as glass show windows or shelves loaded with the metal chassis of other equipment, will tend to accentuate the highs.

Unless the demonstration room comes fairly close to simulating the acoustics of your own listening room, you should insist on listening to the same speaker in two or three different locations in that room before making up your mind. Or, ideally, you should try to get the dealer to agree to sell the speaker (or speakers for stereo) on approval—a week’s time with them at home should be long enough to let you decide whether you want to keep them or return them for another pair.

High fidelity shows may, or may not, be good places to audition unfamiliar speakers. It all depends on the room and its surrounding ambience. I have heard speakers at shows that sounded utterly different when I finally got them installed at home. I also have found many that continued to sound, in my room, just as they sounded at the show, or better. The industry is growing more aware of these variations; a recent decision by the IHF to hold its next New York show at a new location—the Statler Hilton Hotel—promises a setting where the rooms not only are better isolated from each other but can be individually better balanced acoustically than they were at the old show location. Eventually we may actually enjoy the certainty that a speaker heard at a show really sounds the way it seems to.

General impressions aside, another tack for the prospective buyer is to try to analyze the speaker’s response in terms of its bass, midrange, and high-frequency output. Such analysis is best done with signal generators in addition to musical material. The signal generator can pinpoint specific areas of troubled response, reveal severe peaks and dips, indicate the low and upper reaches of response, reveal the speaker’s “doubling frequency” (a bass frequency at which the speaker no longer can respond to the fundamental tone and produces harmonics of it instead), and provide some information as to the speaker’s dispersion characteristics (its tendency to beam tones as the frequency is raised). However, a signal generator is not as a rule a normal household item; and even if you owned one, I’d bet even money that few, if any, dealers would permit its use during normal store hours. People come to hear music, not beep tones, goes the argument.

Well, yes. But there is music—and music. To serve as test source material, the music chosen should have some texture and weight. Music lightly scored (pops in particular) is apt to make a “joyful noise” on a much wider quality range of equipment than is symphonic music. It’s no great shakes to reproduce (or to record, for that matter) simple-textured material which makes relatively little demand of the equipment and thus is of little value in assessing a speaker. A solo guitar, for instance, often is used to impress listeners with the transient response of a system. All right as far as it goes, but the real test would be a guitar playing against accompaniment; if the twangs are utterly clean along with everything else, then you can conclude something about the system’s response. The real test is how well the speaker handles percussives when it also has to reproduce other, different kinds of sounds at the same time. Works scored for large ensembles and encompassing big jumps in dynamic as well as tonal range—operas and most symphonic works—actually comprise the best speaker test material.

Also useful are passages shared by a deep voiced instrument, such as an organ or bass viol, with a high-toned voice such as flute. Note too that instrumental groupings that have their own rich overtones structure—massed strings and woodwinds, for instance—tend to absorb distortion components, while “purer” instruments—such as the solo piano, flute, or horn—will be more revealing of distortion. The solo piano, in fact, is one of the most difficult instruments to record and reproduce well. The human voice is another: one of the touchstones of tonal purity is the male voice that sounds masculine but not “chesty” or with a hint of false mid-bass emphasis; another is the female voice that sounds lifting, “feminine” but not screechy. For my money, any of London’s Tebaldi recordings, played with the volume control near the “12 o’clock” position

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is excellent speaker test material: a poor system simply will not do justice to the diva, a good system makes her a joy to hear, actually exhilarating. In general, when you find yourself listening not to the system but to the music, and you sense the goose pimples during certain passages, you can feel secure that you're hearing the real thing.

Musical test material may not reveal to you the specific low-frequency response limits of a speaker, but you can tell by listening carefully to the music's bass portion whether or not the bass is generally satisfactory. Good bass does not necessarily mean the deepest bass, although ideally the deeper and cleaner the bass the more natural the sound (assuming the midrange and highs are suitably balanced and full). There are, in any case, limits to how far down a speaker can go—limits governed by the design and cost of the unit. A speaker that can hit rock bottom tonally speaking generally will hit sky high in terms of cost. But rock bottom may not be within the scope of your taste, needs, or budget, especially when there are so many less than ultimate speakers that come fairly close and cost a lot less.

Within its design limits (and any responsible engineer will admit that speakers do indeed have design limits), however, you should expect a speaker to sound clean. "Clean" bass is free of boominess, thumps, or a blurry indistinct effect. The bass notes are clear enough to enable you to distinguish between a string bass and a tuba. The bass drum, when struck hard, ideally should have a deep, somewhat "dull" and tight quality. A bass ensemble, playing way down and tutti, should provide a sensation of energy that you can almost feel as well as hear. The bass viol should growl rather than sound mellow. Timpani should sound something like real thunder, and you should be able to distinguish the tonal variation between differently tuned timpani. The low end of the piano keyboard should have a vibrant, almost rugged quality, and with good definition among closely spaced notes—what engineers call "being able to read the name on the keyboard." Finally, you want to be aware of possible intermodulation effects in which the powerful bass interacts with higher-pitched tones to cause the latter to blur or waver. A passage in which an organ or string bass plays together with high-pitched woodwinds is useful for checking this effect.

Listening higher along the response range you still should be alert not only to peaks and resonances (they can occur anywhere along the frequency band to color the sound) but to the unique aspects of midrange and high-frequency sound. The treble portion of a speaker's sound should have an open, full, well-aired quality. Poor dispersion, or a tendency to beam the highs, means that the highs will be most prominent when heard from somewhere directly in front of the speaker (response on axis will be noticeably brighter than off axis). In addition, the mid-tones may sound honky or "box-y" and/or the extreme highs will take on a "squashed down" tone, as if an invisible hand were compressing them. Outright distortion will be readily discernible as a kazoolike quality or nasality. Lesser amounts of distortion will show up as a "hard" or unnatural sheen over the sound.

In addition to the beaming effect, poor dispersion signifies phase distortion, a kind of tampering with the original time sequence of the elements of the signal that also can be responsible for lending the sound an overbright or hard feeling. When auditioning the midrange and highs, listen also for good transient response—a speaker's ability to respond crisply to percussives such as drum beats and rapidly plucked strings, especially when played against an instrumental background. Each note should sound distinct with no blurring from the note before or to the note ahead. Another tip-off to transient response (of a pickup and amplifier as well as of a speaker) is the sound of record surface noise. An occasional surface defect should sound like a quick tick rather than like a prominent or extended rasp.

If an FM tuner is handy, tune to a point between two stations where you hear the characteristic rushing noise—white noise, as it's called. Listen for a few moments to the way in which the speaker reproduces this hash. If the sound is fairly subdued, rather like that of a shower running in the next room, the speaker probably has very little audible distortion in the treble and is dispersing the sound well. The brighter or harder this noise sounds, the more high-frequency coloration the speaker is adding to the signal and the more directional its projection of the highs. Many speakers characteristically sound bright on white noise when heard on axis, but more subdued off axis; this pattern is not ideal, but it is acceptable inasmuch as most home listening will be from a position decidedly off axis of the speaker, especially in a stereo setup where the main listening area is somewhere between the two "looking-out" axes of the speakers.

As for instrumental sounds in this frequency area, ideally you should try to recall what instruments (and voices) sound like when you last heard them live. Unfortunately, auditory recall is a very sometime thing, and for practical purposes such "A-B" testing in retrospect is next to futile. Realistically, the best you can do on this count is to listen to the total blend of an ensemble even while trying to discern its individual sections and participants: the good speaker will present both sonic experiences equally well. It will have, as they say, its own "internal separation" without at the same time being "clinically analytic."

In the long run, listening for a good speaker is fairly akin to listening to music itself: you bring to both experiences a kind of ever-developing sophistication and you get in return a deeply personal revelation. In both, you are listening for the singing strings, the plaintive woodwinds, the brazen brass, the definitive percussion. Eventually, you will recognize an authoritative speaker, even as you applaud an authoritative performance.
Thousands of outdoor concertgoers will tell you that there's nothing like listening to music while relaxed under the stars on a warm summer evening or stretched out on the grass on a sunlit afternoon. Happily, at least a taste of this idyllic experience can be shared by many people without their even bothering to leave home. All you need do is install stereo out of doors. You may not be able to re-create Tanglewood in a back yard in Topeka (or hire a tow truck to arrange a listening session like the one depicted on our cover), but you can come pretty close to it—and at a cost of less than $75 and under two hours' labor.

The gateway to outdoor stereo is the weather-resistant speaker system, developed in recent years by such firms as Electro-Voice, Altec Lansing, Bozak, University, Jensen, and J. B. Lansing. For most home owners they represent a great improvement over the early public-address-derived outdoor systems. Intended for permanent installation and often strictly utilitarian in appearance, those speakers had the further disadvantage of producing sound more overpowering than most private property owners (or their neighbors) could tolerate. In contrast, the most recent wave of outdoor speakers are smaller in size, lighter in weight, more attractive to the eye, and designed to permit their being easily moved from pool to patio or wherever, at the owner's whim. Many are water-resistant, and thus do not need to be rushed under shelter every time it rains.

Not that the new outdoor systems are completely impervious to weather conditions. The key term here is "water-resistant" (or "weatherproof," as it appears in some ads). No outdoor speaker manufacturer who uses a paper cone will advertise it as "weatherproof." Electro-Voice, which has conducted endurance tests, reports that eight or nine snowy Michigan winters and damp springs are enough to do in a paper cone, no matter what it's treated with. Moisture—rain, snow, or humidity—eventually rots the paper and makes cone replacement necessary. In areas where air pollution occurs (New York and Los Angeles, for example), sulfur dioxide and sulfuric acid in the air also attack speaker cones as well as exposed metal. The E-V engineers point out, however, that California's sunny clime may be kind enough to a speaker located in a non-polluted area to double its life expectancy.

When a cone does go, you'll know it quickly enough—you'll hear a rattling or scraping noise, or no sound at all. What do you do then? Do you need an entire new system? It depends on the outdoor speaker system you own. If you can get inside the enclosure easily, you can have a new paper cone fitted, or you may find it easier to remove the whole loudspeaker and replace it with a new one (cost: from $12 to $55).

Actually, there are a few outdoor speaker systems which are waterproof and are advertised as such. Instead of a paper cone, these speaker systems use metal or polyester cones. In theory, you can leave these systems out of doors for decades without worrying about damage—or even kick them into a water-filled swimming pool.

When you go shopping for outdoor speakers, you'll notice that few make claims of frequency response outside the 100-10,000 Hz range—in fact, the more expensive speaker systems generally have the more conservative specifications. The reason is that the open air plays acoustic tricks which would baffle (no pun intended) any speaker system—it will at any rate swallow up bass and, to a lesser extent, treble. A speaker system with a perfectly flat response curve would sound fine in the midrange out of doors, but would lack muscle in the bass and would seem to have no highs. Conversely, a speaker with bass and treble boosted has a jukebox bass when heard indoors—and the treble tends to sound tinny.

If you want audible sound over a good-sized outdoor area, your speaker system must be able to derive the maximum amount of sound from your indoor amplifier—that is, it must have high efficiency. Many large outdoor speakers have such high efficiency, in fact, that they can be fed by a pocket-
size transistor radio. If, on the other hand, you go in for “intimate” outdoor listening, such as you’d experience on a patio or by the side of a pool, you don’t need the same volume of sound. The assumption on the part of manufacturers of the newer outdoor speakers is that you may want to use them indoors as extension speakers during the winter. The sound from these types, while too thin for satisfactory listening in wide open spaces, tends when heard indoors to be more natural than that of the big high-efficiency systems. This versatility of the relatively small, attractively styled speakers would seem to have been a further factor in making outdoor stereo fashionable.

Outdoor speaker placement should be determined first by the size and shape of your back yard and the proximity of neighbors (don’t forget them when you start pumping 100 watts of program material into your back yard—they won’t forget you). Most people will probably mount their speakers only a few feet away from the spot where they expect to do most of their listening. Another consideration, of course, is ease of removal if you prefer to bring your speakers indoors for the winter months or whenever you are not using them during the summer.

The larger outdoor speakers cover the greatest area with the best sound. These speakers can be bolted to a tree, pole, or even to the back of a house or garage. You can aim them like floodlights to concentrate the sound on a given area or to spread sound pretty well around in a large area. With two speakers for stereo, you’d better figure on ten to fifteen feet of separation—more in a big yard. You get maximum coverage of area by mounting the speakers at or slightly above eye level and parallel to the ground. To narrow the area of coverage, mount them high and angle almost directly downward.

If you have chosen a small system, however, your placement of the speakers will differ accordingly. Generally speaking, a separation of about six feet, with each speaker facing straight ahead (instead of angled towards each other—the floodlight idea won’t work here) will provide the best results. As for elevation, most of these speakers (the Bozak “Bard,” Altec Lansing, and Jensen are exceptions) should not be mounted higher than head level or just above. Speakers with their own mounts can benefit also from being placed at ground level, from where they can be angled upward to a listener seated nearby. Positioning on a patio is a good plan for some small speaker systems: the flooring and adjacent wall help reflect the sound.

A loudspeaker enclosure built of metal or plastic is bound to resonate. The trick in outdoor speaker manufacture is to use the resonance to boost bass frequencies. Thus, the aluminum enclosures of University and E-V, the steel enclosure of Bozak and Jensen, the Fiberglas Jensen and the plastic E-V tend to resonate somewhere between 70 and 100 Hz. Each manufacturer has shaped his enclosure to produce what he feels is the most satisfactory sound. JBL, whose enclosure is made of Formica and wood, uses resonances somewhat differently. Its systems
consist of two cubes, joined by a short cylinder. The left-hand cube contains an 8-inch coaxial loudspeaker firmly mounted in a (theoretically) nonvibrating enclosure. The right-hand cube, identical in appearance, contains a dummy loudspeaker—what JBL calls a passive radiator. Nothing more than a speaker cone and basket, it takes the place of ports or tunnels in the design and enhances bass response by vibrating in sympathy with the speaker cone.

So far, we've discussed the speaker system itself. What more do you need? If you already own a component system, very little. Your present amplifier or tape recorder can be used to feed an outdoor stereo speaker system with no need for additional electronics. You will need connecting cord—lamp cord, at four cents per foot will do. For short runs—ten feet or less between amplifier and loudspeaker—No. 18 double lamp cord is recommended. For longer runs, you may need No. 16 or heavier. You can, of course, simply string the speaker cord from amplifier to speakers. For a more permanent, more professional job, you can lay the cord underground (stapling it up pole or tree if your speaker is so mounted): use heavy-duty insulated cable—it may cost up to fifteen cents a foot—or string lamp cord through scrap lead pipe and bury that in a trench several inches deep. Heavy insulation or, better yet, piping affords protection from water seepage and accidental cutting.

All of the outdoor speakers discussed here are rated for 8 ohms impedance, and the same rules for amplifier connection apply to them as to indoor speakers. If you plan to connect both outdoor and indoor speakers to the same amplifier, just make certain that you do not run below the minimum safe load for the amplifier—many solid-state units cannot be operated safely into a load of less than 4 ohms. For most installations, the hookup will mean simply tying the leads from outdoor and indoor speakers (each rated for 8 ohms) and thus presenting a load of 4 ohms to the amplifier—perfectly normal and safe. If your speaker impedances vary from this norm, check the instruction manual for your amplifier or receiver, or query your dealer or the manufacturers of your set and speakers.

If you're already using one set of amplifier or receiver output taps for a principal system and a set of extension speakers, adding a third pair of speakers may require a series parallel hookup, or the use of special resistors in the speaker lines. The variations here are too numerous to be generalized and for such a hookup you'd best get professional advice. Once the impedance matching problem is solved, you will probably want a switch that enables you to choose among the various speakers; at under $3.00 this is a very convenient item for the outdoor listener in any case.

When making connections to the speakers themselves, it's necessary only to be sure that each speaker lead touches no metal other than the speaker tap. JBL and Bozak use a standard phone jack to facilitate removal of the speaker at the end of the day or the end of the season (the speaker line may be installed permanently and the speaker plugged in again the next day or the next spring). Location of these jacks on the underside of the speaker also minimizes the possibility of rain shorting the speaker (although one large manufacturer who favors conventional speaker taps says his company has never heard of such a thing happening).

If you want to be able to control volume from your hammock—some audiophiles prefer to make all volume adjustments at the amplifier, thus avoiding any possible loss of power or introduction of distortion—you will need one volume control, or L-pad, cost about $3.50, for each speaker. If the controls are to remain outdoors permanently, it's a good idea to solder your connections and splice with waterproof tape (waterproof controls are also available from large radio parts supply houses). The two wires may run together and the volume controls mounted side-by-side for convenience.

Because the efficiency of most outdoor speaker systems is high, and because there's so little loss even over long distances between sound source and loudspeaker, it's possible to use your tape recorder as a sound source, without additional amplification. Many stereo tape recorders have outputs for extension loudspeakers which use standard jacks (phono or phone type). You can plug the speakers directly into these jacks and receive sufficient stereo sound outside to cover a normal listening area.

If you don't want to be bothered installing permanent speakers or even carrying a pair of eight-pounders outside once in a while, there's another solution—stereo headphones. The same headset you use to listen to Berlioz after everybody has gone to bed can move outdoors with you, with the aid of an extension cable. Koss and several other manufacturers offer extension cables up to 25 feet in length for $6.00 or less. Within reason, it's possible to plug two or more of these together to extend your headphone listening from the living room to the patio or back yard. Not only is there no sound to annoy others, but headphones shut out the noise of planes passing over head, the squeals of children, and anything else which may take your mind off Beethoven. It's possible to install your headphone cable permanently, too—following the procedure outlined for installing speaker cord. Ask your audio dealer to make up the proper length of three- or four-conductor cord for headphones, with a standard three-element stereo phone plug on one end, and a female three-element phone input on the other. Then, by hanging the final phone input so that the opening points downward, you have a semi-permanent point into which you can plug your headphones.

Stereo headphones or outdoor speakers may not seem like a satisfactory replacement for the live sound of the Chicago Symphony, and your back yard may not strike you as a substitute for Ravinia—but just try them.
LOUDSPEAKERS DON'T LAST FOREVER, BUT THEY'LL ENDURE A LONG TIME IF YOU CAN PREVENT MISHAPS AND CURE AFFLICTIONS.

What's the life span of a loudspeaker?

Practically forever, one might say. A reasonably well-made, well-treated speaker is the Struldbrug of audio: it can be nearly immortal. Manufacturers realize this too, and do not hesitate to offer considerably longer warranties on their speakers than on their other audio equipment.

Still, a speaker can age, and accidents do happen. To begin with, the speaker does a prodigious job in its long life. The suspensions—around the edge of the cone, and at the voice coil—may flex billions of times a year. We might expect them to get terribly tired, but on the whole they hold up fantastically well. They hardly ever let go completely, though they may get somewhat looser with use. Flexing a suspension a lot makes it easier to flex.

As the suspension becomes more mechanically compliant, the bass resonance of the speaker sometimes drops. If you have heard that "speakers improve with age," this deepening of their bass response is the myth's origin. Actually, any such drop is a fairly rare event—fortunately, since in many speaker systems a pronounced change in bass resonance could upset the acoustic balance between the drivers, and in a bass-reflex system it could require retuning the enclosure by changing the size of the port opening.

An exceptionally heavy voice coil, generally found in the largest speakers, may eventually pull down on the inner suspension (or "spider") enough to make it sag. The voice coil then may hit the magnet structure below, to produce a buzzy, scratchy, or blurry effect much like that of severe intermodulation or transient distortion. Years ago, knowledgeable audiophiles who owned very large speakers in home-made enclosures were in the habit of rotating them to a new mounting position every few months in order to avoid this affliction. With today's good bass speakers, usually smaller than yesterday's—and better made too—voice-coil sag is rare. But if you begin to hear buzzing it is worth checking out.

Next, let's consider the flexible leads that connect the voice coil to the basket terminals. They occasionally part. The metal gets "tired" from its interminable flexing, primarily on tweeters which of course flex a good many more times than the leads on woofers. Suspect a break in the flexible leads whenever a tweeter quits cold without apparent cause. It can happen to a woofer too, though more rarely.

Such a break usually is easily repaired. If it occurs in a reasonably open spot, anyone handy...
with a soldering iron can attack it effectively. Putting in a whole new piece of wire is probably a good idea if the terminals at both ends are within reach. Find out from the manufacturer or a repair shop what kind of wire to use; ordinary hook-up wire has a very short life expectancy in this use. However, if the tweeter is constructed so that the flexing leads can only be gotten at by disassembling the speaker, better let the manufacturer or an authorized repair shop do the job. Lining up a tweeter is work for an expert and may take specially designed tools.

The cones in today's better-grade speakers are usually made of very stable materials, and speaker aging thus comes down to a possible loosening of the cone suspension. A well-made speaker probably won't show signs of aging for a very long time; most high-grade speakers still in use today after five to ten years should be doing about as well as when new.

**Accidents are an entirely different story.** When a cone and a hard object clash, the cone always comes off second best. A hole or tear can rarely be mended satisfactorily on a high-quality speaker. If you put a patch or a lot of glue on the cone, you will increase its mass, perhaps stiffen it, but invariably change its characteristics—always for the worse. You had best get a new cone and have it installed by the manufacturer or by an authorized shop. Limit home repairs, or home replacement, of speaker cones to those in intercoms or paging speakers—or maybe those in small radio and TV sets. The voice coil of a speaker can handle just so much current; its fine wire can be burned out in a number of ways. The most damaging is to connect the speaker directly to the line voltage or house power. Speaker manufacturers are constantly surprised at how often the speaker cable has been fitted with an ordinary knife plug like that used for electrical appliances. If several plugs are lying about, it is all too easy to pick up the speaker cable instead of the amplifier power cable and plug it into the wall. (This is why old audio hands regard the use of standard knife plugs on speaker cables with horror.)

There are a number of other ways, especially in home-wired outfits, to get the speaker accidentally connected to the power circuit, but however the mistake is made, the best that can happen is for the voice coil to burn out instantly, bringing the speaker to a quick stop. Then the repair may be relatively minor. A worse damage—such as a cone tearing apart—may result when the cone jumps completely out of its magnetic gap. The action usually stops in this case because the flexing wires connecting the voice coil to the basket terminals also will break. What you'll need then is a new voice coil and cone installed by an expert.

When tiny bits of material get into the gap between voice coil and magnet, the result is often like that for a sagging voice coil: scratchy or blurry sound. Tiny metal particles are particularly liable to be pulled into the gap by the magnet, so never leave an "open" speaker on a workbench or in any spot where such particles are present. You can sometimes fish out these foreign bits by carefully using a thin strip of fairly stiff tape or cardboard. But fish gently and be careful not to scratch the surface of the voice coil. You may even have to take cone and voice coil out of the speaker before you can clean the gap.

A type of accident peculiar to speakers driven by transistor amplifiers has cropped up lately. High-frequency "parasitic" oscillation in the output stage flows through the tweeter, on top of the high audio frequencies the tweeter is normally handling. The amplifier output, in other words, is acting spuriously as a generator, a fault that takes highly expert correction. The malfunction may well result in a serious overload of the tweeter, or its level control, or both. One or both gets hotter and hotter, and finally one or the other burns out.

On good speakers, a burned-out voice coil should always be replaced with a new one, again a job for the manufacturer. On cheaper speakers the break can sometimes be found and bridged, or the coil may be rewound: but even in these, replacement of the whole coil is often better. The wire in a voice coil may break, too, because of some defect in the metal that is triggered in use, or because a turn gets loose and is shaken or abraded until it parts.

Despite these possibilities today's more carefully designed solid-state amplifiers and receivers have made the danger of damage to a speaker from excessive signal virtually nil. To begin with, most recent sets are fused against overload in the output stages. While this feature primarily safeguards the amplifier circuit, it also protects the speakers inasmuch as an abnormal operating condition either limits or shuts down the amplifier drive to the speakers. Secondly, it takes a really heavy and continuous surge of amplifier power to damage a speaker. Such surges are rarely encountered in normal use and speaker manufacturers patently do not regard such an eventuality as a source of concern, as witness the fact that speakers do not come with fuses. The chance—sometimes, somewhere—does exist, however, that a very high-powered amplifier (one capable of supplying 60 or more RMS watts per channel) could overload a speaker. Those who are concerned about this remote possibility can put their minds to rest by fusing the speaker lines. The fuse should have low resistance (not the slow-blow kind) so as not to affect impedance match, and the value of the fuses in amperes can be calculated by the formula \[ I = \frac{P}{Z} \] equals the square root of \( P \) divided by \( Z \), where \( I \) is the current rating of the fuse in amperes, \( P \) is the rated speaker power capacity in watts, and \( Z \) the speaker impedance in ohms. As a safety margin, reduce the figure obtained by \( 1/5 \). Thus, for a 100-watt, 4-ohm speaker, use a fuse rated for 4 amps. For a 60-watt, 8-ohm speaker, a 2-amp fuse will do.
THE SWINGING STAATSOEPER

This month North America gets a chance to see the Hamburg opera company that has electrified Europe

BY PAUL MOOR

Late this month the Hamburg State Opera, fresh from six days at Canada's Expo 67, will arrive in New York to present eleven performances of seven works. The Hamburg visitors are the first foreign opera company invited to appear in the Metropolitan's new house—and I shall willingly eat my words if they don't throw the town on its operatic ear.

First of all, the guests' repertory: Hindemith's Mathis der Maler (many Americans know the orchestral "symphony," but how many know the opera?), the long, long overdue New York premiere of Berg's Lulu, a production of Janáček's masterpiece Jenufa (which I hope will finally give America pause over its unjust neglect of this great Czech composer), Gian-Carlo Menotti's production of Stravinsky's The Rake's Progress, and two works which the Hamburg State Opera itself commissioned and produced for the first time anywhere: Giselher Klebe's Jacobowski and the Colonel, based on Franz Werfel's "comedy about a tragedy," and Gunther Schuller's The Visitatio, a transplantation to the American South of the essential situation of Kafka's The Trial. For good measure, the company will toss in a concert performance of Weber's Der Freischütz. I don't want to get him in Dutch by naming him, but a high official of Lincoln Center recently referred to the Hamburg State Opera as "the most exciting opera company in the world."

