PHONO CARTRIDGES: WHAT'S NEW?
ELECTRONIC-AGE IMPRESARIOS
THE DISREPUTABLE ROMANTICS
The new Fisher 550-T

Some people still believe that high fidelity equipment like the 550-T AM-FM stereo receiver shouldn't have AM at all. They think AM broadcasts can't sound nearly as good as FM mono. They haven't heard the 550-T.

It sounds great on AM. It sounds great on FM. And it sounds great on FM-stereo.

90 watts music power (IHF) has a lot to do with the way the 550-T performs. It's enough power to drive virtually all speaker systems. Without strain.

Lack of distortion is another important factor. The amplifier's harmonic distortion is under 0.8% at full output. Power bandwidth is 20-24,000 Hz.

The 550-T, fully transistorized, also includes Fisher's patented Stereo Beacon* and our Transist-O-Gard™ overload protection circuit. It has an IF section with three FM limiters and seven Integrated Circuits.

And sensitivity is 1.8 [microvolt]—the receiver can pull in distant stations and make them sound great as well.

The price: $449.95. (Cabinet $24.95.)

The Fisher 700-T

The 700-T is the finest, most versatile and powerful FM-stereo receiver you can own.

With 120 watts music power (IHF), it can drive any speaker system. The FM tuner section picks up even the weakest of signals. And the receiver is virtually distortion-free.

The 700-T is completely transistorized. It features Fisher's Super Synchronode™ front end with 3 FET's. It has 1.8 [microvolt] sensitivity. 4 IF stages. And it's equipped with Fisher's patented Stereo Beacon* which signals the presence of stereo stations and automatically switches to the stereo mode.

We've protected the amplifier from accidental overload with our Transist-O-Gard™ circuit. And we've loaded the 700-T with jacks, switches and controls for every imaginable function.

The front panel is a gold-plated casting with contrasting walnut-textured and anodized panel sections. In appearance as well as performance, it sets the standard for all other receivers.

The price: $199.50. (Cabinet $24.95.)

lus our new table radio

The new Fisher 100, FM Table Radio

It's a little misleading to call our new table model a radio. You don't expect a radio to have an IHF sensitivity of 2.5 [microvolt]. You wouldn't guess that hum and noise are 90 db down.

And you might not predict that the 5¼-inch wide-range speaker, completely sealed in its own box, has a mammoth 2-lb. magnet. It produces an amazingly deep, satisfying bass comparable with much larger hi-fi systems.

Unlike most radios, the Fisher 100 has five separate tuning dials, each with a corresponding pushbutton below it. You can preset your favorite stations and hear them instantly by pressing the appropriate button.

By now you may be wondering why we modestly called the Fisher 100 a radio instead of a high fidelity system.

The cost had something to do with it. It's priced like a radio, at $99.95. It's our Little Giant.®

Also available, the S-30 extension speaker for $29.95. It's the same size as the Fisher 100, and matches the performance of the 100 in every respect. Use it in a large room to add depth to the sound. Or place it in an adjoining room. Either way, it's a nice accessory to the Fisher 100 FM table radio.

CIRCLE 35 ON READER-SERVICE CARD
The new Fisher 200-T

Buy the new Fisher 200-T FM-stereo receiver for less than $300.

Hook it up to 2 good speakers (like the Fisher XP-6B’s). With 70 watts music power (IHF), it can also drive low-efficiency speaker systems.

Tune across the FM band. Notice that Fisher’s patented Stereo Beacon* signals the presence of stereo stations and switches to stereo automatically.

Count the stations you pick up. (You’ll be surprised at how many there are.) The 200-T with its FET front end has 2.0 µv sensitivity—even weak stations come in strong and clear.

Take special notice of the lack of distortion. The amplifier section has less than 0.8% harmonic distortion at full output. The power bandwidth is 22 to 30,000 Hz.

And don’t worry about overloading the amplifier should you accidentally cross the speaker leads. The Transist-O-Gard™ circuit protects against that.

You can pay a lot more for a receiver. But if you don’t want to, you don’t have to. $299.95. (Cabinet $24.95.)

The Fisher 220-T

The Fisher 220-T fully transistorized AM-FM stereo receiver is designed for music lovers requiring outstanding high fidelity sound reproduction at a moderate price.

It has much of the versatility and sophistication of the 550-T (left), while it costs $120 less.

The 220-T has 55 watts music power (IHF). It can drive most speaker systems. Like all Fisher receivers, it is virtually distortion-free.

The FM tuner section with our Neo-Synchrode™ front end has 2.5 µv sensitivity—enough to bring in even weak stations and make them sound strong and clear. FM stereo separation is 35 db or greater.

The AM tuner section makes AM sound hi-fi enough to satisfy any audiophile.

And the receiver includes Fisher’s patented Stereo Beacon* and our exclusive Transist-O-Gard™ overload protection circuit.

The Fisher 220-T is a medium-priced receiver which delivers faithful reproduction of all program sources. $329.50. (Cabinet $24.95.)

The Fisher 500-T

If you’re a hi-fi magazine, you’ve heard about the fully-tuned 500-T. It’s our mid-price, best-selling receiver.

To its credit, it has 90 watts nameplate power enough to drive systems at full volume.

The FM tuner section with our Super Synchrode™ achieves 1.8 µv sensitivity—enough to bring in even weak and strong stations.

The 500-T has the same feature as the 700-T the finest receiving circuits. These include our Stereo Beacon* and our Transist-O-Gard™ overload protection circuit.

The Fisher 500-T is a medium-priced receiver, which delivers faithful reproduction of all program sources. $399.95. (Cabinet $24.95.)

Five Fisher receivers per page.
What has 430 watts, 11 channels, 195 transistors, 11 FET's, costs about $2150 and is virtually free of distortion?
The X factor in the new Pickering XV-15.

The X in the new Pickering XV-15 stands for the numerical solution for correct "Engineered Application." We call it the Dynamic Coupling Factor (DCF). DCF is an index of maximum stylus performance when a cartridge is related to a particular type of playback equipment. This resultant number is derived from a Dimensional Analysis of all the parameters involved.

For an ordinary record changer, the DCF is 100. For a transcription quality tonearm the DCF is 400. Like other complex engineering problems, such as the egg, the end result can be presented quite simply. So can the superior performance of the XV-15 series. Its linear response assures 100% music power at all frequencies.

Lab measurements aside, this means all your favorite records, not just test records, will sound much cleaner and more open than ever before.

All five DCF-rated XV-15 models include the patented V-Guard stylus assembly and the Dustamatic brush.

For free literature, write to Pickering & Co., Plainview, L.I., N.Y.
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STEREO RECEIVERS: THE BEST-SELLING COMPONENTS

Are even the top receivers as good as separate amplifiers, preamplifiers, and tuners? Or are some of them even better? How can you get the most value for your money? What should you look for when shopping for a receiver? And what do those specifications mean? These and other questions are answered next month.

HOW COLUMBIA MANAGED THE INVASION OF SAN MARCO

Record producer John McClure wittily recounts the harrowing escapades he and his recording team had to perform—smuggling, impersonations, misrepresentation—in order to tape the music of Venetian composer Giovanni Gabrieli in the setting he originally wrote it for.

TOSCANINI VS. FURTWAENGLER

With the recent reissues of both Arturo Toscanini’s and Wilhelm Furtwängler’s recordings of the Beethoven symphonies, an old controversy has been revived: who conducted Beethoven better, the German or the Italian?

UPDATING ON DOWNLEAD

We’ll bet you never gave much thought to that piece of wire that connects your antenna to your stereo system. Yet, if you have reception difficulties, that “downlead” may be both the cause of and solution to the problem.

Plus

Record Reviews
Laboratory Reports on New Equipment
Reports from Here and Abroad
Our Usual Columns

www.americanradiohistory.com
What we learned from the public at the high fidelity shows

Before we unveiled the new synchronous Garrards at the New York and Los Angeles High Fidelity Shows, there were certain considerations in our own minds. One was whether people would grasp the special importance of synchronous speed in automatic turntables ... the improvement it can make in performance. Then, we wondered whether even the knowledgeable men and women who come to high fidelity shows would understand the new Synchro-Lab Motor™, which is not only synchronous, but has certain desirable features of the induction type, in addition. We also asked ourselves whether, in the big news about the motor, people might not overlook many other significant advancements incorporated in the new Synchro-Lab Series™.

We knew that the Garrard models represented a major forward step in automatic turntable performance. Would visitors to the shows realize it?

We are happy to report that they did. We found they were quick to appreciate the advantages of a synchronous turntable motor that delivers a guaranteed constant speed, regardless of changes in voltage, record load, stylus pressure or temperature. Many of them were surprised, and expressed their pleasure, at learning that the new motor is available not only in our top model, but in a complete range of prices.

And their questions showed that they understood the admittedly technical features of the Synchro-Lab Motor, with its two rotor sections that combine true synchronous speed with high torque, instant power and freedom from rumble.

What about the other new features? Some were apparent at a glance — the highly refined, ultra-low mass tonearm on the SL 95, for example, with its Afrormosia wood inset, its gyroscopically gimballed needle pivots for minimal friction, and its new anti-skating control with patented sliding weight design, its calibrated stylus pressure gauge with precision 1/4 gram click settings.

Other features needed demonstration, which, we are pleased to say, drew favorable response from most. For instance, the new automatic spindle (based upon Garrard's traditional "pusher" principle) on the SL 95 and SL 75 which does what the inverted umbrella spindle was supposed to do, but does it better and far more safely. This new spindle works in combination with a record safety platform, and we showed how, for manual play, the platform disappears into the unit, leaving the turntable surface free and uncluttered, but ready to be released with the touch of a button. It holds the records absolutely steady and safe at two points, each record falling straight down on a micro-cushion of air. They liked the new highly simplified controls, and we learned that interest in cueing is still very high.

Incidentally, it seems worthwhile to mention that Garrard's cueing controls, on all its new models, can be used whether records are being played manually or automatically.

Were you at one of the Shows? If so, thank you for visiting us, and for your appreciation of the new units. For those who could not attend, we have the same 20-page full color Comparator Guide we gave visitors, illustrating the entire Garrard line from $37.50 to $129.50. For complimentary copy, write: Garrard, Dept. AA-2, Westbury, N.Y. 11590.
Broadcasting and recording studios throughout the world know that their efforts will be judged by millions of listeners and they take care that their own monitoring and listening rooms use the best equipment available. It is not surprising that the more discerning listeners use the same equipment in their own homes.

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CIRCLE 22 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

Will Success Spoil Rock?

Sir:
My compliments on your successful excursion through the controversial topic of rock [November 1967]. Mr. Lees's article marked a turning point in the assessment of this type of music because he actually helped guide those who were ignorant or skeptical about the significance of today's rock-and-roll. Without being the least bit condescending, he gave the older generation exactly the right sort of introduction to rock. I hope many people take his advice and listen selectively to this music.

Anne Corey
New York, N.Y.

Sir:
I was delighted to see HIGH FIDELITY devote an issue to pop music and it was with great anticipation that I glanced through Glenn Gould's article, "The Search for Petula Clark." Disappointed with the content but thinking that I had perhaps missed something, I re-read it. With my third reading I came to the conclusion that Mr. Gould doesn't know what he's talking about.

Mr. Gould states: "'Who Am I?' was the fourth in a remarkable series of songs which established the American career of Petula Clark." As any teeny bopper could have told him, "Who Am I?" was Petula Clark's eighth single and eighth hit in the States. Mr. Gould was right in naming "Downtown" as Miss Clark's first U.S. success, but it was followed not by "My Love" as he implies, but by "I Know a Place." This song entered Billboard's "Hot 100" chart on March 20, 1965, and climbed to the No. 3 spot nationally. With "I Know a Place" Miss Clark won a Grammy Award for "Best Contemporary Female Vocal Performance of 1965." Couldn't we say that this song had something to do with establishing her American career?

Miss Clark followed up "Downtown" and "I Know a Place" with six other hits, to wit, "You'd Better Come Home," "Round Every Corner," "My Love," "A Sign of the Times" (only the latter two were mentioned by Mr. Gould), "I Couldn't Live Without Your Love," and finally "Who Am I?"

Even when Mr. Gould sticks to the four songs he chooses to mention, he makes mistakes. He can't even quote a
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January 1968

CIRCLE 16 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

www.americanradiohistory.com
the perfect amplifier

One property of a perfect amplifier is its ability to reproduce musical tones of any pitch without changing their relative loudness, so that the sound of each musical instrument retains its identity. An amplifier with this capability would produce the straight line shown on the screen of the test instrument in the photograph below. The amplifier should be able to do this at the highest power levels needed for home music reproduction, without measurable distortion.

Both channels of this AR amplifier are simultaneously operating at just below clipping level, delivering more than 60 watts each to 4-ohm loads continuously. As the frequency of the input signal is gradually changed from 20 to 20,000 Hz, a bright spot moves across the calibrated screen of the test instrument. Any decrease in power output in this frequency range would have caused a downward deflection of the spot and a deviation from a straight-line trace on the screen. The small undulations at each end are produced by the test equipment.

Tests performed on every AR amplifier insure that harmonic distortion is less than 0.5% from 20 to 20,000 Hz at full power, and intermodulation less than 0.25% at full power, which is 60 watts per channel rms, 4 ohms; 50 watts per channel rms, 8 ohms; both channels running.

CIRCLE 2 ON READER-SERVICE CARD
the new AR INC. amplifier

Only a few of the amplifiers available to the public are capable of the performance demonstrated on the opposite page, which satisfies the requirements of music, the limits of hearing, and the size and acoustics of homes and apartments. Until now, such amplifiers have cost $310 to $720, and have been massive and cumbersome even when made with transistors. Now, one is available at $225 which occupies less space than some preamplifiers alone: the new AR amplifier.

1 High-fidelity amplifiers should be compared on the basis of the realism with which they reproduce music for home listeners. Test equipment can also be used to compare amplifiers, taking known data on hearing and music into account. By either comparison method, we know of no amplifier which could provide more realistic sound for critical listeners.*

2 The AR amplifier is complete. Its control section includes everything needed for home listening and recording, with new types of tone and balance controls. A metal case comes with it, as do the accessories needed for custom mounting (an optional walnut case is available for $15). The AR amplifier also comes with an unprecedented 2-year guarantee of its performance and workmanship, covering all parts, labor, reimbursement of freight charges to and from the factory or authorized service station, and new packaging, if required, also free of charge.

*Non-technical readers, as well as those with some knowledge of electronics, will find helpful information in AR's new guide to amplifiers, "You Don't Have To Be An Engineer". Full specifications of the AR amplifier (33 graphs) are also available. Both items are free on request.
lyric correctly: "Perhaps my lucky star is now beginning to shine" is, of course, "Maybe my lucky star at last decided to to shine."

I could go on, but the point is that Mr. Gould based part of his argument on a progression of meanings in the songs, and since he a) did not list the songs in the correct progression, and b) those he did list he did not accurately quote, I cannot take his conclusions very seriously. After constructing such a flimsy basis, Mr. Gould then presents such "concrete" judgments as "I'm inclined to suspect that had the sequence of her songs been reversed, Petula Clark's American reputation might not have gained momentum quite so easily."

J. Coughlan
New York, N.Y.

Six:

Congratulations! Glenn Gould's article on Petula Clark was one of the silliest literary accomplishments ever. If I may paraphrase Shakespeare, the whole thing was full of sound and fury over nothing. His analysis of Petula Clark's music seemed more appropriate for a technical review of how many organs can sit on the head of a pin. And his pretentious use of polysyllables for such a banal subject might have been humorous if it weren't just so overbearing.

The prologue and epilogue, however, were excellent. As your critics might say—we have the right to expect better from Mr. Gould.

Maurice C. Barone
East Lansing, Mich.

The Age of Gold

Six:

How much I enjoyed Conrad L. Osborne's article on the Golden Age (October 1967). One question only: I was under the impression that Del Puente died in 1900 without making any recordings. Please, Mr. Osborne, did he record, and if so, what?

Charles A. Dunning
Baltimore, Md.

Six:

As I read through Conrad L. Osborne's plea for just recognition in this era of stereo for the fine old voices of the acoustic era, it occurred to me that it is also high time that someone spoke out in defense of the sounds obtained from 78-rpm discs. Mr. Osborne's repeated recommendations of LP transfers and his reference to sounds "sometimes veiled and scratched" are in keeping with the gospel heard so often these days—that we are in a golden age of recording.

Such does not seem the case to me. An acoustic disc played with decent equipment yields to my ears a quality of sound which in its naturalness and projection is vastly superior to anything found on an LP disc.

Perhaps I am too extreme in thinking now and again that the whole history of recording is one of increasingly poorer sound, but surely it is time that these views (which seem rather universally shared by 78 collectors) be acknowledged and the myth of modern recording superiority put into perspective.

T. A. Gallagher
Philadelphia, Penna.

Mr. Osborne replies: "While I can hardly agree with Mr. Gallagher that recordings are worse than ever, I do grant that many vocal records made by the acoustical process (particularly of low-voiced singers) give a clear, full picture of the voice, and are a more honest representation of the way artists actually sing than some (not all) stereo recordings of recent origin. I also agree that the 78s originals are usually preferable to LP reissues, provided the originals are in good condition and played on proper equipment. I have had occasion to note this more than once in these pages.

"However, few collectors these days own even a 78 cartridge and stylus or a turntable with a basic 78 speed, to say nothing of the various variable-speed, variable-stylus and variable-stylus selection of various styles and widths and choice of equalization characteristics necessary to extract the best from many of these records. The devoted 78 collector will seek out originals on the recorders' market in any case, for those who have not specialized in this field, it would seem more sensible to direct their attention to LP reissues, which are much more readily available, much less expensive, and far more convenient to handle and store than 78s.

"I wish I could answer Mr. Dunning's query in the affirmative. And I hope that the wording of my article did not imply that every one of the baritones mentioned is well represented on disc (through most of them are)—it was simply a listing of the baritones active in the twenty years spanning the turn of the century who, by all reliable report and reputation, were comparable to the tenors who do not hear on records. Del Puente did die in 1900, and so far as can be ascertained, did not record commercially. But he did sing well into the 1890s, and without suffering in comparison with his most accomplished colleagues."


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

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Residents of the seraglio: Eddy, Mangin, maestro Menuhin, Gedda, Dobbs, Fryatt.

In This Harem, English Spoken

The first complete recording of a Mozart opera in English—that is, EMI's claim for the latest Menuhin project. Over the last two years Menuhin has conducted the Phoenix Opera Company in Mozart productions at the Bath Festival, and EMI's decision to put an "Abduction from the Harem" on discs came not from any conviction of the special virtue of opera-in-English but simply out of a desire to reproduce the Phoenix production as closely as possible.

Assembled with Menuhin and the Bath Festival Orchestra in EMI's own London studios were three of the five original principals—Mattiwilda Dobbs as Konstanze, John Fryatt as Pedrillo, and Noel Mangin as Osmin. The original Belmonte was replaced by Nicolai Gedda and the original Blonde by Jennifer Eddy, thus making a combination of international singers and British artists brought up in the Sadler's Wells tradition. "I'll have them tortured," sings Osmin during the final ensemble. People who know their Die Entführung aus dem Serail by heart may blink a little, but it will be interesting to see how the wider public reacts.

I was lucky to catch all the principal singers together. Gedda was due to leave London that evening, and an impromptu session had to be fitted in during the afternoon (Menuhin deferring some work on a Schubert symphony) to get the necessary ensembles finished in time. One problem that struck everyone more than it does when operas are recorded in German or Italian, say, was the

Continued on page 14
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extra difficulty of coordinating English final consonants. "Vengeance!" they all said. "One more," and the result came out as "Vengeances!" Not that the translation is particularly difficult to sing—in fact, the producer of the Phoenix stage version, Wendy Toye, had further revised it to ease the singers' burdens.