And then, purely aside from the rich and exotic repertory, there is the manner in which the company performs these works—a manner that differs greatly from what most American opera-goers are accustomed to. While opera in the U.S. costs such a hellish amount of money that only an enormous house makes it economically feasible, in Germany generous state subsidies permit smaller houses and concomitant emphasis on the text the singers sing. Opera thus becomes less a coliseum phenomenon and more a theatrical experience. This circumstance, plus the refinement of production standards, has given birth to a new kind of art form, neither costumed concert nor drama with music but a new genus, which Germans call realistisches Musiktheater. Though one of the movement's first pioneers, Carl Ebert, taught for many years at the University of Southern California, it made little headway in America (the lengthy rehearsal time required—of which more below—being prohibitive for most companies). Today, realistisches Musiktheater is most closely associated with Walter Felsenstein, the Austrian genius who for twenty years has directed East Berlin's unique Komische Oper, and with Gunther Rennert, who for ten important years after the last war impressed his principles upon the Hamburg State Opera. What Rennert began there, its present director, Rolf Liebermann, has continued and developed.

Describing realistisches Musiktheater to someone who has never experienced it presents problems. Its practitioners take the stand that it should have as immediate a dramatic impact upon the auditor as a straight play, where the text alone communicates everything. The auditor need not have familiarized himself with the libretto, for the singers will sing the language of the audience where the company resides, and furthermore will sing it with such a cultivated diction that almost every word will come across clearly. The performance also must make dramatic and psychological sense in all details—Felsenstein claims he constructs his productions as if to take care, in advance, of all possible questions that first-time viewers might ask as to why this and why that, dramatically speaking. Every step that advances the dramatic action must have its own motivation, and it must make complete sense. To put it simply, Felsenstein and Rennert and their cohorts turn opera into living theatre.

As should be obvious from the above, the term realistisches Musiktheater applies not to the work itself but to its presentation. Liebermann has this to say about his company's essential approach to its work: "Of course you can do Verdi's operas as concert works in costume with a bit of moving and pos-
turing; but if you examine them, you know he intended them as more than that. Any opera of any real artistic merit deals with human emotions and conflicts which the performers must transmit to the audience, just as in a play. In the theatrical form which the word 'opera' has for generations meant to most people, the musical notes in the score have ruled supreme and the text has come off a very poor second best, with everyone involved simply assuming the audience's indulgence as far as the total dramatic aspect is concerned. Opera, in this sense, belongs to the last century. Realistic musical theatre, with neither music nor text subordinated to the other but both integrated into a new form, belongs to the twentieth century.

The new form has of course required innovations in the customary way of running an opera house, especially in connection with rehearsals. Walter Felsenstein has developed a rule of thumb whereby he allows for rehearsals one hundred times the performance time of the work involved—i.e., for a three-hour opera, three hundred hours of rehearsal, broken up any way you want. Only the Komische Oper can afford such luxury (when Felsenstein himself does a production, he often exceeds even this utopian extravagance), but Hamburg does what it can, and what it does excites the envy of most other companies with their rigorously restricted rehearsal budgets. In Hamburg, just about the minimum rehearsal time accorded a production amounts to four weeks (which elsewhere would often constitute the maximum). Six weeks for a new Hamburg production raises no eyebrows; and if exceptionally difficult works require eight or ten weeks, they get it.

Hamburg puts into rehearsals what all too many opera companies feel compelled to put into big, glamorous international names. As Rolf Liebermann puts it: "Musical theatre has of necessity developed a new breed, the singing actor, as demanded by a new art form. One reason you won't find the biggest operatic names in our house is that we demand of our people things you can't ask from the biggest stars—for one very simple reason: they can't do them. Our people even look different. I suppose they

From the repertoire that makes Hamburg's opera company "the most exciting in the world": at left, Gunther Schuller's The Visitation and Janáček's Jenufa; above, the much performed and much praised Hamburg production of Alban Berg's Lulu.
come closer to what you see in American musicals than in American opera."

Only since the last war has Hamburg stood out as an operatic center. As early as 1678 the city had its Operntheatrum; for nearly fifty years Telemann was a composer in residence; the very young Handel produced his first opera, Almira, there. But for the most part, Hamburg's musical history was lit only by occasional flashes of brilliance. Gustav Mahler took over the Opera's musical directorship for six years in 1891; Otto Klemperer joined the conductors' roster in 1910; and Karl Böhm occupied the post of musical director from 1930 to 1934. Between 1925 and 1927 the Hamburg Opera, in unwitting foreshadowing of the era to follow World War II, produced a list of contemporary works that included Hindemith's Sancta Susanna, Stravinsky's Story of a Soldier, Janáček's Jenůfa, Busoni's Doktor Faust, and Křenek's Jonny spielt auf.

In 1943, bombs destroyed the auditorium of the Hamburg State Opera, as the city-state officials had renamed it in 1934. The same fate, of course, befell many, many other German opera houses and theatres about this time, but Hamburg had the good luck to come through with at least its stage and backstage area still standing and its company stubbornly continued to perform elsewhere in the city until a bare month before Germany's total collapse.

Less than a year later, on January 9, 1946, the Hamburg State Opera opened its present era with a production of The Marriage of Figaro which, in view of the times, must have brought a catch to the voice of everybody involved. Out of their unbombed stage and backstage, the determined Hamburgers had erected a provisional opera house, altering the stage area to turn it into an auditorium with six hundred seats and somehow transforming the backstage into a usable stage. They also had the great luck to engage Gunther Rennert, one of the most sensitive and imaginative operatic stage directors alive today, as director of their company.

Rennert certainly laid the groundwork of the Hamburg State Opera as we now know it, but the company's present artistic complexion stems directly from Rolf Liebermann. A Swiss composer (best known in America for his jaunty opera School for Wives and for his Concerto for Jazz Band and Symphony Orchestra), Liebermann had originally come to Hamburg, at the beginning of 1957, to take over the post of music director of the Northwest German Radio. There he did such a distinguished job that the opera company invited him to succeed Rennert (who had resigned her administrative office to devote himself exclusively to staging operas and plays). Liebermann had never had anything to do with running an opera house, but he finally accepted the post on condition that he have absolute and unimpaired authority. One can infer the Hamburg city-state's reaction to his work from the fact that in 1963 the Hamburg Senate bestowed upon him that most revered of all German honors, a Professorentitel.

The composer Rolf Liebermann has since then for the most part kept his own career hung on a nail—which seems a genuine pity, in view of his demonstrated gifts. But apparently it pains him little, if at all; he merely smiles and says, "As an opera..."
director I get a great deal of satisfaction out of helping my fellow composers.” And help them he does. Every year, since he took over his present post in 1959, he has commissioned two new operas from young composers of various nationalities (the most recent to reach performance: Alexander Goehr’s Arden Must Die). Moreover, the commission entails enough money to enable the composer to make sufficiently visits to the Hamburg house to become thoroughly familiar with the performers, so that by writing every role for a particular singer he will produce a finished score literally tailor-made for the Hamburg State Opera. Not every one of these, predictably, has proven a pure operatic gem, but the over-all record commands sincere respect.

By now, everyone knows of the acclaim accorded Gunther Schuller’s The Visitation—that American opera by one of America’s most gifted composers, which had to be brought into existence by the Swiss director of a German opera company. But Schuller’s work by no means marks the company’s first assist to American operatic talent, for Hamburg figured large in the postwar American operatic invasion of European, especially German, opera houses. After James Pease led the way to Hamburg, there followed that lovely Idaho girl Anne Bollinger and Lawrence Winters, that gifted alumnus of Call Me Mister—both of them, still young, killed by cancer only a few years later. Since then, the list of American singers in leading positions with the Hamburg State Opera has grown long indeed, culminating in Arlene Saunders, who sings the feminine lead in Jacobowski, and McHenry Boatwright, Felicia Weathers, and Simon Estes, who figure in The Visitation.

LIEBERMANN, a GENTLEMAN who both charms and amuses in various languages and of whom (in what surely classifies as the most murderous of artistic fields) I have never heard one resentful word, devotes to his company the attention of a doting father towards a particularly winsome child. Unless business has momentarily taken him away from Hamburg, you can find him in his office, every night of the week from the beginning of September until the beginning of July, right up until curtain time. If his affairs allow, he may put his feet up a few minutes and have a highball, but as the clock on the wall of his office advances towards curtain time, Liebermann goes down several flights of stairs for his nightly custom of saying a personal word or two to the singers, the conductor, the stagehands, and anyone else involved. Following the inviolable German schedule of raising the curtain precisely eight minutes after the time announced, the electrician begins dimming the house lights. Between this moment and the complete darkening of the auditorium, habituéς will look to see a door far down at the right, near the orchestra pit, open to emit a svelte male silhouette which slips unobtrusively into the aisle seat of the first row. Herr Professor Liebermann has arrived, the performance begins.

Liebermann does this for purely practical reasons: he simply wants to know, himself, what goes on in his own house. “I try to see every performance I possibly can. I don’t believe in listening to or reading second-hand reports. After all, how can I argue about something I haven’t seen myself? We have by far the largest opera repertory in the world; and although we make it a practice and a matter of principle to try to retain the original cast as long as we perform a production, with a repertory like ours you have to make any corrections as soon as possible after the performance.” During the intermission, far from withdrawing to some exclusive cranny of the house to quaff champagne with VIPs, Liebermann stands right in the middle of the foyer, more accessible to his subscribers than any other theatre director I’ve ever heard of. If anyone has a request, a suggestion, or a grievance, he can stroll right up to Liebermann and tell him, and the Hamburgers on occasion do.

Liebermann has facts and figures to show that, in Hamburg, quality of his sort has paid off materially. Both Berlin and Munich receive bigger subsidies from tax funds than Hamburg, but Hamburg takes in more than either of the others at the box office. Of the 1,700 seats in the beautiful new house, opened in 1955, subscribers fill nine hundred at every performance—with plenty of people waiting for the opportunity to subscribe. Such a subscription entitles the holder to attend twelve performances. By juggling his various subscription series carefully, Liebermann manages every autumn to make between twelve and fifteen different works converge without interruption into a festival of contemporary opera which brings opera connoisseurs and critics to Hamburg from all over Europe, with the world premiere of a Hamburg-commissioned opera usually providing the climax. The house sells out on a seasonal average of 98.3%. Its distinction has also won the company many invitations to travel, and since 1947 it has played at least one guest appearance away from Hamburg annually. It has performed its production of Lulu, for example, more than forty times in Hamburg and in Berlin, London, Milan, Zagreb, Copenhagen, Stockholm—with performances in Montreal and New York now imminent.

When plans for the North American visit began to solidify, cultural officials in Bonn tried to talk Liebermann into taking along as guest stars a list of famous German singers, starting with Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau. But Liebermann obstinately opposed Bonn’s idea and eventually prevailed. “It gives me particular satisfaction,” he says, “for North America to see our company just as it performs in Hamburg. Only our own Hamburg troupe will make the trip—not one single guest.” With or without guests, the ensemble can only impress, and it should surprise no one if the singer of tonight’s lead turns up two nights later in a small part—Hamburg swears by the true ensemble system.

What Hamburg gets night in and night out, ten months out of twelve, should prove for Montreal and New York something of a revelation.
STRAVINSKY AND THE MICROPHONE
RECORDINGS HAVE ALWAYS BEEN AN INTEGRAL PART OF THE NOTED COMPOSER'S CAREER by David Hamilton

Although everyone by now is aware of the increasingly central role that sound recording is playing in our musical life, the effects are most commonly noted in relation to the performer. In fact, the composer too has become more and more involved with the phonograph—and none more so than Igor Stravinsky, some forty years of whose career is linked up, in two important ways, with recording.

In the first place, records served Stravinsky as a means for disseminating his music, and began to do this a very long time ago. Although the 78-rpm era was not notable for its devotion to contemporary music, Stravinsky was relatively well represented in the catalogues even then, and many of his new works, along with retrospective recordings of his pre-1926 music, were very quickly released on discs. True, Oedipus and Perséphone had to wait for LP, as did the earlier Rossignol, Renard, and Mavra, but such works as the Capriccio, Symphony of Psalms, Violin Concerto, and Duo Concertant were recorded within a year or so of their completion.

The importance of this can best be grasped if we consider the discographic history of the other revolutionary figures of modern music. Not until 1940 was a single one of Schoenberg's major radical works put on disc, and the Pierrot Lunaire made in that year was not joined by any of the twelve-tone works until within months of the composer's death in 1951. More Bartók was available (especially in the Hungarian catalogues), a number of Hindemith pieces (mostly chamber music), and of Berg, miraculously, two important works: the Lyric Suite and the Violin Concerto. However, such eventually seminal figures as Ives and Webern were hardly recorded at all—of the former, only snippets on obscure labels, and of the latter, nothing but a bad performance of the String Trio on an imported single.

Obviously, this situation reflected relative popularity (or, perhaps more accurately, relative unpopularity) in the concert hall. But it is the effect, rather than the cause, that is interesting in retrospect. At a time when, in America, very little new music was widely performed except that of the Koussevitzky-sponsored "American" school, Stravinsky's was the only major style among the revolutionary European movements of the pre-1933 period to which interested younger composers could have any consistent aural access. It seems not unlikely that to this accessibility was related the growth, in the 1940s, of a prominent school of American Stravinskyan composers (despite the fact that, unlike Schoenberg and Hindemith, Stravinsky never had composition pupils in the formal, academic sense).

After a hiatus during the Second World War, recording of Stravinsky's new works speedily resumed (the first recording of the Symphony in Three Movements took place only four days after its premiere). Especially after the celebrations of the composer's seventy-fifth birthday in 1957, his status as a monument, an exploding-cultural hero, sufficed to counterbalance the fact that his newest music remained as far ahead of the general public as ever.

Of course, Stravinsky's success in making his music known through recordings has always been closely intertwined with his activities as a conductor (and, in earlier years, as a pianist). Although his performing career was no doubt undertaken partly for financial reasons (the lack of American copyright on the earlier and most-played works deprived him of considerable income), it is also true that he was long ago concerned with the use of recording as a means of insuring a correct performance of his music. And here is the second and most crucial aspect of Stravinsky's relations with the phonograph, for the composer's recorded performances are capable of exerting a continuing influence on future interpreters.

In point of fact, Stravinsky's concern with fixing the correct interpretation predates the period of electrical recording, going back to 1914, when he first became acquainted with the player piano. In the years following, he made numerous piano rolls, including transcriptions of orchestral works, many of them, in his words, "virtually recomposed for the medium." Regardless of one's position in the current Great Piano Roll Controversy, the resurrection of Stravinsky's rolls would be of great value, since they should tell us as much about Stravinsky the composer-arranger as about Stravinsky the pianist.

Stravinsky's eagerness to record his works was obviously attractive to recording companies, not least...
because these "official" versions tended to minimize competition—a situation that has remained true over the years, relaxing mainly in the case of works that have become standard repertory items (the early ballets) or in the case of performances with a similar, if lesser, cachet of authenticity (e.g., Monteux's reading of Sacre or Ansermet's of a number of works). But having the first and, at least for a time, the only recorded edition on the market was also desirable to the composer for musical reasons; it gave him, as he wrote in 1959, "the advantage of being able to anticipate performances of his new works with his own recordings."

In just what does this advantage consist? Why this concern with anticipating other performances? In his 1959 Conversations, Stravinsky cast some light on these questions, in response to Robert Craft's question about the principal performance problems of his music:

Tempo is the principal item. A piece of mine can survive almost anything but wrong or uncertain tempo. ... I have often said that my music is to be "read," to be "executed," but not to be "interpreted." ... But you will protest, stylistic questions in my music are not conclusively indicated by the notation; my style requires interpretation. This is true and it is also why I regard my recordings as indispensable supplements to the printed music. ... The stylistic problem in my music is one of articulation and rhythmic diction. Nuance depends on those. ... For fifty years I have endeavored to teach musicians to play

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in certain cases, depending on the style. I have also labored to teach them to accent syncopated notes and to phrase before them in order to do so. ...

In addition to the points directly stated, there are some important assumptions behind these remarks reflecting fundamental trends in the history of music. Some consideration of these trends may help clarify Stravinsky's statement that his recordings are "indispensable supplements to the printed music."

First of all, there is the matter of notational adequacy. Over the centuries, composers have become more specific in their desires about the sounds they want, and this tendency is reflected in the history of musical notation. As successive generations of composers became interested in exploiting the struc-
tural and expressive possibilities of additional dimensions of music, our notational system acquired new symbols, growing from the simple melodic-direction indications of early chant books to the elaborate complexities of a modern score. At various earlier times, composers have been willing to leave up to performers a number of details that they did not consider fundamental to their musical purpose: for example, the exact choice of instruments, the smaller details of melodic shape, the exact timing of tempo modifications. In much of today's music, however, matters even more difficult to notate may be of major structural importance, and conventional notation is often inadequate to describe them—not to mention the fact that its symbols are frequently ambiguous to begin with.

This matter of notational ambiguity has been further complicated by the international expansion of our musical culture. In earlier centuries, composers generally wrote for a small, closed, and homogeneous society in which performers with a relatively uniform training and background could be assumed. In such circumstances, a consistent interpretation of written notation could be expected, as well as stylistically reasonable decisions on the part of the performers about matters left up to them. But the work of a modern composer, especially of Stravinsky's stature, may conceivably be played one day by a German-trained orchestra and conductor in Hamburg, another day by an American orchestra of polyglot background under a Hungarian-born conductor, and next by a Russian orchestra quite unacquainted with any music of the rhythmic complexity of Sacre, let alone with the developments of the half-century since. Even the performance of the written specifications will vary considerably among these three groups, not to mention their decisions in matters not covered by the notation.

In attempting to cope with these problems, a composer can do one of several things. The most "extreme" solution is the use of electronic instruments, which have made it possible for the composer to control every aspect of the "performance" of his music (it is this feature, rather than the availability of "new sounds," that constitutes the electronic medium's primary appeal to composers). Other composers, especially many younger ones working at universities where performing groups are in residence, have actively involved themselves in the performance of their music, so that they can supervise the actual details of execution. Many of these latter are contriving new notational devices, even though this may preclude the possibility of performance by major orchestras and similar institutions, which are unwilling or unable to invest the time required to learn such notations.

Stravinsky did not wish to abandon the tradition of public concert life, nor did he feel impelled to turn to electronic media—for his music, there is more than one "correct" performance, but not quite as many as the limitations and ambiguities of notation (plus the inexperience of performers) would normally permit. His solution was to constitute himself a one-man traveling university (with, in recent years, Robert Craft as Associate Professor) in the performance of his music, and to publish his "lectures" in the form of recordings.

An interesting comparison is with a composer such as Richard Strauss, only eighteen years older than Stravinsky, and greatly noted as a conductor, not only of his own works but also of the standard repertory. Strauss's recorded performances are, indeed, very good, but they don't tell us much that isn't already quite clear in the printed score. The basic stuff of Strauss's music is themes, harmonies, regular rhythms, and long-range dynamic curves—all matters that can be very clearly specified in conventional notation, and, equally, matters that form a fundamental part of the traditions in which our orchestras are trained. Integral to Stravinsky's music, on the other hand, are irregular rhythms, highly specific articulations for individual notes, asymmetrical accent patterns—factors antithetical to the foundations of our notational system, and therefore also antithetical to the earliest-formed and most confirmed habits of many performers. This is vividly illustrated by the fact that when Stravinsky first conceived the Danse sacrale at the end of Sacre, he could play it but did not at first know how to write it down—and later found it desirable to revise the original notation on two occasions, in order to make it easier for performers to grasp.

Stravinsky, then, used his recordings not merely to propagate his music, but also to propagate, in a very purposeful and conscious manner, the correct way of playing it. This was necessary because his style represented such a considerable break with the then prevalent tradition, and it continues to be necessary because the training and experience of the vast majority of our performers are still rooted in that same nineteenth-century style, where a certain degree of liberty is permitted to the performer in numerous matters of detail. In a manner quite analogous to Beethoven's preemption, in the Emperor Concerto, of the soloist's privilege of making his own cadenza, Stravinsky decided to declare "off limits" to the performer certain areas where "interpretation" was formerly permitted.

This does not mean that future performances ought slavishly to imitate Stravinsky's recordings—but to proceed in ignorance of them could be likened to using a corrupt edition of a classic work. Not that the recordings don't present problems as well as help to solve them, but these problems are not substantially different from those encountered by anyone who has ever attempted to establish the correct text for a standard work. In many cases there are multiple recordings, and comparison will reveal
that they are by no means identical—far from it, especially in the cases of the three early ballets. Unfortunately, discussion of these is exceedingly complicated because of Stravinsky’s extensive revisions. For *Sacre*, for instance, the source material includes published scores of 1921, 1943 (the *Danse sacrale* only), 1947, and a newly corrected 1965 edition, plus the four-hand piano reduction of 1913, as well as two piano-roll and three disc recordings. As Robert Craft recently observed, “Each of these editions and each recording—including player piano rolls—by the composer is a guide to performance . . .” In such a case, a thoroughgoing critical edition, collating the evidence of all sources, would of course be a welcome benediction for performers.

From a less complex situation—the *Symphony of Psalms*—we can get a general idea of the results of comparison. Most of the changes in the 1948 revision of this work concern the addition or clarification of dynamic and articulation marks, and it is interesting to note that many of these are already prefigured in the 1931 recording (Columbia M 162, 78 rpm only, made just weeks after the premiere in Brussels, and apparently Stravinsky’s first experience conducting the piece) as well as in the 1946 version (Columbia ML 4129, deleted, stemming from a period during which the revised score may have been under active consideration). For all that the anonymous orchestra of 1931 exhibits less than exemplary precision at times, the quality of its staccato and staccatissimo playing, especially in the ostinatos of the first and last movements, is remarkably consistent with that of the 1946 performance and the current 1963 version (Columbia ML 5948/MS 6548)—and we may take this to be the sound the composer wants, rather than the relatively soggy effect heard in some other recordings.

On the other hand, there is one major point on which the recordings differ: the tempo of the last movement *coda* (“Laudate Eum in cymbalis bene sonantibus”). This is, in fact, the only really significant difference between the two editions of the score, the first edition continuing the tempo of the preceding passage (MM. 96), the revision slowing it down to MM. 72. (For an idea of the effect of the faster tempo, try Ansermet’s recording, London CM 9288/CS 6219, which employs the original edition and, despite an unwarranted accelerando during the louder parts of the movement, takes the *coda* at the 1931 tempo.) Oddly enough, the 1946 tempo of the *coda* is the slowest of all, more like MM. 63, and only 1963 goes at the official “revised” tempo; conceivably the former represents an experimental stage, before Stravinsky settled on the published marking.

It will be apparent from these points that a plurality of recordings can be very useful, enabling us to isolate, on the one hand, the features common to all performances and, on the other, those peculiar to the circumstances of one performance. Clearly, a knowledge of those circumstances can be helpful in evaluating the recordings. For example, there are noticeable differences between the two recordings of the Mass, the first of which (RCA Victor LM 17, deleted) followed the New York premiere in 1949—and this information confirms our impression that the uncertain singing, even with respect to such fundamental matters as pitch and rhythm, reflects insufficient skill and rehearsal rather than the composer’s intentions. Here it is quite clear that we should assign greater authority to the secure and subtly nuanced 1960 version (Columbia ML 5757/MS 6357).

In other cases, more judgment is required; take the 1965 *Pulcinella* (ML 6281/MS 6881); played with noticeably less orchestral unanimity than the 1953 Cleveland version (ML 4830, deleted), it seems at first hearing less satisfactory. However, close comparison shows the solo instrumental playing in the 1965 performance to be much more pointed, more “detailed,” and thus this version is the more instructive, if at times a bit jarring to listen to.

Inevitably, there are imperfections in the recordings. For one thing, no performer can always be in top form; on just the day that a recording is scheduled. There are external circumstances, too; often a record is a by-product of a public performance, for which the assisting artists may not have been the composer’s first choices (recording contracts have been known to play a part here). And there is the ever-present clock: when an enormously complex piece such as *Movements* has to be completed in a limited time, before the players are really “on top” of it, there will be difficulties (although the reasons for this may seem pretty trivial fifty years hence, when weighed against the opportunity of having a Stravinsky recording of *Movements* as accurate and nuanced as the 1960 Mass). Stravinsky himself has expressed the fear that “errors [in the recordings] will become authentic copy and that one possible performance, one set of variables will be accepted as the only one.” As suggested before, the existence of multiple recordings helps to cancel out these imperfections, as well as offering several “sets of variables.” And these errors and imperfections should present no greater difficulties than do similar problems in printed scores; most of them are obvious, some of the rest yield to musical common sense, and perhaps a few will remain permanent enigmas, joining a distinguished if troublesome company in the musical literature.

The importance of Stravinsky’s recordings in making his music known has been considerable, and their importance for its performance will remain considerable, especially until the training of performers catches up with the skills required by the music of our time. The tape recorder is now so ubiquitous that present and future composer-performers should have no difficulty in leaving sound documents—but in this calculated use of the phonograph, as in so many other respects, Igor Stravinsky was the pace-setter.
Johnny Mercer

MASTER LYRICIST

"I started out just wanting to be a success, but you reach a point where you begin to feel responsible..."

BY GENE LEES

The most exacting literary forms I know is that of the song lyric. The tight syllabic structure of haiku poetry is easy compared with that of the song lyric. For in the lyric, the writer is locked into the metrics of the music—unless the lyric is written first, though as a rule the best songs aren’t written that way. The need for a flawless inflectional match of syllables to melodic line further complicates the matter. Mismatches are grotesque—as in the Star-Spangled Banner, which contains the notoriously unmusical line, "the bombs bursting in air."

In the twentieth century, all the best lyricists in the English language have been American. Since William S. Gilbert, the British haven’t produced one really first-class lyricist, though Noel Coward’s songs are clever. America has produced some really remarkable lyricists, including Howard Dietz and Tom Adair. But the best, the very best, of American lyricists have been three men: Cole Porter, also an excellent melodist; Lorenz Hart; and Johnny Mercer.

Porter’s work was rather special, reflecting his origins among wealthy people and his habit of circulating among them. Thus his perspective was limited. He tended to view the world from a high place, as his song Down in the Depths (on the 90th Floor) unwittingly tells us. The brilliant Lorenz Hart had
a much greater range, but was occasionally guilty (perhaps because of the pressures attendant upon writing Broadway shows or perhaps because of his drinking) of sloppy craft, as in the song She Was Too Good To Me, wherein a good idea is awkwardly executed. Mercer's work shows as wide a range as Hart's, and in some ways more; and among several score of his songs that I know by heart, I cannot think of a single example of careless craft.