Rehearsal manager was Jacklon Anderson, experienced both in directing opera sessions and in working with Menuhin. The latter was in fine fettle. Occasionally during playback he would comment on the thin sound of an opening chord or ask for another take ("interpretative pause by courtesy of the EMI cutting room") but more often he responded to the proceedings with spontaneous pleasure. "That's lovely," he said of Fryatt's solo as Pedrillo in the final ensemble, and he chuckled out loud when Mangin blustered his way into the trio "March, march, march!"

From Barenboim and Klemperer. Alternating with the Menuhin sessions at the Abbey Road studios was EMI's big Berlin/Abbey Road: "We have nothing less than an inferior edition of the complete Beethoven piano concertos. The cycle began with the Emperor, and following the pianist's rather than the conductor's practice they began by playing the piece straight through. Later they worked on the musical movement by movement, and had finished the whole Concerto early in the third session. They then went on to the Fourth with barely a break, and at once it caught fire even without any rehearsing.

The recording manager, Suvi Raj Grubb, was delighted at the way Klemperer and Barenboim seemed instinctively to grasp each other's views, though naturally not everything was plain sailing. On the matter of joint choreography Ivan Grubb would never have expected the magisterial Klemperer and the dashing Barenboim to agree on all the time. Actually, differences were quickly resolved—if Barenboim on occasion allowed himself too romantic a broadening, Klemperer would look closely at the score and carefully read out "Poco ritardando," underlining the "poco" as pointedly as a schoolmaster.

Curzon in Mozart. Decca/London has also had some important piano concerto recordings under way. Clifford Curzon was at last persuaded to record some more Mozart—the Concertos K. 488, in A, and K. 595, in B flat, with the London Symphony Orchestra under Istvan Kertesz. As ever with Curzon sessions no outsider was allowed anywhere near, though Curzon himself did not put it quite so brutally when he took me at an American Embassy reception for Aaron Copland, He even said it was all right for me to attend a session "as long as I don't know anything about it"—but when I immediately replied that I would happily slip in the back, he shuddered: "I should see you at once." He then told me of an occasion years ago in Vienna, when Kirsten Flagstad took time off from recording Wagner to visit a session with Curzon and the Vienna Philharmonic. He found he could do nothing right, and in the end he simply had to go to the great singer and explain apologetically that her presence was the whole trouble. Gracefully she withdrew. Then, with the help of the orchestra, Curzon devised a unique recompense: "What's considered a studio, soloist and orchestra gave for Flagstad alone a special performance of the whole work. No such luck for the London Correspondent of High Fidelity.

Copland by Copland. The party for Aaron Copland mentioned above was occasioned by the composer-conductor's presence here at the end of a European tour, for a concert with the London Symphony at the Royal Festival Hall and a series of sessions for CBS radio. The two assignments overlapped, for the cop Copland worked played at the concert—the Dance Symphony and the Symphonic Ode—were also among the pieces to be recorded. As I had been deeply impressed by the Symphonic Ode at the live performance, I made a point of going to the recording session devoted to it. The piece was originally written for the Boston Symphony Orchestra's fiftieth anniversary and then revised and expanded (on the suggestion of Charles Munch) to com-
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memorate the same orchestra's seventy-fifth season. The title may carry a flinty pompous suggestion ("Something grand for a grand occasion," Copland explained), but in fact the composer's own direction of it brought out for me the symphonic tautness of argument rather than the edile qualities.

"Now the tasting of the cake," Copland said, as he sat down with recording manager Richard Killough to hear the complete playback. Here and there he would note perhaps the inaudibility of the English horn or the forwardness of the brass.

"Something grand," he explained. "I'll take it out as it isn't in the score."
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January 1968
American Columbia. In both cases, Artia will have first (though not exclusive) rights to distribution of these companies’ recordings throughout all the countries in the Soviet orbit. There has, of course, been a certain amount of cooperation with DGG for a number of years—mainly by way of such notable coproductions as the Dvořák Requiem and the Prague Don Giovanni under Karl Böhm—but now the Czech organization will also bring out a certain number of DGG’s own productions (at least three a year) on the Supraphon label. The first items will include among others an album of plainsong, Bach’s Passion According to St. Matthew (conducted by Karl Richter), Karajan’s Cav & Pag, and Böhm’s Wozzeck.

Arrangements with American Columbia are also highly promising. Columbia will not only continue to release many Supraphon recordings on its Crossroads label but will also take over Supraphon’s opera catalogue for distribution in the whole Western world. Thus Western listeners may hope eventually to have access to definitive, authentic performances of almost every important Czech and Slovak opera—by Smetana (who wrote eight), Dvořák, Janáček, Martinů, Suchon, Číker, and others. For its part, Supraphon will release in Czechoslovakia and Eastern Europe a minimum of twenty recordings from the Columbia catalogue (both classical and popular). Among the first titles announced are Bernstein’s recording of Respighi’s罗马 in Blue and An American in Paris, the same conductor’s set of Rossini Ouvertures, a Debussy recital by Casadesus, a Chopin recital by Brašovský, a Vitaldi collection with Stern and Oistrakh, a Paganini/Saint-Saëns coupling by Francioscatti, the Schumann Piano Concerto by Serkin, the Tchaikovsky Violin Concerto by Oistrakh, and—a provocative choice for a mid-European country—the Sibelius First Symphony under Ormandy. Discs by Duke Ellington, Ray Conniff, Bob Dylans, and Count Basie complete this first selection. By spring, critical and public response to these records should be known, as well as some sales figures—I’m told Artia expects to sell at least 30,000 copies of the Gershwin album.

For the time being, none of the other Communist countries seems to be contemplating any comparable step in bringing about the international exchange of recordings, but some arrangement on a limited basis may be expected with Poland, Hungary, and Rumania (the last-named having expressed a desire to make all of Dinu Lipatti’s recordings available in his homeland!). From the Soviet Union itself, nothing is to be expected in the predictable future as far as the release of Western recordings is concerned, though some discs will of course appear there under the above-mentioned Supraphon license. In any case, a real breakthrough has been made against cultural isolationism—and this alone is a most important event.

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NOTES FROM OUR CORRESPONDENTS
Continued from page 20

NEW YORK
Mahler By the Berrys And Bernstein

“Mr. Shepherd, did that cuckoo sound a little hoarse to you?” Walter Berry looked hopefully at Columbia recording director Thomas Z. Shepherd. The bird in question appears in Das Lob des hohen Verstandes (Praise of Lofty Intellect), one of the songs that comprise Mahler’s Der Knaben Wunderhorn collection, and Mr. Berry had just finished listening to himself during a playback. Meanwhile down on the stage of Philharmonic Hall, the baritone’s wife, Christa Ludwig, was going over sections of Rheinlegenden (Little Rhine Story) with Leonard Bernstein and the New York Philharmonic. Before Tom Shepard had had a chance to offer his artist a reassuring word, Mr. Bernstein signaled that he was ready to record, and the red light flashed on. “Ah, my favorite song,” whispered Berry with a wink—“Schmelzende Blatter” (literally little leaf). This seemed to ruffle Shepherd, who announced “Rheingelenderchen, take one” (laughter) . . . “Did I say something wrong?” “We know what you’re thinking of,” said Bernstein darkly.

“Of a little Gelsen—is that a naughty word?” (more laughter). “Oh, all right . . . RHINE LEGEND, take one.”

The legend took practically no time at all in the telling, and Miss Ludwig went on without pause to the next song, Des Antonius von Padua Fischpredigt (St. Anthony’s Sermon to the Fishes). “In concert, I usually sing this one,” Mr. Berry confided, “but I think Chris wants to do it for the recording. You know, it takes it on a completely different flavor when sung by a woman . . . it’s more liebenswürdig . . . amiable . . .”

Cultivating Freud. Having finished off St. Anthony with dispatch, Mr. Berry marched into the control booth and announced that it was high time her partner got on with his part of the proceedings. He did so—without Beethoven’s “Revelge, Revelge, Revelge!” Mr. Berrys, confided, “but I think Chris should do it for the recording. You know, it takes it on a completely different flavor when sung by a woman . . . it’s more liebenswürdig . . . amiable . . .”

The repetition seemed to help and there were no more false starts. Now Mr. Berry marched into the control booth and announced that it was high time her partner got on with his part of the proceedings. He did so—without Beethoven’s “Revelge, Revelge, Revelge!” Mr. Berrys, confided, “but I think Chris should do it for the recording. You know, it takes it on a completely different flavor when sung by a woman . . . it’s more liebenswürdig . . . amiable . . .”

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We started with the modular circuitry of our latest AM/FM stereo receiver, the all-silicon solid state TR100X, with 60 watts of power. We added a matched pair of our advanced SS250 two-way air-suspension speaker systems with 10" high-compliance woofers and 3½" tweeters. For our automatic turntable, we selected a Garrard, for our phono cartridge, a Pickering.

For the Stereo-8 section of our MSC-1 compact, that plays the same tape cartridges you use in your car, we couldn't find a player good enough. So we had one built to our specifications.

All we did, really, to turn these component sound systems into compact home entertainment centers, was to connect them for you and build them into a handsome case of rich oiled walnut, at a compact price.

All you have to do to enjoy one, is to plug it in. When you buy a compact, why compromise? We didn't when we built one.

THE LIVE SOUND OF
BOGEN

BOGEN COMMUNICATIONS DIVISION
YEARN, S. I. INC.
CIRCLE 11 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

January 1968

CIRCLE 11 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

RECEIVER SPECIFICATIONS:
Output power (IHF): 60 watts / Frequency response 
1 dB: 20-20,000 Hz / Hum and noise: -70 db / FM sensitivity (IHF): -2.7μv / FM distortion @ 100% modulation: 0.7% / FM hum and noise level: -60 db / Output speaker specifications: Woofer: 10" high-compliance / Tweeter: 3½" dynamic / Frequency response: 30-20,000 Hz / Power handling capacity: 30 watts.

The MSC-1 compact shown is also available without Stereo 8, as the MSR-1.
If you want the answers to questions like:

How are wow and flutter measured... what is compliance... how should I keep my records clean... why is a tone arm manufactured three years ago obsolete today... why don't broadcast stations ever use 'automatic turntables'... how do I talk intelligently to hi-fi salesmen?

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If you know the answers... you're probably an Elpa customer already!

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**THORENS** The unchallenged leader in superb transcription turntables and tone arms.

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**LOOK FOR THE ELPA ENDORSEMENT ON EVERY COMPONENT YOU SELECT; IT WILL CONFIRM YOUR JUDGMENT OF SUPERIOR QUALITY.**

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Please send me the "Record Omnibus" and put me on your mailing list for future mailings.

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**REPEAT PERFORMANCE**

A SELECTIVE GUIDE TO THE MONTH'S REISSUES

**BRAHMS:** Symphonies (complete), Academic Festival Overture, Op. 80; Tragic Overture, Op. 81; Variations on a Theme by Haydn, Op. 56a. NBC Symphony Orchestra, Arturo Toscanini, cond. RCA Victor VIC 6400, $10.00 (four discs, mono only) [from various RCA Victor originals, 1948-53].

**BRAHMS:** Symphonies (complete). New York Philharmonic Orchestra, Bruno Walter, cond. Odyssey 32 36 0007, $7.49 (three discs, mono only) [from Columbia SL 200, 1951-53].

This column scarcely provides an arena large enough for Toscanini and Walter to do battle over the four Brahms Symphonies. My own purely subjective opinion after listening to these two sets back to back is all in favor of Toscanini's classically structured, intense objectivity rather than Walter's very personal, highly sentimentalized readings. The Italian conductor's versions of Nos. 2 and 4—brilliantly articulated and soundly balanced symphonic statements—are, I think, two of the very greatest performances he ever committed to discs; by contrast Walter sounds merely pleasant and comfortable and a trifle undisciplined. Those who dote on Viennese geniality above all in this music may respond more positively to the Odyssey set and find Don Arturo's austerity little to their liking. Whatever one's musical orientation, however, each set possesses its own special insights and deserves the closest scrutiny from all students of Brahms.

Odyssey has managed to fit everything on to three discs in manual sequence; sonically they score higher than does the Victrola set, with the characteristically shallow, boxed-in sound accorded Toscanini, but my review copies were severely afflicted with wow. The Victrola album devotes one record to each symphony (in automatic sequence), and generously offers the two Overtures and Haydn Variations as filler material.

**LISZT:** Hungarian Rhapsodies (Nos. 1-19); Consolations (1-6); Rhapsodie es-pagnole. Edith Farnadi, piano. Westminster W 9344/46, $4.79 each (three discs, mono only) [from Westminster XWN 18336/38, 1953].

There will undoubtedly be other editions of the complete Hungarian Rhapsodies in the near future, but as of now Edith Farnadi has the field to herself (save for a specially imported three-disc set from Qualiton, which I have not heard). These performances are not designed to bowl you over with heroic displays of virtuoso technique—not that Miss Farnadi is deficient in this respect, but she seems far more concerned with probing beneath the notes rather than projecting flashy rhetoric. Her provocative discoveries will give anyone interested in this repertoire an absorbing two hours of listening.

Try volume one (Nos. 1-8) as a sample and you will probably be tempted to explore further. The third disc contains the Consolations and Spanish Rhapsody as well as the last four Hungarian Rhapsodies, which appeared towards the end of Liszt's life, some thirty years after the original fifteen (there is a twentieth still unpublished). All told, an absolute must for the Compleat Romantic. The intimate, music-room acoustics of these discs seem to me to suit Miss Farnadi's playing to perfection.

**MOZART:** Die Zauberflöte. Hilde Gueden (s), Wilma Lipp (s), Leopold Simoneau (t), Walter Berry (b), Paul Schoeffler (b), Kurt Böhme (bs), et al.; Chorus of the Vienna State Opera; Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra, Karl Böhm, cond. Richmond RS 63007 or SRS 63507, $7.57 (three discs) [from London A 4319, 1955]. Budget Flutes now number three—the 1937 Beecham performance on Turnabout; DG's first version from the early Fifties now on Heliodor; and this current revival from the London catalog. The Heliodor recording seems to me the overall winner: it is the only low-priced entry to include some of the dialogue (an absolute essential if this opera is to make any dramatic sense in home listening), and offers well-schooled, musiciansly work from very nearly all concerned. If stereo is a must, however, prospective investors in the new Richmond set will not be entirely short-changing—Simoneau and Berry are both very fine as Tamino and Papageno. Böhme only slightly less so as Sarastro. The ladies are something of a disappointment though, for Lipp's Queen of the Night thins out above the stuff rather badly, and Gueden seems to have been off-form at the time of this recording. Böhm's reading of the score is scrupulous but a bit chilly and impersonal compared to his splendid DG version. In short what we have here is a concert performance, agreeable enough on the whole but rather innocuous.

The stereo edition is only now appearing for the first time in this country. While it has a pleasantly spacious, warm acoustic, the soloists are rigidly bound to their microphones, creating some illogical separation effects during duets and ensembles. I encountered a good deal of distortion and blasting not present on the older mono version.

Continued on page 28

HIGH FIDELITY MAGAZINE
A few words of caution about the new Fisher TX-1000 120-watt control amplifier.

The new TX-1000 control amplifier has 120 watts music power (IHF). It's virtually distortion-free. And it does make you want to push your speakers to the absolute limit.

But that's no reason to ignore the responsibilities that go with owning it. It's not an excuse to turn up the volume and blast your neighbors out of their calm.

And it certainly doesn't give you license to neglect your family, friends or job just to spend hours playing with the pushbutton 5-position speaker selector, 3-position high filter and pushbutton loudness contour. Or with any of the myriad jacks, switches and controls which the amplifier includes.

Maybe the undistorted power output from 22 to 24,000 Hz is worth a demonstration to a few interested friends. Just to show them what 0.5% maximum harmonic distortion at full output and less than 0.8% IM distortion sound like.

But you'd better not turn the new Fisher TX-1000 up more than half way if you care about public opinion. You might have to listen to a few words of caution from your neighbors.

Price $349.95 (cabinet $24.95).
REPEAT PERFORMANCE
Continued from page 26

SCHUBERT: Lieder: An die Leier; Phileoctet; Mennnon; Fahrt zum Hades; Orpheus; Orest auf Tauris; Der entzündete Orest; Fragment aus dem Aeschylus; Der zürnende Missus; Lied eines Schiffers an die Diaskure. (Grammophon LPM 18715/SLLP 138715, 1963).

Here are twelve infrequently heard Schubert songs, each set to a text that invokes a scene or character from ancient Greece. Ten of the poems are by that gentle melancholic, Johann Mayrhofer, who evidently assumed that all Greek heroes of antiquity were actually brooding German romantics in disguise. No matter, for these poems certainly inspired Schubert: each song is full of interest—dramatic, through-composed little scenes, some of which even verge upon the operatic. The free-form structures and bold harmonic schemes (Orest auf Tauris, for instance, begins in C minor and travels through E flat minor and B major before ending up in D major) are a far cry from the composer's more popular lyric style and may pose something of a problem for the listener; but anyone interested in extending his knowledge of Schubert's Lieder would do well to investigate this fascinating disc.

Fischer-Dieskau performs at his very best: the voice is sheer velvet, and the interpretations could hardly be improved upon. Demus provides splendid accompaniments and the sound is top-drawer. Texts are given in English only.


Toscanini plays the devil out of these orchestral showpieces: the precision and textural clarity, even in recordings of less than high fidelity, is staggering. Unfortunately, this music could use a touch of deviltry. Till Eulenspiegel goes about his pranks with teeth clenched and hardly a wink. Don Juan seems to have taken a vow of chastity, and Dukas's little Scherzo is a positively frightening statement of grim obsession. The chilly, silver shimmer of Berlioz's Queen Mab comes through beautifully though, and everything is played with the ultimate in virtuosity. A very special issue, to be approached warily.

STRAUSS, RICHARD: Der Rosenkavalier. Maria Reining (s), Sena Jurinac (s), Hilde Gueden (s), Ludwig Weber (bs), et al. Vienna State Opera Chorus: Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra, Erich Kleiber, cond. Richmond RS 64001, $9.96 (four discs, mono only) [from London A 4404, 1954].

It is the conductor here who conjures the magic that makes this Rosenkavalier one of the really great opera recordings of the past twenty years. From that first propulsive upsurge of E major through to the honeyed D flat harmonies of the delicious final trio, Strauss's score has never radiated such healthy vitality and (dare it be said?) honest sentiment. It travels a different road altogether from the only serious rival, Karajan's heavily scented, slightly overripe reading on Angel. Kleiber will have none of this nonsense, and his bracing view of the score is translated gloriously, irresistibly by an inspired Vienna Philharmonic.

But the conductor is not at all. Ludwig Weber's great black bass suits Oschs to perfection: he creates a marvelously vivid portrait of the bawling, lustful Baron, and yet manages to give every note full musical value. The limpid tones and fresh spontaneity of Sena Jurinac's impetuous Octavian are a constant source of pleasure, and Hilde Gueden's Sophie is also very fine. One has encountered more telling Marschallins than Maria Reining, here recorded near her very best and of course she always engages our sympathies. The large supporting cast contributes positively to each flavoursome moment, and the sound is still remarkably clear, warm, and full. Richmond has included a complete German text with translation.

PETER G. DAVIS
HIGH FIDELITY MAGAZINE
Sixty pounds of Fisher sound.

The Fisher XP-9B looks like an ordinary bookshelf speaker system—until you try to put it on an ordinary bookshelf. That's when you first realize that there's more to the XP-9B than meets the eye.

About 25 pounds more in fact. With its massive speaker magnets, the XP-9B weighs in at 60 pounds. For its size (14" x 24½" x 12" deep) it's one of the heaviest speakers you can buy.

It's also one of the few 4-way bookshelf-sized systems around. The XP-9B divides the frequency range into four sections instead of three, and it isolates each section from all the others. So the upper mid-range doesn't interact with the lower mid-range or the soft-dome tweeter. And neither mid-range speaker muddies the bass. You get extra weight that way. But you also get absolutely clean, tight sound throughout the speaker's range. (28 Hz to 22,000 Hz.)

A second important reason for the overall sound (and weight) of the XP-9B is its heavy 12" woofer. It's the same woofer used in our floor model speaker system, the XP-15.