Of these three master lyricists, Mercer alone is alive today. He is thus our greatest living lyricist. Mercer is a subtle writer. He can be dryly funny, as in "When an irresistible force, such as you, meets an old immovable object like me, you can bet as sure as you live, something's got to give. . . ." It is the simple interjection of that word "old" that brings this to life. (One of his songs is called Affable, Balding Me.) He can be distantly, wistfully lyrical, as in Laura. In this case, he was given the theme from a motion picture, and he was stuck with the title. Within these rigid limitations, he managed to evoke strikingly our lost youth and the vague, evanescent dreams by which most of us manage to work our painful way through life: "Laura is the face in the misty light, footsteps that you hear down the hall: the laugh that floats on a summer night that you can never quite recall. And you see Laura on a train that is passing through. Those eyes—how familiar they seem. She gave your very first kiss to you. That was Laura—but she's only a dream." That glimpsed image of a woman's face in the window of a passing train is one of the most haunting I know.

Lost youth figures again in a wonderful Mercer lyric—again written to a film title, and again to a melody already completed—in Days of Wine and Roses. This unusual lyric (it consists of only two sentences) contains the longest structural arch I have ever found in a song. "The days of wine and roses laugh and run away, like a child at play, through a meadowland toward a closing door, a door marked Nevermore, that wasn't there before. The lonely night discloses just a passing breeze, filled with memories of the golden smile that introduced me to the days of wine and roses, and you." Those who think that this is only a love song miss the point of it. It is lyric that illustrates a principle of T. S. Eliot's—poetry can communicate before it is understood. Mercer wrote it in minutes.

Has anyone evoked sexual excitement more graphically, yet more tastefully, than Mercer did in That Old Black Magic? And consider the vivid picture of the American fall he painted in Early Autumn. "When an early autumn walks the land, and chills the breeze, and touches with her hand the summer trees, perhaps you'll understand what memories I own. There's a dance pavilion in the rain, all shuttered down, a winding country lane, all russet brown; a frosty window pane shows me a town grown lonely. . . ."

Mercer's mind leaped overseas to evoke, in his lyric for When the World Was Young, the sad weariness of an elegant French trollop who defiantly tells us, "I like what I am, I like what I see," and then finds her composure cracked for a moment as she asks, "But where is the schoolgirl that used to be me?" Then she remembers: "Ah, the apple trees, and the hive of bees, where we once got stung; summers at Bordeaux, rowing the bateau, just a dream ago, when the world was young." When I asked Mercer about this lyric, he said, "Well, you know, it was just a translation." I know the French lyric of this song, Le Chevalier de Paris, and Mercer's outclasses it.

But America is Mercer's homeland, and he captured the restless rootlessness, the sad itinerancy, of this country with sharp brevity in a song that begins, "Free and easy, that's my style. How-dee-do me, watch me smile. Farethewell me, after a while, 'cause I gotta roam. And any place I hang my hat is home. Sweetin' in water, cherry wine, Kansas City, Caroline—that's my honeycomb. . . ."

Mercer understands not only America's land and moods, but its language. After writing such an elegant example of pure English as I'm Old-Fashioned (the music was by the late Jerome Kern), he could reach up to his elbows into current American in the 1940s to come up with Ac-cent-chute the Po-tay-toe. Some of the best actors can read a telephone directory and make it seem interesting; Mercer took the name of a railway and wrote an interesting song around it, On the Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fe.

Johnny Mercer was born in Savannah, Georgia, fifty-eight years ago. He began writing small poems when he was about ten years old. "I liked to listen to the old songs on records," he said. "We had the old cylindrical records then. I remember that one of the songs was When It's Apple Blossom Time in Normandy. A lot of the songs made me cry."

Mercer had a childish fling at learning the trumpet, and with several other boys organized a band. It broke up after a few tries. "I think because some of us had to go to a boy scout meeting, or something." Sent off to prep school, he wrote there a song titled Sister Susie, Stretch Your Stuff. "The boys all said it sounded like Red Hot Mama, and it did. I was kind of notorious in school, for a fifteen-year-old. If I saw a real cute girl, I'd try to write a song for her."

Mercer intended to be an actor, and eventually found his way to New York. "That's a long story, though," he said. "Can we skip it?" "No," I said. Mercer looked for parts, went on writing songs. Eventually he met Eddie Cantor, who liked a comedy song he'd done, asked him to write "two or three more choruses" and then submit it to him again. "I wrote about twenty choruses," Mercer said. "We exchanged correspondence quite a lot. Cantor never did do the song, but his encouragement meant a lot to me."
About this time, the Theater Guild was doing the third Garrick Gaieties. The producers turned Mercer down as an actor, but bought one of his songs, called Out of Breath and Scared to Death of You. In the Garrick Gaieties chorus was a girl named Ginger Meehan. Mercer suggests that he was rapidly smitten; Ginger, who is now a gray-haired gracious woman with youthful eyes and an even more youthful voice, corrected him: "He was interested in every girl in the show but me." In any case, Out of Breath was a hit, and Mercer and Ginger were married on the strength of it. They've been married well over thirty years now; the daughter Johnny celebrated in the song Mandy Is Two is now twenty-eight.

Shortly after the Garrick Gaieties encounter, Mercer won a singing contest with the Paul Whiteman band. Whiteman gave him the don't-call-me- I'll-call-you treatment. A year later, Mercer was still waiting. But in the meantime he and Hoagy Carmichael had written a little thing called Lazy Bones. Then Whiteman called. Mercer joined the band, sometimes singing duets with the late trombonist Jack Teagarden. On the impetus of recordings and growing publicity, he was invited to go to Hollywood, where he was signed by a film studio to an odd double contract as a songwriter and performer. The writing soon took precedence over the performing, however, and Mercer began the production of the long stream of songs (1,500 so far) that has added so much to America's perception of itself.

Mercer took time out from Hollywood to write seven Broadway shows: St. Louis Woman; Lil' Abner; Foxie; Texas, Lil Darlin'; Top Banana; Saratoga; and Walk with Music. But the majority of his work was written for films. He worked his way through a spectrum of composers from Kern to Henry Mancini, Michel Legrand, Johnny Mandel, and, lately, the youthful Johnny Williams.

There is one more of Mercer's accomplishments that must be mentioned. In company with Glenn Wallichs and with the financial backing of Buddy de Sylva, the songwriter who had turned movie producer, Mercer in the 1940s founded a company called Capitol Records. Later he sold all his shares in the firm and has no connection with it now. The sale made him a millionaire, though he'd have been one anyway, on his earnings from his songs.

Mercer writes less than he used to, though he still is quite productive. He lives in Westwood, a wealthy area of Los Angeles just west of Beverly Hills. He stays in perceptive touch with the work of younger lyricists, and in the course of a long evening's conversation with me ticked off with precision and yet sympathy the virtues and faults of all of them. "Most of them just don't dig deep enough," he said. His taste in music is broad, though it leans heavily towards jazz. There's a pixie quality to his appearance, which is youthful. His voice has the vibrant woody edge that made his 1940s recordings as a singer so delightful; and he retains a soft remnant of a Georgia accent. He quit smoking some years ago. His friends say there is a mirror inversion to his personality: sometimes, when he is drinking, the fey and charming wit that fills his songs turns into a brilliant but murderous invective of which everyone has a healthy fear. Obviously aware of this, he gives up alcohol periodically; when he was with me, he drank sparingly.

Like most sensitive artists, Mercer keeps something of himself perpetually private. "There is a part of him that even I don't know," said Ginger, who obviously is still nuts about him.

Mercer takes the lyric form extremely seriously, as one might anticipate from the quality of his work. He considers that the best of American lyrics are true poetry. "The lyric gets to so many people," he said. "Some of our songs are wonderful, I think. They get even to uneducated people . . . Everybody learned from Jerry Kern. He was Big Daddy, as Victor Herbert was before him. . . . I started out just wanting to be a success, but you reach a point where you begin to feel responsible, to yourself, and to those who like you. You have to go ahead and just write your best. There will be those who understand, and think what you do is important poetry, and there will be others who will simply be pleased, and enjoy it, and that's fine. . . . I try to keep my work honest, and clean."

There are three groups of people who appreciate the lyric form: those who write them, the singers who perform them, and the public. For this reason, Mercer commands the total admiration of the profession, and he is a rich man. But his genius—and I think what he has is genius—is critically unsung. But he doesn't worry. He knows. He knows.
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The photomicrograph above portrays an errant, hard-to-track castanet sound in an otherwise conservatively modulated recording. The somewhat more heavily modulated grooves shown below are an exhilarating combination of flutes and maracas with a low frequency rhythm complement from a recording cut at sufficiently high velocity to deliver precise and definitive intonation, full dynamic range, and optimum signal-to-noise ratio. Neither situation is a rarity, far from it. They are the very essence of today's highest fidelity recordings. But when played with an ordinary "good" quality cartridge, the stylus invariably loses contact with these demanding grooves—the castanets sound raspy, while the flute and maracas sound fuzzy, leaden, and "torn apart." Increasing tracking weight to force the stylus to stay in the groove will literally shave off the groove walls. Only the High Trackability V-15 Type II Super-Track® cartridge will consistently and effectively track all the grooves in today's recordings at record-saving less-than-one-gram pressure...even with cymbals, orchestral bells, and other difficult to track instruments. It will preserve the fidelity and reduce distortion from all your records, old and new. Not so surprisingly, every independent expert and authority who tested the Super Track agrees.

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MATTES SSA/200 INTEGRATED AMPLIFIER


COMMENT: Mattes entered the audio lists about a year and a half ago with a super-powered basic amplifier [see HIGH FIDELITY, February 1966] that produced more than 100 watts of RMS power per channel. In so doing, the company set something of a record, as far as we know, for high power (at low distortion) in a compact format.

Would you believe the same power from a preamp-power amp combination that is almost as compact? It's here, in the form of the SSA/200 which again offers more than 100 watts per channel combined with a versatile and very clean audio front end. The unit is solid-state and built for heavy duty: thicker than usual circuit boards; professional looking cabling inside the chassis; large, and high-grade circuit parts. The business-like appearance of the front panel shows less evidence of concession to popular taste, and more of a "let's get to work" look. It's worth describing in detail. There is a six-position selector control: mike, tape (head), phono, tuner, aux 1, aux 2. The phono position ties into a separate switch that selects input sensitivity of 3, 10, or 35 mV to suit a wide variety of magnetic pickups. In addition, a double-duty equalization switch chooses between two degrees of frequency compensation: one for both the RIAA curve and tape playback at 7.5 ips, the other for the older LP curve and tape playback at 3.75 ips.

Four separate controls handle treble and bass tone adjustments on each channel independently: these are stepped-type controls which, when set to flat (center) position, remove the tone networks from the amplifier circuit, a technique used in high-grade equipment to minimize distortion. There are low-frequency and high-frequency filters, the latter having three degrees of attenuation. A mode control provides for left or right channel signals only, normal stereo, reverse stereo, and "sum" or left plus right mono. There is, of course, a channel balance control, tape monitor switch, and power off-on switch. The volume control is concentric with a larger knob that sets the maximum output level of the amplifier; the latter is stepped and calibrated in dB values, with zero dB corresponding to 100 watts output per channel for a nominal 250 mV input. In addition, there is a "hearing contour" (loudness) that introduces continuously variable amounts of low-end and high-end boost, if desired. A stereo headphone jack is on the front panel with a speaker off-on switch just above it; both headphones and speakers can be driven at once. Although the rear of the amplifier contains all the usual input and output connections, a few are duplicated on the front panel for special use. Thus, there is a front-panel stereo mike jack and another pair of stereo inputs—to use these, you connect any program source at all, move the selector knob to an appropriate position, and flip another switch to "front" thereby overriding the rear inputs. This feature could appeal to someone in a hurry or to anyone trying a new signal source or making A-B comparisons. Finally, the front panel also contains a stereo pair of phono output jacks: these are outputs from the SSA/200's preamp section and may be used to drive an external power amplifier and speakers independently of, and simultaneously with, the power amp section of the SSA/200.

In addition to the rear panel jacks that correspond to the selector control, there are tape monitor inputs and tape-feed outputs. Speaker connections are made to color-coded binding posts, and the output impedance is set by a switch. The rear also has a grounding post, four AC outlets, a fuse holder, and the power cord. Inside the amplifier is a switch to adjust it for varying line voltage from 117 to 125 VAC so that peak performance can be obtained in different locales.

The SSA/200 is rated for higher power output than any amplifier yet offered commercially. As the data from CBS Labs show, it makes this level hands down. Distortion readings, for rated power, were very low to begin with; at the output levels required for even extraordinary high output levels in a music playback system the SSA/200 would produce nonmeasurable distortion. Indeed, listening to it, or rather through it, one is impressed with its utter lack of coloration, and

REPORT POLICY

Equipment reports are based on laboratory measurements and controlled listening tests. Unless otherwise noted, test data and measurements are obtained by CBS Laboratories, Stamford, Connecticut, a division of Columbia Broadcasting System, Inc., one of the nation's leading research organizations. The choice of equipment to be tested rests with the editors of HIGH FIDELITY. Manufacturers are not permitted to read reports in advance of publication, and no report, or portion thereof, may be reproduced for any purpose or in any form without written permission of the publisher. All reports should be construed as applying to the specific samples tested; neither HIGH FIDELITY nor CBS Laboratories assumes responsibility for product performance or quality.
its freedom from hum or noise. We recall the comment we made on the earlier SSP/200 basic amplifier: "it handles sudden changes in the music, dynamics, transients, crescendos, and such with the ease and authority of a superior instrument." The SSA/200 has the same power and speaker-drive ability, plus the versatility and features of an unusually flexible and very clean preamp-control section.

The high power of this amplifier makes it a good idea to lower the volume control when switching the selector knob from one program source to another, to avoid the possibility of sudden transients pulsing through the system. This, incidentally, is recommended practice for any amplifier, but especially so with one as powerful as this. A final word on the power bandwidth we measured: the manufacturer has chosen to "spec" this amplifier very rigorously with no "pre-weighting" (such as the use of music power, or 4-ohm loads) to make it appear more powerful than it really is. Even without such methods, the SSA/200 is the most powerful single-chassis control amplifier yet tested. We know of no amplifier, in fact, that can supply 100 watts of clean RMS power across as wide a frequency range as this one does. If the distortion figures were relaxed a bit, or if the power rating were reduced to say, 75 or 80 watts (still a whopping amount), the SSA/200's power bandwidth would extend easily to well beyond 20 kHz.

CIRCLE 140 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

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**Lab Test Data**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Performance Characteristic</th>
<th>Measurement</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Power output (at 1 kHz into 8-ohm load)</td>
<td>123 watts at 0.47% THD 125 watts 120 watts at 0.37% THD 127.3 watts</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Harmonic distortion</td>
<td>6 Hz to 18 kHz</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>100 watts output</td>
<td>under 0.3%, 20 Hz to 11 kHz</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>50 watts output</td>
<td>under 0.69%, 20 Hz to 20 kHz</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>IM distortion 4-ohm load</td>
<td>under 0.3% to 105 watts output</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8-ohm load</td>
<td>under 0.2% to 130 watts output</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>16-ohm load</td>
<td>under 0.15% to 70 watts output</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Frequency response, 1-watt level</td>
<td>±1 dB, 10 Hz to 20 kHz; down 3 dB at 70 kHz</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>RIAA equalization</td>
<td>+1, -0.5 dB, 20 Hz to 20 kHz</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>NAB equalization</td>
<td>+0, -2.5 dB, 20 Hz to 20 kHz</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Damping factor</td>
<td>57</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Input characteristics</td>
<td>Sensitivity 2.05 mV 61 dB phono (at 3 mV) 3.9 mV 70 dB mic 4.6 mV 76 dB tuner, aux 1, aux 2 400 mV 77 dB</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

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

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High Fidelity Magazine

www.americanradiohistory.com
UHER DIA-PILOT

THE EQUIPMENT: Uher Model 422 Dia-Pilot, a device for automatically controlling slide projectors by synchronized audio tape: Price: $70. Manufactured by Uher of West Germany, distributed in the U.S.A. by Martel Electronics. 2356 South Cotner Ave., West Los Angeles, Calif. 90064.

COMMENT: The Dia-Pilot is just the thing for one-upmanship at your next showing of slides: it lets you prepare a sight-and-sound program in which your slides will run automatically, synchronized with a taped narration, or background music, or both. To use it, you need a tape recorder, a slide projector that has provision for remote or automatic operation (most do), and a little imagination. The Dia-Pilot is the link between the projector and the recorder: it first puts inaudible control signals onto the tape and then “receives” them from the recorder on playback to trigger the mechanism of your slide machine.

Fully solid-state and self-powered, the Dia-Pilot contains all the circuitry needed for sync work, and is easy to use. It places the control pulses along a very narrow portion of the bottom of the tape, leaving the rest of the tape perfectly good for mono or stereo sound. To use the device, you place it to the right of your recorder and thread the tape so that it passes over the head assembly of the Dia-Pilot before returning to the take-up reel of the recorder. An adjustable stand, built onto the Dia-Pilot, helps align the tape with the sync head and the recorder itself. You then start your own recording: narrating, playing musical excerpts, mixing, and fading to your heart’s content in the usual manner. When you feel you’ve provided enough background for a given slide, you press the “pilot” button on the Dia-Pilot to place a control signal onto your tape. Then you continue. If you prefer, you can pre-record your sound portion first, then add the control signal later. You also can erase the control signal and add new ones—if, for instance, you find that the sound background for some slides takes too long, or if you want to add new slides within the sequence previously programmed.

To play your production, you start tape and slides from the beginning, and again thread the tape so that it passes around the Dia-Pilot to route to the recorder’s take-up reel. Connect the Dia-Pilot to your slide projector and press the playback button. Sight-and-sound come to life and continue without further attention until the end of the show.

The Dia-Pilot comes packaged with instructions and connecting cables. The one for the slide projector is fitted with a European-type multi-pin connector, but don’t fret if your slide machine has no mating receptacle. Just snap off the connector and you’ll find two simple wires that connect readily to your slide projector. A voltage selector on the Dia-Pilot, incidentally, lets you use it on almost any line voltage here and abroad, from 110 to 250 volts AC.

CIRCLE 141 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

TEST REPORT GLOSSARY

Bias: 1. anti-skating; a force applied to counteract a tone arm’s tendency to swing inward. 2. a small amount of voltage applied to a device to prepare it for correct performance.

Capture ratio: a tuner’s ability, expressed in dB, to select the stronger of two conflicting signals. The lower the number, the better.

Clipping: the power level at which an amplifier’s output distorts.

Damping: a unit’s ability to control ringing.

dB: decibel; measure of the ratio between electrical quantities; generally the smallest difference in sound intensity that can be heard.

Doubling: a speaker’s tendency to distort by producing harmonics of bass tones.

Harmonic distortion: spurious overtones introduced by equipment to a pure tone.

Hz: hertz; new term for “cycles per second.”

IF: intermediate frequency, into which the RF is converted by a tuner.

IM (intermodulation) distortion: spurious sum- and-difference tones caused by the beating of two tones.

k: kilo; 1,000.
m: milli; 1/1,000.
M: mega; 1,000,000.
µ (mu): micro; 1/1,000,000.

Pilot and sub-carrier: (19 kHz and 38 kHz); broadcast signals used in transmitting FM stereo; must be suppressed by receiver.

Power bandwidth: range of frequencies over which an amplifier can supply its rated power without exceeding its rated distortion (defined by the half-power, or ~3 dB, points at the low and high frequencies).

RF: radio frequency; the radiated energy of a broadcast signal received by a tuner.

Resonance: a tendency for a device to emphasize particular tones.

Ringing: a tendency for a component to continue responding to a no-longer-present signal.

RMS: root mean square; the effective value of a signal that has been expressed graphically by a sine wave. In these reports it generally defines an amplifier’s continuous, rather than momentary, power capability.

Sensitivity: a tuner’s ability to receive weak signals. Our reports use the Institute of High Fidelity (IHF) standard. The smaller the number the better.

Sine wave: in effect, a pure tone of a single frequency, used in testing.

S/N ratio: signal-to-noise ratio.

Square wave: in effect, a complex tone, rich in harmonics, covering a wide band of frequencies, used in testing.

THD: total harmonic distortion, including hum.

Tracking angle (vertical): angle at which the stylus meets the record, as viewed from the side; 15° has become the normal angle for the cutting, and thus the playing, of records.

Transient response: ability to respond to percussive signals cleanly and instantly.

VU: volume unit; a form of dB measurement standardized for a specific type of meter.
MIRACORD PW-50H AUTOMATIC TURNTABLE

THE EQUIPMENT: Miracord PW-50H, a four-speed automatic turntable with integral arm. Dimensions: chassis plate, 14½ by 12½ inches; clearances required of 5½ inches above and 3½ inches below plate, 2 inches to right of arm. Price, less cartridge and base: $149.50. Manufactured by Elac of West Germany; distributed by Benjamin Electronic Sound Corp., Farmingdale, N. Y. 11755.

COMMENT: The 50H is Miracord's top ranking automatic and among the best of any company's line. Its foolproof automation is complemented by high performance and reliability. The ensemble's neat appearance of precision is quite borne out in tests. The 12-inch, 5-lb, 7-oz platter is balanced for flywheel effect and is driven by a Papst hysteresis motor. The arm is the most sophisticated we've yet seen from Miracord—well-balanced and virtually free of resonance. A metal tube with a square cross-section, it is fitted at the rear with an adjustable counterweight, and at the front with a removable cartridge mounting platform. The shell has a sizable finger lift for manual cueing, plus a front screw adjustment for lining up the stylus with a gauge built onto the chassis to get the correct overhang distance for accurate tracking. Electrical contact within the shell is instant and positive.

The arm's pivot is fitted with one dial for adjusting stylus tracking force and another for anti-skating compensation. The stylus force dial is accurate to 0.1 gram or so of indicated settings (2.9 on the dial gave 3 grams; 1.8 gave 2 grams), and the anti-skating dial cancels out inward drag. When correctly set up, the arm has virtually no friction laterally or vertically. Just about no stylus force at all is required to trip the automatic change mechanism. The arm also has excellent resonance characteristics, measured at CBS Labs as an insignificant 5 dB rise at 6 Hz. And it will carry a pickup as advanced as the Shure V-15-II at the cartridge's recommended tracking force.

Other features of the 50H include a built-in cueing lever that you may use to lower or raise the arm gently, a secure arm rest and a lock that is color-coded for "go" or "no go" position. The speed change lever operates a four-position numbered speed index (16, 33, 45, and 78 rpm) that lights up under a small window when the unit is turned on.

Like previous Miracords, the model 50H offers an interesting option of manual or automatic use. A short spindle is supplied for playing one record at a time. By raising the arm from its rest and moving it over the edge of the record, you start the platter spinning. You then can lower the arm yourself or use the cueing lever. You also can start things automatically for one record by pressing the appropriate start button (there are three, for 7, 10, and 12-inch records). Either way, at the end of a record, the arm will lift up, return to rest, and shut off the mechanism. You can use the cueing lever at any time during play and you can stop anywhere along the record either manually or automatically. If you insert the short spindle upside down, and start the machine automatically, the same record will play continuously until you shut off the machine. During this mode, you also can recue a record during play by pressing the start button, this sends the arm back to the beginning again.

With the long spindle you can stack up to ten records of the same diameter. Retracting members in this spindle allow the records to slide evenly and gently to the platter; no overarm or platform is used. All this is accomplished smoothly, silently, and flawlessly. Rumble, measured by the CBS-RPLL method, was -53 dB and inaudible even through powerful amplifiers and wide-range speakers. Wow and flutter were checked at average values of 0.1 and 0.05 percent respectively, both well below any audible level. Speed averaged a bit fast but was within acceptable limits for home use. Variation was identical regardless of line voltage, attesting to the effectiveness of the hysteresis motor (0.6% fast at 78 rpm; 0.7% fast at 45 rpm; 1.1% fast at 33 rpm; 0.8% fast at 16 rpm). The ensemble is fairly immune to external shock and jarring, and the arm well enough balanced so that it remains in the record groove even when the turntable is tilted far off true level.

The 50H comes with a 45 rpm doughnut single-play adapter. Optional accessories include an automatic 45 rpm spindle ($5.00), additional arm shells ($5.00 each), a pre-cut mounting board ($3.00), a dust cover ($5.95), and several wooden bases starting at $6.95 and rising to $22.50 and $29.50 for a "powered base" in walnut or rosewood respectively. The powered base is wired to permit controlling the rest of your sound system from the off and on operation of the 50H. It also has a switch to override the turntable so that you can use a tuner or tape recorder, for example, without starting the 50H—although with a record player as well designed as this, you will probably be playing your records more than ever before.

CIRCLE 142 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

REPORTS IN PROGRESS

Fisher 95 Mod System
Sony Model TTS 3000 Turntable;
PUA 237 Tone Arm
Knight KG-790 Tuner (kit)
PIONEER SX-1000TA RECEIVER


COMMENT: A very serviceable stereo package, this: clean FM (mono and stereo) performance, AM for those who want it, medium-high amplifier power, and a panoply of control features all on one well-designed and well-constructed chassis plus a good-looking walnut cabinet—the whole at quite reasonable cost. The set has the feel of luxury about it, with attention to detailing and finish, and very smooth-acting controls. The large FM and AM dials are lit during operation. There also is a signal strength meter and a stereo indicator. The program selector includes—in addition to the usual positions—settings for tape head equalization at 3 3/4 and 7 1/2 ips. Tied in with the phono position is a toggle switch to choose between phono 1, for magnetic or ceramic pickup, and phono 2 for a second magnetic pickup input. The volume control can be compensated with a loudness contour at your option. Tone controls are dual-concentric, friction-coupled so that you may adjust treble and bass on both channels at once or independently, as you choose. There is a headphone jack and a speaker off-on switch; both headphones and speakers can be used at once. Other controls include muting (interstation hush), AFC (automatic frequency control), and high and low frequency filters. The mode control is unusual in that it is part of the tape monitor switch—the same knob that chooses between the tape monitor and other program sources also selects the mode (right, left, stereo) for each. There is no reverse stereo position, and no A plus B mono position. How do you play mono records? You just leave the switch on stereo, and if your turntable is quiet enough (most current ones are) you'll hear little or no rumble.

The rear of the Pioneer contains inputs for tape head, two magnetic phono pickups, ceramic pickup, and an auxiliary or high-level source such as TV sound, tuner, or tape playback preamp. There also are the tape monitor and tape-feed jacks. For owners of European recorders that use a common multi-pin cable, there is a special jack too. Speaker connections are made to heavy-duty barrier-terminal strips. Two AC outlets, one switched and one unswitched or live, permit connecting auxiliary equipment. A line voltage selector lets you run the set on either 115 or 230 volts AC. A looptick antenna is fitted at the rear for normal AM reception; in addition there is an antenna screw-terminal strip with connection for a long-wire AM antenna and, of course, the FM antenna (300 ohm rating). A grounding post, a fuse-holder, and the line cord complete the rear complement. The set is recommended for use, by the way, with speakers.

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rated 8 to 16 ohms impedance, although we had no trouble driving a 4-ohm speaker. A very responsive meter and accurate dial calibration aid FM tuning. The stereo indicator comes on whenever a stereo station is received, whether or not the mode selector is on stereo position. This is a definite convenience because it enables you to tune across the band in mono operation without running into a lot of hash—then, when you see stereo on the indicator, you simply flip the selector from FM mono to FM-auto. The muting switch does cut down on the noise without at the same time knocking out weak or marginal stations. The set can be counted on to pull in all local FM signals and even some beyond. The Pioneer's amplifier section is a very good one which meets its specifications for power vs. distortion and exceeds them for low-level frequency response. At half-power output, neither harmonic nor IM distortion ran above 0.3 per cent. This sort of performance can be attributed to a canny use of advanced solid-state circuit techniques, and in any case is distinctly better than what we used to get from moderately priced combination sets. The owner's manual is very clearly presented, and quite complete—including parts lists and alignment instructions.

CIRCLE 143 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

Lab Test Data

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Square-wave response to 10 kHz, top, and to 50Hz test signals.
Because our competitors' speakers are very good... we had to work very hard. We're glad we did. You'll be too!
Classic Comments

Conductor Karl Muck was rehearsing a performance of Parsifal at Bayreuth. The flower maidens attending Kundry were singing "Ich dufte suss, Ich dufte suss" (I smell so sweet, I smell so sweet). Again and again the conductor had them repeat these lines when, finally, he rapped on his music stand and turned to the maidens. "Unfortunately," he said, "I'm too far away to be a good judge, but I do know that you are smelling sweet a quarter-note too soon."

This new performance of the Mozart Concerto in A has all the style and elegance of chamber music. Only available recording of Turina's melodic but seldom-performed Trio No. 1.*

New Recordings for May from RCA VICTOR Red Seal

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Premiere recording of Ives' Orchestral Set No. 2. Dramatic follow-up to last year's award-winning recording of Ives' Symphony No. 1 by Gould and the Chicago Symphony.*

Music from France for Oboe and Orchestra

First recording of Ibert's Symphony concertante for oboe and string orchestra. Virtuoso oboe playing and sensitive accompaniment by the London Symphony under André Previn.*

Scenes from the Original Soundtrack Recording of one of the most talked-about films of the year. Elizabeth Taylor and Richard Burton plus a highly-acclaimed supporting cast!*

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The dry, biting wit of Ogden Nash speaks for itself. Collection of mostly unpublished verse on subjects ranging from husbands to opening doors. A sophisticated party album!

*Recorded in brilliant Dynagroove sound

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CIRCLE 45 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

www.americanradiohistory.com
"A TOSCANINI TREASURY OF HISTORIC BROADCASTS"

by B. H. Haggin

There are historic great performances of great works with which Toscanini was identified that RCA Victor could and should issue; but they are not in the five-record "Toscanini Treasury of Historic Broadcasts" (LM 6711) with which Victor has commemorated the hundredth anniversary of his birth. This gives us only one performance, on one of the ten sides, of a major work Toscanini loved, Haydn's Symphony No. 99. And even this 1949 performance, though a superb realization of the incandescent work, is not Toscanini's best: the introductory Adagio hasn't the relaxed, unhurried spaciousness, and the Vivace assai first movement and Vivace finale haven't the animation and energy that one hears in the 1941 performance; the playing of the 1941 NBC Symphony, with its superior woodwinds and marvelous strings, and under the Toscanini of that earlier period, has a beauty and fire that one doesn't hear in the 1949 performance.

The remaining nine sides give us his occasional performances of lesser works ranging from moderately interesting to dreadful. One side enables us to hear the powers that achieve the superb Haydn No. 99 applied as wholeheartedly to the less interesting substance of much of Haydn's Sinfonie Concertante in E flat, making it exciting with the same enlivening inflection of phrase, the same plastically coherent shaping of larger structure, the same animation, grace, and verve in the fast movements, the same expressive eloquence in the slow movement; and similarly to the little Toy Symphony of Leopold Mozart. Two sides let us hear those powers employed in an excitingly effective performance of an attractive work of a minor composer, the Symphony No. 2 of Sibelius, and wasted on the uninteresting Pohjola's Daughter that was included in the broadcast in honor of Sibelius' birthday. Two sides have what the Toscanini animation, grace, and verve—to say nothing of the Toscanini taste—did for even the most saccharine of Brahms's Liebesliederwalzer, but also the further waste of the Toscanini powers on the boring Serenade in A and Geaung der Parzen that were included as novelties in a couple of Brahms cycles. And not content with the performance, on one side, of the imitative (of Prokofiev) and smart-alecky Shostakovich Symphony No. 1, Victor gives us, on THREE SIDES, Toscanini's appalling waste of his powers on that inflated monstrousness of straining portentous banality, the Shostakovich Seventh (Leningrad), which, Toscanini explained to me once, his emotions about the Russian people's wartime suffering and heroism impelled him to perform,
after his musical judgment had caused him to reject the prewar Fifth—and concerning which I point out further that he never performed it again after 1942, didn't include it in the NBC casts to be processed for release by Victor, and was reported to me to have said "I must have been crazy" when it was played for him in his last years.

The unspeakable beauty of some of the performances is clear, bright, solid, natural, and made agreeable by the slightly added resonance one is aware of occasionally. And the clicks, sputters, and crackles from the old acetate discs that are heard with the Shostakovich Seventh are not heard with the others.

Disappointment and even fury with what I more relaxed, unhurried, spacious performing style of that earlier period (roughly through 1943), which articulates, organizes, and shapes the musical substance with much elasticity of tempo, and treats the phrase with much sharper insight into the latent mode of the performances of the '50s, which is swifter, tauter, and smoother, setting a tempo that is maintained with only the slightest modification, and giving the phrase only the subtilest inflection. Those St. Crown and Messa were not recorded by Victor; they were, as NBC Symphony broadcasts, recorded by NBC for its files, with the superb sound they had in Carnegie Hall. They could, then, be issued by Victor; they should be issued; and if they were, they would have enormous appeal for music lovers, some of whom have been paying high prices for poor-sounding copies of the off-the-air recordings someone made in 1940.

Nor are these two the only ones. Other marvelous—and historic—NBC Symphonies in Toscanini's earlier style are the 1938 Strauss Don Quixote (with Feuermann) and Haydn No. 98, both of which later periods were issued by Victor; the 1941 Haydn No. 99, 1943 Haydn No. 104, and 1944 Haydn No. 92; the 1939 Mozart Prague; the symphonies and overtures of the 1939 Beethoven cycle; the 1938 and 1943 Brahms Third and 1939 and 1943 Brahms Fourth; the 1940 Tchaikovsky Nutcracker Suite, amazingly superior to the later performance issued by Victor; the 1940 Stravinsky Petrushka. Their recorded sound is not that of today; but those who care about Toscanini's performances will gladly take these early performances even with their unspacious but clear Studio 8H sound.

Then there are performances with other one-of-a-kind content: the overwhelming grandeur and power of the Victor performance of the Funeral Music from Götterdämmerung being exceeded; but it was exceeded in the tremendous performance at the New York Philharmonic to commemorate in 1945, which Victor didn't record, but which is preserved on records owned by Walter Toscanini. The incandescent performances not only of the Wagner piece but of Haydn's Clock, Respighi's Pines of Rome, Sibelius Swan of Tuonela, and Weber's Euryanthe Overture, on that historic occasion when Toscanini conducted the Philharmonic for the last time, could therefore be issued by Victor, and should be. And so should the other historic performances of Schubert Ninth that he recorded with the Philadelphia Orchestra in 1941-42—of Debussy's La Mer and Ibéria, Mendelssohn's Midsummer Night's Dream music, Berlioz's Dream music, Tchaikovsky's Pathétique—all greater than the ones of these works that Toscanini recorded later with the NBC Symphony for Victor, and with the beautiful sound of the Philadelphia Orchestra in the Academy of Music.

In the years when we were hearing him perform the great works he loved most, we were willing to hear also his occasional performances of lesser works. And today, if Victor had given us the 1940 Requiem and Missa in thronum, we would be interested in having also what the Toscanini powers achieved with lesser matters like the Haydn Sinfonie Concertante, Sibelius Second, and Brahms Liebeslieder. We would have no interest in even his performances of the other pieces by Sibelius, Brahms, and Shostakovich. But for Victor not to have given us those great things we want, and now to offer what it does in this commemorative album—this is not only disappointing but infuriating.

The fury results from years of disappointment over the earlier instances of this mistreatment of Toscanini and his public. David Sarnoff, answering Toscanini's letter of resignation in 1943, might say that happily his "incomparable re-creations of great music" had been "recorded and preserved for us, and for posterity"; but by contract with Toscanini and his heirs the custodian of those performances had no real possession of the power to make them accessible to us and to posterity, was RCA Victor. And Victor did, certainly, issue in 1956 the truly incomparable re-creations of Berlioz's Requiem and Respighi's Don Quixote processed from the 1953 NBC broadcasts under Toscanini's supervision, and in 1957 the similarly processed Act 4 of Rigoletto and other Verdi pieces. But it withheld until 1965—in the face of repeated pleas, demands, and protests—the complete Berlioz Romeo and Juliet of 1947 that Toscanini approved for release, while it issued instead albums of his performances of overtures and light classics (which we wanted, but after major matters like the unique Berlioz Romeo, not before or instead of them), and electronically contorted pseudo-stereo versions of Dvořák's New World Symphony and Respighi's Pines and Fountains. This can still be heard since they were without the solidarity below a Toscanini performance had, that these Toscanini performances had in Carnegie Hall, and that the original mono recordings reproduce—the recent pronouncement of Victor edition—Dvořák is "the best approximation we have to a full likeness of an ensemble under the Toscanini baton" being that of a writer who didn't hear the Dvořák in Carnegie Hall, but apparently couldn't hear it accurately even when it was there. To Victor's contention that the sound of the Berlioz Romeo wasn't good enough to permit release, a sufficient answer was that it was good enough for Toscanini to have approved; and the phenomena of shellac recordings revealed when the Berlioz Romeo was issued at last and its sound proved to be some of the best out of Studio 8H. It looked as though Victor's real reason for not releasing the Toscanini Romeo had been to protect its performance which its contract with the Boston Symphony and Munch had caused it to record first in mono, then in stereo. And Victor has acted in the same way about the unissued Philadelphia Orchestra recordings. When at last, in 1963, it did issue one of them, the Schubert Ninth, it professed to tell, in the accompanying brochure, why it hadn't been able to do so before but could now. Wartime processing in 1942 had resulted in "mechanical imperfections which neither the Maestro nor the company could accept"; but now John Corbett's "750 hours of work" using "new electronic techniques" to store the recording to its original state on a tape which revealed "glories in the groove that were never suspected in 1942." In other words, Corbett's tape made it possible to hear the marvelous sound that the noisy defects of the shellac records had made it impossible to hear. But in September 1942 I listened to Toscanini to test pressings of Straus's Death and Transfiguration, Debussy's La Mer, and Berlioz's Queen Mab, all of which begin very softly; and there was no unusual, obtrusive noise—as against the normal surface noise of shellac 78-rpm records—that prevented our hearing even those soft passages, or that even disturbed us. What impelled Toscanini to refuse a release of Debussy's La Mer was not its noise but the imperfect balance in the musical sound at one point that caused him not to hear one of the woodwinds. It was expected that he would release recordings with the Philadelphia Orchestra, and also the sides that Victor rejected because of the swishes and ticks from the faulty processing. But James Petroelli stopped all recordings for two years; and by the time it was resumed, the Philadelphia Orchestra had transferred from Victor to Co-
lumbia. It would have been available for the correction and completion of its Victor recordings with Toscanini; but Victor preferred to have him make new ones with the NBC Symphony, a Victor orchestra, and Walter Toscanini told me that “we are trying to get Father to forget the Philadelphia recordings.” The argument that the Philadelphia was now a Columbia orchestra wouldn’t have persuaded Toscanini; but Victor could, and did successfully, argue that the Philadelphia recordings were mechanically defective beyond hope of remedy. And possibly Victor, in persuading Toscanini, persuaded itself that the musical sound from the Philadelphia recordings couldn’t be heard because of the noise; but it wasn’t true: what Corbett’s skillful and patient work achieved with the Schubert was not to make audible a sound that hadn’t been audible before, but to reduce the surface noise as much as was possible without loss in the sound. And what I have said about the Schubert is true of the others: the surface noise doesn’t prevent one from hearing the orchestra’s beautiful sound and marvellous playing in Toscanini’s great performances; and the public should insist that Victor issue them. After all, the clicks and crackles from the 1942 acetates didn’t keep Victor from issuing the Shostakovich Seventh.

ARTURO TOSCANINI: “A Tosca-nini Treasury of Historic Broadcasts”


JANÁÈEK’S HOUSE OF THE DEAD: THE PROBLEM OF SUNG DRAMA

by Conrad L. Osborne

This opera, drawn from Dostoyevsky’s novel, was the last work of Leoš Janáèek, the Czech composer who died in 1928 but whose music (especially the Slavonic Mass and several of his operas) has gained prestige, and even a certain popularity, only within the past decade. It is a work of great integrity and sincerity, and one which reveals compositional skills of considerable imagination and refinement. It handles without compromise themes of emotional importance and contemporary relevance. It represents the composer’s final working out of a theory of music drama that is unquestionably defensible, at least on philosophic grounds. I will have to say that (for reasons that are only partly analyzable and which may say more about me than about Janáèek) it remains for me an object of respect rather than of genuine involvement. But it is an important piece by a major twentieth-century operatic composer; people who have seen it performed assert that its effect is powerful. So it deserves inspection in some detail, and above all it deserves a listening from anyone serious about the form.

The opera concerns a group of Siberian convicts. There is a nominal protagonist in the person of Alexander Petrovich Goriachikov, whose commitment to prison is the main happening of the first scene. and whose release (he has been adjudged innocent after his mother’s intercession) is the main happening of the last scene. His fate is paralleled by that of an injured eagle, which is nursed back to health by the prisoners and finally flies away at the end of the opera. Within this framework, we have the goings-on of prison life—the prisoners’ work, their occasional moments of entertainment (an Easter celebration), their hostilities and frustrations. Central to each scene is the individual story of one or another of the convicts: these narrations are the most important “actions” of the opera. It develops that two of these stories overlap—the man responsible for the ruination of the life of one of the prisoners turns out to be a prisoner himself, whom we have come to know in another guise. Characteristically, however, the aggrieved prisoner (Shishkov) does not discover his tormentor’s identity (Filka Morozov, who has gone under the name of Luka) until (just as he brings his long narration to a climax), Filka dies, apparently of consumption. In the version usually performed, the piece ends with a triumphant ode to freedom; but in the original (used on this recording), that atmosphere is not so dominant—Goriachikov and the eagle go free, but existence will continue as before in the house of the dead.

In setting this material, Janáèek has consistently followed through with his belief that vocal music should be based on spoken inflection. He interprets this principle in a quite literal way, so that the vocal line hovers constantly between what (to use the old terms) must be
called recitativo accompagnato and arioso. It moves over a wider range than spoken language, and calls for singing tone (not Sprechgesang), which leaves it in roughly the same relationship to the Czech tongue as Pelléas et Mélisande's words bear to French.

Except that Debussy's achievement is one of genius, and Janáček's, I will venture, not quite that. Debussy was, first of all, a melodist of distinction. And inspection of Pelléas will disclose that he was constantly producing, looking for a way in which the music might say something about the subject that the spoken word could not—perfect for Pelléas, of course, which is partly about the importance of the unspoken, the inexpressible. It is surprising, for instance, how often the sung line of Pelléas will go against the natural inflections and rhythms of French, because the real point of the line is not contained in those inflections and rhythms. Now, I cannot pretend to know Czech well enough to be sure that this is not also true of Janáček's writing. But what can be said is that whereas Debussy's settings are often interesting in themselves, Janáček's aren't; and whereas Debussy is constantly speaking in vocal lines (some of them very subtle, I grant), Janáček's settings are, when one has become acclimated to customary patterns, depressingly predictable. Looked at just as a work of music, From the House of the Dead recognizes itself in which the material allotted to the most prominent instrument is the least interesting in the score.

Naturally, the work is not just a hook of music. It is sung drama. But the very thing thatifies sung drama, it would seem to me, is the fact that song not only takes us further along the expressive road than speech, but takes a different route altogether, offers something that speech can't—indeed, something that is not contained in the spoken word but different from it. Song is not merely "heightened speech," any more than speech is "debased song." To insist that song (operatic or not) be linked to spoken inflection in such a way as to suppress the primary expressive tool—unless, perhaps, one is writing specifically about people who can't articulate (like Schoenberg's Moses or Berg's Wozzeck). That is not the case with Janáček's prisoners, who, however unsophisticated they may be, run off at the mouth pretty regularly.

And that's another problem. The narrations themselves aren't very interesting material. The exception is that of Shishkov, which is the only one that has dimension. All in both text and music—Shishkov puts us through his experience, makes us live it with him, and for this reason his scene is the high point of the work.

The strengths the score reveals are those of a first-rate compositional mind. There is an over-all orchestral and harmonic coloration that is extremely appropriate and atmospheric, and what one admires is the really incredible fund of devices through which the orchestra furthers the cause of the drama—almost every page, one is seized by a rhythmical idea, a harmonic stroke, sometimes a melodic invention, that is remarkable both in itself and for its value as dramatic catalyst. But while one never stops admiring and while one never loses interest, neither does one (I mean myself, of course) ever quite give oneself over emotionally. It ought to happen, but somehow it doesn't happen at all in a big way. Sometimes it seems that Janáček is incapable of really following through—we are led through an elaborate series of inventions, ingenious variations, gradually building towards what turns out to be nothing much. The "liberation music" is identified with the eagle and Spirit of Freedom (or whatever) at the close is, for example, rather ineffective, cliched stuff, astoundingly cheap and superficial after the austere integrity of so much that has gone before.

But among those who have been liberally exposed to the operas of Janáček, I am in a minority. And certainly one can imagine House of the Dead brought to compelling life by a group of singing-actors accomplished enough to achieve the concentration and commitment never quite reached by the music. No opera lover should pass up the opportunity afforded by the present records for careful and repeated hearings. (An earlier version, recorded at the 1954 Holland Festival and released on Epic, was deleted some years ago.)

The performance is conscientious and honest. Orchestrally, it is reasonably good, though not outstanding. Vocally, it is rather a disappointment that's another problem. The narrator sings Pelléas quite well (though not, perhaps, as he was), and the other parts are not without expressive qualities. That's all. The music is much, much better than it is sung.

BACH: Concertos for Violin and Orchestra; in A minor, S. 1041; in E, S. 1042; Concerto for Violin, Oboe, and Orchestra, in C minor, S. 1060

Isaac Stern, violin; Harold Gomberg, oboe (in S. 1060); Members of London Symphony Orchestra, Isaac Stern, cond. (in S. 1041); Members of New York Philharmonic Orchestra, Leonard Bernstein, cond. (in S. 1042 and S. 1060). COLUMBIA © ML 6349, $4.79; MS 6949, $5.79; ℗ MQ 879, $7.95.

Isaac Stern, one of the most consistently satisfying violinists now before the public, here turns in his best work. For the most part, high-grade performances. As conductor as well as soloist in the A minor Concerto, he keeps everybody together nicely, and sees to it that thematic material in the orchestra is not buried under decorations in the violin. In only one spot in the Andante does the momentum begin to droop. Some may wonder about the tempo in a couple of movements. The opening Allegro of the A minor is played somewhat more broadly than is customary, and the finale of the E major strikes me as a bit too comfortable and even a little ponderous here and there. But in general Stern’s playing has its usual vivacity and polish, and achieves a peak of eloquence in the Adagio of the E major.

The double concerto has been having something of a run on records in recent years. It is an attractive work, but listeners should perhaps be reminded of, for it is only a modern reconstruction of the supposed original version of the Concerto for Two Harpsichords and Orchestra, in C minor. If an actual original ever does turn up, it seems safe to bet that it will differ somewhat from the reconstruction, because the transcribing Bach never stuck so closely to his known models as the reconstructor does to the transcription here. Gomberg, first oboist of the New York Philharmonic, has a lovely tone and apparently never has to breathe. Bernstein furnishes first-rate support from the harpsichord. The stereo separation of the solo instruments is effective, and the sound throughout is good.

BACH: The Well-Tempered Clavier, Book 2, S. 870-893


Ralph Kirkpatrick has already recorded Book 1 of The Well-Tempered Clavier.
on both harpsichord and clavichord, and his new release of Book 2, with the exception of one point which I shall mention in a moment, amply maintains the high level he has set himself. Speaking of "high level," I may as well say that the recording is rather too loud in a few places; but this is the least universal fault of harpsichord records, and with the volume control duly adjusted the sound is very beautiful.

The first few preludes and fugues clearly demonstrate both the smallness of the stops and the much more striking virtues of Kirkpatrick's performance. It is in the very first Fugue, the C major, that the one respect in which his Book 2 falls short of his Book 1 becomes evident: this is a much more noticeable tendency to play ornaments before instead of on the note. The other debits are an unwillingness to add unmarked embellishments even where analogies with other passages, or ordinary Bachian practice, call for them, and a certain dullness, even while all repetitions are observed, to vary the repetitions in the slightest.

But on the other side of the scale are to be placed the unaffected sensitivity of phrasing in the C major Prelude; the crisp organic and illuminating play of its associated Fugue; the poetry with which the C sharp major Prelude begins and the attractive human warmth with which it ends; the exquisite delicacy and, yes, grace of the graces in the C minor Prelude; the ebullience of the C sharp minor Fugue; and the infectious, upstanding vigor of the D major Prelude.

I shall probably continue to be vaguely disturbed by those ornaments before the note, but I have no doubt that I shall often return to Kirkpatrick's performance when I want to hear playing that reflects the genuine radiance of Bach's humanity.

This quality, and an additional dimension of the utmost musical beauty may also be found in the performance of Kirkpatrick's teacher, Landowska, and for my taste her supremacy in this music remains unchallenged. To me, her rhythmic subtleties always (or almost always) have an organic and illuminating purpose; but to some listeners they will no doubt seem excessive, and for such Kirkpatrick offers a clear alternative. Straighter still in approach, yet often sensitive, is the performance of Book 2 by Martin Galling on Vox—for the finest thing I have heard from this artist, and certainly much better than his wooden Book 1 and his tediously metronomic Goldberg Variations. The other harpsichord recording, by Malcolm Hamilton, offers a number of telling interpretative ideas, along with others that are more problematic and with one or two technical shortcomings in execution and recording; his set should not be overlooked among the piano recordings of the similarly excellent Connoisseur Society set by João Carlos Martins remains the clear first choice.

BARTOK: Concerto for Two Pianos, Percussion, and Orchestra; Music for Strings, Percussion, and Celesta


COLUMBIA @ ML 6356, $4.79; MS 6956, $5.79; © MQ 886, $7.95.

Until recently, Bartók's "concerto" version of his 1937 Sonata for Two Pianos and Percussion seemed to have been quite forgotten, but recent performances in New York (from which the present first recording stems) and Boston have brought it back into the public eye. The arrangement, dating from 1940, makes no substantive changes in the music—indeed, none of the conventional implications of the term "concerto" is particularly relevant here: this is really a sonata for two pianos. The far too debits are few abandon their original material to the orchestra only on rare occasions of climax; at other points, winds and strings double or sustain harmonies. In detail, some of this is less effective (the col legno strings over the repeated-note figure near the middle of the slow movement don't work, at least in this performance); some of it is an improvement (the next following passage, where Bartók's direction "molto espressivo la melodia" is much better conveyed with the pianos' melodies doubled by muted strings). All in all, I don't feel that there is any real gain, and I regret the sacrifice of the original timbral homogeneity, with its effect of tremendous variety from limited means.

Most surprisingly, it seems that our preeminent contemporary two-piano team has never before recorded this music, even in its original form. Not so surprisingly, they play it sensationally well, and the orchestra's contributions are also satisfactory, if not quite as impeccably tidy. The sound is pretty much what you might expect on a record labeled "A Percussion Spectacular"—spotlight on the xylophone, a bit more resonance than pitch in some timpani passages, but mostly a good show.

On the overside, we have a reissue of Bernstein's 1964 "Muspae" (as a friend of mine conventionally abbreviates it—"Life is so long you should spend it saying 'Music for Strings, Percussion, and Celesta' all the time"). This is now more congenially coupled than formerly (with the Hindemith Concert Music). Here the orchestra's unfitness seems a much greater liability; all the conductor's rhythmic vitality is to little avail if the rhythms themselves aren't clearly articulated. Reiner (RCA Victor LM/LSC 2374) may generate less heat, but the light he brings is decidedly to the point.

D.H.

BARTOK: Kossuth; Scherzo for Piano and Orchestra; Suite for Orchestra, No. 1

Erzsébet Tusa, piano; Symphony Orchestra of the Hungarian Radio and Television, György Lehél, cond. QUALITY @ LPX 1203/04, $5.45; SLPX 1203/04, $11.58 (two discs).