The result is a bookshelf system with a low-end obviously too solid to be coming from a conventional bookshelf system. Of course, at a weight of sixty pounds, and a cost of $199.50, the Fisher XP-9B is hardly a system designed for conventional people. (For more information, plus a free copy of the Fisher Handbook 1968, an authoritative reference guide to hi-fi and stereo, use coupon on magazine's front cover flap.)

The Fisher
TOKYO’S HI-FI SHOW

The All-Japan Audio Fair held in Tokyo last October might just as well have been called “All-Japanese.” There was no publicity whatsoever in the English-language press, and those Americans who made it to the Scientific Technique Hall had to depend entirely on their high fidelity know-how to find out what was new and what was old. There were no English-speaking attendants around, no English literature. Of course, it might be difficult to find Japanese literature at American high fidelity shows too.

At any rate, the exhibition reminded an American observer of what our shows were like ten years ago. Although the equipment displayed was similar to ours of today, little effort was made to educate the visitors, the place was noisy, there were no demonstrations or even diagrams, no women were in evidence—and admission was free. The ground floor of the Scientific Technique Hall, serving as the exhibit area, was all products—a look-see and play-louder-than-anybody-else affair.

Only in the basement auditorium did the leading manufacturers demonstrate their top music systems. They also sponsored lectures on such topics as “Problems of Records and Record Players” and “The Theory of the Horn Speaker.” In addition, concerts of electronic music and of amateur tape recordings were given.

Among the more than fifty exhibitors one could count all of Japan’s specialized component manufacturers, practically all of the big and medium-size consumer electronics firms, and some record companies. Several trends—not unlike those evident in the U.S.A.—could be observed at this show. First, there was an attempt to reunite the separate components into music systems, integrated in design and styling. Second, many manufacturers were obviously trying to find new design solutions for their front panels. Third, there was a huge variety of cassette recorders and eight-track tape cartridge players.

Hardly a firm showed up without at least one packaged unit—usually a receiver placed alongside or beneath a semi-automatic or automatic turntable. Several firms had mounted their compacts on specially designed stands, a concession to the lack of furniture common in most Japanese homes, but some of which would enhance a Western home as well. In most instances, matching speakers were part of the package deal. Another solution to reintegration was the three-piece console. Here all the electronics and mechanics are packed into the middle section of the consoles: turntable on top, receiver in the center, and tape recorder at the bottom. This section is flanked by a pair of speaker systems, matching the center section in dimensions and styling. If a wider spread of sound is desired for stereo the speakers can be placed separately.

Continued on page 32
NOW-HAVE A
DISCOUNT RECORD STORE IN
YOUR OWN HOME

Save up to 55% on every record you ever want
to buy! No obligation to buy any records

The Longines Symphonette’s new service, THE CITADEL RECORD CLUB gives you any record, any artist, any label at savings up to 55% off manufacturer’s suggested price. No obligation to buy any records - Free Record Bonus Certificates - Jet Speed Service - Special Money-Back Membership - Just Like a Free Trial - See details below!

You’ve seen the ads in this and other publications: Get 10 records FREE, they say. Then in smaller print, if you agree to buy 10 or 11 more in just one year, they give you your choice of from 30 to 90 records... and that is not free choice, for the Schwann Catalog lists more than 30,000 long-play records now available to you. The extra records you have to buy (no matter what choice is given you) are part of the offer. More records you don’t really want. And did you ever try to turn down a record club selection of the month? You have to move fast. This kind of club requires you to buy records you don’t really want.

THERE IS A BETTER WAY: The Longines Symphonette’s New Citadel Club gives you a huge “Discount Record Store” in your own home... acts like a “record buyers cooperative”.

The sincere CITADEL CLUB way is quite simple. There are no hidden contracts, no obligation to buy any records at all, and you have your FREE choice of any record available today at discounts of up to 55%, with a minimum of 35% guaranteed. Here’s how easy it is to start saving on the records you buy.


2 YOU ARE NOT REQUIRED TO BUY ANY RECORDS AT ALL! Buy as many or as few records as you need—records of your choice!

3 IRON CLAD GUARANTEE. FACTORY-FRESH RECORDS, MOST SEALED IN PLASTIC. Any record that passes our inspection team and is imperfect, is replaced without additional cost to you.

4 24 HOUR SERVICE IN MOST CASES! Your orders filled promptly... The fastest service in the industry.

5 FREE MEMBERSHIP KIT INCLUDES 300-PAGE SCHWANN CATALOG PLUS TWO OTHER BIG BOOKS! As a member you get the famous SCHWANN catalog which lists more than 30,000 long-play records now available. Same book used by the biggest stores... tells you the manufacturer’s suggested price and other information. And you get two BONUS BIG BOOK CATALOGS listing special bargains and current top sellers. All FREE with your membership.

6 "MONEY-BACK" MEMBERSHIP—JUST LIKE A FREE TRIAL! We invite you to accept a three-month trial for just $1. And—we will even give you a Record Bonus Certificate worth $1 toward your first purchase... just like a FREE trial. AND—we’ll even bill you later for the small $1 fee. Remember—every Citadel Club membership is for the entire family. Your children can order and save. Any member of your family can order records... and save. Three-month "Money-Back" trial for only $1.

### TYPICAL CITADEL SUPER BARGAINS!

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SEND NO MONEY MAIL COUPON TODAY!

January 1968

www.americanradiohistory.com
anywhere in the room. Other manufacturers simply maintained the separate components but styled them uniformly so that when they are placed next to each other they appear as one matched music system.

In addition to many products familiar to American buyers—such as those of Akai (Roberts), Sony, Tese, Trio (Kenwood), Sansui—there were some new both to the Japanese and (in some instances) to us. For instance, Nippon Gakki Co., Ltd., better known under their Yama brand name, demonstrated a new type of speaker called the “Yama Natural Sound Speaker.” It radiates sound by the variable flexing motion of an ear-shaped diaphragm, in contrast to the piston motion of a conventional cone speaker. The manufacturer admits that the speaker is still a little short of satisfactory in the treble range so that a tweeter has to be added to achieve adequate high frequency reproduction.

Another novelty was the Sanyo “Perfect Sound System.” Mounted on a single column it contained a receiver, a tape deck, an eight-track cartridge playback system, a Philips cassette recorder, a turntable, and a host of control features. Incidentally, Sanyo calls all its higher-quality sound gear OTTO (for Orthophonic Transistorized Technical Operation). There were many baby OTTOS and the above-described Super OTTO.

A few new items came from those Japanese firms better known in America. The Sony Model 6060 stereo receiver has its controls hidden behind a fold-down cover. Whereas the domestic model has a power rating of 40 watts music power per channel, the U.S.A. version will have 10 watts per channel more. Sony’s compact ST 80 tuner and Sansui’s 888 tuner both feature circular dials. The latter contains no less than five integrated circuits. Trio/Kenwood introduced its Supeme series of components to Japan, as it did to the United States during New York’s show. But whereas the U.S. saw only the Supreme 1 amplifier, with built-in electronic crossovers, Tokyo got a look at the Supreme 10. This is a stereo FM tuner that features preset tuning for five stations, and an oscilloscope tuning indicator. Sensitivity is given as 1 μV. It is expected to be made available here later this year.

PHILADELPHIA SHOW NEXT MONTH

DATES OF THE Philadelphia High Fidelity Music Show have been set for February 16, 17, and 18, at the Benjamin Franklin Hotel, according to show director Teresa S. Rogers. The last show here, in February 1966, was attended by more than 17,000. Philadelphia, on a per capita basis, is said to be one of the world’s leading high fidelity markets. The coming show, which Mrs. Rogers characterizes as “the largest ever held in the Pennsylvania-New Jersey-Delaware area,” will occupy several floors in the hotel and will feature many live demonstrations “showing fans how to get the maximum benefit and pleasure from” equipment.

SCHWANN OFFERS BASIC LIBRARY LIST

SCHWANN, INC., publisher of the monthly Long Playing Record Catalog and related supplements, has released a 16-page pamphlet listing its recommendations for “A Basic Record Library,” in which hundreds of compositions are grouped by period, from medieval to modern. The new publication will be sent free on receipt of a self-addressed, five-cent stamped envelope mailed to Schwann, Inc., 137 Newbury St., Boston, Mass. 02116. It also is available in quantity to libraries and schools at $2.00 per one hundred copies, plus postage.

Norelco has combined its tape cassette player with a portable AM-FM radio. Dubbed Model L573 and listed priced at $120, the combination unit serves both as a personal portable receiver and a playback device for recorded snap-in tape cartridges. The set measures 6 5/8 by 10 3/5 by 3 inches, and runs on five D cells. In addition to built-in AM and FM antennas, there’s a connector for using the set with a car antenna.

EMI ROUNDS OUT SPEAKER LINE

New addition to the EMI compact speaker line is the DLS 629 which is offered as a successor to the older 529. The new model is rated for 8 ohms (instead of 4) and uses an elliptical shaped woofer with larger magnet and voice-coil gap than in the 529. Highs are handled by a pair of 3½-inch tweeters. A three-position switch permits adjusting the speaker’s response and the removable front grille permits selecting cloth for decor purposes. EMI speakers now are marketed by Benjamin Electronic Sound Corp. The Model 629 is priced at $164.50.

EQUIPMENT in the NEWS

CASSETTE ADDED TO RADIO

EMI ROUNDS OUT SPEAKER LINE

Continued on page 34

High Fidelity Magazine
Pioneer built Integrated Systems* for Audiophiles and Music Lovers because Audiophiles and Music Lovers built Pioneer

The Integrated Systems concept is the latest and most advanced development towards the faithful reproduction of sound. It is the result of the creative engineering and advanced technology of Pioneer Electronics Corp., one of the world's largest manufacturers of audio components.

The heart of Pioneer's Integrated Systems concept is the new IS-80, a component in which two power amplifiers combined with an electronic crossover are totally integrated with three speakers in each channel of a stereo system. The electronics are specifically designed to the speakers' requirements—wide frequency range, linearity, and extremely low distortion over a wide dynamic range.

The integration of these elements produces, for the first time, distortion-free sound and an unbelievable clarity.

But the Integrated Systems concept extends even beyond this superior approach to sound reproduction.

The IS-80 Integrated System may be coupled with Pioneer's SC-100 preamplifier, a distinguished instrument for the control and preamplification of any program source of music. Or the IS-80 may be coupled with the new IS-31, a complete combination AM-FM stereophonic tuner, turntable, and preamplifier housed in a handsome cabinet. Its striking design makes it adaptable to any room and eliminates any problems of installation.

The technology and design of these concepts are pioneering the future of new areas of high fidelity. As Webster defines it . . . to pioneer is to open or prepare the way for others to follow.

Advance your present system or establish your musical reproduction foundation with tomorrow's equipment today! Be sure to hear Pioneer's Integrated Systems at a Pioneer franchised dealer in your area. Pioneer Integrated Systems are available in combinations from $1,125 up.

Write for more data and an invitation to one of our demonstrations of this unique concept. We are scheduling nationwide demonstrations now, to be made in conjunction with franchised dealers and factory personnel. Mail the coupon below.

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January 1968
EQUIPMENT IN THE NEWS
Continued from page 32

MARANTZ ENTERS RECEIVER MARKET

Shown here is the first picture of Marantz's first receiver—or indeed the first integrated unit of any type—from a company known hitherto exclusively for state-of-the-art separates. According to company president Saul B. Marantz, the availability of rugged solid-state devices now permits the firm to "design and manufacture an integrated receiver which maintains our integrity and is consistent with Marantz's reputation for perfection." The Model 18 is rated for 2.5 microvolts FM sensitivity, and its amplifier section is said to provide 40 watts continuous (RMS) power per channel. Unique features include a built-in oscilloscope as a tuning aid, an enormous tuning flywheel that protrudes through the front panel, and an electronically passive front end (non-amplifying of RF energy) designed to eliminate signal overloading. The Marantz 18 is priced at $595.

NEW LAFAYETTE RECEIVER

From Lafayette Radio comes word of its LR-500T, an AM and stereo FM receiver which uses integrated circuits. FM sensitivity is stated to be 1.8 microvolts. Amplifier power output is rated for 25 watts per channel (IHF music power) into an 8-ohm load. A full array of controls is provided, plus front and rear tape recorder feed jacks. The set comes in a metal enclosure covered with vinyl in simulated walnut wood-grain. Price is $179.95.

CONCORD ANNOUNCES 8-TRACK DECK

An eight-track (stereo back and forth twice) tape cartridge playback deck, the CP-250, is being marketed by Concord. The unit may be plugged into any external sound system to be heard, and thus offers the convenience of interchanging stereo cartridges from home and car. Program lights indicate which pair of stereo tracks is being played. Tracks run automatically in sequence unless you change to the next pair by using the selector button. The solid-state CP-250 is priced at "under $100."

SHERWOOD UPGRADES RECEIVER

Sherwood's Model S-7600-FET receiver (AM and stereo FM) boasts a newly designed FM detector and uses field-effect transistors in its RF and mixer stages. Rated IHF sensitivity is 1.8 microvolts. The amplifier portion is said to deliver 80 watts of music power to two pairs of 8-ohm speakers. Input sensitivity for the phono jacks is adjustable from 1.4 to 10 millivolts to match a wide range of disc pickups. A full complement of controls is included. The set is priced at $339.50 for the chassis version or $348.50 in a walnut-grained leatherette case. A walnut-wood case costs $28.00.

HIGH FIDELITY MAGAZINE
Scott components in a compact stereo system?
(THERE'S A SOUND REASON.)

There are plenty of "stereos" on the market, but only a Scott component stereo music system gives you the true Scott sound. Here, in one neat package, is a best-selling Scott stereo receiver and a professional automatic turntable with magnetic cartridge and diamond stylus. Flanked by a pair of Scott Controlled Impedance speakers, this complete system turns out the kind of sound that's made Scott the byword among audio professionals. You get separate Bass, Treble, and Volume controls for each channel, plus an accurate tuning meter, and connections for microphone, guitar, earphones, extra speakers, tape recorder, and tape cartridge player. Scott makes a whole range of compact stereo music systems, in AM/FM, FM stereo, or phono models. Prices run from $249.95 to $469.95. See them all at your Scott dealer. (Model 2504, FM stereo system shown. Price $299.95.)


January 1968
LOOKING FOR ABSOLUTE PERFECTION?
You may never find it, but it's unlikely that you will ever come closer than with the

UHER 9000 TAPE DECK

by martel

FAULTLESS REPRODUCTION AND PERFORMANCE CAN ONLY BE HAD THROUGH SUCH Meticulous ENGINEERING AND MANUFACTURING PROCEDURES AS THOSE FOLLOWED BY UHER IN A FACTORY DEVOTED EXCLUSIVELY TO TAPE RECORDER PRODUCTION. THE UHER 9000 HAS ALL THE FEATURES NORMALLY INCLUDED IN THE MOST SOPHISTICATED TAPE DECKS, PLUS MANY EXCLUSIVE UHER FEATURES UNOBTAINABLE ELSEWHERE.

IF TAPE RECORDING IS A SERIOUS THING TO YOU, YOUR TOTAL ANSWER IS THE UHER 9000.

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Innovations
On the Threshold
But Not Past the Door

TWO RECENT "firsts" in tape don't seem to be getting much in the way of seconding. One is the Newell process, discussed here in August 1967; the other is a new Du Pont tape—which we'll talk about now. Du Pont has developed a magnetic tape coating using chromium dioxide instead of iron oxide, and named it Crolyn. The new tape, which may cost about fifty per cent more than corresponding widths and lengths of other tapes now on the market, is claimed to offer up to one hundred per cent higher performance, in the sense that it has double the properties, or characteristics, in any given area. For instance, it can permit a tape equipment manufacturer to design for equivalent performance at slower speeds, or for higher performance at the same speed. Or it can result in as much as 20 dB improvement in signal-to-noise ratios, or increased bandwidths.

By way of demonstrating its new product's possibilities, Du Pont recently ran an instrumentation recorder—a wide-band machine that can store dozens of broadcasts on one tape—first with standard instrumentation tape, then with Crolyn. In the latter case the same machine performed with significantly better s/n characteristics.

More to our immediate interest, the Crolyn was then used for video work: Du Pont's people cut the speed on a Sony VTR in half, and got pictures as good as those taped at the original speed. So there stands Crolyn's presumable challenge for video taping: acceptable pictures at half the present speeds and thus twice the playing time per reel, or better pictures at existing speeds.

So far, the challenge has gone virtually ignored. Sony, judging from off-the-cuff remarks, couldn't care less. Ampex just doesn't expect Crolyn to make much inroad, saying that its high cost and the problems of overhauling existing tape equipment would militate against it. Du Pont itself doesn't see video as Crolyn's main area; actually it is third on their list of applications: computers, instrumentation, video, and audio.

As for the Newell project, there's nothing new to report. The initial reaction among tape companies was one of "we need more info before we can make up our minds." Subsequent feeling apparently remains about the same generally, although Ampex has made what—in the context of nobody-wants-to-commit-himself—seems a fairly definite statement: there is now no interest in the Newell system for video tape; the problems outweigh the tape's performance. Nor is there any interest in it for computers, although there may be some interest in it for instrumentation work and for consumer audio. For the latter, however, some Ampex people question the values obtained vis-à-vis the problems of a major changeover. Anyway, they will "continue to examine it."

So much for miracles this month, except that we are still intrigued by the (unlikely) likelihood of combining Crolyn with the Newell format to record tapes using the Dolby noise reduction process which then would be duplicated with Ampex's EX-Plus technique. Surely, this technological combination would produce a level of superior performance—in audio and video—that we get today only by using the costliest gear, or maybe we don't get at all. I mean, how do you know how good (or bad) something is unless you try it? Or does this presume a degree of scientific togetherness that is being delayed by commercial apartheid? Maybe we should turn the whole mess over to a committee made up of C. P. Snow, Parkinson, and Marshall McLuhan.
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The record producers at work: above, RCA Victor's Richard Mohr talks with Aida stars Jon Vickers and Leontyne Price; at right, top, John McClure (in coat and tie) at a Columbia session with engineer Fred Plaut and (standing) Leonard Bernstein; at right, bottom, Kinloch Anderson (with glasses) and Sir John Barbirolli collaborate on Madama Butterfly for Angel; below, Walter Legge, long of EMI, smokes and listens to playbacks of Don Giovanni with maestro Carlo Maria Giulini (wearing sweater) and baritone Eberhard Wächter.
significantly, no thunder and rain effects—Verdi's music is graphic enough), and an eight-minute organ pedal (prerecorded on the organ at the Liverpool Cathedral). A more static, but still extremely involved Culshaw operation was the Britten War Requiem, a work whose physical layout (orchestra, chorus with soprano soloist, boys choir, chamber ensemble, and tenor and baritone soloists) comes across with startling spatial depth and direction in the London recording. Culshaw is now with the BBC exploring the potential of music and video tape; his work in this intriguing new field will be followed with great interest.

Piloting the average orchestral, chamber, or solo recording session does not pose the technical problems of large-scale opera and choral projects, but for these smaller sessions the producer must especially concentrate on establishing a smooth working partnership with his solo artist or conductor. No matter how talented and experienced a performer may be, the session could degenerate into total disaster if the producer were for one minute either insensitive to his artist's emotional and temperamental make-up or out of sympathy with his musical approach. He must be able to sense the exact moment when the artist is ready to record; he must know when to call a break for rest and reappraisal of what has already been committed to tape. Some artists need very little guidance—they seem to be as relaxed as if they were playing in their own living rooms. Daniel Barenboim is one of these cool customers and he flourishes in a tense recording atmosphere. Peter Serkin, on the other hand, must be treated with extreme delicacy—or so one has been told, for he never permits auditors during his sessions.