This album presents us with the young Bartók's first major works—major, that is, in size and intention if not entirely in achievement, for they may still have things to learn when he is in his early twenties. In fact, the latest of these three pieces, the Suite written in 1905 when Bartók was twenty-four, already reveals a marked increase of fluency and assurance over the symphonic poem Kossuth, composed two years earlier. Kossuth is an attempt to channel Bartók's fervent Hungarian-nationalist feelings into the form of a Soviet symphony. The indispensable central hero-figure is provided by the nationalist leader Louis Kossuth; the almost equally indispensable adversaries (since the model is Eml Heldenleben) are the Austrians. Each side is characterized by quixotic, almost operatic, nationalistic elements—Bartók himself by a long, rangy theme that is heard at the beginning, and the Austrian army by a distorted version of the Imperial Hymn, treated in macabre fugato or blared in dissonant triumph (the Hungarians, lost, you will recall). Unfortunately, the sincerity and intensity of nonmusical feelings cannot compensate for a shortage of purely musical invention. There are fascinating things here, especially in the orchestra, but the over-all development is short-winded. It is not really surprising that after the work's first two performances in Budapest and Manchester (under Hans Richter) it disappeared, despite the Hungarian critics' enthusiasm, until some sixteen years after the composer's death.

The Scherzo for Piano and Orchestra, written a year later, never got performed at all during Bartók's lifetime, since he withdrew it in rehearsal. The informative, if oddly Englished, notes here attribute the latter fact to "the unpreparedness of the orchestra and the hostile attitude," and there is no reason to suppose that Bartók himself was dissatisfied with the piece. The brief, enigmatic violin-and-piano episode that interrupts the final section suggests that the Scherzo had some special personal significance for him, such as led to the virtual suppression of the First Violin Concerto, written for Steffi Geier—but this is only a guess. In any case this last lost work will need a new conductor, who will write the Scherzo's own life story. It is not surprising that after the work's first two performances in Budapest and Manchester (under Hans Richter) it disappeared, despite the Hungarian critics' enthusiasm, until some sixteen years after the composer's death.

The First Orchestral Suite, written in 1905, is rather lightweight, in spite of its symphonic proportions (five sizable movements). It is more accomplished as sheer music-making than either of the two preceding works; the material is at-


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This Month Last Month

CLASSICAL

1 6
CHOPIN: Piano Recital
Van Cliburn, piano. (RCA Victor)

2 2
MAHLER: Symphony No. 8
Soloists, Chorus, London Symphony, Leonard Bernstein, cond. (Columbia)

3 1
GOUNOD: Faust

4 —
MAHLER: Das Lied von der Erde
James King, Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau; Vienna Philharmonic, Leonard Bernstein, cond. (London)

5 7
WAGNER: Tristan und Isolde

6 5
SHOSTAKOVICH: Execution of Stepan Razin; Symphony No. 9
Moscow Philharmonic, Kyril Kondrashin, cond. (Melodiya/Angel)

7 —
LEONTYNE PRICE: Prima Donna
RCA Italiana Orchestra, Francesco Molinari-Pradelli, cond. (RCA Victor)

8 —
ORFF: Carmina Burana
Soloists, Chorus, Philadelphia Orchestra, Eugene Ormandy, cond. (Columbia)

9 3
DONIZETTI: Lucrezia Borgia
Montserrat Caballé, Alfredo Kraus, et al.; RCA Italiana Orchestra, Jonel Perlea, cond. (RCA Victor)

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PUCCINI: La Bohème
Victoria de los Angeles, Jussi Bjoerling, et al.; Chorus and Orchestra, Sir Thomas Beecham, cond. (Seraphim)

THE LIGHTER SIDE

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3 4
Dr. Zhivago: Soundtrack. (M-G-M)

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Ed Ames: My Cup Runneth Over. (RCA Victor)

5 3
The Monkees: The Monkees. (Colgems)

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The Rolling Stones: Between the Buttons. (London)

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The Lovin' Spoonful: Best of the Lovin' Spoonful. (Kama Sutra)

8 7
The Sound of Music: Soundtrack. (RCA Victor)

9 5
Herb Alpert: S. R. O. (A & M)

10 6
The Supremes: Holland-Dozier-Holland. (Motown)

tractive and varied, and it is developed with a great deal of skill and subtlety (clearly Bartók had been studying Liszt's methods of thematic transformation). I find something just a little bit slick about the work as a whole, in spite of its technical accomplishment, but it is a considerable achievement for a composer of twenty-four, and essential to a knowledge of Bartók's stylistic development.

The recording of all three works is perfectly adequate, even if it does not give us quite the detail we expect from the finest stereo today. Erzsébet Tusa makes a very persuasive advocate for the Scherzo, and the piano itself is well recorded. György Lehel and his orchestra seem happier with the extrovert Suite than with the grand Straussian gestures of Kossuth.

J.N.

BEETHOVEN: Quartets for Strings:
No. 5, in A, Op. 18, No. 5; No. 6, in B flat, Op. 18, No. 6
Claremont Quartet. NONESUCH ® H 1152, $2.50; H 71152, $2.50.

These are free-wheeling, very romantic interpretations of compositions usually—and I think rightfully—treated with more stringency. Each player uses a great deal of vibrato with colorful but sometimes rather too opaque and massive a result. The prevailing romanticism, more importantly, manifests itself in many elaborate tempo changes. With most groups, the Menuetto of the A major Quartet is stated compactly, with minimum adjustment of the basic tempo: the Claremont Quartet, on the other hand, makes a lengthy pause before beginning the central trio section, which is then played at a far more leisurely pace. The result is an approach which looks forward to the lusciousness of Schumann. Much of Beeethoven's intellectual intensity is dissipated. Similarly, there are all sorts of finicky tempo adjustments in the outer movements of Op. 18, No. 6 which, however carefully planned and rehearsed, rather blunt forward impetus.

The Claremont ensemble is a distinguished one, and as the only low-priced single disc containing this coupling the set is certainly worth attention. But try to sample before buying; the very subjective nature of the performances will not appeal to everyone.

H.G.


BIBER: Four Sonatas—See Muffat: Suites for Orchestra.

Correction
The prices quoted in last month's feature review of Monteverdi's L'incoronazione di Poppea on Cambridge Records were incorrect. The mono version of this four-disc sets lists at $14.37, the stereo at $17.37.

HIGH FIDELITY MAGAZINE

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Rarely has there been a musical phenomenon like the Istomin-Stern-Rose Trio. In the three years they have recorded for Columbia Records, each release has shone with extraordinary critical halos.

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Cleveland Orchestra; George Szell, cond.

COLUMBIA @ D3L 358, $9.59; D3S 758, $11.59 (three discs).

Apprently not convinced by the review quoted on the front of its Bruno Walter Brahms trilogy ("Nobody need ever record a Brahms symphony again"), Columbia now offers us Dr. Szell's traversal of the four symphonies, including this conductor's first time at the First, Second, and Fourth (the Third is the same version previously available on a single disc with the Haydn Variations). This is currently the only Brahms cycle on three records, but you may feel that this economic advantage is offset by the awkward layout on six sides (automatic sequence), with two symphonies ending in mid-side.

As for the performances, I'm afraid they do not give rise to great enthusiasm in this quarter. Admiration for the precision of the orchestral execution (its accuracy, unanimity, and fine balancing—is certainly forthcoming; I have not heard these works played more cleanly, and the recorded sound does not let the playing down. In listening, I suffer no anxieties such as those aroused by Karajan's sometimes unreliable winds (especially that unpleasant Berlin oboe), by Furtwängler's frequently unreliable orchestra, by Klemperer's not-quite-unanimous attacks, by Steinberg's not-quite-first-rate players, or by the occasional underrehearsed scrambles that crop up in the Walter set. (I might add that there are no first-movement repeats, even in the Third, nor, on the other hand, any Toscanini-type modifications of the scoring.)

But I don't find much interesting music making here, either. Perhaps all the life has been refined out of these performances—I can't say, since I haven't heard the Cleveland play these works on other occasions. For whatever reason, the orchestra seems to be primarily engaged in fitting notes into a pattern, rather than playing phrases, lines, and rhythms that will articulate musical gestures. The resulting performances are at best (most of the Second and Third) neutral and featureless, at worst (the Fourth and the slow movements in general) poky and lifeless. If you compare almost any passage—a good example is the opening of the Allegretto in the Second—with the Walter (or the Kube- lik, Monteux, Klemperer—or the Wein- gartner if you can fi nd it), I think you will hear what I mean, much more quickly than if I were to describe in detail the effect of "leaning" on a note here, of just the slightest halt before a note there, of cutting this note short and holding that upbeat a bit longer. The net result of such touches of phrasing is what is often described as "character"—perhaps a misleading term, since it suggests something extramusical (whereas there are always sound musical reasons for and against a particular phrasing, which must be judged right or wrong on these musical grounds).

Whatever you choose to call it, it seems to me in short supply in these performances from Cleveland, for all their surface perfection. If you must buy Brahms in a package, I think the Walter, Kubelik, and even the occasionally eccentric Klemperer sets are better buys; if you prefer to assemble individual versions, Walter on 1 and 4, Monteux on 2, and Klemperer on 3 would be a reasonable choice. And to this I'd recommend adding Furtwängler's Third or Fourth—unconventional but inspired, this is the Brahms to have if you're having more than one.

D.H.

BRUCKNER: Symphony No. 6, in A

Bavarian Radio Symphony Orchestra, Eugen Jochum, cond. DEUTSCHE GRAM- MOPHON @ LPM 19136, $5.79; SLPM 139136, $5.79.

Leipzig Gewandhaus Orchestra, Heinz Bongartz, cond. WORLD SERIES @ PHC 9048, $2.50 (compatible disc).

For much of its comparatively short length (about fifty-five minutes), the Sixth is one of Bruckner's finest symphonies, and the long antiphonal passage for trumpets and horns towards the end of the first movement is among his most memorable inspirations. The work also offers comparatively few interpretative and textual problems. Of the three versions up to now available, the mono-

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And a Special Supplement, Guide to FM Portables

only Swoboda (Westminster) is undistinguished, and the performance conducted by Hubert Reichert on Vox must also (though more reluctantly) be passed by. Reichert is a competent conductor with some good interpretative ideas, but his orchestra is not of the standard required by Bruckner's monumental writing, and the string sections sound too small. Fortunately, Klemperer's performance (Angel) is one of those best, with firm rhythms and richly detailed orchestral textures backed by a sonorous recording.

Anyone who is unsatisfied with the Klemperer, however, may turn with confidence to either of the new recordings. Jochum's reading is typical of his sensitive Bruckner, and it has plenty of dramatic power and no exaggerations. Though the Bavarian Radio Symphony is not quite the equal of the Berlin Philharmonic (with which most of Jochum's recent Bruckner recordings have been made), it is still a fine orchestra, and the important brass writing is handled with great conviction. On the World Series disc, which has the advantage of a bargain price, Heinz Bongartz directs the Leipzig Gewandhaus Orchestra in an extremely lively performance. His slow movement is not as well controlled as either Jochum's or Klemperer's, but to compensate for this his Scherzo is unusually powerful, and he shapes the first and last movements convincingly. The orchestral playing ranges from good to excellent, and, as on the Jochum disc, the recording does all that is required. Klemperer remains my own preference, but I shall return to both these new versions from time to time to enjoy their own special qualities.

B.J.

CHOPIN: Concerto for Piano and Orchestra, No. 2, in F minor, Op. 21

Josef Hofmann, piano; orchestra. INTERNATIONAL PIANO LIBRARY @ IPL 501, available with a $10.00 contribution to International Piano Library, 215 W. 91st St., New York, N.Y. 10024 (mono only).

CHOPIN: Concerto for Piano and Orchestra, No. 2, in F minor, Op. 21

†Liszt: Concerto for Piano and Orches- tra, No. 1, in E flat

André Watts, piano; New York Philharmonic, Thomas Schippers, cond. (in the Chopin), Leonard Bernstein, cond. (in the Liszt) [the Liszt from ML 5858/ MS 6438, 1963]. COLUMBIA @ ML 6355, $4.79; MS 6955, $5.79.

The memento of the legendary Josef Hofmann now at hand preserves the sound of a Hofmann/New York Philharmonic/Bernstein performance of March 1936 (legal entanglements of course prevent official acknowledgment of the orchestra) as taken off the air by a home recordist. Not for sale commercially, it is being distributed to members of the International Piano Library, which hopes to publish similar recordings of

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CIRCLE 37 ON READER-SERVICE CARD
Hofmann made patently few commercial discs, every documentation of his work is highly welcome. Considering the acetate origin of the source, the sound here—though naturally not the best 1936 vintage—is remarkably adequate; and the missing fragment of music in the finale (where the recordist was forced to change blanks) is not a serious handicap (indeed, I am more pained by the clumsy cut in the first movement made by the orchestra itself).

Hofmann had what was obviously one of the supreme mechanisms in the history of the instrument. Seemingly untrammeled by any digital requirement whatsoever, he rippled over the notes in a perpetual flood of seductive color and gossamer pianism. At some times his pianism treated a filigree passage with the lightness of a butterfly; at others, it displayed the torrential force of a mighty cataract. The pearly perfection of the Hofmann "sound" and its pristine transparency made him the leading colorist of all time. While Hofmann engaged in all sorts of interpretative transgressions today considered reprehensible, virtuosos of Hofmann's extraordinary cut will probably always have to be accepted as laws unto themselves. The present well-proven disc includes some personal reminiscences about Hofmann by Arthur Loesser, a short telephone interview with Hofmann on the occasion of his seventy-fifth birthday, data about the recording by Gregor Benko and Al Petrak, and a long essay on the artist by Harold C. Schonberg.

Hofmann was sixty when he gave the Chopin performance discussed above. Andre Watts was eighteen when he recorded his Chopin Second for Columbia two years ago (the Liszt is a reissue of the performance taped two years prior to that). Comparison between the mature artist and the young performer, between the pianism of the first decades of this century and that of the present day, would hardly be fruitful. Not unnaturally, there are certain gaucheurs in Watts's reading. He is a declamative player, altogether an extrovert in his mode of communication, employing a grandiose scale of dynamics and an iliacized rubato. One does not find the sense of proportion and the polish of the fastidious Vladimir Ashkenazy, for example (also a very young performer at the time of his Angel recording). Watts's treatment of the larghetto, is very broad, without a completely secure sense of harmonic direction, and one feels that a temptation to venture into interpretative realms beyond his present artistic comprehension is perhaps his greatest failing. Yet this is a very likable performance, and augurs well for an even better one ten years hence.

Schippers supports the pianist admirably, and the orchestral tuttis are rendered intact. Columbia's sound is excellent in terms of brilliance, though Philharmonic Hall (presumably the recording site) produces a somewhat dry, unshimmering acoustic. To hear how the hall is improved over its earlier days, however, it is only necessary to play a few bars of the Liszt recorded when the auditorium was new.

H.G.

COPLAND: Twelve Poems of Emily Dickinson; Three Choruses


It is good to see that Columbia's Copland project will not neglect the less celebrated aspects of his work. The Emily Dickinson songs of 1930 are something special: after abstaining from the song medium for more than two decades, Copland produced this major cycle—"not a "story" cycle, but a personal selection of poems centering around the poet's major subjects: "nature, death, life, eternity," as they are named in the composer's prefatory note. Stylistically closer to his "absolute" music than to the better-known ballets (and their vocal counterparts, the arrangements of Old American Songs from 1950 and 1952), these songs span a wide spectrum of expression, and present an impressive range of textural and formal solutions to the problems posed by the subtle, somewhat elliptical texts.

This is Copland's second recording of these songs, and it can be counted an improvement in significant respects, beginning with Adele Addison's diction, which is several degrees superior to Martha Lipton's in the earlier version (Columbia ML 5106). Addison's cool, highly individual timbre is most faultlessly rendered by the crystalline sound, and the recorded piano tone is strikingly better than last time. Although the composer's fingers may have been a shade more limber on the earlier occasion, he controls the many gradual and structurally important modulations with the authority we expect—and do not always find—in composer-performers. (Incidentally, all the songs are in the original keys here, whereas Miss Lipton's mezzo required a number of transpositions.) Of the three a cappella choruses, the longest and most important is the 1947 setting of the Creation narrative from Genesis, In the Beginning. The secret of this work's success lies in its unpretentiousness; basically simple musical materials are developed through episodes of increasing complexity, with such ingenuity that even over a span of seventeen minutes there is still something in reserve for an impressive climax that does not strain the bonds of this coloristically limited medium. The use of a mezzo-soprano soloist as a kind of narrator helps to provide textural contrast, and a clearly articulated architectural plan underlines the text's basic division.

The New England Conservatory Chorus does nobly by this difficult task, and also by the two shorter choruses: Las Agachadas, a folksong elaboration; and Lark (from Appalachian Spring), a more austere piece that piece quite fulfills the promise of its initial gestures. Admirers of In the Beginning should certainly make a point of investigating the recording by the Gregg Smith Singers (Everest 6129/3129); not dissimilar to the composer's reading in any major respect, it nevertheless offers an even more remarkable degree of choral precision and blend.

D.H.

DELIUS: Concerto for Piano and Orchestra

†Barber: Sonata for Piano, Op. 26

Marjorie Mitchell, piano; NDR Symphony Orchestra, William Strickland, cond. DECCA © DL 10136, $4.79; DL 710136, $5.79.

Marjorie Mitchell is an excellent pianist, with a crisp style, a powerful technique, and a fairly wide range of expression. Unless her musical tastes are diametrically opposed to mine, she is also a masochist. After doing, on a recent Decca release, all that could be done for the thoroughly unrewarding Bernstein Concerto, here she is wading through the longeurs of Delius' essay in the same genre. This is generally supposed to be the worst of Delius' four so-called Concerti; but though, formally speaking, it is a terrible piece, there is no lack of character in its themes, and Miss Mitchell comes as near as anyone has in my experience to making the whole ramshackle contrapuntion work. The orchestral contribution under William Strickland, though not always perfectly punctual, is full of color and conviction.

Not having heard it for a while, I have grown accustomed to thinking of Samuel Barber's Piano Sonata as one of the better things he has done. On recent acquaintance I find it less individual and less arresting than I had thought, and in any case Miss Mitchell's performance has to cope with memories of one of Horowitz's most spectacular interpretations available on RCA Victor.

The mono recording on both sides of the new Decca disc is extremely good, and I prefer it to the stereo, which sounds a bit diffuse.

B.J.


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June 1967
DVRÁK: Symphony No. 7, in D minor, Op. 70

Czech Philharmonic Orchestra, Zdeněk Koller, cond. CROSSROADS @ 22 16 0097, $2.49; 22 16 0098, $2.49.

Koller has produced a remarkably pointed and lucid account of Dvořák’s great D minor Symphony. If the almost graphic clarity with which he reveals the wealth of orchestral colorings and rhythmic details were his only achievement, respect would be his due; as it is, he has used this exegesis as a starting point— the tautness of his control over the orchestra provides the anima for the performance. I myself would prefer a reading of greater sweep—there is less grandeur, less drama here than one might expect—but the strong accents and complete economy of execution convey a sense of pulsating energy. On its own terms, certainly, this excellently recorded disc earns a place alongside Monteux’s version on RCA Victor. S.L.

GEMINIANI: The Enchanted Forest

Angelicum Orchestra of Milan, Newell Jenkins, cond. NONESUCH @ H 1151, $2.50; H 71151, $2.50.

You won’t get far in trying to make programmatic sense of these two works, but you will hear some good concertino grosso writing in the Geminiani and some highly expressive solo violin work in the Locatelli, along with a nicely gripping grave movement. The first of these two compositions was written to accompany a mime-and-dance “spectacle” presented in Paris in 1754, based on a section of Tasso’s poem Jerusalem Delivered: it contains lively scoring, many dramatic turns of phrase and sudden changes of tempo, and some fancy footwork on the part of horn and trumpet. Locatelli’s Pianto of Ariadne is less overtly striking, but is satisfactorily lamenting in its operatic sort of way. Both are performed with purposefulness though not much subtlety. S.F.

HAYDN: The Seven Last Words of Christ

Little Orchestra of London, Leslie Jones, cond. NONESUCH @ H 1154, $2.50; H 71154, $2.50.

I Solisti di Zagreb, Antonio Janigro, cond. VANGUARD @ VRS 1164, $4.79; VSD 71164, $5.79.

These “seven sonatas, with an introduction and, at the end, an earthquake,” as they are described in the title of the first edition, were commissioned by a Spanish priest for performance between little sermons on the Seven Last Words. Haydn later admitted that the task of writing seven slow movements in succession was a difficult one, but he seems to have taken great pains with it. Except for the final “Earthquake,” there is no attempt at tone painting, though it is possible to see in the pizzicato strings of Sonata V (“I thirst”) the drops of pure water for which Jesus yearned. Instead, Haydn’s panels all express the same mood but each in a different way. Every now and then, as in Sonata III (“Woman, behold thy son!”), an expressive dissonance bursts out of the solemn music like a tongue of flame from a smoldering fire, and much of the central piece, Sonata IV (“Eli, Eli, lama sabachthani”), is immersed in a profound grief.

But in this movement and elsewhere contrast is provided, often by a line of cantabile melody, reminding us that Haydn’s religious music, like his secular work, is basically Italian in style.

The two recordings put up how vital the quality of performance is for a work so unusually constructed as this one. Jones and his orchestra play in respectable fashion, but not very imaginatively. Their sforzandos could have been bolder, the strings are not quite together in a few spots, the Earthquake is rather tame—in short, one is made aware that time is passing slowly. Janigro, on the other hand, doesn’t hesitate to play some movements a shade faster; at least, they sound more spirited. He finds more drama in the music, makes sharper contrasts. His players sing more, phrase more subtly, and the ensemble is impeccable. All this, plus clearer, more resonant sound, keeps one engrossed in the proceedings for long stretches, as opposed to the frequent wandering encouraged by the Nonesuch version. N.B.
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MAHLER: Symphony No. 3

Maureen Forrester, contralto; Women’s Chorus of the Netherlands Radio; Boys’ Chorus of St. Willibrord’s Church (Amsterdam): Amsterdam Concertgebouw Orchestra, Bernard Haitink, cond. PHILIPS PHM 2596, $9.58; PHIL 2996, $11.58 (two discs).

This performance is a strong rival to Bernstein’s on Columbia, and in terms of recording it surpasses it: the sound has a crispness and clarity particularly helpful to the important brass and percussion parts in this exuberant symphony.

Bernard Haitink: his Mahler is a strong rival to Bernstein.

The principal disadvantage seems to me to lie in the big final slow movement: here not only does the recording lose some of its focus but the performance seems curiously lacking in conviction. The tempo changes are not all smoothly achieved, the climaxes are underplayed, and the last page ignores Mahler’s instruction that the trumpets are to dominate the whole orchestra, while failing also to realize his demand for “saturated, noble tone.”

But in the five preceding movements Haitink’s direction is extremely impressive. His powerful drive in the first movement results in an unusually cogent formal whole, though I must own a personal preference for Bernstein’s greater sensitivity. In the following minuet Haitink’s unaffected simplicity is very telling, and his handling of the fourth movement Nietzschean setting, “O Mensch, gebe acht!,” is far better than that of Bernstein, whose rhythmic flexibility totally obscures the distinction between quarter- and half-notes. Bernstein, on the other hand, is marginally preferable in the fifth movement Kneben Wunderhorn song with boys’ chorus and bells, and more relaxed and convivial in the scherzo movement that stands third. (Both performances regrettably substitute a trumpet for the solo posthorn in this movement.)

The disappearance from the catalogue of Charles Adler’s sensitive but monotonous version is a sad instance of the inevitability of progress; but though it was full of good things, I doubt if it could have held its own against its two excellent successors. A choice between them may safely depend on your preference between Bernstein’s wayward but often irresistible charm and Haitink’s more direct approach. Nor is there much to choose between the two admirable contralto soloists, though Martha Lip- ton’s performance invariably suffers through Bernstein’s distortions. In many ways, and especially in recording quality, the Haitink deserves a strong recommendation: yet I should hate to be without the Bernstein. B.J.

MOZART: Concertos for Piano and Orchestra: No. 13, in C, K. 415; No. 20, in D minor, K. 466

Vassos Deveti, piano; Chamber Orchestra of Moscow, Rudolf Barshai, cond. PATHE 889, $5.79 (stereo only).

MOZART: Concertos for Piano and Orchestra: No. 8, in C, K. 246; No. 9, in E flat, K. 271; Rondo in A, K. 386

Vladimir Ashkenazy, piano; London Symphony Orchestra, István Kertész, cond. LONDON CM 951, $4.79; CS 6501, $5.79; 12CN 80190, $8.95.

MOZART: Concerts for Piano and Orchestra: No. 14, in E flat, K. 449; No. 24, in G minor, K. 491

Géza Anda, piano; Camerata Academica of the Salzburg Mozarteum, Géza Anda, cond. DEUTSCHE GRAMMOPHON LPM 13196, $5.79; SLPM 139196, $5.79.

It’s getting harder and harder to choose among recordings of almost any given Mozart piano concerto. The latest batch of such discs proves once more that so many gifted pianists are devoting careful thought and much work to Mozart that a bad performance is becoming a rarity, at least on records.

Nevertheless, there are degrees of penetration. Of the three artists considered here, it seems to me that Miss Deveti has the least insight into the style. She reveals some old-fashioned, Romantic traits. In both works, for example, she slows up for a second theme or for a lyric solo passage, disrupting the momentum. In the finale of K. 415 she pulls a phrase out of shape by playing a short appoggiatura long. The D minor Concerto, which as a rule is practically pianist-proof, comes off less well than the C major. In the slow movement the G minor section lacks drama. Barshai is not very helpful in this work: he plays the opening with metronomic exactitude, and in the finale the dovetailing of piano and winds is not precise. To offset such things, in part, there is Miss Deveti’s lively and musical playing in much of K. 415; her Andante is particularly beautiful.

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Ashkenazy turns in first-rate performances from every point of view. The early C major Concerto, K. 246, is seldom performed, and it is certainly not one of the masterworks, but its Andante, particularly, has some captivating ideas, and the work as a whole is well worth an occasional hearing—especially when it is presented as ingratiatingly as it is here. The Rondo, K. 386, is a beauty, and K. 271 is of course the first of the great piano concertos. Ashkenazy plays its first movement with delightful crispness; the finale ripples along in sprightly fashion. Without a hint of sentimentality, he conveys all the poetry of the Andantino, one of the most moving things Mozart wrote before settling down in Vienna. In all this the soloist is skilfully abetted by Kereties, who seems to see eye to eye with Ashkenazy in every particular. This version of K. 271, I think, belongs alongside Alfred Brendel's as the best now available. Except for a page in K. 386 where the violas, dialogueing with the first violins, are buried, the balances are excellent, as is the sound in general.

Géza Anda continues his meritorious series of Mozart concerto recordings with two of his better readings. His solo work gets off to a perfunctory start in K. 449, but it soon picks up in interest and never descends again to the merely businesslike. His tempos in this work are entirely plausible, enabling him to do full justice to the loveliness of the slow movement and the gaiety of the finale. In the great C minor Concerto, Anda avoids the dramatic sweep that some artists see in the first movement and imbues it instead with a grave, contemplative character. He makes a persuasive case for this view. The entire work is played with eloquence and finesse. Although Anda is his own conductor, there is no raggedness anywhere. Moreover, either Anda or his engineer has seen to it that the orchestra is a full partner in the proceedings, every instrumental voice that is supposed to come to the fore doing so clearly. N.B.

MOZART: Quartet for Piano and Strings, in G minor, K. 478—See Schumann: Quintet for Piano and Strings, in E flat, Op. 44.

MUFFAT: Suites for Orchestra; Fasciculus VIII (Indissolubilis Amicitia); Concerto I (Bona Nova) by Biber; Four Sonatas; Sonata a 6 (die Panzer Kirchenfahrt ganz tally); Sonata for Two Violins, Trombone, and Bass Viol; Sonata VIII from "Fidicinium Sacro-Profanum": Battalia

Concentus Musicus (Vienna), Nikolaus Harnoncourt, cond. Archive © ARC 3262. $5.79. ARC 73262. $5.79.

An excellent disc, wherein Muffat proves that he could—as he proclaimed—combine the Italian and French styles "so that neither the one should color the music too darkly nor the other make it too frivolous"; and Biber adds yet another cubit to his stature as one of the most imaginative composers to have been unearthed by current musical archaeology.

The latter's Battle Sonata (reviewed in May as part of Newell Jenkins' "Battle Music" program for Nonesuch) still strikes me as a landmark of sorts, and the programmatic vein is continued here in the Country Churl-Monging Sonata, remarkable for its organ sonority. Of the two nonprogrammatic sonatas, the D minor with trombone is particularly lively in its part writing and in its rhythms. Each of the Muffat works is quite distinct: the Indissoluble Friendship was a ballet (performed in 1695): the Concerto was inspired by Corelli, whose Opus 6 Muffat heard while he was studying in Rome. The participation of oboes lends an effective accent to the contrapuntal complexities. The instruments used in this recording are all replicas of authentic seventeenth-century ones. This—added to the fact that the string parts are distributed between both violin and viol families—accounts for the special and quite fascinating sonorities.

S.F.

NIELSEN: Concerto for Clarinet and Orchestra, Op. 57; Symphony No. 2, Op. 16 ("The Four Temperaments")

Benny Goodman, clarinet (in the Concerto); Chicago Symphony Orchestra, Morton Gould, cond. RCA Victor © LM 2920, $4.79. LSC 2920, $5.79.

Morton Gould's performance of the Second Symphony is well conceived and...
crisply executed. If I continue to favor Carl Garaguly's version on Turnabout, it is because the orchestral playing there, particularly in the woodwinds, seems to capture more of the spirit of the music, and because Gould is occasionally less than meticulous in securing a real pianisticismo from his strings—witness several important passages around letter G in the first-movement development section. On the other hand it must be said that Gould's tempo for the first movement—a cracking Allegro calceite—is closer to the metronome marking than Garaguly's rather broad treatment. The new RCA recording is clear, colorful, and—apart from a touch of excessive reverberation in the timpano solo eight measures after F in the slow movement—free from blemish; but surprisingly it yields something in warmth to the very well-engineered Turnabout.

The presence of the Clarinet Concerto, a late and powerful if slightly overly essay in Nineteenth century's most characteristic dramatic style, might be considered enough of a bonus to tip the scales in favor of Gould's record, and indeed the orchestral part is done with great skill. Unhappily, however, Benny Goodman's playing is not only pinched in tone but full of inaccuracies, many of them rhythmic. On two occasions—one measure after figure 10, and again towards the end of the cadenza after 32—he plays five notes instead of four in a group of thirty-seconds; two measures before 14 he delays his first triplet until after the orchestral chord that should follow it; he misreads the rhythm of the second bar after 25 and again that of the seventh after 30, and I could cite many other instances. In sum, this cannot be considered an acceptable performance of the Concerto, and we shall have to wait and see how the Columbia version with Stanley Drucker turns out.

PIZZETTI: La Pisanella: Suite; Concerto dell'estate

Orchestre de la Suisse Romande, Lamberto Gardelli, cond. London © CM 9508, $4.79; CS 6508, $5.79.

Ildebrando Pizzetti was a famous man once, but his reputation has evaporated so far that one is astonished to find that he is still alive. (He will be eighty-seven this year.) A number of his works have been recorded over the years (although not the operas for which he is most noted), but they have all been withdrawn, at least from American catalogues—the record under review is the only one bearing his name now commercially available in the United States. It explains all too devastatingly why Pizzetti has been forgotten.

The suite from La Pisanella is just a trivial little pop-concert piece despite such titles as La Danse de l'amour et de la mort parfumée. Only one man in history could have dreamed up a title like that: You've probably read it: D'Annunzio. La Pisanella was a play of his, and Pizzetti's suite is drawn from incidental music composed for its first production.

The Concerto dell'estate, whose three movements fill all of one disc side and a third of the other, is Pizzetti's most important orchestral work. It achieves, pretentiously and at length, an evocation of the Italian countryside such as Leoncavallo achieves with the utmost neatness and economy in the ding-dong chorus in Pagliacci. If a much-used upper-brow slang word of recent years has not been utterly forgotten by now, one might characterize the Concerto dell'estate as summer camp.

PROKOFIEV: Symphony No. 3, Op. 44; Scythian Suite, Op. 20

Boston Symphony Orchestra, Erich Leinsdorf, cond. RCA Victor © LM 2934, $4.79; LSC 2934, $5.79.

How rigorously Leinsdorf pursues fastidiousness. Here he demands, and receives, near miraculous playing from his men—and RCA's engineers fulfill their role with equal devotion. But to what avail? These are not performances; they are embalmings. Absent from the Symphony is any hint of the anguished fury so prevalent in its time. The Scythian Suite appears stripped of its primitive Siere-like animal vitality, wholly barren save for a too facile and arbitrary excitement.

S.L.

ROUSSEAU: Suite in F, Op. 33

Dutilleux: Symphony No. 2

Lamoureux Orchestra, Charles Munch, cond. Westminster © XWN 19119, $4.79; WST 17119, $4.79.

Roussel's Suite in F is one of the major monuments left by the neoclassic movement of the 1920s. Its color, its brilliance and brilliancy of color it reminds one of neoclassicism as practiced by Prokofiev, but its weight, sonority, and rhythmic liveliness cleave more to the Stravinsky side of the idiom. At any rate, it is a masterpiece, and in this version it is marvelously well performed. The recording, unfortunately, is on the harsh and stringy side.

The Second Symphony of Henri Dutilleux is one of the works commissioned by the Boston Symphony to commemorate its 75th anniversary in 1956. It is a gorgeous piece, orchestrated with a radiance, richness, and power one had thought has disappeared from modern music, and with a heroic accent and a grandeur of form to match. Unfortunately, one of the principal features of the work, its use of a concerto-grosso-like contrast between a chamber orchestra of twelve instruments and the full ensemble, is not brought out in the recording, which is otherwise acceptable enough.

A.F.
SCHUETZ: Kleine geistliche Konzerte: Book 1 (1636)

Soloists: instrumentalists; Westphalian Choral Ensemble: Wilhelm Ehmann, cond. NONESUCH © HB 3012, $5.00; HB 3012, $5.00 (two discs).

It would scarcely be an exaggeration to describe Nonesuch's two-disc set of the Little Sacred Concertos, Book 1, as the most important Schütz release to have entered the catalogue. Everything about this memorable issue is right. To begin with, the music itself is among Schütz's greatest. In both date and style it belongs between such works as the first set of keyboard fantasias with their obtrusive, mental mannerisms and their thoroughly obtrusive delight in vivid contrasts, and the music of Schütz's later years, in which he turned decisively away from dramatic "effectiveness" towards the austere and contained manner of the Passion settings.

The Kleine geistliche Konzerte strike a particularly satisfying balance between these extremes. They are not "concertos" in the modern virtuoso sense, nor even in the classical dramatically oriented sense, rather they are pieces in which from one to five solo voices "konzertern"—"make music together"—with an accompaniment, set forth as a continuo bass, which may properly be realized for a small but varied group of instruments. But the intimate character suggested by this layout does not preclude frequent moments of high expressiveness, and Schütz's deep involvement with his texts—which are taken mostly from the Psalms and from other parts of the Bible—results in music which is as compelling in its emotional strength as it is free from mannerisms and exaggeration.

The present recording, taken from a Bärenreiter original produced under the auspices of the International Heinrich Schütz Society, enjoys the direction of Wilhelm Ehmann, who is principally responsible for the excellent edition of the Konzerte four years ago and as part of the new collected edition of Schütz (also published by Bärenreiter). These performances bear witness to musicology of the finest kind. There is nothing in the least academic about them. Stylistically they are impeccable, but what impresses most is their sensitivity and their sheer musical beauty. The instrumental settings are colorful but never obtrusive, and they are in the hands of such experts as Arno Schröder, who doubles on harpsichord and positive organ. Heinrich Haterland and Hans Koch on viola da gamba and violone, Otto Steinkopf on dolcian (precursor of the bassoon), and lutenist Walter Gerwig.

What is more remarkable is that Bärenreiter managed to assemble a group of solo singers who are not merely expert exponents of Schützian style but in most cases have voices too. Among the soloists are Maria Friesenhagen, Gundula Bernat-Klein, and Adele Stolte make distinguished contributions: Emmy Lisk's contralto is a rare blend of clarity and warmth; Johannes Hoefflin and Rolf Blüssow are far more fluent and musical than the average German tenor; and Carl-Heinz Müller, Johannes Kortendiek, and Wilhelm Pommeren make as impressive a line-up of basses as one could hope to hear in the sonorous parallel-third runs of Himmel und Erde vergehen.

In the last two Konzerte—Seihe, mein Vorsprecher ist im Himmel and the spacious Ich hab mein Sach Gott himmel—getestet—the Westphalian Choral Ensemble contributes clean, well-focused tone to the capella passages.

Music and performance are superbly served by the recording, which is crystal-clear without any sacrifice of warmth. At full price the quality of the presentation would be commendable: the booklet contains an illuminating (if rather polysyllabic) introduction by Joshua Rifkin. Useful notes by Werner Bittinger, and full texts and translations: at $5.00 for the two-record set, such thoroughness is nothing short of astonishing.

B.I.

SCHUMANN: Quintet for Piano and Strings, in E flat, Op. 44

Leonard Bernstein, piano; Juilliard Quartet, Columbia © ML 6329. $4.79; MS 6929. $5.79.

Leonard Bernstein here joins a distinguished line of those who have recorded the Schumann Quintet—a line begun by another pianist-conductor, Ossip Gabrilowitsch—and, as we would expect, he and the Juilliard perform with precision, finesse, and virtuosity. Inasmuch as normal problems of intonation and tone do not exist for these performers, they are able to concentrate on musical problems. Their conception is modern, and I for one miss the passionate outbursts that characterized turn-of-the-century performances of this piece. But we are living in the age of purity.

Curiously enough, the dynamic range here is cramped, and it sounds as if Columbia had recorded various takes at different times and then put the whole together.

The Mozart Quartet is more pleasing than the Schumann piece, and Bernstein plays with infinite imagination—so much so, indeed, that in places the work sounds like a thinly orchestrated piano concerto. There is no wondering here who is the leader—he's at the keyboard. My own preference is still for Horszowski as the chamber music pianist par excellence, but Bernstein is an up-and-comer.

GREGOR BENKO

SHIELD: Rosina

Margaret Elkins (s), Rosina; Elizabeth Harwood (s), Phoebe; Monica Sinclair (c), William: Robert Tear (t), Mr. Bellville: Kenneth MacDonald (t), Captain Bellville and A Rustic; Ambrosian Singers: London Symphony Orchestra, Richard Bonynge, cond. LONDON @ A 4160, $4.79; OSA 1160, $5.79.

William Shield's ballad-operas grace the
London stages during the last quarter of the eighteenth century, and displayed there the guileless charms of rustic maidens, the noble virtue of very gentle gentlemen, the honest simplicity of hardy laborers happy at their work, etc. All set to tuneful melodies and shot through with an unbelievable number of references to blushing. The entire population of England must have been subject to circulatory disorders.

Our heroine sets the tone of the present pastoral romance with such observations as: "Whilst with village maidens I stray/swearly wears the joyous dress/cheerful glows my artless breast/mild Content the constant guest, ah! a constant guest." That's Rosina, and she gets her man.

The tunes, linked by spoken dialogue, are all "pretty"; in the first act each character is introduced by way of an aria in his own distinct vein: the lovesick Mr. Belville is nostalgic in a kind of *Kathleen Mavourneen* manner; Rosina is—temporarily—very mournful indeed; the designing Capt. Belville (brother of the lovesick Mr. Belville) is heartily military; and the peasants are folksy. There is some wonderfully furious vocal embellishment in the course of these songs: the composer had good singers working for him at Covent Garden in 1782, when Rosina first appeared. and though I have no doubt that Richard Bonynge is responsible for much of the actual working out of the ornamentation in this recording, it sounds perfectly appropriate.

Bonynge has good singers working for him too. Elizabeth Harwood positively flourishes as the leading peasant girl: Margreta Elkins is occasionally slightly hard-pressed in the title role but at no serious disadvantage; Monica Sinclair handles the extraordinary range and shape of her boy's part with superb flexibility, although no woman alive could make some of these low passages sound natural. MacDonald and Tear are fine as the brothers Belville, with the latter a merry pastoral romp, velvety English.

**SIBELIUS: Quartet for Strings, in D minor, Op. 56 ("Voces Intimae")**

Berwald: *Quartet for Strings, No. 2, in A minor*

Copenhagen String Quartet. **Turnabout @ TV 4091, $2.49; TV 34091S, $2.49.**

The present performance of the *Voces Intimae* captures much more of the ominous introspection, the effective color, and the multi-faceted shifts of texture and mood than did the recent Claremont edition for Nonesuch. Some of the additional poetry accrues, no doubt, from the present sonics, which are less knife-edged and closely mixed, more conducive to long-breathed repose than the American product. Yet the Danish performance itself is rather more perceptive. With these artists vibrato is a coloristic effect to be used with restraint, for expressive considerations only, while for many American players vibrato is a way of life. The Copenhagen foursome, moreover, seems to be far more appreciative of Sibelius' long-spanned idylls, vibrant and adagio lines. Berwald's contribution to the disc (it rounds out the second side) is gracious, romantic, and of no great consequence. It too is amply rendered and attractively reproduced.

H.G.

**TCHAIKOVSKY: **"Tchaikovsky for Strings"


Czech Chamber Orchestra, Josef Vlach, cond. **CROSSROADS @ 22 16 0101, $2.50; 22 16 0102, $2.50.**

A real sleeper! Josef Vlach (is he the leader of the Vlach Quartet?) is unmistakably a conductor with a special aptitude for *folkloric* music. The four-movement Serenade in particular, played not by the opulent string choir of a large symphony orchestra (as in the recordings by Ormandy and Munch) but by a modestly sized chamber ensemble—with markedly enhanced individuality of the melodic parts and much more lucidity in the *ff* tuttis. The recording too is just right: smoothly panoramic, pure, bright, open, and entirely free from unnatural spotlights. Moreover, Vlach is unusually successful in reconciling the normally conflicting demands of romantic expressivity and classical objectivity. The silly little Song Without Words is certainly not free from sentimentality, but the usually emotional *Andante cantabile* is surprisingly straightforward, and Vlach's consistently restrained yet always eloquent Serenade is an unqualified delight.

R.D.D.

**VERDI: Un Ballo in maschera**

Leontyne Price (s), Amelia: Reri Grist (s), Oscar: Shirley Verret (ms), Ulrica: Carlo Bergonzi (t), Riccardo: Robert Merrill (b), Renato: Mario Basioli, Jr. (b), Silvana: Ezio Flagello (bs), Sam: Ferruccio Fazolari (bs), Tom: RCA Italiana Chorus and Orchestra, Erich Leinsdorf, cond. **RCA Victor @ LM 6179, $14.37; LSC 6179, $17.37 (three discs).**

This is one of those opera sets (they are coming along with increasing frequency) that is difficult to assess fairly because it gives every surface appearance of being a good performance, and yet adds up to less than the sum of its parts—one is conscious of good singing and good playing most of the time, but this good singing and playing exert no grip, and give us but a puny experience of the opera. Judgment is complicated by the fact that *Un Ballo* has never been recorded in a really satisfying way; if I were asked for an all-round recommenda-
tion, I don't know what I could suggest—
Toscanini, I suppose, but that set has serious weaknesses.

Lord knows the piece itself has its problem
patches. It doesn't offer the
great characterizations
afforded by other late-middle Verdi operas, and throws up
serious obstacles to believability—for example, the notion that all this takes place
among English colonialists "in the
vicinity of Boston," and the hopeless little scene of Silvano and the sailor man and his
promotion. But there are also some
superb dramatic possibilities, and several
of the finest arias the composer ever
wrote. And there is the interesting ambience inherent in the suggestion that
the whole thing is something of a masquerade: Riccardo runs around incognito:
Ulrica may or may not be a true seeress:
Amelia disguises herself, and conceals an illicit passion which she tries to banish
with the aid of magic; and finally there is the remarrrage she is fresh, re-voces.
She also captures at least a general sense of
situation and emotional response—
nothing specific in the fashion of Callas' anguish, suppressed "addio's" during the
dance in the final scene, but enough to make her voice personal. She is a
step from greatness in her singing of the
role, partly because of the husky, rather
hollow sound of her bottom notes and
partly because she does not always fol-
low a phrase through in a fashion that
takes the music along. These problems
often come out to the same thing.
She makes a stunning effect, for instance,
with the rise and fall of "Consentimi, o
Signore" in the second scene, but then
doesn't carry on with firmness and move-
ment on the succeeding phrase "virtù
ch'io lavai core" (a low phrase). It's an
uncompleted musical sentence, a typical
Verdian device left unrealized. The
good moments, though, are quite gorgeous—
she has few contemporary competitors in the
role.

The other two women just do not
offer solutions for their roles (not an
insult: Oscars and Ulricas who are more
than acceptable in the way). Shirley Ver-
rett's voice is a couple of shades too
light for the music, which calls for con-
tralto, or at least for the weighty Italian-
dramatic mezzo sound of, say, Barbieri.

Its relative weak spot (the lower-middle
area) is located precisely where it will
do the most damage in this music. Fur-
ther, she offers almost no evocation of
the character or the scene, and the fact
that she sings solidly with her firm high
mezzo voice is no compensation; she is
just a poor choice for the role. Reri
Grist sounds limp and small in the music
of Oscar; the singing has not enough dash
or color, and surprisingly, very little per-
sonality or sense of dramatic projection
comes through.

Carlo Bergonzi here records Riccardo
for the second time, singing smoothly
and competently but with little excite-
ment. He seems to be passing through a
period of some vocal difficulty: I have
heard him in uncomfortable Metropoliti-

can encounters with both Riccardo and
Edgardo within the past year (parts he
can carry off very easily), and much
of his work here sounds curiously
careful and withheld. Robert Merrill,
on the other hand, is well above his
recent average, and makes an extremely
handsome sound. He also phrases in a
controlled, considered way: this "Eri tu,"
for instance, far better balanced and
more relaxed than the effort on the Toscanini set. It is still far from a great
interpretation—no sense of sadness or
nostalgia, no rounding of phrases, no
lingering over the "dolceze perdute" or the
"spirite senza maniera" that Renato is
supposedly mourning. But that is typical
of the recording—good sound, musically
ordered, but no scene. Ezio Flagello and
Ferruccio Furlanetto have their music easily
in hand, though there is little bite or
presence to their work; Mario Basiola,
though, offers a really dislikable sound
as Silvano.

Leinsdorf's conducting is tidy and un-
eventful; as with so many of his opera
readings, it seems to me literal and frus-
tratingly cold, as if Breit's alienation
theories were being translated into musi-
cal form. There is no throb, no real
sweep; it sounds as if the conductor feels
that the climaxes ought to build them-
selves, and if they don't, we musicians
ought not intrude. On the other hand,
there are some spots in the arias that are
allowed to go col canto with a ven-
gence, and these seem strange to me,
too: Price, for example, is allowed a big
allargando on the triplets and dotted
eighth of "quest'ultimo favor" in the
"Morro, ma prima in grazia," but the
triplets in the cello obbligato immediately
following are brought back to tempo—
the thing is, Verdi has marked it spec-
ically for the other way. A similar in-
stance occurs near the beginning of her
first aria, where Price takes an exag-
gerated, unmarked allargando at "quell'
etera sembianza," where the crescendo/
diminuendo seems intended to make the
effect without stretching the tempo (I
say "seems" because one has to be care-
ful these days, with what all the research
into early editions, no doubt exactly for
the purpose of embarrassing us critics—
something to our credit, I think).

There are also the familiar Leinsdorf
virtues in the clarity of texture (good to
hear the counterpoint in the brass at the
close of Scene 1, for instance) and

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minor, K. 491. Geza Anda conducts
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MOZART: CONCERT ARIAS Gun-
dula Janowitz, soprano.
39 198; Stereo 139 198

CIRCLE 13 ON READER-SERVICE CARD
in the rhythmic security of ensemble sections built around one steady tempo (the very end of Act 1, for example). The third act seems to me better than the other two, and particularly the final scene, where the choral sections are done with good dash and precision, and the dance has some genuine elegance.

The sound: clear, bright, and a bit dry. The voices sometimes give the peculiar effect of being around without being present, and for me there is too much isolation, too little of a whole sound. It was surprising to hear some preecho in the Urlica scene.

C.L.O.

Recitals & Miscellany

PHILIPPE ENTREMONT: Piano Recital


Philippe Entremont, piano. COLUMBIA ® ML 6338, $4.79; MS 6938, $5.79.

Entremont has the vivacious temperament to project most of this potpourri recital program effectively. His Ritual Fire Dance has gusto and ringing attack. It is a headlong dazzling account of the music, patterned along the lines of Artur Rubinstein's famous interpretation. The Liszt Rhapsody and the little Tchaikovsky pieces are also convincingly done. One can even subscribe to the treatment of the Brahms Waltz (which here is transformed into a passionate serenade on a strummed zither or such) or the slightly languishing and overripe inflections of this Fur Elise. It is only with the choice of the tasteless Leschetitzy amplification of the Schubert Moment Musical (rather than the charming original) or the brittle tone and exaggerated dynamics given Debussy's Arabesque and the Mozart Turkish March that one begins to question the taste of this artist. In works demanding finesse as well as virtuosity, M. Entremont is still rather too much the bull in a china shop.

H.G.

VLADIMIR HOROWITZ: "Horowitz in Concert"


Vladimir Horowitz, piano. COLUMBIA ® ML 357, $9.58; MS 757, $11.98 (two discs).

In what is probably one of the handsomest record packages in years, Columbia here presents a two-disc album of music played by the already legendary Vladimir Horowitz at his fantastically successful Carnegie Hall recitals last year. Horowitz is among the last of the hero-pianists; he alone, it would seem, keeps alive in the public mind the concept of the virtuoso gifted with diabolical powers.

Perhaps the single most enduring selection in the set is the Chopin Nocturne—a performance serenely beautiful in its fluid pacing and elegantly, quietly gorgeous in tone. The Chopin Mazurka too receives a remarkable reading, quite folksy, that taps off into silence before you quite realize it is over. The Liszt (parts of it discreetly rewritten by the pianist) is breath-taking, in a reading that's as fiery as Horowitz has ever given but in which the virtuoso aspects are secondary to pure musical effect. Again, the Horowitz artistry brings to Scriabin's seldom played Tenth Sonata a sense of proportion all to the good of this enigmatic work.

Even Horowitz, of course, is sometimes fallible. In the Haydn Sonata his exquisite articulation and phrasing are momentarily lost (especially in the third movement). The public mind conceives of him to speeds incompatible with the crispness with which he began the work, and in the Schumann Blumenstück we have much well-knit tension but far too little passion, or so it seems to me. The popular portrait of Tchaikovsky must be considered in terms of Horowitz's musical aesthetic rather than what is generally accepted as Mozart's. Stylistically, I'm afraid it must be counted a failure: Horowitz ripples it off, but the distinctive Mozartian charm is somehow lost beneath the pianist's coloristic effects (the last movement Turkish Rondo, for instance, takes on something of the character of a Beethoven Sonata). As for L'Isle joyeuse, do not expect here the Debussian of Giseguing or Casadesus: it is a reading of breath and fire, with no "underwater" effects at all.

The sound on these discs is as good as can be expected from a live recording (though my review copy suffers from distortion in the louder passages). One can tell the difference in tone of the piano from selection to selection, and the pieces from the later recitals seem to fare better (department of curiosity: the piano goes somewhat out of tune in the middle of the Liszt work).

By now, any new record from Horowitz must be counted as a historical document, but I would like to submit that such discs are historical documents of musical creations first and mementoes of a particular occasion second. Columbia's inclusion of this recital, rather than its long duration at the end of each piece, only interrupts continuity and grates on the ear. We do not need this to remind us of Vladimir Horowitz's unique appeal: we can hear the playing—and it is that of a superbly gifted musician, an artist of inspired stature.

GREGOR BENKO

ROUEN CHAMBER ORCHESTRA: Baroque Program


Rouen Chamber Orchestra, Albert Beuchamp, cond. WORLD SERIES ® PHC 9045, $2.49 (compatible disc).