In most cases an artist new to recording requires special handling: when young Tchaikovsky Competition winner Misha Dichter made his first solo recital album for RCA Victor, he understandably approached the task with an intense concern to do his very best. The producer's first duty under such conditions is obviously to smooth the newcomer's way as comfortably as possible, and Richard Mohr's firm, sympathetic leadership was the perfect answer to Dichter's anxiety. The session proceeded slowly, for the pianist wanted to make sure he had his interpretation down perfectly before the tape recorders started to roll; Mohr often let him continue to practice for as much as twenty minutes at a stretch rather than rush him into a premature and perhaps psychologically damaging take. During playback the two discussed problems and possible solutions, Dichter obviously counting a good deal on Mohr's experience and knowledge.

Itzhak Perlman presented quite another picture at his first RCA solo recording. This ebullient young violinist seemed not at all intimidated by the microphones, amusing himself with a constant flow of jokes and shenanigans and puffing all the while on an immense cigar. Producer Max Wilcox contentedly played straight man and seemed to be enjoying himself as much as Perlman. Actually, the levity provided a necessary release from the tension one felt as soon as the recording light flashed on.

Columbia's John McClure generally likes to run things with a light touch when he can—a snappy Bernstein/McClure recording session is always rich in entertainment value, although the steady stream of wisecracks belies the amount of hard work accomplished by these collaborators. Like most conductor/producer teams, these two have been working together for years. Orchestral players catch some of the rapport between podium and recording staff too: bringing the orchestra into immediate contact with session problems often means the difference between a merely dull, workmanlike performance and lively, responsive playing. The fresh spontaneity that informs Colin Davis' Messiah recording for Philips may well be in large part due to producer Harold Lawrence's conscious attempt to create just such a sense of participation. "The orchestra often feels left out at a recording session, especially if the producer and conductor are constantly deliberating via their private intercom telephone. I tried to avoid this whenever possible, and communications between control booth and auditorium were carried out through a general loudspeaker system. This way I could talk directly to the musicians and draw them right into the operation. Many of them would even listen to playback during their rest breaks and offer lots of useful suggestions."

It is during those tense hours of actual recording that the producer's capacity for obtaining the optimum is most dramatically tested. The creative aspects of his craft are not confined to the studio, however. Some of the phonograph's finest accomplishments have often been born from one producer's conviction that in spite of all economic and artistic hazards certain projects simply must be carried out.

One thinks immediately of Walter Legge's many achievements over the past forty years, from last year's documentation of Gerald Moore's Farewell Concert back to such historic sets of the Thirties as the complete Beethoven Sonatas with Schnabel and the famous Glyndebourne Mozart opera recordings. The fact that the latter have once again become best sellers in their most recent LP reincarnation testifies to Legge's artistic as well as commercial perspicacity. London/Decca's Ring cycle is the kind of project that will surely be regarded as a touchstone years from now; but without the imaginative leadership of John Culshaw it is doubtful that this ambitious enterprise would even have materialized. And Columbia's admirable Stravinsky and Schoenberg series are very much to the credit of John McClure, whose conviction of the historic and musical worth of these undertakings is in large part responsible for their very existence. As continuing refinements in sound reproduction and the exciting possibilities of video tape open new avenues of investigation, the future of the phonograph as a medium of artistic expression will depend upon men of equal resource, stature, and vision.
WHO WILL SUCCEED MAHLER AND NIELSEN IN THE REVIVAL SWEEPSTAKES?
IT COULD BE A DARK HORSE NAMED KALKBRENNER, OR RAFF, OR SZYMANOWSKA.

THE DISREPUTABLE ROMANTICS

BY FRANK COOPER

48

HIGH FIDELITY MAGAZINE
Another Eroica ... another Pathétique ... another New World? The phonophile with his well-thumbed Schwann will hardly raise a jaded eyebrow. More Monteverdi ... more Telemann ... more Vivaldi? This repertoire too has acquired its fashion. Among the mighty moguls of the music industry (and I include performers as well as recording executives) there seems to be a Standard Masters syndrome, tempered only by a talent for resuscitating the predecessors of Johann Sebastian Bach.

This isn't quite true, of course—certainly we owe to records our present awareness of Nielsen, of Ives, of Mahler—but there's still a vast trove of music ready for rifling and thus far almost wholly ignored. I refer to the Romantic Era—that truly nonconformist age in which mannerisms were cultivated, distinctiveness glorified, individual genius deified. Artists flourished in simply staggering numbers. Yet how many people today recognize even the names of Raff, Lindpaintner, Stamaty, Moscheles, Pixis, Henselt, Volkmann, Marschner, Brüll, Dreysoch, Potter, Blumenfeld, Bennett, Cramer, Fétis ... ? The music of these men and many more like them once resounded across Europe to full houses and vast applause. Could it not afford us some pleasure now?

Consider Anselm Hüttenbrenner, composer of six Masses, three Requiems, six symphonies, four operas, and more than two hundred songs. Hüttenbrenner was Schubert's close friend—for forty-two years he owned the manuscript of the Unfinished Symphony without telling anyone he had it. More interestingly, he was the man in whose arms Beethoven died. "I closed the eyes of the departed, kissed them, then his forehead, mouth, and hands," he wrote Thayer. Do these facts not arouse anyone's curiosity to hear the Requiem in C minor, which was performed in Graz after the deaths of Beethoven, Salieri, and Emperor Francis I, and in Vienna after Schubert died? Given a good stereo recording of that once celebrated work, Hüttenbrenner, I'm sure, could live again.

So too, I think, could the colorful Félicien David, whose clothes of "utopian light blue" and whose shoulder-length hair were once as provocative of comment as his music. Grove's describes David as an "initiator" without whom "such dramatic works of Oriental characteristics as Reyer's La Statue, Bizet's Djamileh, Gounod's Reine de Saba, Delibes's Lakmé, Verdi's Aida, etc., might not have been what they are." I expect that we would need to hear only David's picturesque ode-symphony The Desert, which evokes a caravan's adventures in the moody grandeur of a sand-filled horizon. This intriguing work embodies impressions David garnered during a three-year trek from Constantinople across the Holy Land to Egypt and combines vocal and orchestral movements with sections of dramatic recitation—hardly ordinary by any standards. Berlioz might have called it a "melologue." In any case,
The Desert is an impressive and highly remarkable example of musical description. The vast monotony of the desert (a repeated C in the introduction), the prayer of fanatic devotion to Allah, the battle scene, women's dance, and muezzin's chant render genuine local color better than the music of almost any other nineteenth-century French composer. David's Arabs are Arabs, not Frenchmen in disguise, and they would offer modern stereo no small challenge.

Or take the really obscure Roch Albert, whose The Destruction of Pompeii is replete with storms, crashes, prayers, bacchanalian dances, oracles, effects of utter darkness, and a blaze of fireworks at the end. If only as curiosa, this exotic tone picture might enjoy a vogue today—given a chance to be heard.

And a chance is all the slightly less spectacular Marie Szymanowska and Frederic Kalkbrenner would need—say, a recording by some enterprising pianist of the lady's Etudes, Fantasy, or Mazurkas, or the gentleman's darkly dramatic Concerto in D minor. Goethe called Marie Szymanowska "incredible" and fell "furiously in love" with her. She inspired adulation from one side of Europe to the other. Young Chopin heard her play and studied her compositions. He even appropriated certain of her thematic and technical ideas into his own Mazurkas, Waltzes, and Impromptus. And it was to Kalkbrenner that the twenty-two-year-old Chopin—already with two concertos and the Etudes, Op. 10 under his belt—went for advice about his musicianship. Kalkbrenner, a shrewd and fashionable composer, thereupon astounded the young genius by proposing three years of study under his guidance as necessary "to become a good artist." Chopin took no lessons, but did avail himself of a few devices from the works of his would-be mentor (such as the left-hand cadential trill we all think of as Chopin's own, and the scheme for a set of twenty-four independent Preludes). Like Bach and Handel, he knew better than to bypass good material when it was there for the taking.

Szymanowska and Kalkbrenner were sources for Chopin, as Dussek was for Schumann and Brahms or Clementi for Beethoven. Recordings of such "origins" will one day unravel for us what might be termed, for want of an apter phrase, musical etymologies. Without thoroughgoing, almost archaeological, investigations into such matters our knowledge of the Romantics must be faulty, marred by gaping lacunae. But the condition is curable.

For example, persons who delight in Beethoven's Choral Fantasy should enjoy the Concerto for Piano, Chorus, and Orchestra by that zany charlatan Daniel Stehelt, arch-salesman of pianistic storms and cartloads of tambourines; or they might try a work for the same forces, The Times of Day, by Joachim Raff (List's one-time assistant at orchestration, a really gifted melodist who built his themes with great care). Surpassing both these is Busoni's Concerto for Piano, Male Chorus, and Orchestra, reputedly the world's longest and most difficult concerto. This awesome work, in fact, will soon be readily available for the hearing: John Ogdon's recording with the Royal Philharmonic under Daniell Revenaugh will be brought out by Angel early this year. If the album sells well, it could mark the beginning of a new adventuresomeness among a & r men.

Imagine the stimulus to our record listening could we hear Hummel's Grand Mass in E flat, Spohr's sumptuous oratorio The Last Judgment, Clementi's Five Motets, or Bruch's Odysseus. This last prompted Tovey to write, "Bruch's greatest mastery lies in the treatment of chorus and orchestra; and I have not the slightest doubt that a revival of his Odysseus . . . would make a fresh and stirring impression on any audience that will listen naively to beautiful music for music's sake." Think of the fascination of a first exposure to Taneyev's birthday gift for Tchaikovsky, a contrapuntal treatment of ballet themes . . . or to Offenbach's only ballet, Papillons, which Marie Taglioni choreographed for young Emma Livry (who caught fire onstage and burned to death). Consider experiencing the old-world elegance of piano concertos by Arensky, Pabst, Moszkowski, D'Albert, Sauer, the Scharwenka brothers. Fancy a chance to relish such a neglected work for violin and orchestra as Joachim's legendary Hungarian Concerto, a monument of technical difficulty and originality.

Opera lovers chewing their nails for the treat of any complete work by Meyerbeer ought also to think of other historically important stage works so ill-deserving their present oblivion. Romantic opera starts with a man whose passionate admirers dubbed him the "Molière of music," André Grétry. Influential men of his day admired his witty, brilliant conversations—as well as his operas. Grétry's innate understanding of the right proportions among the separate elements of an opera, his power of connecting and evolving scenes, his faithful interpretation of words—all this is demonstrated in his masterpiece, Richard the Lion-Hearted. As touched-up by Adolphe Adam, Grétry's Richard, I suspect, could hold its own against many of the "standards" we know too well. So too could Marschner's Byron-inspired The Vampire. And anyone who searched out Brüll's The Golden Cross, Rubinstein's Nero, Moses, or Paradise Lost, Spohr's The Crusaders would find his curiosity well repaid; these are works of ambitious stamp and authentic grandeur (each in different ways, of course). They represent but a portion of the enormous and diverse material asking for rediscovery.

What will it take to make a resurgence of the Romantics possible? Primarily, a public demand for the forgotten treasure of the nineteenth century—and a public willingness to support whatever commercial ventures are made into the unknown territory. The result could be a musical field day. Those who abandoned themselves to it would surely have a marvelous time.
STereo Bookshelf

Some recommended new titles for the bibliophile-audiophile

By Norman Eisenberg

Is there any reason why audio books can’t be written in high style? G.A. Briggs has been doing it ever since high fidelity first emerged from the exclusive domain of engineers and began to be cultivated by the cultivated. Consider his temerity in opening a chapter on distortion in his classic Sound Reproduction with a quotation from Milton: “... dire was the noise of conflict.” Or recall his wit in replying to a letter from a man who asked why “the body was missing” from the sound when he put a back on his home-made speaker enclosure, and why the speaker sounded better when he took the back off again. Briggs wrote: “... when you leave off the back... you obtain... reflection from the wall... use the system which sounds best, even if contrary to every textbook. In any case, as the body has disappeared, there would not be much point in screwing down the lid of the coffin.”

Nobody else writes them with quite that flair, but they’re still writing readable and informative tracts. Since our last survey of audio books (December 1964), we’ve noted some new works, as well as a few revised editions of older volumes, that merit the attention of technically minded readers.

Your Future in the High Fidelity Industry by Bernard Newman (Richards Rosen Press, clothbound, 128 pages, $4.00). No book more clearly suggests the coming of age of high fidelity as a business and professional field with its own ground rules, traditions, and requirements than this first attempt to treat it on an institutionalized level. Certainly, to judge from inquiries received at our office, there are now a significant number of young people aspiring to careers in audio. Newman’s study should answer many of their questions as to education and training needed, types of work (engineering, sales, etc.) available, and salaries for beginners. These chapters are sandwiched between a section recounting the history of high fidelity and appendixes listing schools, companies (briefly described), periodicals, and books. The text is marred by an occasional misspelling of proper names, and the company list is far from complete. But the work represents an important beginning and could prove helpful to many newcomers.

Hi-Fi Troubles by Herman Burstein (Gernsback paperback, 160 pages, $3.95). Subtitled “How you can avoid them... how you can cure them,” this book is very much at the top of the pile of how-to-do-it-yourself manuals. In fact, it comes as close as any we’ve read to accomplishing the difficult task of explaining technical problems in a nontechnical way, and doing so accurately and even interestingly. Subjects covered include trouble-shooting, tools and their use, and various representative performance problems—with especially good sections on hum and noise. Although the author’s failure to handle solid-state equipment specifically may be a weakness, the procedures given for general fault-finding are valid for all types of equipment.

Troubleshooting Audio Equipment by Mannie Horowitz (Sams paperback, 160 pages, $3.25). This volume can be regarded as a more advanced companion-piece to the Burstein book. It goes more deeply into equipment maintenance, and it covers transistor circuits to a fair degree. While the emphasis is on amplifiers, there is one chapter on tape recorders and another on stereo systems generally. Horowitz is a professional engineer and he writes frankly for the practicing technician or the very advanced hobbyist who knows his way around test equipment.

How To Build Speaker Enclosures by Alexis Badmaieff and Don Davis (Sams paperback, 144 pages, illustrated, $3.25). More than merely a guide to cutting and slapping boards together, this book explains much of the design theory behind speaker enclosures so that one gets some insight into the why as well as the how of the subject. Although the authors are two Altec Lansing men, their work is by no means a plug for A-L products or any pet
Theories. Types of enclosures made by other firms are discussed, and are included among the illustrations. The emphasis, however, clearly is on large- or "full"-size systems which follow the classic acoustic designs of bass reflex, infinite baffle, and horn loading. (While this emphasis may lead some readers to feel that compact systems, particularly air-suspension types, have been slighted, such systems, after all, do not belong in the realm of do-it-yourself.) In addition to detailed plans for building various enclosures, the book contains guides for choosing the drivers in a multi-element system, for calculating dividing networks, and for testing speakers.

ABC's of Modern Radio by Walter G. Salm (second, revised edition, Sams paperback, 128 pages, $1.95). Some grounding in basic radio theory is, to our mind, the best foundation on which to build one's technical understanding of audio—and video too. A careful reading of this volume could provide a serviceable introduction to the subject. Treatment is semi-technical and presents a smattering of elementary algebra and some bent for basic physics. Salm's book will not make you an instant engineer or repairman, but it will fill many gaps in your understanding of basic theory and at least enable you to ask intelligent questions.

Musical Instruments and Audio by G. A. Briggs (Wharfedale, clothbound, 238 pages, $5.95, U.S.A. agent, Herman Publishing Service, Boston, Mass.). In this, his most recent book, the old master departs from his customary excursions into the strictly reproductive aspects of audio and investigates the productive facets of music—which, once done, he then relates to the capabilities and limitations of audio recording and playback technology. In a sense, then, this intriguing work (actually the sixteenth he has produced) is the broadest in scope of all his books. One of its most impressive sections is an encyclopedic tour de force that illustrates and describes—from both technical and aesthetic standpoints—the sounds and ensemble-functions of more than sixty musical instruments. The range of matter here is formidable, but the expected Briggs touches—the humor, the poetic allusiveness, the liberal sprinkling of wry cartoons—are all present. The illustrations generally—and the technical ones, such as the oscillograms, in particular—are remarkably clear and show unusually fine detail. All told, another Briggs Fair.

Hi-Fi and Stereo by Richard Roberts (Collier Books paperback, 181 pages, illustrated, $1.95). About this one we have mixed feelings. As an attempt to present an over-all picture of stereo componentry, the book gets an "A" for effort and organization—but maybe a "B" for many of its technical explanations, only a "C" for its ambitious but shaky glossary, and a "D" or even an "F" on some of its diagrams. Though there's a lot of readable, informative material in this book, there's also a good deal that bugged us. To wit: showing the ground terminal of an amplifier connected to the "hot" side of a speaker, calling a preamplifier a tuner, labeling a tape deck a tape preamp, classifying the "extra" input on a preamp as a low-level input, distorting the relative sizes of speaker enclosures, and so on. There's just so much you can blame on the draftsman or the illustrator—the author or the editors should have checked all the material that went into this book more carefully.

High Fidelity Systems by Roy F. Allison (second, revised edition, Dover paperback, 92 pages, $1.00). As a layman's guide to stereo in the home, this volume strikes us as the best buy among current books on the subject. Aimed at the complete novice who may want some commonsense advice before entering a dealer's shop, it discusses such topics as components and their functions, installations, and room acoustics. A hefty section is given over to an ingeniously devised series of charts for correcting common faults in equipment, based on a yes-or-no system of checkouts that can be performed purely by listening, without the use of test instruments. This alone, in our view, is worth the price of the book.

Tape Recording for the Hobbyist by Art Zuckerman (second, revised edition, Sams paperback, 160 pages, illustrated, $3.25). If there's anything omitted from this recently updated treatment of home tape recording, we can't think of it. An impressive range of topics is covered, from microphone selection to bias adjustment, from hints on recording children to advice on care of the machine. The information is accurate; the writing, informal; the illustrations, plentiful and for the most part clear. An excellent index helps.
When you've got a reputation as a leader in transistor technology, you don't introduce a transistor amplifier that is like someone else's. We didn't. The new Sony TA-1120 integrated stereo amplifier is the case in point. We considered the few remaining shortcomings that have kept today's transistor amplifiers from achieving the quality of performance of the best tube amplifiers and set out to solve them. To do it, we even had to invent new types of transistors. The result: the first truly great solid-state stereo amplifier.

Distortion is lower than in the finest tube amplifiers at all frequencies and power levels. Signal-to-noise ratio: better than 110 db. Damping factor is extraordinarily high (140 at 16 ohms). Frequency response: practically flat from 10 to 100,000 HZ (+0 db—1 db). Plenty of power, too (120 watts IHF at 8 ohms, both channels).

With an amplifier as good as this, the preamp section has a great deal to live up to. It does, magnificently! Solid-state silicon circuitry throughout coupled with an ingenious design achieve the lowest possible distortion. Sensible arrangement of front panel controls offers the greatest versatility and ease of operation with any program source.

Finally, to protect your investment in this superb instrument, an advanced SCR (silicon-controlled rectifier) circuit prevents possible damage to the power transistors due to accidental shorting of the outputs.

The Sony TA-1120 stereo amplifier/preamp at $399.50 and the TA-3120 stereo power amplifier, $249.50 are available at a select group of high fidelity specialists who love and cherish them. And will get as much enjoyment out of demonstrating them as you will from their performance. So visit your dedicated Sony high fidelity dealer and enjoy. Prices suggested list. Sony Corporation of America Dept. H 47-47 Van Dam St. L.I.C., N.Y. 11101.