Neither the delightful W. F. Bach Symphony nor the Lully Suite can be found today on other discs; but since neither the performance nor the recording here is satisfactory, the present set hardly remedies that omission. And while the Rouen Chamber Orchestra does better by the Purcell Suite than its only competitor, Fritz Mahler and the Hartford Symphonia, its performance of the Corelli is outclassed in much better recorded versions by Münchinger, Janigro, the Virtuosi di Roma, and I Musici.

Stylistically, the Rouen group follows current standards of baroque performance practice both in the continuo texture and harmony and in rhythm and phrasing. The latter are not as extreme as some German performances, but they are authentically stylish. Otherwise, I can only say that the players are not too proficient. That the conductor has not too keen an ear for texture, that the studio is afflicted with excessive re-sonance, and that World Series' compatible "phase control" may also be to blame for the muddy sound. Too bad, for the music has much to commend it. P.H.

ELISABETH SCHWARZKOPF: "An Elisabeth Schwarzkopf Songbook"


Elisabeth Schwarzkopf, soprano; Gerald Moore, piano. ANGEL ® 36345, $4.79; S 36345, $5.79.

Every admired singer should have at
least one indulgence among his or her records. Mme Schwarzkopf, who recorded an album of favorite songs some years back, now has two. Happily, this disc contains some cherishable performances, and not at all a despicable repertory list.

Possibly the "important" section of the record is the set of seven little Wolf-Ferrari songs, which the soprano has unearthed for some of her recitals. They impress me just as they did when Mme. Schwarzkopf sang them in New York in January 1966—as charming, well-wrought songs, with something in each to lift it above the level of salon literature. One might even say that this is the most successful cycle in twentieth-century Italian song literature, except that the remark might sound backhanded. In any case, Schwarzkopf sings these lovely pieces affectionately; one might sometimes wish for clearer, more idiomatic Italian, but after all it is she who has taken the trouble to revive the songs, and she renders them with obvious relish.

The Schubert songs are all well done, in mezzo-ISH keys, but there's nothing wrong with that. Liebe schwaermt, etc., is particularly welcome, being seldom recorded, as is Seligkeit, which Schwarzkopf sings especially well and often uses as an encore number. Though Mandoline misses fire and there are moments of overinterpretation in the Rachmaninoff and in the Vedo di notte of Wolf-Ferrari, these failings hardly weigh against the virtues. As one expects, this soprano makes quite a virtuoso display of the ending of Wolf's Zigeunerin, but without once losing sight of the song. And again as one expects, Moore is magnificent—compare this reading of Schubert's genial Der Einsame with the more sharply accented one he gives Fischer-Dieskau for a lesson in adjusting to different singers and their different approaches. The sound is good, but sometimes a little close-to-the voice.

C.L.O.

ARTURO TOSCANINI: "A Toscanini Treasury of Historic Broadcasts"

NBC Symphony Orchestra, Arturo Toscanini, cond.

For a feature review of these recordings, see page 73.

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ARE RECORDS TOO CHEAP?

Record buyers, as a rule couldn't care less about the industry's business problems. Why should they? But when economics and aesthetics are often interrelated, they become significant even to the purchaser.

The record industry is in a tight financial bind, and the stricture is already being felt by the consumer in the reduction of pop music albums from twelve to eleven tracks and even, in some cases, to ten. This takes us halfway back to the old 10-inch LP, which contained eight tracks. Why is this happening?

Clive Davis, vice-president and general manager of CBS Records, which includes Columbia, gave the reasons in a speech a few weeks ago. Delivered to the National Convention of Record Merchandisers, the speech was remarkable for its courage. He told the merchandisers, many of whom are the "rack jobbers" who distribute records to supermarkets, drugstores, and the like, that their merchandising methods were crude and obselete, and that they have a short-sighted preoccupation with big hit records. It was high time somebody said that.

Figures that Davis cited (assembled by the Harvard Business School) showed that the combined net profits for record manufacturers in 1964 was only 1.7%. This is a margin of profit so low as to be dangerous. Davis further pointed out that 75% of the records put on the market don't sell. He didn't point out that many of the R & R men in his and other companies have a spectacular lack of imagination and that most of the pot-boiling product they turn out doesn't deserve to sell; or that the industry turns out far too many records and then doesn't concentrate adequately on the sales promotion of many of them. These are two areas where reform could begin. Yet, on balance, Davis' speech was a model of good sense and foresight.

The cost of making records, as Davis emphasized, is going up. The American Federation of Musicians recently raised the price paid musicians for recording from $61.80 to $65 an hour. A new copyright bill pending in Washington will further increase recording costs. Music publishers want an increase in what are called mechanical royalties. For every copy of a song sold, whether on an album or singles, publishers are now paid two cents, of which half (under an honest contract) goes to the songwriters. They want the price raised to three cents, will probably get two-and-a-half. This increase is justified: it will be the first that songwriters and publishers have been given in nearly half a century! But it's going to add further to the cost of making an album—an additional six cents, for an album that contains twelve tunes.

Davis pointed out that the pricing practices of the record industry are ridiculous. Every other industry reduces the prices on merchandise that is moving slowly, puts it on sale. Only record retailers reduce prices on records that are selling well. A smash hit album is discounted; a poorly selling album sits on the shelf at full price. This is idiotic.

Davis called for variable pricing on records: that album which costs a great deal to make, or which is in heavy demand, would sell at a higher price than the run of the mine record. This makes sense. It would permit record companies to recoup the losses they make on poorer selling albums, many of which they must make if they are to introduce new and worthwhile artists. They will be expected to sell well until their third or fourth or perhaps tenth record.

Is Davis justified in calling for price revision, with a general emphasis on upward revision? I think he is. The alternatives are a reduction in the quality of music in an album, which in fact is already happening, or a subtle but perceptible reduction in the quality of them, through various corner-cutting practices in the manufacturing cost.

The long-playing popular music albums sold, at one period in the late 1940s, for nearly six dollars. By 1954, the price was down to $4.85, and the following year it went down to $3.95. When a federal excise tax on albums was removed, the manufacturers passed the saving along to the consumer (with the exception of a few companies) and the price went to $3.79. For a mono LP. With discounts, the price is often even less. All this occurred during a period when the price of almost every other commodity in America went up. Think of the present cost of going to a movie now compared with 1949. Of all the entertainment forms, only records have become cheaper.

In the end, the increase may be comparatively painless. Jac Holzman, president of Elektra Records, has predicted that the increase will come about through elimination of the mono records. Approximately half the albums sold are monaural, and they sell for a dollar less than stereo records. Thus their elimination from production would have the effect to manufacturers and others of increasing the cost of all albums by about fifty cents, even though stereo records would not be raised in price. (There would be further savings to manufacturers through the eliminating of double mastering of all albums in stereo and mono, reduction in production costs of record jackets—which have to be slightly different for mono copies—elimination of double inventories at the distribution level, and so forth.)

Holzman's idea is ingeniously simple. Perhaps that's the way it will come about. But whichever way it happens, some sort of increase in the cost of records is inevitable. In the meantime, the industry should be grateful to Clive Davis for setting off a healthy discussion of the subject.

GENE LEES

JUNE 1967
TONY BENNETT: Tony Makes It Happen. Tony Bennett, vocals: Marion Evans, arr. and cond. On the Sunny Side of the Street; She's Funny That Way; Old Devil Moon; eight more. Columbia © Cl. 2653, $3.79; CS 9453, $4.79.

With this album, Tony Bennett can add another credit to his many accomplishments: he brought Marion Evans back to the music business. Evans got fed up with it a few years ago ("I was tired of writing music by the pound") and turned away to apply his keen surgical intelligence to making money in the stock market. He was adamant about it, too, but somehow Tony got him to write the arrangements for this album. They are some of the finest heard in popular music since ... well, since Marion Evans took a walk.

In some tunes, such as A Beautiful Friendship and Can't Get Out of This Mood, there is rich, inventive, often surprising string writing and warm, frankly Farnesque use of woodwinds. In I Don't Know Why, Evans starts the chart with only spare piano in the verse, then adds rhythm section in the start of the chorus, and then floods us with the cool, liquid gold of clarinets, a bass clarinet on the bottom. In the release he brings in strings and, in the instrumental chorus, cuts loose with a controlled Basis-ish brass section in mixed muted. Everything he writes has this quality of building. Not all the songs are done as ballads, however, and when Evans wants punch, he gets it. In The Lady's In Love with You, he has a guitarist playing straight four in the rhythm section while a bongo player adds funny accents to set up a rolling, happy, and weirdly flippan rhythm.

As for Tony, he's in remarkable voice for this album. Everything about his work continues to evolve and grow and mellow, including his time. The up-tempo effects that used to evade him now lie easily and naturally for him. He has long been recognized as a superior interpreter of lyrics—among men, he's second only to Sinatra. But he's become a really skilled singer as well. His voice is startlingly powerful and big and controlled in What Makes It Happen. He has worked hard on his voice in the last few years, and it has paid off big.

Almost all the tunes are standard. This kind of material is so worn by now that only one thing justifies an album of it: a completely fresh approach. This is what Tony Bennett and Marion Evans have achieved here. It is a splendid album. G.I.

THE CYRKLE: Neon. Tom Davies, Michael Losekamp, Marty Fried, and Don Dannemann, vocals and rhythm accompaniment; background musicians: John Simon and The Cyrkle, arr. Two Rooms; Weight of Your Words; It Doesn't Matter Anymore; eight more. Columbia © Cl. 2632, $3.79; CS 9432, $4.79.

The Cykle's second album indicates that they're still one of the most imaginative and musical groups in rock-and-roll. In fact, the Cykle employs devices which sometimes lift it out of the halted musical scope that characterizes nearly all of the rock field. For example, they change keys. How many rock groups can you think of that modulate during songs? Their singing is clear and sustained, their enunciation clean. They use three- and even four-part harmonies, as well as the unison and two-part voicings to which most groups restrict themselves.

All of these refinements pose a peculiar problem; the problem of sophistication. The Cykle can be said to exemplify the more subtle, polished extreme of rock, just as the Rolling Stones exemplify its crude, ghetto-like extreme. In fairness, it should be said that both extremes—and any group in between—should be judged on how well the music is performed within its style. But it doesn't work that way in rock-and-roll. The young generation, both fans and performers, react with hostility to the intrusion of sophistication into their snug and accepted musical domain. They like their talent raw. This is one reason that the rate of refinement among rock performers is so remarkably slow.

Fortunately, The Cykle isn't being buried, despite its polish. Perhaps it's because they balance their program. Sensitive, lovely numbers like The Visit and Paul Simon's I Wish You Could Be Here are, in a sense, canceled out by raucous and primitive things like Don't Cry, No Fears, No Tears, on which the Fender bass player sounds dim-witted and the drummer plays too hard, in accordance with custom. Problem Child is a maverick. It means to be comedy but misses badly.

Credit must be given to arrangement-pianist John Simon, who has a good deal to do with the inventiveness and organization behind this album. Over-all, the music of The Cykle is a fresh and pleasing experience. M.A.

BLOSSOM DEARIE: Blossom Time. Blossom Dearie, vocals and piano. Jeff Clyne, bass; Johnnie Butts, drums. On Broadway; The Shadow of Your Smile; seven more. Fontana © MGF 27562, $3.79; SRF 67562. $4.79.

It is difficult to describe the vocal quality of Blossom Dearie to anyone who hasn't heard her. If you've noticed a television commercial for "self-styling Adorn," the charming voice, as light as a bubble, that sells the product is Blossom's.

Miss Dearie is one of the most engaging singers in all popular music; I don't know a single professional singer
who isn't in love with her work. Extraordinarily sensitive and subtle in the reading of lyrics, she is also a musician of considerable skill and taste. She sings flawlessly in tune, and as her own accompanist, she is a pianist of uncommon warmth who has adapted certain aspects of the style of Bill Evans to her own needs. Yet her voice is curious, even peculiar. It has a quick, light vibrato, perhaps a French influence from the days when she had a vocal group in Paris called the Blue Stars. (That group had a hit record on Lullaby of Birdland. After it broke up, two vocal groups grew out of it: the Dutchess Singers and the Swingle Singers, which is an indication of how far ahead of her time Blossom has consistently been.) Blossom's is a little girl's voice; yet she does sophisticated, clever, literate material, and does it hiply. The brilliant and funny early song The Ballad of the Shapes to Come, another of several tiny masterpieces in this package? It has to be listened to, and few people will extend that effort to so-called "pop" music. Yet to ask Miss Dearie to compromise and do material below her standards would be a sort of secular sacrilege.

This album was recorded at Ronnie Scott's nightclub in London, where Blossom seems to be better appreciated than at home. It is one of the best albums she has made, since she works with only a rhythm section to accompany her piano and is therefore more completely herself than in any recording I've yet heard. She does a lovely reading of Johnny Mercer's and Michel Legrand's Once Upon a Summertime; breathes so much new life into Noel Coward's Mad About the Boy that it seems a better song than I think it is; and tosses off an airily amusing interpretation of Cy Coleman's and Carolyn Leigh's When in Rome.

Like most of Miss Dearie's fans, I'd like to sit everyone with even a remote interest in good popular music down at a phonograph and turn them on to her work measure by measure, phrase by phrase. That being impossible, this review will have to suffice. Do give this gifted and unique lady a chance to grow on you.

June 1967

DICK HYMAN: Brasilian Impressions. Woodwind octet: rhythm section; Dick Hyman, piano, arr., and cond. Sugarloaf: A Day in the Life of a Fool; Eleanor Rigby: nine more. Command @ R 911 D. $4.79; RS 911 SD. $5.79; © CMC 911. $7.95.

Dick Hyman is a highly capable musician (pianist, harpsichordist, organist, arranger) who spends almost all his working life in the recording studios of New York City. Precisely because of his great facility, Hyman's work, particularly his writing, sometimes shows the same shortcomings as that of Michel Legrand: he overwrites. His arrangements are often too busy, too virtuosic. This album lacks that fault. Here, Hyman has taken a collection of good tunes, mostly Brazilian, and set them for woodwind octet and piano. He, of course, is the pianist.

As the liner notes point out, the writing shows some debts to the woodwind chamber works of Villa Lobos, a logical connection, and to the jazz-influenced octet writing of Alice Wilder, a less logical connection but certainly an interesting one. Because he has boxed himself into a comparatively limited instrumental situation, Hyman's talent doesn't shoot off all over the place, like a box of Roman candles into which someone tossed a match. There is order and cohesion to the writing and restraint to the playing. This is not to suggest that the album is limp; it is pushed along by a powerful rhythmic section that plays around with permutations of samba. Most of the material is familiar but the nicest track of the album isn't: Hyman's own little tonal cameo of Rio de Janeiro, titled Sugarloaf. It is charming.

In addition to Hyman's attractive playing, the album features solo work by Clark Terry and Joe Wilder on flugelhorn. Both of them add subtly to the color.

Finally, the whole thing is beautifully recorded. It is one of the nicest things I've yet heard from Dick Hyman.

G.L.

MALVINA REYNOLDS: Malvina Reynolds Sings the Truth. Malvina Reynolds, vocals and guitar. The New Restaurant; What's Going on Down There; Little Boxes; Battle of Maxton Field; God Bless the Grass; I Don't Mind Failing; Have They Done to the Rain?; The Devil's Baptist; Singing Jesus; The Bloody Neat; Quiet; Love Is Something; Bitter Rain. Columbia @ CL 2614, $3.79; CS 9414, $4.79.

It was high time somebody recorded Malvina Reynolds. During the folk song fad of a few years ago, one of the few writers who really had something to say was this gray-haired lady from Berkeley, Calif., who is now sixty-six. She said it in such songs as What Have They Done to the Rain?, which lamented atomic testing in the atmosphere, and Little Boxes, which pinioned conformity and suburban ugliness, adding to the American language the term ticky-tacky.

Here we have Mrs. Reynolds singing
thirteen of her songs. As a melanist, she's naive, and as a singer she's well: an amateur. What makes her work important then? The lyrics, the lyrics! They're incredible. They constitute the nearest analysis of our proliferating contemporary ugliness to be found anywhere. Some of them are funny-upsetting, such as The New Restaurant, in which she blasts the kind of immaculate chromium-and-Formica eatery that has witty, self-praising menus and dreadful food. Mrs. Reynolds is evidently bug-eyed by one of the same things that grip me: the tasteless, chemically fertilized tomatoes that have become general in this country. She looks forward grimly to the time when all those gruesome synthetic foods the scientists are working on have become a part of everyday reality. The song is, in other words, about the death of aesthetics in our society.

Sometimes her songs are hilarious. The Battle of Mushton Field recalls the occasion a few years ago when a group of Indians with guts put to flight a meeting of Klansmen. Try listening to this without laughing. Then there's I Don't Mind Falling, which contains the lines, "Don't mind wearing ragged britches, because that's how I feel about the sons of bitches." To hear this sung by a somewhat sweet little-old-lady's voice has got to double you up. And, of course, it's the truth.

Mrs. Reynolds, an ex-newspaperwoman with a Ph.D. in English, is a professional writer, no matter how those enamored of the folk mystique would like her to be a "natural," sprung full-blown and ignorant from the soil. She's a shrewd, sophisticated, and pungent observer of the contemporary world. Marya Mannes prefers prose as a medium of expression: Mrs. Reynolds likes the song form. That's the significant difference: Mrs. Reynolds is fully as important a writer as Miss Mannes.

Don't miss this album. Delightful, provocative, and more than a little disturbing.

G.L.

THOSE WONDERFUL GIRLS OF STAGE, SCREEN, AND RADIO. Ruth Etting, the Boswell Sisters, Jane Froman, Helen Morgan, Mae West, Ethel Waters, Lee Wiley, Kate Smith, Marlene Dietrich, Grace Moore, Ethel Merman, Frances Langford, Irene Dunne, Kay Thompson, Gertrude Niesen, Dorothy Lamour, Alice Faye, Martha Raye, Ella Logan, and Mary Martin. Vocals. Epic © SN 6059, $5.79; BSN 159, $7.71 (two discs). Some of the "wonderful girls" gathered by producer Larry Carr in this reissue collection still carry the magical sounds of fond memory. Several make you wonder what you thought you were listening to back in the Thirties. And there are a couple of pleasant surprises. The Boswell Sisters, with their striking close harmonies and the kaleidoscopic developments that Connie (later Connee) Boswell created for them, are as fascinating and immortal today on There'll Be Some Changes Made as they were thirty-five years ago. There are definitive examples of the compelling vocal qualities of Helen Morgan (a lyrical torch touch on Can't Help Lovin' That Man), Lee Wiley (the dark, warm but already knowing young Wiley voice on a previously unissued performance of You've Got Me Crying Again), and Marlene Dietrich (her marvellously sensuous European recording of Jalousy, which was released in the United States several years ago on Vox). Ethel Merman is somewhat temperate but still recognizably Mermanish on I Get a Kick Out of You. Eddie Duchin's band pulsing smoothly behind her, Ruth Etting's unpretentious use of a simple, direct vocal style, combined with helpful backing from Eddie Lang's guitar, makes Exactly Like You swing along lightly. On the other hand, pompousness and a stifling sense of the proper overcome Frances Langford (I'm in the Mood for Love), Irene Dunne (Lovely to Look At), and Grace Moore (One Night of Love). The pleasant surprises are Kay Thompson, who, in 1935, mingled a knowledgeable use of the old torch techniques, a warm and vibrant voice, and a fine band led by Jack Jenny on You Let Me Down, and Alice Faye—all but buried by the camp movement—who proves to be a rather good pop singer on Wake Up and Live. Miss West, Ethel Waters, Kate Smith, and Martha Raye are represented by performances that are, for them, routine, although Dorothy Lamour does surprisingly well with a dull song.

An impressive and informative aspect of this collection is the consistent helpfulness of the small group accompaniments that were used in the Thirties (particularly in the early Thirties) as opposed to the sludgy, heavy-handed legions of strings and brass that became the fashionable backing for singers in the post-war years.

J.S.W.

FRITZ WUNDERLICH: Wunderlich in Vienna. Fritz Wunderlich, vocals; Chorus of the Vienna State Opera; Vienna Volksoper Orchestra; The Spilar-Schrammeln Group, Robert Stolz, cond. Heliodor © H 25051, $2.49: HS 25051, $2.49. Hearing Wunderlich's clear, lyric, perfectly controlled voice in these sparkling traditional songs of Vienna, one feels again a deep pang of regret for the accident that cost him his life—and the musical world one of its finest young singers—just a few months ago. He is as actory as well as singer in this recital, and the schmaltz is as thick as the sluchtert in a Schachertorte. But this is as it should be, for Vienna has always been suspended somewhere between a smile and a tear. In these wondrously melodic songs of life and love beside the Danube—songs like Wien, Wien, nur da allein, Wien wird bei Nacht erst schön—the wine is always new and the girls are always fair. But in the end Vienna is the eternal heroine. And Wunderlich is in heroic voice for the serenade. Do not resist this bargain.

O.B.B.
WHAT SCIENTIST
IN HIS RIGHT MIND

would turn his back on Fame and Fortune . . .

move to Hope, Arkansas . . . and devote his life to
building the world's most perfect speaker systems?

PAUL W. KLIPSCH, SCIENTIST, ENGI-
NEER, FANATIC. A man holding patents on
everything from electronic instruments
to the world famous KLIPSCHORN and
Klipsch speaker systems.

Klipsch built his first loudspeaker back
in 1920 from earphones and a long card-
board tube. For the next 19 years he im-
mersed himself in the study of basic speaker
design principles.

By 1939 Klipsch had finally synthesized
the basic laws of physics into the most the-
oretically correct loudspeaker ever de-
signed.

Now the job was to make the prototype.
In Klipsch' own words, "I built her with a
borrowed handsaw, hundreds of screws
and plenty of elbow grease. I filled my mis-
takes with glue and sawdust. I don't know
how I did it, but the baby was air tight . . .
and damned efficient!"

But Klipsch was not completely sat-
isfied.

For 8 years he lab-
bored, perfecting
the bass response
(30 to 400 cps).
Finally he got what he wanted . . .
smooth, undis-
torted sound and
magnificent bass fundamentals so low and
powerful that they could reproduce even
the Tibia pedal tones of a huge pipe organ.

Accurate reproduction of the important
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The KLIPSCHORN has the lowest dis-
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way system with 1/10 of 1% dis-
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would turn his back on Fame and Fortune . . .

move to Hope, Arkansas . . . and devote his life to
building the world's most perfect speaker systems?

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NEER, FANATIC. A man holding patents on
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JAZZ

**DAVE BRUBECK QUARTET: Anything Goes.** Dave Brubeck, piano; Paul Desmond, alto saxophone; Gene Wright, bass; Joe Morello, drums. *Love for Sale; You’re the Top:* five more. Columbia CL 2682, $3.79; CS 9402, $4.79; CQ 899, $7.95.

Some jazz drummers know how to play cymbals. Some don’t. If you strike a cymbal near its center, you get a piny bell sound; strike it out near its edge, and it sizzles. Strike it with your stick held steeply and stiffly, and you get one sound: slope the stick more and you get another. A very few drummers have the skill and imagination to weave a cymbal’s many sounds into the fabric of a group’s work, running a brassy thread through it, stitching thoughts together. Elvin Jones often does this. Yet I don’t think anyone does it better than Joe Morello, the unsung wonder of the Dave Brubeck Quartet.

When Morello first came into prominence, there was much excitement about him. But in the several years since he joined Brubeck, he’s been taken all too often for granted. A witty man of unfailing energy, he is one of the finest drummers who’s heard. Johnny Hodges playing in the high register knows where DesmonD’s tonal conception came from. And there are certain similarities between his playing and that of Lee Konitz. But that, I think, is parallelism, rather than mutual influence. DesmonD is, and always has been, an individualist. He is almost alarmingly intelligent, which is perhaps why he hasn’t been imitated: you can’t emulate brains. It is endlessly fascinating to follow the expected workings of his highly compositional mind as he unfolds his long lines, fluid and soft and yet with a steely logic and strength.

As for DesmonD, he is one of the few horn players who isn’t squirming to get out of the trap of sounding like Charlie Parker—for the good reason that he never fell into it in the first place. Any- one who’s heard Johnny Hodges playing in the high register knows where DesmonD’s tonal conception came from. And there are certain similarities between his playing and that of Lee Konitz. But that, I think, is parallelism, rather than mutual influence. DesmonD is, and always has been, an individualist. He is almost alarmingly intelligent, which is perhaps why he hasn’t been imitated: you can’t emulate brains. It is endlessly fascinating to follow the expected workings of his highly compositional mind as he unfolds his long lines, fluid and soft and yet with a steely logic and strength.

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nating performance because Bryant and his colleagues have managed to retain the repetitive simplicity of the device in its original form (as in Wesley Wallace’s No. 29) while infusing it with a sophistication of technique far beyond the capabilities of the primitive musicians who first used the train blues as a vehicle.

Polish and a gentle overlay of sophistication could not, by themselves, sustain such a limited and repetitious bit of material over as long a period as this. The catalytic element that holds everything together is a spoken, mumbled, murmured monologue by Paul Serrano. This too derives from the Wesley Wallace piece (and innumerable others). Scattered pizzicato and brush cymbals just the counterpoint that is necessary to allow Bryant to maintain the appropriate limited patterns and to relieve him of the necessity for embroidering in a way that would detract from the simplicity that is an essential part of such a piece. It’s an imaginative treatment, beautifully executed.

The remainder of the disc is, aside from a piano and bowed bass treatment of When the World Was Young, relatively routine.

J.S.W.

GARY BURTON: Tennessee Firebird.

Gary Burton, vibraphone, piano, and organ; Steve Marcus, tenor and soprano saxophone; Buddy Spicher, fiddle; Sonny Osborne, banjo; Bobby Osborne, mandolin; Buddy Emmons, steel guitar; Charlie McCoy, harmonica; Ray Edenton, Jimmy Colvard, and Chet Atkins, guitars; Steve Swallow and Henry Bollbach, bass; Ray Haynes and Kenneth Buttery, drums. Born to Love; Faded Love; I Can’t Help It: eight more. RCA Victor © 1PM 3719, $3.79; LSP 3719, $4.79. Gary Burton has gone back to Nashville with a perspective that few musicians have. He grew up under the influence of country music, then moved into jazz (he studied at the Berklee School), went through the seemingly inevitable period of being a jazz combo (one who equates “good music” with jazz and, inferentially, dismisses all other music as junk), and eventually reencountered Nashville music in a matured frame of reference. He found similarities between country music and jazz and out of affection for both, rather than as a search for a gimmick, he has tried to blend the two in various ways. This resultant disc is such an honest effort in this direction that you would scarcely realize that it is, in theory, a Gary Burton session—his vibes appear most of the time as part of ensemble color although he does move out on an occasional solo.