With so many fine amplifiers our first had to be something special. It is!
### Scott 2502, 2503

#### Lab Test Data

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Performance characteristic</th>
<th>Measurement</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>Tuner Section</strong></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>IHF sensitivity</td>
<td>3.7 μV at 98 MHz; 5.5 μV at 90 MHz; 3.8 μV at 106 MHz</td>
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<tr>
<td>Frequency response, mono</td>
<td>+0.0, -2 dB, 20 Hz to 20 kHz</td>
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<tr>
<td>THD, mono</td>
<td>0.15% at 400 Hz; 0.32% at 40 Hz; 0.24% at 1 kHz</td>
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<td>IM distortion</td>
<td>1.1%</td>
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<tr>
<td>Capture ratio</td>
<td>3.5 dB</td>
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<tr>
<td>S/N ratio</td>
<td>40 dB</td>
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<tr>
<td>Frequency response, stereo</td>
<td>+0.0, -3 dB, 20 Hz to 18 kHz</td>
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<tr>
<td>THD, stereo</td>
<td>0.75% at 400 Hz; 1.0% at 40 Hz; 0.66% at 1 kHz</td>
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<tr>
<td>Channel separation</td>
<td>better than 35 dB at mid-frequencies</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>19-kHz pilot suppression</td>
<td>53 dB</td>
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<tr>
<td>38-kHz subcarrier</td>
<td>66 dB</td>
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</tbody>
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| **Amplifier Section**      |             |
| Power output (at 1 kHz into 8-ohm load) | 8.2 watts at 0.24% THD |
| l ch at clipping           | 8.8 watts   |
| r ch for 0.8% THD          | 7.0 watts at 0.12% THD |
| r ch for 0.8% THD          | 8.0 watts   |
| both chs simultaneously   | 6.5 watts at 0.18% THD |
| l ch at clipping           | 5.6 watts at 0.10% THD |
| r ch at clipping           |             |
| Power bandwidth            | 15 Hz to 26 kHz |
| Harmonic distortion        |             |
| 6 watts output             | under 0.8%, 40 Hz to 20 kHz |
| 3 watts output             | under 0.5%, 20 Hz to 20 kHz |
| IM distortion              |             |
| 4-ohm load                 | under 1.6% to 9.5 watts |
| 8-ohm load                 | under 1.0% to 9.25 watts |
| 16-ohm load                | under 1.0% to 5.25 watts |
| Frequency response, 1-watt level | bass comp out: +0.0, -4 dB, 32 Hz to 36 kHz; bass comp in: adds up to 4.5 dB boost at 50-70 Hz |
| RIAA equalization          | +0.0, -4 dB, 40 Hz to 20 kHz |
| Damping factor             | 30          |
| Input characteristics      |             |
| (for 6 watts output)       | S/N ratio   |
| phono                      | 2.5 mV, 59 dB |
| mike                       | 6.5 mV, 60 dB |
| guitar                     | 13.0 mV, 51 dB |
| extra                      | 230.0 mV, 80 dB |

Catted on the underside of the chassis, you have to tip the set so that it rests on its rear panel when making connections to it—an inconvenience we have noted on other models of this type. Anyway, make sure when doing so that the tone-arm is secured to its resting block by the little clip attached to the latter. The four speaker outputs (two stereo pairs, for main and remote speakers) are phono jacks. One pair of cables, with plugs attached, is supplied—but for running remote speakers you'll have to get, or make up, another pair. The set has tape recorder feed and playback jacks, plus a stereo pair for any additional high-level signal source, and two additional jacks for signals from a microphone and an electronic musical instrument. These last two jacks permit you to play or to record two signals (such as voice and musical accompaniment) on separate channels, mixed on one channel, or either signal on both channels.

There are three screw terminals for FM antenna hookup marked internal, 300 ohms, and ground. The first screw has a metal jumper which you can connect to the second screw to use the set's built-in (linecord) antenna—which does provide, by the way, good reception of local signals. For external lead-in, you disconnect the jumper and use the second and third screws. AM is handled by a built-in loopstick antenna.

The tuner portion of this system should provide very good FM reception in all but the most difficult of locales. Response was just about ideal on both mono and stereo, and separation on the latter was excellent. Signal-to-noise ratio could be better, but should not be annoying except on the weakest of incoming signals. The amplifier section is low-powered but clean—with a healthy power bandwidth and frequency response, and surprisingly high damping. It won't drive low-impedance, low-efficiency speakers to any great sonic showing but it can handle 8-ohm speakers of moderate to high efficiency with no trouble.

### TWO SPEAKERS—OR FOUR?

Which bring us to the speakers for this set. We auditioned the set as both the Model 2502 and as the Model 2503—that is to say, using both the smaller S-14 and the larger S-10 speaker systems. As might be expected, the S-10s provided better response generally, and in the bass specifically; they went down cleanly and fully to 40 Hz, while the S-14s made it with less apparent fullness or volume to about 50 Hz. These speakers, incidentally, are available separately for use with any amplifier or receiver. The S-14 is a two-way system (6-inch woofer and 3-inch cone tweeter) costing $49.95. The S-10 is a three-way design (10-inch woofer and 5-inch dual-cone mid-range and tweeter) priced at $79.95. Both types are air-suspension models featuring Scott's "controlled impedance" design which is intended to keep the operating impedance at or very near 8 ohms over the audio range. Each has a treble adjustment at the rear and each may be connected by either a phono plug or by conventional binding posts marked for polarity. White noise response, of either speaker.

![Square-wave response to 50 Hz, left, and to 10 kHz.](image-url)
varied from fairly smooth to very smooth—depending on the setting of the rear control—and the general character of either speaker, allowing for the fuller bass and generally “bigger” sound of the S-10, struck us as uncolored and very listenable. In their respective price classes, both the S-10 and the S-14 seem to be quite commendable, and definitely competitive with other speakers costing the same.

Having both sets of speakers on hand, and toying with that front-panel switch, led us to try some sonic shenanigans not normally feasible with this system. As set up, the switch lets you select either pair of speakers, or neither, but not both at once. However, there is a headphone jack which is “live” regardless of the position of the speaker selector. Why not, then, use it for running a pair of speakers simultaneously with another pair? To do this, however, we had to short out the two resistors connected before the headphone jack which are normally used in such circuits to prevent “blasting” in the headphones. With this slight modification, and with a stereo phone jack wired for driving two speakers systems, we set up the S-10s as the main stereo systems, and used the S-14s—simultaneously—as “surround” speakers, positioning them very widely to left and right of the main listening area. The audible results were magnificent: an exciting panorama of surround-sound, of “wide-stage” stereo, which seemed to conquer the normally limiting acoustics of even a small, cube-shaped room. This was not our first experience with surround sound (as opposed to the stereo coming at you from merely two in-front sources), but it re-affirmed our belief that added speakers—even on ordinary two-channel program material—do enhance the sonic presentation. And getting it out of a modest, compact system made for a little extra icing on the cake. Inveterate headphone fans may boggle at this unorthodox use of their favorite output jack, but if they’re that dedicated (and handy) they can wire a switch to place the resistors back in the circuit for headphone use—or maybe prevail on the set manufacturers to add it as a really worthwhile feature.

CIRCLE 150 ON READER-SERVICE CARD
ACOUSTIC RESEARCH
AR-3A SPEAKER SYSTEM


COMMENT: The second "A" in the nomenclature of this speaker system designates its first design change in over ten years. By way of background, the AR-3 (and before it, the AR-1) has been regarded as the granddaddy of acoustic- or air-suspension speaker systems, based on a woofer design that was introduced back in 1954. Briefly, in this type of system, the low-frequency driver is initially made to be floppy, with a loose suspension and very low resonance. Such a cone, if unaided, would provide scarcely any response. The aid is furnished by a compact, stuffed, sealed enclosure which—by virtue of the limited air trapped within it—stiffens the suspension and raises the cone resonance to the audible range. This technique—quite novel in the mid-Fifties but by now used by many manufacturers—is credited with making for clean bass response inasmuch as air used as a cone-restoring force is more linear than mechanical suspensions. Its proponents always have emphasized that such a speaker sounds good not in spite of small size, but actually because of it—the limited size being a required condition for performance rather than a compromise to save space. For simplification, the air-suspension technique can be considered an "infinite baffle" in reverse: instead of loading a large cabinet to the rear of the speaker to permit the speaker to respond down to its natural resonance, the air-suspension method loads a small cabinet to the rear of a specially designed woofer to permit it to "reach up" to some resonant frequency and continue responding upward from there. The cabinet thus is very much a part of the behavior of the speaker itself, more integrally so perhaps than in any other type of reproducer design; its construction, thickness, tightness of seal, internal sound-absorbent stuffing all become very critical and cannot be tampered with or modified by the user.

Once the bass response had been taken care of, AR went after the midrange and highs, and produced its first full-range system, the AR-1, later superseded by the AR-3 which has been this firm's top-of-the-line model for over a decade and which still is made. In the AR-3, the woofer is crossed over to a 2-inch diameter hemispherical dome midrange cone at 1,000 Hz, and this driver is crossed over to a 1½-inch dome tweeter at 7,500 Hz.

In the AR-3A, the same woofer is used, but the midrange driver and tweeter are new designs, and the crossovers to each have been lowered in frequency. The midrange dome now is 1½ inches in diameter; the tweeter's ½ inch. Diaphragm materials have been changed, and the voice-coils now are copper instead of the former aluminum. Crossover frequencies are now 575 Hz to the midrange, and 5,000 Hz to the tweeter. The lowered crossovers give the woofer "less work" to do, confining it more to the deep bass and keeping it out of the midrange. (The lowering of the bass crossover is generally acknowledged to be a desirable design feature of any multiple-driver speaker system.) The changes in the other two drivers are credited with improving the dispersion characteristics and general smoothness of the system. Externally, the AR-3A resembles the AR-3: both systems use the same size enclosure, the same binding post connections at the rear, two of which may be disconnected so that the woofer only may be used (for special applications), and the same two controls for adjusting relative levels of the midrange and tweeter units. Input impedance is still 4 ohms and efficiency is low; an amplifier capable of supplying at least 25 watts (RMS) power per channel is recommended.

Our tests of the AR-3A simply confirm the manufacturer's design aims and claims for this system. Our reaction on first hearing the AR-3A was a favorable, even enthusiastic, one which has not diminished after weeks of listening. The system is a clean, transparent reproducer with a full and well-defined bottom, a balanced and open midrange, and clear and extended highs. The bass end is smooth and level down to about 40 Hz, from which frequency it rolls off smoothly. Doubling can be induced in this region if the system is driven abnormally hard; in normal use, predominantly fundamental bass is evident to about 30 Hz. There is response below this frequency but it becomes increasingly dominated by harmonics. The mid-bass region is as clean and defined as you could want, with no trace of roughness or false emphasis. Upward along the range, response remains exemplary, with no apparent peaks, dips, or other audible "surprises." Directional effects are scarcely noticeable, even above 5,000 Hz. Response does narrow somewhat, expectedly, but the fall-off away from speaker axis is very smooth and much less obvious than in many speaker systems. Tones in the 13 to 14 kHz region can be heard clearly at least 60 degrees off axis; at 15 kHz the response is mostly on axis and continues to beyond audibility. White noise response is smoother than average and very well dispersed. Advancing the rear level controls brings it up—but again, the "brightening" remains very smooth and exhibits virtually no harshness.

You have to drive the AR-3A with somewhat more amplifier power than most speakers take to get it to put out the "big sound," especially in a large or acoustically damped room. We auditioned a pair, using a few different amplifiers, and found ourselves running our amplifiers with the volume controls rarely below 12 o'clock position. Actually, this was as much a tribute to the clean output of these speakers at loud levels as it was an indication of their need for, and ability to handle, high amplifier power. For such levels, the speakers sounded magnificent, filling the place with a lot of clean, musical sound and an excellent stereo image. At lower levels, the sound seemed to recede as if you'd taken a seat further back in the hall. On any material we fed to them, our pair of AR-3As responded accurately and neutrally, lending no coloration of their own to the sound.

How does an AR-3A compare to an AR-3? The dif-
ference may vary from fairly apparent to quite subtle, depending on the program material. Music which is rich in predominantly upper midrange tones and fairly open in texture probably would demonstrate the difference best. The new speaker seems to be free of a certain kind of "calling attention to itself" in this region that the AR-3, by direct comparison, occasionally exhibits. Specifically, the AR-3 has been criticized for emphasizing the lower midrange while, by comparison, depressing the upper midrange. In the AR-3A, we can detect no aural grounds for such criticism. The entire treble range seems to us better balanced and more "definite," more a part of everything else. As for the mid-bass in the new version, perhaps there's now a touch of more rosin on the lower strings, and a slightly improved aural focus on the timpani. Overall, the AR-3A sounds less "dry" than the AR-3. The system, in short, has been improved. What was very good to begin with has been made better.

**CIRCLE 151 ON READER-SERVICE CARD**

**SONY TA-1080**

**INTEGRATED AMPLIFIER**

**THE EQUIPMENT:** Sony TA-1080, an integrated stereo amplifier (preamp combined with power amp). Dimensions: 15 1/4" by 5 3/4" by 12 1/4" inches. Price: $299.50; optional walnut case: $24.50. Manufacturer: Sony Corporation of America, 47-47 Van Dam St., Long Island City, N. Y. 11101.

**COMMENT:** Sony's TA-1080 is a somewhat modest version of the TA-1120 reviewed here last April. That is to say, it has somewhat fewer features and lower power output. The TA-1080, however, is in the same premium class as the TA-1120, boasting high-quality innards, careful chassis layout, above-average construction and attention to detailing, very smooth acting controls, and reliable, clean performance.

Styled in a neat, businesslike manner, the front panel contains a total of eight knobs, four heavy-duty toggle switches, and two indicator lights. The knobs are for volume, channel balance, individual treble and bass control on each channel, stereo mode, and function or signal selector. The last control works in conjunction with an adjacent toggle that selects tuner, phono 1, or a third general position which you select specifically on the knob. The other toggles are for power off-on, tone-control cancel or in, and tape monitor. One indicator is for power; the other is a safety light that glows green when all is well and which goes off if the output transistors take excessive current, thus triggering the built-in protection circuits which shut off the amplifier. Two more controls at the rear permit adjusting the input level of signals connected to tuner and auxiliary jacks so that everything sounds equally loud for a given setting of the front panel volume control. The usual inputs and outputs are provided at the rear, including conventional tape feed and playback jacks plus a five-pin connector for European-type recorders. Actually, by using all these jacks, you can keep three separate tape

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

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**Sony TA-1080**

**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>36 watts at 0.2% THD</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 ch at clipping</td>
<td>32 watts</td>
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<tr>
<td>1 ch for 0.15% THD</td>
<td>35.9 watts at 0.12% THD</td>
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<tr>
<td>r ch at clipping</td>
<td>36 watts</td>
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<tr>
<td>r ch for 0.15% THD</td>
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<tr>
<td>both chs simultaneously</td>
<td>31.2 watts at 0.22% THD</td>
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<td>1 ch at clipping</td>
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<tr>
<td>r ch at clipping</td>
<td>30.8 watts at 0.13% THD</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Power bandwidth for constant 0.15% THD</td>
<td>25 Hz to 14 kHz</td>
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<td>Harmonic distortion</td>
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<td>30 watts output</td>
<td>under 0.84%, 20 Hz to 20 kHz</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>15 watts output</td>
<td>under 0.84%, 20 Hz to 20 kHz</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>IM distortion</td>
<td>under 0.8% to 40 watts output</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4-ohm load</td>
<td>under 0.8% to 40 watts output</td>
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<tr>
<td>8-ohm load</td>
<td>under 0.8% to 26 watts output</td>
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<tr>
<td>16-ohm load</td>
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<tr>
<td>Frequency response, 1-watt level</td>
<td>+0.5, -2.75 dB, 20 Hz to 100 kHz</td>
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<td>RIAA equalization</td>
<td>± 2.5 dB, 20 Hz to 20 kHz</td>
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<tr>
<td>NAB equalization</td>
<td>+0.5, -2 dB, 20 Hz to 20 kHz</td>
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<tr>
<td>Damping factor</td>
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</tr>
<tr>
<td>aux</td>
<td>123.0 mV</td>
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</table>

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machines permanently hooked up to the TA-1080, as well as two turntables, and two tuners. The speaker outputs are professional type binding posts. Two switched, and one unswitched (hot) AC outlets are provided.

The amplifier is recommended for use with any speaker systems of 8 to 16 ohms impedance, including electrostatics of this range. If electrostatics are used, each must be connected in series with a 2-ohm resistor to the amplifier output taps. CBS Labs test measurement indicate that the TA-1080 will supply better than 30 watts per channel (both channels driven simultaneously) at, or very near, its rated distortion. The set’s power bandwidth, for 30 watts at a very low 0.15 per cent distortion, covers most of the audio band, with a deliberate and controlled roll-off (due to its built-in filter) in the extreme bass. Frequency response, even with the roll-off, ran within 3 dB from 20 Hz to 100 kHz, which is excellent. Equalization for both phono cartridges and tape heads was within normal tolerances, damping factor was high, and IM distortion extremely low up to the normal rise-point for all three output impedances. High-frequency square-wave response showed excellent stability and transient characteristics; low-frequency square-wave response was tilted, reflecting that roll-off below 30 Hz.

The Sony TA-1080, to sum up, is somewhat like the amplifier portions of the best receivers in performance, but better built. Handling normal program material in a home system, it leaves little to be desired and the unit seems to give assurance of long, trouble-free service.

CIRCLE 152 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); broadcasts 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.

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THE NEW RELEASES
reviewed by NATHAN BRODER • R. D. DARRELL • PETER G. DAVIS • SHIRLEY FLEMING • ALFRED FRANKENSTEIN
HARRIS GOLDSMITH • EDMUND HAINES • DAVID HAMILTON • PHILIP HART • BERNARD JACOBSON • STEVEN LOWE
ROBERT P. MORGAN • GEORGE MOVISION • CONRAD L. OSBORNE • MICHAEL SHERWIN • SUSAN THEIMANN

GIULIO CESARE—THE OPERATIC GENIUS OF HANDEL MADE PLAIN

by Conrad L. Osborne

EVER SINCE THE operas of Handel started to return to the stage in the 1920s, Giulio Cesare has been one of the pieces held in high regard. Always known by name through the most famous of Cleopatra's arias ("V'adoro, pupille" and "Pangerò la sorte mia") and often produced successfully in Germany, it has gathered a reputation as the best of the composer's operas—the reasons for which can now be verified by anyone who acquires RCA Victor's current release of the highly successful New York City Opera production.

The recording—first opera to be taped in New York for longer than local musicians care to remember—is the City Opera's production in every detail. Unless I am mistaken, the orchestra has been augmented at one or two points, but the cast is identical with that of the production's opening night, and the conductor is none other than the company's director, Julius Rudel. The performance makes an excellent case both for the opera and for the company. Repeated listening to the complete score brings one face to face, more closely than ever, with Handel's greatness as a musical dramatist. This has to do not so much with his selection and development of situation and incident (though I think the fact that this opera deals with recognizable characters and situations of established importance is one of the significant reasons for its relative popularity with modern audiences), but with his genius for portraying character consistently and credibly. Giulio Cesare is especially rich in this kind of writing. Each of the characters not only develops and reveals himself through the aria structure, but is pinned down unmistakably by the individual harmonic and orchestral color; thus by the second act we need only a chord or two to tell us who, if not what, the coming scene is about. Cleopatra herself is of course the prime example; she is a brilliant creation. Her good-humored coquetry, her flirtatiousness, her sexuality, and at last her...
real feminine warmth and profundity of feeling are gloriously present in her music. As Cesare, and Cornelia are almost equally full (the others less so, as instruments of moving the story rather than participants in the emotional complications that result).

The scene that follows from the drawing together of these characters is infinitely complicated. Everyone hankers after someone else, and everyone jockeys for position in the confusion that follows Caesar's victory over Pompey. Consequently, three or four insistently being with each character responding to each new turn with an aria. Cleopatra wins the throne by being irresistible—not in a fatal way but in an immensely likable way; she just doesn't mind mixing a little play with her work, and Caesar himself does not at all mind being temporally conned.

The performing score is based on the Bärenreiter edition, whose general order it follows fairly closely. The main exceptions are a number of excisions, the transposition of a couple of numbers from the last act to points earlier on, and the addition of a few orchestral snippets from somewhere else (chiefly, "certain music" inserted so that an act or scene curtain will not rise directly on a patch of secco recitative, plus one or two little flourishes).

The cuts are of two general kinds: cuts in the recitative, and cuts in the repeat sections of arias. While once in a while a single verse (the unadorned A section) is left to stand by itself (Sesto's "Cara speranza, l'ultima relva") or goes uncut (for example, the usual pattern leaves in the A and B sections (the latter often elaborated or embellished in some way) and a truncated, embellished repeat of the A section. Only two or three arias are left in entirely full form. Though this may raise objections in some quarters, I think that as a general rule it is an excellent way of approaching the problem. The embellishments are usually enough to top off the act and the production, and are not quite enough to justify sitting through a note-complete Giulio Cesare; the piece is long as it is, and ABA arias (even when nearly every one of them is magnificent in its own right) can wear out their welcome. My chief objection is in the reduction of the role of Achille. He needs his three arias to establish himself fully, and the presence of a comparatively high male voice is refreshing to the contemporary ear. If one of his arias is omitted altogether, while the other two are shortened, the first ("Tu sei il cor") drastically.

The transpositions include only that seems to me tolerably wrong—the removal of "Piangerò la sorte mia" from its spot in the last act to a position in Act I, where Cleopatra is still pretending to be the servant Lydia. This not only makes the aria apparently part of Cleopatra's put-on, but destroys Handel's careful sequencing of the arias to unfold gradually Cleopatra's development from an ambitious tease to a woman capable of great dignity and depth of feeling. I do not see the reason for this transposition, though it isn't actually destructive, I don't see much point in the forward placement of the duet "Più annulli bello," unless it is a wish to establish the Caesar/Cleopatra liaison firmly before their enforced parting.

No one is going to complain of a lack of ornamentation: if anything, some are going to complain that it is too much with us in this performance. Not I. Whoever has constructed it (I understand that Mr. Beecham was the force behind it at least some of it) has created what seems to me exactly the right feeling: one of "composed improvisation." It sometimes becomes very elaborate, giving the repeat section of an aria the quality of a variation, in the manner of some modern music. This serves a double purpose—it gives the singer an opportunity to take off with something that sounds like his own (and the ornaments are extremely well suited to the strengths of the singers involved), and it lends this section of the aria the feeling of exposing its mood more fully, of literally "elaborating" upon it. Naturally, there is much more of it for the women than for the men; in the days of castrato, composers deliberately relegated their basses and tenors to subsidiary positions precisely because they were not as adept with ornamentation as their female and neuter colleagues. Their audiences drowned in a sensuous flood of ornamentation and variation, which, so long as it is stylistically appropriate and well executed, is the very lifeblood of this music.

In its casting of the opera, the City Opera has found, I think, the right road to be the correct decisions with respect to voice type. Both Cesare and Sesto were originally castrato roles (Senesino was the first Giulio). Nowadays, Cesare is customarily a bass, and Sesto is either a tenor or mezzo. Certainly a male Cesare is required for twenty-century credibility, particularly when one has on hand a bass like Norman Treigle, who looks like a statue of the emperor come to life. Unfortunately this music is thereby compromised: no bass voice has the agility of a soprano or alto, nor the ability to sing constantly at an indifference dynamic in which turns out to be the upper-middle part of its range. But the trouble with this is not that when it comes to young boys in love with countesses or with wives of Field Marshals, is out of the question when it comes to world rulers.

Sesto, on the other hand, is higher and lower in the voice, and can be safely cast with a female singer, and the sound of a tenor voice in the gorgeous farewell duet with Cornelia would be ruinous—the matching of mezzo and contralto timbres is exactly what is called for.

Fortunately, the City Opera has been able to cast Giulio Cesare from its front rank of singers. For most of us who attended the production Beverly Sills's Cleopatra meant a "discovery" almost as startling as the fact that she had married Luciano Pavarotti nearly nine years ago. Through the past decade, this singer had shown herself an excellent artist in a variety of roles, and in such diverse assignments as Philine and Baby Doe had hinted at the qualities that finally matured in Cleopatra. Still, I don't think any of us quite expected the classic exhibition of vocal control, agility, freedom, and command she gave us that evening (and on other occasions since). The singing was reinforced by a splendidly intricate grace of movement, and a communicative feminine warmth which would almost have been enough by itself—the effect was one of sheer magic. Cleopatra has five major arias, and five times in their course of performance, as was the case while the theatre was suspended on a fragile (but strong) thread of floating, silvery tone, on the proverbial string of pearls that every singer wants to make of a tenor, and on the most gorgeous of all trios. This combination was brought with it the recognition that if the prevailing standard in Handel's day was something like this, the willingness of audiences to sit and listen to entire evenings of arias deposed with inventions is entirely understandable—a sensuous indulgence of an almost shameful order.

The recording, happily, has found Miss Sills in excellent form, and has captured a healthy part of the impact, vocal side of the magic. It is the last three arias that really take the breath away; the first two are very fine, but there are traces of unsettlement when she sustains tones around the top of the staff, and there are other "Piangeròs" on records that offer healthy competition. But "Vadore, pupille" is a really melting piece of vocal seduction; "Se piétà," with its beautiful flights of trills, high suspensions, and beautiful monitors, recalls a world that turns is heartachingly lovely; and the "Dal tempesta" simply takes off into the ionosphere. A measure of this singing is that Miss Sills trills a hundred times if she trills once, and one never tires of the lovely, truly birdlike sound.

Treigle is, as I have already indicated, contending with a role written for a voice with very different handling characteristics. When these castrato parts are given to low-voiced baritones, the music is thereby compromised: no bass voice has the agility of a soprano or alto, nor the ability to sing constantly at an indifferent dynamic in which turns out to be the upper-middle part of its range. But the trouble with this is not that when it comes to young boys in love with countesses or with wives of Field Marshals, is out of the question when it comes to world rulers.

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Fortunately, the City Opera has been able to cast Giulio Cesare from its front rank of singers. For most of us who attended the production Beverly Sills's Cleopatra meant a "discovery" almost as startling as the fact that she had married Luciano Pavarotti nearly nine years ago. Through the past decade, this singer had shown herself an excellent artist in a variety of roles, and in such diverse assignments as Philine and Baby Doe had hinted at the qualities that finally matured in Cleopatra. Still, I don't think any of us quite expected the classic exhibition of vocal control, agility, freedom, and command she gave us that evening (and on other occasions since). The singing was reinforced by a splendidly intricate grace of movement, and a communicative feminine warmth which would almost have been enough by itself—the effect was one of sheer magic. Cleopatra has five major arias, and five times in their course of performance, as was the case while the theatre was suspended on a fragile (but strong) thread of floating, silvery tone, on the proverbial string of pearls that every singer wants to make of a tenor, and on the most gorgeous of all trios. This combination was brought with it the recognition that if the prevailing standard in Handel's day was something like this, the willingness of audiences to sit and listen to entire evenings of arias deposed with inventions is entirely understandable—a sensuous indulgence of an almost shameful order.

The recording, happily, has found Miss Sills in excellent form, and has captured a healthy part of the impact, vocal side of the magic. It is the last three arias that really take the breath away; the first two are very fine, but there are traces of unsettlement when she sustains tones around the top of the staff, and there are other "Piangeròs" on records that offer healthy competition. But "Vadore, pupille" is a really melting piece of vocal seduction; "Se piétà," with its beautiful flights of trills, high suspensions, and beautiful monitors, recalls a world that turns is heartachingly lovely; and the "Dal tempesta" simply takes off into the ionosphere. A measure of this singing is that Miss Sills trills a hundred times if she trills once, and one never tires of the lovely, truly birdlike sound.

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Pompeo" and "Dall'ondoso periglio." He is not always comfortable in that vague vicinity called mezzo-piano, where so much of this music lies, and of course does not embellish in the florid manner of a high voice. But his sense of style and his commitment carry him through everything, and even though the demanding "Aure, deh per pietà" unquestionably "sits" better in the alto range, he makes it a moving scene.

Aside from these two leads, the most impressive vocalism is turned in by Beverly Wolff. Although her sound sometimes grows a bit hectic and her chest register is no thing of great beauty, the full, sailing sound of her upper octave is a pleasure to listen to, and she is capable of the high options and ornaments which lend interest to the repeats. Inasmuch as Sesto has some of the score's best music, it is fortunate that Miss Wolff's generous singing is bolstered by musicality and a feeling for the style.

Cornelia is in some respects the most difficult of the female roles. While her music is beautiful, it tends to express slight variations of one doleful mood; indeed she is almost comic. Maureen Forrester makes a better impression here than she did in the theatre, partly because she does not have to contend with the show's one unfortunate costume and some very awkward dramatic moments, and partly because she is in somewhat better voice. Her firm phrasing and her excellent feeling for this kind of music are of course in evidence and the genuine contralto timbre, as well; there is no doubt, though, that her singing has tended to be increasingly grumpy and "inward" of late, and that her way of forming vowels has grown noticeably artificial. It would be a loss if a talent so well suited to this repertory were compromised by vocal problems at this early point.

Spiro Malas sings the comparatively one-dimensional arias of Tolomeo with firm, solid, rather monochromatic tone; Dominic Cossa renders what is left of Achille with his warm, ingratiating high baritone. In the small roles of Nireno and Curio, Michael Devlin and William Beck are first-rate, and Mr. Devlin even injects some color and life into several quite ordinary passages of recitative.

The orchestral playing is warm and clean, though it misses the final polish and zip that would lift things at certain important points. The brass section sounds mighty careful, but avoids disaster—the writing for these instruments is always a problem with all but the virtuoso baroque ensembles. Rudel's tempo choices seem like prevailing good ones to me; it may be that some of the feeling of what one often terms "judiciousness" is traceable to his leadership, but I suspect it has more to do with the capabilities of his ensemble—a perfectly solid opera orchestra is not quite enough in portions of this music.

While the over-all sound of the recording is more than acceptable, I must disagree with some of the engineering decisions, especially with respect to problems of balance and perspective. There is, in the first place, too much empty-room sound. Wolff, in particular, with her ample, high mezzo often sounds as if she's singing in a tunnel. The up-close for whispered recitative, then back for the full-voiced passages kind of movement is much too extreme and crude for my taste, and it is ridiculous to have Sills begin "Vadaro, pupille" so far off (I know she is supposed to be upstage with her vision of Parnassus and whatnot, but when the aria begins, one wants the voice to be there).

But none of these reservations should deter any lover of Handel or any lover of fine singing. And even baroque aficionados will find, I think, that the spirit, if not the letter, of the genre is persuasively present.

HANDEL: Giulio Cesare

Beverly Sills (s), Cleopatra; Beverly Wolff (ms), Sesto; Maureen Forrester (c), Cornelia; Dominic Cossa (b), Achilles; William Beck (b), Curio; Norman Treigle (bs), Giulio Cesare; Spiro Malas (bs), Tolomeo; Michael Devlin (bs), Nireno; Chorus and Orchestra of the New York City Opera, Julius Rudel, cond. RCA Victor LM 6182 or LSC 6183, $17.37 (three discs).

Masters of the Piano, in Recordings of Rare Provenance

by Raymond Lewenthal

Hearing these five records, the initial releases in Veritus' series of rare performances by celebrated pianists of the past, is a painful experience—painful because one realizes what might have been, what could have been, what should have been. It was perfectly within the realm of possibility that today we could have had in our possession recordings of Rachmaninoff playing Liszt's Dante and B minor sonatas, of Hofmann playing the Schumann Fantasy and Kreisleriana. Oh, it is enough to make one cry! Anton Rubinstein, in one of his books written in the 1890s, deplors the fact that the phonograph hadn't existed in Liszt's time. We would be quite delighted to have records by Anton Rubinstein himself! Why did he not make any? or, perhaps, did he?

Already, by the very early 1900s, the recording process was sufficiently developed to reproduce piano performances which were quite recognizable as music. The Paderewskis and the Rosenhuals could all have documented the great masterpieces of their repertoires while they were at the height of their powers. But, with a few notable and treasured exceptions, most of these great artists are represented only by crumbs from their table. How grateful we are to have them—the charming salon pieces, the encore which thrilled and charmed—and expensive crumbs some of them are. Hundreds of hours of painstaking practice and polishing may have been expended on a piece less than three minutes long; dozens of takes may have been made of the same "marceau," spread out over a period of years, before a performance was approved for release.

Yet marvelous as some of these moments are, we are of course aware that they are studio recordings, and as such

January 1968
The Godowsky disc contains what is apparently the only known recording by him of any of his own original works—The Garden of the Buitenzorg, one of his loveliest short pieces. We are all greatly in the debt of the Godowsky family for making this and three other performances on this disc available.

Not the least interesting item on the Landowska disc is a sound track of a long (never long enough) interview with RCA Victor producer Jack Pfeiffer, who worked with her on all her later recordings done at Laurelton, Connecticut. It is unjust to the world that such great free, untrammeled spirits as Landowska's should ever die—we need her kind of joy. To listen to her conversation with Dr. Pfeiffer about music and her optimism, is uplifting in the extreme.

The Hofmann disc consists of portions of a concert he gave at the Curtis Institute, recorded unknown to him. It has a marvelously impromptu feeling about it. Hofmann's playing is some of the pieces remains one that until twenty-five or thirty years ago, artists of the old school often used to improvise little modulating preludes to pieces on their programs—a last vestige of the days when improvisation was an important part of a concert. Hofmann's recordings made at public performances give the lie to the foolish canard that "people played slower in those days." That and sometimes tempos on the disc are entirely due to the fact that they had to hurry to get all the music on a 78-rpm side. It is another canard to say that everyone these days has a technique. There are not many techniques like those of Rachmaninoff or Hofmann around—no place.

For the music lover, there is a great deal of interest in the performance of the music here, and there is an interesting variety of pianos. The Godowsky disc has been played in her own well-known recording instrument. The Hofmann disc has been played in the studio condition of Veritas Piano Library, with little prim player, correct, accurate, miniature, impression marvellously regulated technique, his have a view of themselves, transcending anything they may do out of themselves, transcending anything they might do alone in an impersonal recording studio. For example, what a distorted view of Hofmann's playing we would have if we were to judge him solely by his studio records. He was never happy making records (few are!), and although his studio-recorded performances show a marvelously regulated technique, they are usually too detached, and sometimes not very communicative. They give the impression that this was a very careful, prim player, correct, accurate, miniature, with little temperament. Fortunately, a whole series of recordings of public performances—given in the concert hall, on radio, and in the home—have been turned up recently by the International Piano Library, and it is the special merit of Veritas to make many of these generally available (an earlier Columbia disc of part of a public Hofmann recital has been deleted). They give us quite a different view of the artist from the idea derived from recordings made under studio conditions. One begins to see why people raved—and still rave—about Hofmann. Here, he is all temperament, mercurial, a series of thermal explosions, a completely different personality from that shown in his commercial records. It is not safe to assume that our estimate of other artists, such as Paderewski, are warped by a lack of recordings of live performances during their prime? Too many people are all too happy to pooh-pooh great reputations, on the basis of recordings which may not be at all representative, rather, it behooves us to try to find performances that justify reputations and thereby to learn from them.

This is not the place for nitpicking. Let's have no prudish talk here about deceleration of Chopin and Mozart. The scores still exist and there are thousands of players who play every note just as written, and who, in spite of all their correctness, bore us to tears! There's not much hope for the conservatory student who turns up his little pig nose at these Veritas records and mutters about "stylistic inconsistencies." This is no place for discussion of Kachskläger and Pralltriller. We are dealing here with great masters—masters of their instruments, of themselves, and of the music they play. These are great personalities, of strong individuality. These records should be required listening for all students, not to be made music of their lives. There is here no question of necrophilia—the spirits shining forth from these records are not dead: they may speak sometimes in accents strange to our ears, but the pulse of life is in everything they do.

If you enjoy these performances, all well and good; if you do not like them, for God's sake do not be so cheeky as to prate that a Godowsky or a Hofmann "didn't know what it was all about." How is the playing on these records? Well, some of you will be terribly upset by Rachmaninoff's Mozart and Hofmann's Chopin, etc., etc., but I enjoin you to listen with your open ears and open minds and thereby learn and enjoy. There is no one way to play any kind of music; there may be right ways and wrong ways. You may consider Rachmaninoff and Hofmann wrong some of the time, but a little humility will waken a long way towards helping you to appreciate their wrongness. Very few artists have become famous and remained famous without having honestly merits their fame in one way or another. Complete naiveté, or very great sophistication, are necessary commodities for open-mindedness, and we must be open-minded if we are to derive the utmost pleasures from the wonders the world has to offer us. Finicky and quixotic selectivity simply have the effect of walling-off from us more that is good than is bad, and we are the losers.

The record by Rudolph Ganz came as a particular revelation to me, for his playing was the least familiar to me of all the artists represented in these recordings. By accident, I played Side 2 of VM 105 first, and was struck immediately by the "modernity" of the playing. Side 1 begins with excerpts from songs by Ganz, and therein is the clue to his playing. He remarks that he thought that Busoni, with whom he studied for a year, was, with the exception of three or four other pianists, the first to have real symphonic rhythmic discipline in his playing, and was one of the first to play the hands strictly together. The quality most evident in the work of all the five artists on the discs at hand is the enormous rhythmic integrity which sweeps everything before it. Ganz plays the way a conductor should, but seldom does, play. His immense musical experience—first as a cellist, then as composer, teacher, and conductor—comes through remarkably on these records, most of which are taken from live performances, some made when he was nearly eighty. (The record celebrates his ninetieth anniversary and he is still going strong.) In all the artists on these records there is a kind of radiance, a soaring quality, an inner vitality which manifests itself through an extraordinary rhythmic élan.

Rudolph Ganz

Sergei Rachmaninoff

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prized possessions (one is expected, I suppose, to derive a great aesthetic experience merely from staring at the glistening grooves). The point is that now you can hear them—faintly and imperfectly reproduced in many cases, to be sure, but with the essential matter, the pulsating, vital, playing of these great masters, clearly revealed.

JOSEF HOFMANN


Jof Hofmann, piano. VERITAS VM 101, $5.79 (mono only).

SERGEI RACHMANINOFF

Scarlatti-Tausig:Pastorale and Capriccio


Sergei Rachmaninoff, piano. VERITAS VM 102, $5.79 (mono only).

LEOPOLD GODOWSKY


Leopold Godowsky, piano. VERITAS VM 103, $5.79 (mono only).

WANDA LANDOWSKA


Wanda Landowska, harpsichord. VERITAS VM 104, $5.79 (mono only).

RUDOLPH GANZ


Rudolph Ganz, piano. VERITAS VM 105, $5.79 (mono only).

CLASSICAL

BACH: St. Matthew Passion, S. 244

Agnes Giebel (s); Marga Höffgen (c); John van Kesteren (t); Ernst Häfliger (t), Evangelist; Walter Berry (bs), Jesus; Franz Crass (bs); Leo Ketelaars (bs); Boys Chorus of St. Willibrord’s Church (Amsterdam); Netherlands Radio Chorus; Amsterdam Concertgebouw Orchestra, Eugen Jochum, cond. PHILIPS PHS 4-999, $23.16 (four discs, stereo only).

This is a performance of considerable mass and scope. It seems to employ large forces, is complete, and is up-to-date in many respects in its interpretation of Bach’s wishes, as far as they may be surmised and agreed upon. Moreover, it is directed by a first-class conductor, at the head of an excellent chorus and a great orchestra, and the artists singing the two principal male roles are among the best in the business. Yet it seldom soars.

It is hard to account for the general lack of intensity. Jochum has a tendency to linger on final chords, and in a couple of places (the chorales “Bin ich gleich von dir gewichen” and “Wie wunderbar ist doch diese Strafe!”) he indulges in some unstyle Crescendos, but on the other hand, he often seems to think too long about the chorales in weight, dynamics, and tempo. Häfliger is a very good Evangelist, skilled and understanding. Berry is in excellent form, rich-voiced and steady; he introduced more color into his role than other performers of the part on records, stressing the human side of Jesus. But in that marvellous passage, perhaps the greatest arioso in Bach, beginning “Nehmet, es-set,” Berry did not move me. Perhaps it’s my fault, but again later, in “Am Abend, da es kühl war,” a bass recitative that generally “thrills the roots of my hair,” as Samuel Butler said in another connection, the effect was bland.