The soloists you are most apt to notice are Buddy Spicher on fiddle, Buddy Emmons on steel guitar, Charlie McCoy on harmonica, Steve Swallow on bass, and a guitarist who might be Chet Atkins on a lovely ad lib treatment over Burton’s vibes of Back Is the Color of My True Love’s Hair.

This last piece may typify one aspect of what Burton was trying to do. It isn’t country, it isn’t jazz—it’s just music. On most pieces, however, the country touches and the jazz touches are quite apparent. They come together brilliantly in Tennessee Firebird, a fantastically swinging bit of blue grass spearheaded by Spicher’s fiddle and Sonny Osborne’s banjo and lifted to a boiling point by Steve Marcus’ tenor saxophone and Ray Haynes’ powerful drumming. Burton uses material by Bob Dylan, Hank Williams, and Bob Wills as well as his own originals. It’s interesting to find that, aside from pieces Burton wrote to fit the occasion, Hank Williams’ songs lend themselves most readily to a swinging treatment.

This is an uneven record but it is thoughtful and provocative and entertaining, a combination you rarely find in these musical areas.

J.S.W.

* EDDIE DANIELS: First Prize.

Eddie Daniels, tenor saxophone and clarinet; Roland Hanna, piano, vibraphone; Richard Davis, bass; Mel Lewis, drums. Felicidad; Falling in Love with Love; Love’s Long Journey; Five Grown Boys. Prestige © 7506, $4.79; 7506, $4.79. The idea that emotion, projected with a blatant blow-torch, is the sine qua non of jazz has become so widespread currently, particularly among saxophonists, that Eddie Daniels comes as a distinct shock. A very pleasant shock, I hasten to add. A welcome shock, a hopeful shock.

Daniels is very much of the present and can wait at all. But he also has a sense of form, a feeling for dynamics, a strong technical grounding and, praise be, ideas. One of the ideas that he develops in the course of this disc (his first) is that the clarinet should be brought back to jazz. He has the facility and imagination to do it. He is the first jazz musician who has sounded completely at home (and non-imitative) on the clarinet since Tony Scott arrived more than twenty years ago. Some of his best work on the disc—this is something he conveys on The Rocker, the bubbling grace of That Waltz and a charming over-dubbed duet on Time Marches On—are done on clarinet. On tenor saxophone, he plays with deceptive assurance balanced by sensitivity. He swaggers through muscular passages that show traces of Sonny Rollins and sings with the sunlit joy of Stan Getz. Whatever Daniels does, it adds up. It gets somewhere and it makes sense.

He is backed by an excellent rhythm section, all from the Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band in which Daniels plays regularly. As lagniappe, there are several high gear piano solos by Roland Hanna.

J.S.W.

ANDREW HILL: Compulsion. Andrew Hill, piano; Freddie Hubbard, trumpet and flugelhorn; John Gilmore, tenor saxophone and bass clarinet; Cecil McBe, bass; Joe Chambers, drums; Nedi Qamra, African drums; Andrew Hill’s thumb pianos. Renad Simmons, conga. Blue Note © 4217, $4.79; 84217, $5.79. Gradually a little order is coming to the avant-garde jazz movement. Don Ellis'
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CIRCLE 26 ON READER-SERVICE CARD
big band in California is successfully incorporating some of its elements into older traditions and Andrew Hill is making a sort of sense, too.

Hill has something that seems to me to be lacking in too many of the New Thingers: he can play his instrument. Though he plays here is hard to fix, there is little of the clutter-fingered, fumbling that too often passes for "freedom" in New Thingery. He is fluid, quick, and understands the sonorities of the piano. Surprisingly, he sounds at times like an improvising Ravel.

The album has four tracks, all written by Hill. Hill has chosen some really excellent men to play them, particularly the fiery trumpeter Freddie Hubbard, the gifted young bassist Cecil McBee, and bassist Richard Davis, who subs for McBee on one track. The purpose seems to be to achieve emotion primarily through textures and rhythmic turbulence. It is fulfilled. The track titled Legacy sets up a powerful propulsive pattern with African drums and some amazing bass work by McBee. Hill flings in intriguing figures on the piano, then digs down into the instrument to generate a disturbing roar. I hesitate to call this atonality; it's more like constant disruption of tonality. Legacy and Premontion are, to my ears and responses, the most interesting tracks of the disc. The latter makes an odd and charming use of the African thumb piano.

I don't like this record. But I respect it. Nor do I claim to understand the talent of Andrew Hill. But I can hear that it's there.

G.L.

GODFREY HIRSCH: Happiness Is . .

Godfrey Hirsch, vibes; Stan Wrightsman, piano; Morty Corb, bass; Al Hendrickson, guitar; Jack Sperling, drums. So Nice: Flamingo; Whispering: nine more. Coral @ 757489, $4.79; ST 74-757489. $7.95.

Godfrey Hirsch is usually so occupied being Lionel Hampton to Pete Fountain's Benny Goodman that this low-keyed, pretentious see-through is a oddity, a pleasant surprise. These are simple, melodic performances of simple, melodic tunes that often generate the simple, melodic charm you might get from a Viennese waltz. No frills, no fancies—just an easy beat, the feathery propulsion of Al Hendrickson's guitar chording, some relaxed piano passages by Stan Wrightsman, and the mellow ring of Hirsch's vibes.

J.S.W.


Three of the relatively obscure recording groups of the Twenties on this reissue disc—the Dixieland Jug Blowers, the Memphis Jug Band, and the Five Harmonics—have been a source of material and style for several latter-day folk and jazz groups. As usual, the originals prove to have more vitality and validity than the copies. The Jug Blowers are built around a combination of jug, banjo, and fiddle that gives the group a ruggedly swinging beat. On one number clarinetist Johnny Dodds turns up for a lively, driving solo on a lusty banjo trio whangs its way through Banjoreno, and Cal Smith plays a surprising (for 1926) single string guitar solo on Southern Shot. The Memphis Jug Band is a more primitive, heavy-handed group, burdened with a dire kazoo but helped considerably by a potent jug player and a lively harmonica. The Harmonics, who seem to be a novelty vaudeville group, reverse these merits—the harmonica is weak but the kazoo is bright and joyful.

Tony Parham's rugged, swinging band fits into the context of the disc only because its two pieces feature washtub solos. Both tunes are based on similar riffs and are developed in such identical fashion that one or the other could have been left out. The Washboard Rhythm Kings are pure joy, a forerunner of the kind of slapdash informal gaiety that Fats Waller and His Rhythm were producing in 1934. The selections by the Washboard Rhythm Kings, the Memphis Jug Band, and three by the Dixieland Jug Blowers have previously been reissued on 10-inch LPs in the "X" label Vault: Originals series.

C. LLEWELLYN TAYLOR: Dixieland Jug Blowers, the Memphis Jug Band, and the Five Harmonics have been a source of material and style for several latter-day folk and jazz groups. As usual, the originals prove to have more vitality and validity than the copies. The Jug Blowers are built around a combination of jug, banjo, and fiddle that gives the group a ruggedly swinging beat. On one number clarinetist Johnny Dodds turns up for a lively, driving solo on a lusty banjo trio whangs its way through Banjoreno, and Cal Smith plays a surprising (for 1926) single string guitar solo on Southern Shot. The Memphis Jug Band is a more primitive, heavy-handed group, burdened with a dire kazoo but helped considerably by a potent jug player and a lively harmonica. The Harmonics, who seem to be a novelty vaudeville group, reverse these merits—the harmonica is weak but the kazoo is bright and joyful.

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CHARLES LLOYD QUARTET: Forest Flower. Charles Lloyd, tenor saxophone and flute; Keith Jarrett, piano; Cecil McBee, bass; Jack DeJohnette, drums. Forest Flower/Sunrise; Forest Flower/Sunset; Sorcery; Song of the Sun. Atlantic 1473, $4.79; SD 1473, $5.79.

Charles Lloyd is part of what strikes me as a new breed of jazz musician whose avenue of communication is visual almost as much as it is aural. To watch him at work—with his hands and voice grappling furiously with his saxophone—helps fill in some of the relatively empty spots that occur when his performance arrives only as sound on a phonograph record.

On these performances, recorded last fall at the Monterey Jazz Festival, Lloyd's playing has the sweep of authority, it pulses with gusto, and he moves around on his horn with great dexterity. On a mood piece, Song of the Sun, he's turned a has a worn, whisky hoarseness that is very effective. In a faster tempo on East of the Sun, he rises to a hollow, drainpipe effect. But his climaxes tend to be strained, shrieking bits of desperation that cannot be a living, deliberate calculation rather than inner fire.

The most consistently interesting performer on this disc is Keith Jarrett, Lloyd's pianist, whose solos often tickle like a fresh mountain stream—and sometimes acquire the turbulence that such a stream might have.

The group is at its best on Forest Flower which takes up one side of the disc.
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June 1967

CIRCLE 26 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

105
Its theme is attractively melodic and the development, despite its length, is sustained much more successfully than the shorter Scorcery and East of the Sun.

J.S.W.

HERBIE MANN: Impressions of the Middle East. Herbie Mann, flute; Jimmy Owens, trumpet and flugelhorn; John Orange and Julian Priester, trombones; Hachig Thomas Kazarian, clarinet; Chick Gianimeni, oud; Roy Ayers, vibraphone; Mohamed Elakd, cymbals; Attila Zoller, guitar; Reggie Workman or Richard Davis, bass; Bruno Carr, drums; Patato Valdes, Geraldine Swee, Moulay Ali Hafid, and Robert Marashian, percussion: string ensemble. *Turkish Coffee; The Oud and the Passyace; Dance of the Semites*; six more. Atlantic © 1975. $7.95; SD 1475, $5.79; © 1975, $7.95.

After the sitar, what? Well, from a record company whose president and vice-president were born in Turkey (Ahmed and Adnan Metin), with an a & r man, Arif Mardin, who also comes from Turkey, what could be more natural than the oud? And Herbie Mann, who did a bit of long-range trend spotting in latching onto Latin rhythms years ago, may have foreseen something else going in this melange that mixes Middle Eastern themes and sounds with his jazz group.

The dark twang of Chick Gianinneni's oud is a strong counterbalance to Mann's flute and the rattle of Parallel Valdes' conga drum. These performances are fun—a touch of the exotic on *Inceense and lively, swinging rhythms on Yevuz, Uskudur, and Odalisque.* (The last track, an offering to the all-star S. Halman, "portrays a concubine in all her vivacity and spleen." *Music for spleen dancing?)

Mann's combos vary in size, sometimes including zither and a wailing, middle eastern song, and, with an oud by Jimmy Owens, clean, cutting trumpet. For some reason, six and a half minutes of playing time have been filled by an out-of-context flute tune and an arrangement of *Eli Eli* for a mass of strings and Mann's flute. J.S.W.

**THE SOULFUL STRINGS: Paint It Black.** Lennie Druss, flute and clarinet; Charles Stepney, vibraphone and piano; unidentified violas, cellos, and rhythm; Richard Evans, California Dreamin', Sunny; A Lover's Concerto; eight more. Cadet © 1976, $4.79; S 776, $4.79.

Categorical pigeonholing is becoming more and more difficult in the face of releases such as this. The mere fact that this disc cannot be pinned down as pop or jazz, or by any other automatic label, suggests that somebody's thinking has moved out of the customary ruts. Take four string instruments capable of producing an unbrotherly blend of melody and rhythm (two violins and two cellos), back it with a rhythm section playing a solid rock back-beat, season it with flute and vibes that dance with a light jazz touch, feed its current pop material that fits the rock beat and jazz pieces that swing on a similar kind of beat, set the whole thing in arrangements by Richard Evans, a Chicago musician who has been doing consistently imaginative writing for several years, and you've got this—whatever it is.

It swings, it rocks, and it's full of marvelous sonorities. The freedom and sweep of Lennie Druss's flute and Charles Stepney's vibes give it enough traditional jazz coloration to fit it into the jazz category. But the feeling it gives off, the sounds it makes, are so essentially contemporary that it's more than just a jazz record.

Basically, it's chamber music—but it's chamber music with muscle. The strings have the strength to speak out over the rugged rhythm section. The cellos really stand out in the water, the violins open up the melody on *Message to Michael*, and they give an ensemble color to *Take Five and Sidewinder* that no jazz group has achieved. J.S.W.

**FOLK**

GORDON BOK. Gordon Bok, vocals and guitar. Verve Folkways © FT 3016, $3.79; FTS 3016, $4.79.

An uneven performance, but the plus factors glitter. On the whole, Gordon Bok manages to scale his strong bass to the demands of his material: it is big and swinging in the semi-sapient Johnny Todd, caressingly soft in *Call the Ewes.* Yet he is not free of wobble and his version of *Herring Crons* is lamentably wooden. Curiously, his twelve-string guitar provides an arresting accompaniment, but fails to sustain interest through the frequent instrumental solos. Bok stands firmly in the mainstream of Anglo-American folk song and his interpretations are straightforward and sincere. On balance, an unusually promising debut.

O.B.B.

CAJUN FAIS DO-DO. Nathan Abshire with his Pinegrove Boys, Cyprien and Adam Landreneau, Isom Fontenot, Jerry Devillier, and the Breaux Brothers. vocals and accompaniment. Arhoolie © F 5004, $4.98 (mono only).

The only sobering aspect of this merry release is the fact that few of the performers are young. The ubiquitous TV set is putting the quietus on America's subcultures, and the Cajuns of south-western Louisiana are fighting against time. Meanwhile, local radio stations—particularly KEUN in Mamou, provenance of this disc—continue to program the old traditional tunes that have come such a long, hard way from Acadia. More than a little southern corn pole has crept into the likes of *Moumour* and—God save the mark—*Chere Mom,* but these semi-pro singers and instrumentists belt them out with verve and authenticity. None of us is likely to hear better performances of this rollicking, different, disappearing American.

O.B.B.

THE CLANCY BROTHERS AND TOMMY MAKEM: Freedom's Sons. The Clancy Brothers and Tommy Makem, vocals and accompaniment. Columbia ® CL 2536. $3.79; CS 9336. $4.79; © CO 925, $7.95.

Taped live in an actual concert in Dublin, the brothers Clancy and Tommy Makem display their usual andry, effervescence and abiding sense of the dramatic. All of it culminates in a tight-knit memorial marking the fiftieth anniversary of the Easter Rising of 1916. Among the mourning verses of *The Foggy Dew,* the quartet interpolated readings from Sean O'Casey's *Drums Under the Window* and William Butler Yeats's *Easter 1916.* O'Casey's sardonic wit and Yeats's glorious cadences make a bittersweet counterpoint to the ballad, and the performance is an interpretative masterpiece.

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One of the songs on this disc, the fiery, violently anti-British *Green in the Green*, became a runaway hit in Canada this past summer when it was sung in a carefully mumbled version by a Dublin group for a televised beer commercial. When the inflammatory nature of the song became known, the brewery had to placate the enraged Orange Lodges by promising to use the commercial featuring Ulster's *The Gallant Forty Two*. The ultimate in equal time. O.B.B.

JUNE LAZARE: Folk Songs of New York City. June Lazare, vocals; guitar accompaniment. Folkways @ FH 5276, $5.79 (mono only).

The light, pleasant soprano of June Lazare is an ideal vehicle for these old ballads and broadsides endemic to New York City. All but two date from the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, most of the relaxed, indefinable cachet of the mid-1800s. My own favorite is a marvelously belligerent—and to me hitherto unknown—ballad of the War of 1812 called *The Pugger*. On other levels, the bitter sociology of Jim Fish, the gentle protest of *The Brooklyn Strike*, and the neat satire of *Down in Dear Old Greenwich Village* engage both the ear and the emotions. Virtually all of this material is from the recorded catalogue, and Miss Lazare—who dug it out of the archives herself—preserves the sense of freshness with her honest, unpretentious interpretations. O.B.B.

**ROBERT SHAW: Sing to the Lord.** The Robert Shaw Chorale, Robert Shaw, cond. RCA Victor @ LM 2942, $4.79; LSC 2942, $5.79.

A new dimension of musical beauty unfolds in this striking collection of sixteen early American folk hymns. All are gathered from pre-1850 shape note hymnals and they possess a quality akin to the brittle, variegated loveliness of the dried flowers popular in colonial America. The melodies are simply simple, yet in phrasing and in range they share the angular splendors of such "advanced" compositions as the songs of Charles Ives. The words are lucid in their lyricism—words that praise a stern, suffering Protestant Redeemer in imagery worthy of Milton. Here, for example, is a throwaway phrase from *Calvary's Mountain*: On His head the dews of midnight/Fell long ago.

Shaw guides his singers in interpretations that soar; in a somber, Jansensian way they even seem to storm heaven. Here is a superb, original, unequivocally successful album. It cannot be overpraised. If you purchase no other record in 1967, buy this. O.B.B.

**Quincy Jones: The Deadly Affair.**

Music from the sound track of the film. Orchestra: Quincy Jones, comp., arr., and cond. Verve @ V 6679, $3.79; VST 68679. $4.79.

According to legend, Hollywood is the place where the talents of good men become corrupted. But with the decline of the big studios and the rise of the independent producers, the legend has declining validity. In the case of Quincy Jones, we have the example of a man whose talent was corrupted in New York. He found himself again in Hollywood. In New York, as vice-president of Mercury records, Jones turned out streams of garbage records by all manner of meaningless artists, and most of his friends began to think that his profound abilities as an arranger and composer were going down the drain. Jones stuck at the job for several years, doggedly working himself out from under a mountain of debt that had crushed him after his disastrous attempt to launch a big band a few years ago. Freed at last of many left-over responsibilities, he surprised just about everyone by leaving Mercury, packing up, and moving to the Coast. I spent some time with him in Los Angeles recently, and found a man at peace with himself and once more in touch with his talent. There's been an amazing change in him, and he is again producing some very good music—this time not for a big band and the jazz world, but for films.

His recent scores have been good, and so is this one, his second for director Sidney Lumet. Suspense films aren't the most likely places to look for good scores—they require too much simple action music—but this album is very rich. Its main theme (sung on the record with her customary tonlessness by Astrud Gilberto) is quite haunting.

The album is not right off the sound track. Jones re-recorded the material for records, and that is to the good. A talented, talented man is back with us.

G.L.

**Johnny Keating: Hotel.** Music from the sound track of the film. Orchestra, Johnny Keating, composer and cond. Warner Brothers @ 1682, $3.79; S 1682, $4.79.

Johnny Keating, an arranger and composer from Scotland, is one of the many writers with a background in popular music and jazz who have gone into film scoring in the last couple of years. Scoring has benefited. Keating, like others of his breed, is a strong stylist; he has favorite writing tricks that make his work instantly identifiable.

According to current fashion, much of this score is based on one theme, repeated in various settings and rhythms. Fortunately, it is a strong,amusical melody and Keating gets a good deal of mileage out of it. This is an attractive album, mostly in the pop music idiom.

G.L.
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BY R.D. DARRELL

THE TAPE DECK

Columbia's Spring Crop. After several months' hiatus, I have just received a whole batch of Columbia review tapes—and a welcome lot they are, for a number of reasons which will appear below. First, because the tapes are especially welcome as they bring fresh repertory—five works never previously available on tape: Bernstein's Age of Anxiety, for piano and orchestra, in its revised version of 1965 (MQ 807, 37 min., $7.95); Charles Ives's Second Symphony and The Fourth of July (MQ 857, 58 min., $7.95); Prokofiev's First Piano Concerto, in D flat, Op. 10 and Piano Sonata No. 3, in A minor, Op. 28 (MQ 861, 49 min., $7.95)—which also includes the Third Piano Concerto, in C, Op. 26.

I particularly looked forward to hearing the brash jazz-scherzo "Masque" movement of the Bernstein piece. that section of the original LP version long served as one of my favorite demonstration discs. That sixteen-year-old recording. I can say at once, is completely eclipsed by the sheer sonic solidity, weight, and dramatic impact of Columbia's present-day stereoism. And while the new recording is soloist, Philippe Entremont, is perhaps less at ease in the jazz idioms than Lukas Foss was, he is given exceptionally substantial and ring- ing piano tone. The same sonic quality, by the way, also distinguishes Entremont's "Fantastic Impressions" solo recital (MQ 866, 43 min., $7.95) but there it scarcely compensates for the too coldly objective, however digitally expert, readings of hackneyed encore pieces.

As a conductor, Bernstein seems to me even more persuasive in the Ives performance than in his own Age of Anxiety. And Ives himself exerts perhaps his widest appeal here, with the engaging Second Symphony to delight conservative listeners and with the daring experimental fireworks movement from the Holidays Symphony to dazzle the more venturesome. For good measure the second side of the tape is filled out with Bernstein's illuminating spoken discussion, with musical illustrations, of Ives's music in general and of the present examples in particular. Columbia's engineers handle the fabulously intricate climax of The Fourth of July with punctilious success, while the seven- or eight-year-old recording of the Second Symphony is still notable for warmth and lucidity.

Like many who first heard Prokofiev's witty and graceful Third Piano Concerto in the composer's own concert and 78-rpm disc performances, I've never been able to find complete satisfaction in any other reading—including those on tape by Cliburn for RCA Victor and Janis for Mercury. Nevertheless, Gary Graffman's performance is a bravura one, greatly enhanced by the best orchestral accompaniment the work probably ever has enjoyed—from George Szell and the Cleveland Orchestra. The most familiar attractions of the romantic First Concerto and fiery Third Sonata, plus the magnetic appeal of vivid and powerful recorded sound, and this reel warrants a "must" rating for every collection of contemporary music.

Another novelty among these Columbia releases is E. Power Biggs's "Holiday for [Pedal] Harpsichord" (MQ 804, 39 min., $7.95). Unlike Biggs's earlier reel (MQ 790) in which he used a magnificently resonant organ and pedal harpsichord for Bach organ works, he now uses the same instrument as the unlikely medium for such perennial piano-encore pieces and symphonic-pop transcriptions as the Mozart and Beethoven Turkish Marches, Brahms's Fifth Hungarian Dance, Grieg's In the Hall of the Mountain King, and—most anachronistic of all—Falla's Ritual Fire Dance. It's all great fun as well as often startlingly impressive, however incongruous, sonically.

Like Angel/Capitol, Columbia has been releasing fewer 3/4-ips tapes lately: my flood of review copies included only a few double-play reissues of works issued earlier in single, 7-1/2-ips reels, plus the belated Vol. I of Epic's slow-speed Mozart Piano Concerto series. Audio- phile purists will be especially pleased that the faster speed was chosen for the Mahler Eighth Symphony, in which Bernstein's virtuosic cast of soloists, various British choral groups, and the London Symphony Orchestra (MQ 876, double-play, 80 min., $11.95). The present tape probably comes closer to capturing this grandiose "Symphony of a Thousand" than any previously attempted recording, including Abravanel's for Vanguard. My own feeling still remains that Mahler attempted too much—more, indeed, than music ever should attempt; but there are moments here where the matched fervors of conductor and composer, enhanced by the superbly expansive stereoism, almost force me to change my mind.

. . . Purists also will be delighted to have a 7.5-ips version of the Ormandy/Philadelphia Chiaikovisky Romeo and Juliet Overture-Fantasy—a version they probably thought never would be available inasmuch as this opulent performance was released in the slow-speed tape program, "The Art of Eugene Ormandy," H 2M 9. The new version now is coupled with a reissue of excerpts from the Sleeping Beauty, in what is sure to be a best-selling reel: MQ 877, 47 min., $7.95.

Angelic Offering. Although Richard Strauss's operas have been fairly well represented on tape, his Lieder certainly have not—which accounts for the extra warmth of my welcome for the Angel reel (ZS 3642, 40 min., $7.98) in which Elisabeth Schwarzkoff with comparably angelic accompaniments by the Berlin Radio Orchestra under George Szell, sings the heart-wrenchingly beautiful four Last Songs (Frühling, September, Beim Schlafengehen, Im Abendrot). Also included are five earlier Strauss songs more often heard with piano accompaniment: Muttertändelei, Waldseelig- keit, Ziegenhufl, Freundliche Vision, and Die heilige drei Könige. A prepped postcard enclosed with the reel encourages sending for texts-and-translations leaflet.

Back to the Other Bach. The first really major reel representation recorded Carl Philipp Emanuel Bach, the Magnificat in D (2-track mono, HAC 3767, 45 min., $7.95), is a relatively early work which contains only foreshadowings of the galant style for which his later compositions are most distinctive. And the present Hamburg performance, conducted by the perhaps too vigorous Adolf Detel, is not an ideal one. But the work's resemblances to—and differences from—the elder Bach's choral masterpieces make it of inestimable fascination to Bachian specialists. Moreover, there are moments here—especially in bass soloist Barry McDaniel's virile "Fecit pontium" and the exultant fugal Amen chorus—which are both magnificently exhilarating and unmistakably Carl Philipp Emanuel's own inspiration. The recording of this minor but by no means inconsiderable masterpiece is gleamingly bright.

Bigger and Better Bonuses. Apparently Audio Devices' "Sounds of Melody" bonus reel of last January was only the first in a series, for now comes along an even more enticing and novel reel, the "Sound of History" (2-track mono, 33/iips, 72 min.)—offered free with the purchase of one 1800-foot reel of Mylar-based Audiotape at $5.98. Here the highly variable recording qualities of the materials are of far less significance than their documentary worth: the contents feature well-chosen excerpts from the speeches (mainly the inaugural addresses) of Presidents Roosevelt, Truman, Eisenhower, and Kennedy, plus the immensely dramatic UN debate between Adlai Stevenson and Russian Ambassador Zorin and the scarcely less dramatic MacArthur Farewell to the West Point cadets. The introductory and explanatory text is narrated by Burgess Meredith, and the program as a whole is otherwise unavailable in any recorded format.
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