The two female soloists are not in the same class with Häfliger and Berry. Miss Giebel is accurate enough, but her voice sounds rather dry here. Miss Höffgen’s singing is marred by unsteady production. The chorus sounds well balanced and performs in a well-disciplined manner. Indeed, the numbers that rise above the flat plain of much of this performance are those that involve the chorus, especially “O Schmerz,” where the agitated solo tenor is effectively contrasted with the quiet chorus, the chorale that ends Part I, and the great final lullaby, which exerts its customary magic here too. Very good sound throughout. Included in the set are reproductions of thirteen drawings by Rembrandt illustrating various incidents in the Passion.

N.B.

E. Power Biggs, pedal harpsichord. COLUMBIA M2L 364 or M2S 764, $11.58 (two discs).

The six Trio Sonatas written between 1727 and 1733 are usually thought of as organ music. But Bach’s designation of them "for two keyboards and pedal" — into which three lines they are distilled from the separate instrumental lines of the chamber music trio sonata — also leaves open the possibility of playing them on the pedal harpsichord. E. Power Biggs makes a strong case for this instrument in his liner notes, and an even stronger one in his actual performances. As he says, the pedal harpsichord "combines harpsichord sparkle and clarity with something of the bass sonority of the organ," and he provides some excellent playing to back up the natural resources of the instrument.

Tempo, phrasing, and general style are all admirable. Just once or twice a tendency to gather speed in allegros makes itself felt; the realization of slow movement cadences is occasionally a shade bare; and it seems odd to remark in the notes that a pause near the end of the first movement of Sonata No. 4 "invites a cadential flourish" and then resolutely to decline the invitation. But apart from these small reservations I enjoyed the performances enormously.

The fourth side is taken up by two of Bach’s transcriptions, one from a concerto by his pupil Johann Ernst, the other from the sixth concerto of Vivaldi’s L’estro armonico. These too are done with flair and bonhomie, though here and there it seems that Biggs was not fully exploiting the instrument’s capacity to distinguish between solo and tutti.

The recording is clear and colorful. The volume level is high, as in most harpsichord recordings, but perhaps there is more excuse than usual with this particular instrument.

B.J.

BACH, C.P.E.: Six Sonatas for Wind Instruments; Six Marches for Wind Instruments; Sonatinas for Chamber Orchestra: in E flat; in D minor

Musica Viva Ensemble, James Bolle, cond. MONITOR MCS 2125, $2.50 (compatible disc).

In view of the fact that one almost inevitably thinks of C. P. E. Bach amid the brocade and candlelight of Frederick’s soirées (an indoor type, in short), it is rather refreshing to confront two specific draughts of fresh air from the Hamburg
period: the Six Sonatas for winds and the Six Marches for military wind band (minus drums in this recording, according to Mr. Bolle's liner notes, to spare us possible frazzlement of nerves). This is a new Carl Philipp to me, and rather jaunty.

The Sonatinas for chamber ensemble, in which the harpsichord occupies a territory somewhere between that of concerto and continuous instrument, utilize effective contrasts of timbres, and involve harpsichord and flutes in various solo forays (these become rather fancy in the D minor second movement). None of this music shows the full measure of Bach's mettle, but it is skillfully wrought. The performances are clearly polished, the sound absolutely clean and clear.

S.F.

**BARTOK: Concertos for Violin and Orchestra: No. 1, Op. posth.; No. 2 (1918); Two Rhapsodies for Violin and Orchestra**

André Gunterl, violin; Czech Philharmonic Orchestra, Karel Ancerl, cond. (in Concerto No. 2); adagio State Philharmonic Orchestra, Janos Ferencsik, cond. Crossroads 22 26 0011 or 22 26 0012, $4.98 (two discs).


Yehudi Menuhin, violin and viola; New Philharmonia Orchestra, Antal Dorati, cond. Angel S 36438, $5.79 (stereo only).

Bartók's quartet of string concertos (a true "string quartet," as the two for violin and the one for viola are supplemented by the Two Rhapsodies—which may also be performed on cello) effectively demonstrate the four major phases of the composer's output. All are completely authentic works; indeed, though the 1938 Viola Concerto is indisputably the real masterpiece, I would like to put in some good words for the Second Rhapsody and the 1945 Viola Concerto. To me the Second Rhapsody, including folk elements from the pungent Rumanian tradition as well as those of the composer's native Hungary, is more exotic and engagingly scored than the deservedly popular and more accessible First. The Viola Concerto is the final tutelary months of Bartók's life and has been disparaged, mostly, I suspect, because it was left in draft form at the composer's death and prepared for publication by his close friend Tibor Serly. In my opinion, a composer of note did a magnificent job in reconstructing this brooding, wonderfully sensitive score. I feel sure that Bartók would have been truly gratified.

I am less certain as to how Bartók might have viewed the posthumous resurrection of his First Violin Concerto. Written in 1907 for Stefi Geyer, with whom Bartók was in love, the MS came to light only after her death, some fifty years after its composition. (In the intervening years Bartók reworked the materials of its first movement into what became known as the Two Portraits for Orchestra.) This twenty-minute work is stylistically downright unsettling: its opening movement (probabbly the more unified of the two) is an elegiac hybrid of early lyrical Bartók as heard in the First String Quartet, with the fervent, romantic aura of Verklärte Nacht and Tod und Verklärung; the second movement goes further afield, and its constantly shifting in mood and idioms: every time I hear it my inner ear is tantalized with the recognition of quotations from the elaborate Ein Heldenleben cadenzas, foreshadowing of the ironic scherzo in Mahler's Ninth, bits and snatches of the seascalicone atmosphere of the still-to-be-born Prokofiev D major Violin Concerto, and, of course, the inevitable suggestions of Brahms, Kodály, and Bartók's own later self. Anyway, at the conclusion of the piece there is even a crude precursor of the "classical" joke in Bartók's Quartet No. 5 wherein the music momentarily becomes as tonal—and as corny—as a radio or TV jingle! Bartók himself would have probably told that this opus be permanently forgotten, yet for all its hodgepodge of incompatible effects it is strangely beautiful and a real addition to the repertoire.

Menuhin plays the work with absolute mastery. His tone has a fervent sheen, and his interpretation makes it easy to envision the composer's lovelorn condition at the time of the Concerto's gestation. As collaborator, Dorati traces the fine bejeweled line of the intimate episodes, and with uncommon mastery of balance keeps the more vulgar tutti effects from getting aesthetically out of hand. In short, the Menuhin/Dorati performance equals the splendid version by David Oistrakh (in the Second) with Rozhdestvensky. Sonically, Angel's accomplishment is in a class of its own.

Menuhin's viola playing is musically sympathetic, technically adroit, but completely viole-like; even Menuhin full-time ones) obtain that "somber, more masculine character..." to which Bartók so pointedly referred in a letter he wrote William Primrose a fortnight before his death. Indeed, Primrose himself was not wholly able to project a true viola sound, although he came closer than other soloists who have recorded the Concerto. Menuhin's tone is rich and "milch chocolate" where a darker, bittermore quality would undoubtedly in order. But like Menuhin Primrose, Menuhin in conveying the gypsy inflections, the quirky rhythmic cut-offs, and the sheer breadth and folkish warmth of the first two movements. In the finale, I prefer Primrose's of tauter, more virtuosic performance to the more granitic, deliberately inflected Menuhin/Dorati account. Primrose is given the luxury of two full sides for his (mono-only) disc, but against this possible advantage the Menuhin set provides an almost equally fine performance, even better reproduction, and the First Violin Concerto as a coupled offering.

André Gertler, a personal friend of Bartók's and a one-time Hube pupil, brings penetrating musicianship to the compositions in his Crossroads album. While he utilizes lots of luxuriant vibrato, his basic approach remains more sober emotionally and less rhapsodic rhythmically than Menuhin's. Gertler's tone has a determined quantity which could be described as "Isaac Stern in a garage." His study, musically playing to my mind turns poetry into prose in the problematical First Concerto but pays decidedly higher dividends in the two Violins, which are magnificent here. Gertler also brings an uncompromising, analytical mind to bear on the complex arabesques of the Second Concerto, in a reading perhaps too reserved for some tastes but in my view admirable. My own favorite rendition of the 1938 Concerto, those by Menuhin/Furtwängler and Tibor Varga, are no longer listed in the catalogue. In their absence, my recommendation goes to Menuhin's recent slightly overrefined Angel performance with Dorati, closely followed by Gertler's (which profits from Ancerl's really splendid accompaniment).

The Crossroads sound deteriorates towards the end of the first Violin Concerto, but on the whole is very fine in its unabashed, dadaistic resonant way. Those in search of economy may proceed without caution.

H.G.

**BEETHOVEN: Concert Arias "Ah, Perfido!" Op. 65; Cantata on the Death of Emperor Joseph II**


Despite the potent, Fidelio-like characteristics of both these splendid works, all of this music is very early Beethoven. The Cantata, in fact, dates from 1790, when his twenty-year-old composer was still living in Bonn. It was written for a forty-year memorial ceremony held by that city's Reading and Recreation Society on March 19 of that year, it did not appear on the program—and in fact went unperformed during Beethoven's lifetime. A curious state of affairs for what is probably Beethoven's outstanding youthful effort, for nothing quite like it was to come from his pen until much later. Ah, Perfido! was written for the Countess Carolina Bonaparte in 1795. It wasn't published until a decade later, hence its advanced opus number.

Régine Crespin has the requisite temperament as well as the heavyweight vocal equipment to cope with the extended concert aria. Sometimes the very spitfire anguish of her style here causes her to push her big, secure voice into trebeful stridency. Better, by far, though, an excess of vehemence than the dry, Parthenon-like disconnected and unappealing vocal coldness that marred Birgit Nilsson's Angel version of the work. Schippers' overbearing, rallentando-laden conducting is a minor liability,
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but in the main this disc stands up very well to the competition afforded by Flagstad/Ormandy (RCA Camden, deleted), Schwarzkopf/Von Karajan (Angel, also deleted), Farrell/Rudolf (Columbia), not to mention Callas/Rescigno (Angel).

I cannot fathom the motivations for doing the Joseph Cantata in Latin rather than in the original German. But the austerity of the older language happens to fit well into Schippers' orderly, classical scheme. The punctilious crispness of the Philharmonic's execution combined with swift, rhythmic pacing and brightly penetrating recorded sound make this a most personal and impressive edifice rather than the gemutlich, less imperiously assured one by Clemens Kraus with Viennese forces on an old Vox disc (now re-issued by Lyricard). Kaplan's able choralists sing impressively well, and Arroyo and Diaz are as excellent as were Steingrubler and Poell in the predecessor edition.

J. H.

BEETHOVEN: Quartet for Strings, No. 15, in A minor, Op. 132

Yale Quartet. CARDINAL VCS 10005, $3.50 (stereo only).

This release speaks well indeed for the Yale Quartet's prospective future as a pace setter for American quartet ensembles. Though the present disc marks a recording first for the group, it should be pointed out that not only have they had all the musicians (Broadus Erle and Yoko Matsuda, violinists; David Schwartz, viola; Aldo Parisot, cello) been playing as a unit for half a dozen years but Erle and Parisot were colleagues in the New Music Quartet. The Yale's most impressive and immediately recognizable attribute is its radiant sound (illuminated by Vanguard's sunny ambience). Here is a group with a number of exciting attributes that Parisot's assertive cello through the inquisitive and searching lyricism of Erle's violin. Firm intonation seems less a goal than an easily maintained standard. The rich suspended lines of the Lydian modu adagio bring to the fore the Yale's incredible facility to play seemingly indefinitely with dead-eye accuracy.

If there is one thing to quibble over, it is that these artists play almost too beautifully. I make this statement warily, for it might be taken to mean that they are content to play for beauty of tone alone, at the sacrifice of depth. In fact, they delve penetratingly into the murky and explorative areas of Beethoven's fantastical world. Yet there are moments—usually calling for a certain abrasiveness (as at the beginning of the alla marcia, where a strong tonal contrast is implied after the sordid introduction) that when the players seem unwilling to spoil their gorgeous sound even for the sake of the music's more cogent demands.

Yet this is a quibble, in terms of a performance of such substance and integrity.

S. L.

BEETHOVEN: Symphony No. 4, in B flat, Op. 60; Zur Weihe des Hauses, Op. 124

Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra, Hans Schmidt-Isserstedt, cond. LONDON CM 9512 or CS 6512, $5.79.

With the addition of the Fourth to his previously released Third and Ninth, it is evident that Schmidt-Isserstedt is running strongly in the Beethoven Symphony sweeps. His performance of No. 4 is one that lets the music speak for itself, yet boasts a wealth of felicitous detail and artistry of the most subtle sort (this personal sort). This conductor's Teutonic grounding precludes his cutting loose in the Allegros as Toscanini did, but his sense for classical proportion, his lightness of texture and rhythmic artifice are very much in the Maestro's tradition. From the plucked opening sounds of the first-movement introduction to the galloping coda of the finale, one is aware of a jewel-like expressivity and prismatic molding of instrumental characterization. The final movement is vigorous, radiant, and thoroughly lyrical. Happily too, Schmidt-Isserstedt is here allowed full elbow room for all repeats. As for the playing per se, the sometimes crotchety Viennese Philharmonisches, I can perhaps superibly in this venture. Though it lacks a first-does excellence like that of, say, the Cleveland Orchestra, it more than compensates for an occasional unin- gratiating solo by offering uniquely individualistic sonority and first-rate ensemble work.

The great, late-period Handelian-derived Consecration of the House overture gets a fleet, idiomatic reading which lies midway between Toscanini's knife-edged galvanism and Klemperer's otherworldly deliberation.

J. H.

BERWALD: Symphony No. 5, in C ("Singuliere")—See Mendelssohn: Symphony No. 5, in D minor, Op. 105 ("Reformation").

BLOCH: Schelomo; Israel Symphony

Zara Nelsova, cello (in Schelomo): Blanche Christensen and Jean Basinger Fraenkel, sopranos, Christina Politis and Diane Heder, contraltos, Don Watts, bass (in the Scherzo); Utah Symphony Orchestra, Maurice Abravanel, cond. CARDINAL VCS 10007, $3.50 (stereo only).

As far as such a dangerous word as "authoritative" may be applied to musical performance. Zara Nelsova's interpretation of Schelomo deserves it, for she performed and recorded the work with the composer to his enthusiasti- c approval. Her latest recording issue- now on Vanguard's new middle-price label, has the advantage of a finer or- chestral accompaniment than Bloch himself could provide. This Schelomo seems to me just about ideal. The solo part is wonderfully exciting and expansive with- out ever becoming fulsome, and it ideally balanced with the superbly re- corded orchestra.

The Israel Symphony, otherwise available only in a rather tired mono version, makes an appealing coupling. The work itself is less compelling than Schelomo; for here the modal rhhapsodizing and the militant brass interjections cohere less satisfactorily into a total structure. But Abravanel's powerful reading makes the best possible case for the Symphony, and the recording again is as clear as it is full-blooded.

B. J.

BORODIN: Prince Igor

Julia Wiener (s), Yaroslavna; Radka Gaeva (s), Nurse; Ljudina Bareva (s), Young Polovtsian Girl; Reni Penkova (c), Konchakova; Todor Todorov (t), Vladislav; Iliya Mihajlov (o), Ovor; Cyril Dulgueroi (t), Erochkia; Constantin Chikerelis (b), Prince Igor; Boris Christoff (bs), Prince Galitzky and Khan Konchak; Alexei Milkovsky (bs), Skula; Chorus and Orchestra of the National Opera of Sofia, Jerzy Semkow, cond. ANGEL SCI, 3714, $17.37 (three discs, stereo only).

The recording company that enjoys the exclusive service of Boris Godunov has a problem. Both by voice and by tem- perament Christoff is ideally suited to all those colorful basso roles of the Russian repertoire; but how—outside of raising the Soviet Union itself—does one conjure up a cast and chorus that can match his idiomatic command of the Russian language and operatic style. EMI has courageously fought on the horns of this dilemma three times in the past fifteen years. Their efforts, thanks to some clever casting improvisations, produced two amazingly successful recordings of Boris Godunov, and one not so successful performance of Glinka's A Life for the Tsar.

When Boris Godunov two was taped in Paris several years ago and a chorus was required, Christoff suggested importing the ensemble from his native opera house in Sofia, Bulgaria; solo members of the company would also be useful for filling in the opera's numerous short character roles. Evidently the plan worked to everyone's satisfaction, because last year EMI brought the Sofia National Opera to Paris in toto—soloists, chorus, and orchestra—to support their noted former colleague in this first stereo recording of Prince Igor. I say "support" advisedly, for there can be little question about who dominates the performance: with the incisive edge of force of his personality and the cutting power of his voice, Christoff takes over completely whenever his boisterous Prince Galitzky or smooth Khan Konchak is on microphone.

The precedent for one singer in these two roles dates back to Chaliapin. Technically, of course, there is no prob- lem since the Prince vanishes after Act I and the Khan appears only in Acts II and III, and one can't object to this recording for Christoff is in generally splendid vocal condition.

70

High Fidelity Magazine
A closer look at the KLH Receiver.

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—he begins the Prélude sounding a bit raspy perhaps, but thereafter settles down to giving us some really first-class singing. Never peremptory, he never loses his control, and the raptures of Arturo's love for Gilda seems to infuse him with a new life with Galitzky, wining, winning, and evening the daylight out of poor Yaroslava, Igor's rather stuffy wife. He catches the rough humor of the part perfectly while hinting that beneath the blue eyes there lurks a Mephistophelean villain.

Christoff's Konchak is a shade less impressive—only, however, when measured against the really stupendous performance of Mark Reizen on the important role. Christoff's Polovtsian chieftain is properly suave and hospitable to his Russian captives, but I miss Reizen's veiled, threatening tone, the iron-fist-in-the-welvet-glove manner. And Christoff's occasional fits of laughter here sound rather stagy. Unfortunately, Angel follows tradition by omitting Act III, which means that we only hear half the role. Granted that the third act is probably more Glazunov than Borodin, it is difficult to get the character of Konchak and also clarifies a few obscure points in an unbelievably diffuse and ill-organized plot. Surely, Christoff could have been persuaded to sing the Khan's aria from this act as an addenda to the act.

This leaves us with the (presumably) leading singers of the Sofia National Opera—and here, I'm afraid, the landscape clouds over considerably. The only conceivable way to approach Prince Igor is to accept it as a window and study the windows of Arturo's home, who can do full justice to the fine tunes liberally distributed throughout the score. There is precious little else to this colorfully costumed concert than its pleasing melodic moments and the potential interest, but the only one with anything to do other than sing to the moon or wring his hands is Galitzky. So despite the careful musicianship and honest energy of Mmes. Wiener and Penkova and Messrs. Todorov and Chekerliiski, their no more than serviceable vocal qualities are a definite handicap to one's enjoyment of the performance. Julia Wiener does add a nice sense of urgency and depth to the Finale of Act I as the Polovtsian hordes descend upon Putivl; but her Slavic tremolo does not fall graciously upon the ear and as a result her two long laments are rather tough going. Chekerliiski has a big, burly, somewhat colorless baritone, frayed up top and weak in the lower reaches; his Igor is forthright, even noble at times, but more often than not his technical limitations are all too evident. Tenor Todorov and mezzo Penkova are at least enthusiastic in their loving making, but as singing it sounds labored and callow.

The chorus walks off with top musical honors—a large group evidently, but with a lovely over-all blend and quite a fabulous control of choral color and dynamic nuance. They have been recorded a bit too distantly for full effect in the Polovtsian Dances, however. The orchestra plays smartly under Semkow, and the engineering, though perhaps too conservative and lacking in spaciousness for this lush music, is tolerably well done.

Besides the excision of Act III there are numerous internal cuts, including, inexplicably, about twenty-four score pages from the Tchaikovsky

If you can find it, the MK recording by the Bolshoi is still the Prince Igor to have despite the poor sonics. As for admirers of Christoff, they would do well to wait and see if Angel will gather his contributions onto a highlights disc.

P.G.D.


Agnes Giebel, soprano; Hermann Prey, baritone (in the Requiem); Helen Watts, contralto (in the Rhapsody); Les Choeurs de la Suisse Romande et Ple Arte de Lausanne; Orchestre de la Suisse Romande; Ernest Ansermet, cond. LONDON A 4265 or OSA 1265, $11.58 (two discs).

Ansermet's way with these Brahms works, the German Requiem in particular, might be likened to the restoration jobs lovingly done with some of Renbrad's canvases. The music, like the paintings, shines with renewed, pristine, heightened color and may take some getting used to for those who have become accustomed to dull browns and murky grays. Ansermet's performances here are gentle and lyrical, but the prevailing intimacy never includes that soap-box kind of Gemütlichkeit beloved by some Viennese singers. One is surprised to hear how close this Requiem can sound to Fauré's, and even more surprising to discover how successful such an approach proves. The bright, reedy-pure, almost boyish soprano of the Swiss choristers helps to make an appealing Jobs, like those of the heretical churches and contrabasses. The outer movements, though never hurried, have a cameo purity and melos: of sentiment, there is plenty; of sentimentality, nary a trace.

The second and sixth sections (this Requiem, when you think of it, is in arc form like the Fourth and Fifth Bartók Quartets!), so often exhibitions of muscular energy, are crisply pointed, quite brisk, and basically understated as Ansermet gives them. The trombones in those movements are more veiled than usual, though easily audible. Finally we come to the central movement, which for me is the high spot of Ansermet's conception (as well as its obvious cornerstone from a structural standpoint). The conductor lets it waft gently upward like a prayer. He allows plenty of leeway between the phrases and at no time harkens the music into moving faster than its own heartbeat. How clear, firm, and flexible it sounds when allowed to breathe!

Hermann Prey is a lithe baritone of course, not the darkly menacing Kipnis/Jerome Hines/Kim Borg/Martti Talvela type of singer sometimes used for the third movement. Ansermet, obviously looking for benign gravity rather than austerity, has come up with a perfect choice for the part. The conductor is even more fortunate in his soprano soloist; Agnes Giebel's ravishing, flute-pure singing of the fifth section is the most sublimely beautiful I have ever heard.

Helen Watts sings her Alto Rhapsody with the seraphic, celestial quality which marked Kathleen Ferrier's interpretation so admired. There are other, earthier, ways to do it of course, but to make the Watts/Ferrier method work requires an awesome combination of superlative musical and vocal sensitivity. Miss Watts and M. Ansermet produced a classic here. Similarly, the conductor's reading of Nanie (based on Schiller's poetry) is wonderfully cogent and perceptive.

This album might well be the crowning achievement of Ansermet's long and distinguished phonographic career. I know that I shall return to it many, many times: such penetrating, unassuming musicianship borders on genius.

H.G.

BRAHMS: Quintet for Piano and Strings, in F minor, Op. 34

Artur Rubinstein, piano; Guarneri Quartet. RCA Victor LM 2971 or LSC 2971, $5.79.

Brahms made three tries at this work (if so tentative a word as "try" may be permitted in reference to a work as unexceptional as this music) before he reached the solution that satisfied him. He wrote the piece first for string quintet (two cellos), then took Joachim's word for it that few ensembles this side of heaven could do justice to the climaxes: he next arranged it for two pianos (this is published as Op. 34b); finally, he reworked the score for piano and string quartet. There it stands, full of joy, triumph, darkness, and surging power, for those who care to plunge in.

The best ensembles have plunged—among them, the Juilliard with Fleisher. The Budapest with Serkin, and most recently RCA's distinguished company. Comparisons are hard, because the Rubinstein/Guarneri performance is so good—free, sweeping, rhythmically incise, almost savagely strong in certain of the climaxes—and so is the Serkin/Budapest. (If the chips were down, I would have to give up the Fleisher/Juilliard, fine as it is; its tight control, its preference for understatement, its somewhat cerebral attitude yield, in the long run, less pleasure.)

This disc represents the first collaboration between Rubinstein and the Guarneri, and it is a splendid thing to hear. The balances are exactly what they ought to be, nobody gets in anybody's way, everybody sees eye to eye on the matter in which shared phrases ought to be played. And the best of it is that this all seems perfectly natural; the vitality springs from deep sources in both parties, and nothing can damp it. It would not be fair to leave unmentioned one of the isolated spots in the Serkin/Budapest ver-

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sion that I prefer (the pungence of the cello beats at the opening of the Scherzo, the bouncy lightness of Serkin’s dotted-rhythm figures in the first movement), but the new version is worthy to stand beside the older, and what more need one say?

According to the notes by RCA Victor’s Max Wilcox, who produced the record, more Rubinstein/Guarnieri collaborations are to come—Schumann, Brahms, and Fauré piano quartets, etc. Let’s hope the promise is kept.

S.F.

BRAHMS: Sonatas for Clarinet and Piano: No. 1, in F minor, Op. 120, No. 1; No. 2, in E flat, Op. 120, No. 2

Harold Wright, clarinet; Harris Goldsmith, piano. CROSSROADS 22 16 0141 or 22 16 0142, $2.49.

Aside from the question of viola versus clarinet there are basically two approaches to these products of Brahms’ twilight years. The more immediately effective is to treat them as reassertions of gayer days—that is, impetuous, and robustly romantic. Wright and Goldsmith have decided upon the alternate course; they see in these two sonatas the serene reflections of their creator, the final gentle glow in a long and productive life.

These are not “exciting” performances. They are, however, intelligent, well integrated, and comfortably lyrical. Wright’s mild-mannered vibrato is particularly suitable for the reflective nature of his and the pianist’s vision. Tempos are broad and spacious; and though I wouldn’t have minded an occasional touch of emotional vehemence, within the context of these artists’ interpretation there is a healthy degree of elasticity and movement.

Equal partnership is affirmed by the generally excellent balances. Good sound.

S.L.

BRUCH: Concerto for Violin and Orchestra, No. 1, in G minor, Op. 26

Lalo: Symphonie espagnole, Op. 21

Isaac Stern, violin; Philadelphia Orchestra, Eugene Ormandy, cond. COLUMBIA ML 6403 or MS 7003, $5.79.

In this kind of late Romantic music the performances, as the young orchestra is, perfectly matched, producing great modern Europeans now identify as a characteristically “American” instrumental sound—big, a bit brash, expressive but avoiding the extremes of both vulgarity and prettiness. On this occasion, the Bruch fares best in Stern’s hands. The slow movement, the best music in the piece, receives a solo performance that should be required listening for every young musician—violinists and others—as a lesson in just how far the expressive resources of phrase, timbre, vibrato can be pushed without violating the music. The very qualities that make for such success in the Bruch seem, however, a little alien to the Franco-Spanish idiom of Lalo. The tone is a bit overrich, the phrasing a little stiff, and the rhythm lacking in the lighter spring modeled in this music. Francescatti and Szeryng have approached this music with aristocratic temperament.

Nor can I in all honesty avoid pointing to rare but very disturbing blemishes in Stern’s performance. In the very opening flourish of the Lalo, his aim misses both the pitch and tone of the high E, with the result that the listener is badly jarred at the very beginning of what is an otherwise technically secure performance. A similar failure with a high note in a crucial phrase can be heard in the finale of the Bruch, again in the climactic note of the main phrase.

Stern’s solo performance is surrounded, supported, complemented, and enhanced by the Philadelphia Orchestra at its best—in performance and recording.

P.H.

BRUCKNER: Symphony No. 9, in D minor (Original Version)

Amsterdam Concertgebouw Orchestra, Bernard Haitink, cond. PHILIPS PHM 500162 or PHS 900162, $5.79.

Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra, Carl Schuricht, cond. SERAPHIM 60407 or S 60407, $2.49.

The Schuricht recording of Bruckner’s unfinished last Symphony has been available in Europe for about four years. The performance is a cogent one; and if you find Jochum (on Helidor) too dilatory, the new issue may enjoy your preference as far as the bargain field is concerned.

For sensitive, and gloriousness—except in the rhythm of the opening bars, which Schuricht, like most conductors of this work, distorts—this performance is admirable, and it is also very well recorded.

For my taste, however, Schuricht drives rather too briskly through the outer movements. Haitink’s relaxed, finely judged performance, by contrast, takes its place among the very best available. The recording does not quite rival the grandeur and richness London achieved—on one 64-minute disc—for Mehta, but Haitink’s overall view of the work is more satisfying than Mehta’s, which, deeply moving as it is, out-Jochums Jochum in its overinsistent attention to detail.

Of the other performances, Walter’s is vitiated by the thin, utterly un-Germanic sound of the Columbia Symphony brass. His is a well-shaped, sensitive reading, but it is rather deficient in sheer impact. Jochums’ new performance on Deutsche Grammophon does not seem to me a sufficiently striking advance over his admirable Helidor disc to justify its much higher price.

All of which leaves us with Furtwängler. Like Schuricht’s, Furtwängler’s first-movement tempo is unusually fast. But mere briskness is one thing, elemental force another, and it is the latter quality that makes Furtwängler’s performance unequalled in my experience, whether on records or in the concert hall. Though the sound is dated, the vividness of the musical experience emerges undimmed.

To try to sum up this conflicting list of merits for his power and nobility, Furtwängler remains my first choice; for sheer technical quality of reproduction, the recommendation must go to Mehta—for whom, by the way, the Vienna Philharmonic plays even more superbly than it does for Schuricht; Jochum on Helidor remains my preference in the bargain area. But for a sound, always sensitive, and often exciting modern version, admirably recorded (though in my copy very badly pressed), Haitink cannot be betted.

B.J.

CLEMENTI: Trios for Piano: No. 1, in D, No. 6, in C (“La Chasse”); No. 8, in E—See Stradella: Sonatas a tre.

CONSTANT: 24 Preludes for Orchestra

Nigg: Concerto for Violin and Orchestra

Christian Ferras, violin (in the Nigg); Orchestre Philharmonique de l’ORTF: Charles Bruck, cond. HELIDOR H 25058 or HS 25058, $2.49.

This extremely interesting disc introduces two French composers who are well known abroad but who, to my knowledge, have never appeared in American record lists before.

The 24 Preludes for Orchestra by Marius Constant last fifteen minutes. Some of the preludes, according to the jacket notes, are only six seconds long, but they flow one into the other and the total effect is of a single composition. Its primary emphasis is upon virtuoso orchestration, beginning with a dense, rhythmless sheet of sound such as is often associated with electronic music, and going on to all manner of sparkling, pungent, and entertaining devices. Constant is perhaps best known as composer for Roland Petit’s Ballets de Paris, and there is something of the spirit of ballet music about this score too; it is essentially light and entertaining, and as such is an extremely successful composition.

The Violin Concerto by Serge Nigg is, in a way, similar. Its point of departure is not so much virtuosity as the broad lyricism of which the violin is capable, and this is superbly exploited, especially with Ferras as soloist. The idiom of the work, if it is possible to imagine such a thing, lies somewhere between the Prokofiev violin concertos and the Berg; at all events, this is a beautiful and serious piece and one that should have considerable use if the violinists who perpetually say they are looking for new material are really telling the truth.

Recording is very good, and performance is apparently altogether authoritative.

A.F.
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January 1968
Mackerras's and his orchestra give a performance of what might well be called Dvořák's "Pastorale" reminiscent in its essentials of Szell's Cleveland version. Dvořák finds much the same blend of taut rhythm and superimposed genuinity here. The orchestral playing is rich and smooth, yet the discipline is always apparent—even in the expansively paced trio to the third movement, where Mackerras, like Szell, urges his strings to swoop rather more than you might expect. At every turn, the folkish elements in the music are played down in favor of a more generalized kind of romanticism. The impression grip of a structurally oriented musician is unmistakable.

Of recent stereo editions (I have heard all except the Karajan) I would rank the present brilliantly engineered disc, the most conventionally recorded version of Kubelik (DG), Munch (RCA Victor), and Szell/Cleveland (Epic). I will add, though, that for myself I'd sacrifice a wee bit of sonic luster (and save the box) to enjoy the truly inspired, superbly subtle Szell/Congertgebouw performance recently reissued on London's economy Richmond label.

HANDEL: Giulio Cesare
Beverly Sills, Norman Treigle, et al.; Chorus and Orchestra of the New York City Opera, Julius Rudel, cond.

For a feature review of this recording, see page 63.

HANDEL: Hercules
Teresa Stich-Randall (s), Iole; Norma Leger (ms), Lichas; Maureen Forrester (c), Deirdre O'Connell (f), Hyllus; Louis Quilico (b), Hercules; Baruch Grabowski (bs), Priest of Jupiter; Gerhard Eder (bs), First Truchtinian; Martin Isepp, harpsichord; Vienna Academy Chorus; Vienna Radio Orchestra; Böhm, cond. RCA Victor LM 6181 or LSC 6181, $17.37 (three discs).

Simply to list the weaknesses of this disappointing set would make too depressing reading. The Handel Society of New York, under whose auspices it appears, has already gone under as a result of losses sustained through its championship of Handel opera, and the last thing I want to do is to discourage future enterprises in the same field. So let me begin by saying that Hercules is a masterpiece of sublime inspiration—in his excellent notes, Winston Dean pairs it with Somercotes' Alcina Priestman, cond. RCA Victor LM 6181 or LSC 6181, $17.37 (three discs).

Two aspects of this performance of The Seasons raise it far above the average. One is the singing of Miss Leger. I have previously admired her giving from his French chorus; her casting a firm, accurate line and producing much beautifully true. Her attempts at trills are more like wobbles on one note, but this is at least preferable to Maureen Forrester's bland ignoring of the whole trill problem. There is something oddly dissonant about Forrester's queen: when singing at her best, as in several of her florid arias, she sounds totally uninvolved in the words and the drama—"Resign thy club and lion's spoils, and fly from war to female toils!" might be a mild plea to an erring husband to spend less time at the Rotary and more at home helping with the dishes, rather than the bitterly scornful accusation of desertancy. Böhm does. All the minor shortcomings, the fire, grandeur, and beauty of the score remain discernible. RCA Victor has done its best by taking this set in featuring a handsome booklet containing pictures, notes, and full text.

HAYDN: Die Jahreszeiten
Gundula Janowitz, soprano; Peter Schreier, tenor; Martti Talvela, bass; Wiener Singverein; Wiener Symphoniker, Karl Böhm, cond. DEUTSCHE GRAMMOPHON SLPM 139/254/56, $17.37 (three discs, stereo only).

Two aspects of this performance of The Seasons raise it far above the average. One is the singing of Miss Janowitz. I have previously admired her well as in a very enjoyable. And so is almost everything Böhm does. All the tempos, which are generally lively, appear to be just right. He brings out the charm of Haydn's music WHILE THE SEASON is still in the air. Stich-Randall, the young captive princess Iole, drawing a firm, accurate line and producing much beautifully true. Her attempts at trills are more like wobbles on one note, but this is at least preferable to Maureen Forrester's bland ignoring of the whole trill problem. There is something oddly dissonant about Forrester's queen: when singing at her best, as in several of her florid arias, she sounds totally uninvolved in the words and the drama—"Resign thy club and lion's spoils, and fly from war to female toils!" might be a mild plea to an erring husband to spend less time at the Rotary and more at home helping with the dishes, rather than the bitterly scornful accusation of desertancy. Böhm does. All the minor shortcomings, the fire, grandeur, and beauty of the score remain discernible. RCA Victor has done its best by taking this set in featuring a handsome booklet containing pictures, notes, and full text.
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minor chords that close the Introduction to Winter. But otherwise every orchestral point is tellingly made.

The chorus too does excellent work, but in contrapuntal passages the weakness of the tenor section sometimes blurs the texture. Therefore a simple piece like the Cavatina in Summer nicely, but most of the time he strikes me as a good musical mind exercising control—not always successfully—over an organ that is not firmly anchored. That is Ives's most skilful performer, but his voice sounds somewhat constricted or muffled; it seldom rings out with the fullness and roundness of which it hints it is capable.

The work is performed complete, and the sound is first-rate. On balance, then, I prefer this set to the Nonesuch version (reviewed in these pages in January 1967), which is cut and has its own ups and downs.

N.B.

IVES: Quartets for Strings: No. 1; No. 2

Juilliard Quartet. COLUMBIA ML 6427 or MS 7027, $5.79.

Hearing the two string quartets of Ives in immediate succession is a little like hearing one of the shorter and lighter quartets of Beethoven's Opus 18 followed immediately by his huge Opus 132. The First Quartet was written in 1896, when Ives was a twenty-one-year old sophomore at Yale. It opens with a strict, scholastic fugue on a Congregational hymn tune; the other movements are known as Prelude, Offertory, and Postlude, but there is nothing churchily or organlike about them, and the subtitle, A Revival Service, which is often attached to this work, is merely a bit of folksy hard sell. The Prelude is a scherzo, the Offertory is a slow movement in ABA form, and the Postlude ends it all Allegro marziale. The whole piece is as tuneful and beguiling as only youthful Ives can be, with marvelous lurches from key to key, a sense of modulation, and numerous bonbons fresh from Herr Dvořák's melodious Konditorei.

By 1913, when the Second Quartet was completed (after six years of work), Ives had entered a totally new world. He had abandoned tonality and the closed forms associated with it; his style was now one of open forms, immensely complex and immensely dissolvent counterpoint. The rhythm is so involved as frequently to demand the barring of the four voices in different meters simultaneously, and—among other things—a kind of Joycean stream-of-consciousness series of allusions to the music of other composers.

Ives said the Second Quartet was "for four men who converse, discuss, argue (politics), fight, shake hands, shut up—then walk up the mountain-side to view the first array. The three movements bear titles that really mean something: Discussions, Arguments, and The Call of the Mountains. Arguments is distinguished by the personalization of its second violin part. The second fiddle is Rollo, one of Ives's favorite characters. He represents everything that is timid and conventional in art and life, and in this movement he tries, as he himself would doubtless say, to pour oil on troubled waters in a series of marvelously effusive fragments. Ives and his two of them is received con fisticuatto.

But the great thing about the Second Quartet is its finale, The Call of the Mountains. This is Ives's Heiliger Dankgesang. It is one of the truly sublime moments in all music. To say more would turn this review into one of those essays on transcendentalism and intimations of the divine which English writers produced after the First World War. To record the Bee- thoven quartets to commemorate the centenary of that composer's death in 1927.

The new Juilliard disc competes with another, on Turnabout 34157, wherein the Kohon Quartet does the same two works. Both recordings are excellent, but the Kohon performance of the Second and more important of the quartets is decidedly the better. The Kohon version of Ives's counterpart is much clearer, the quotations (from the Pathetique and the Second Symphony of Brahms as well as from hymn tunes and popular songs) detach themselves more readily from their contexts, and—the main thing—The Call of the Mountain is a bit closer to the Pearly Gates. But the Kohon, having done so well on the Second Quartet, play the First in an offhand, dutiful kind of way and miss almost everything in it that is worth hearing.

One merely needs to compare the openings of the two records of No. 1. Ives's fine fugue is marked Andante con moto. The Juilliards take it Andante con moto; with the Kohons it is a brusque Allegro moderato; and so it goes all the way through. The Juilliard version is full of lovely touches and refinements which the competition was unable to see.

There is a third record of the Second Quartet, by the Walden Quartet, on Folkways 3659, but it was made twenty years after, and is undoubtedly the best recording of the period, and no longer even sounds like a string quartet. Putting it on the turntable after Juilliard and Kohon, it seems to present the music on some weird electronic instrument, and for this reason it must be eliminated from the running except as a document; it was one of the very earliest complete recordings of a work by Ives ever issued.

If you want the best of these quartets on contemporary records, buy the Juilliard and the Kohon, split them down the middle, and join the Juilliard's face containing No. 1 to the Kohon's side of No. 2.

AF.

KABALEVSKY: Requiem to the Memories of Those Who Were Killed in the Struggle Against Fascism. Op. 79

Valentina Levko, mezzo; Vladimir Valaitis, baritone; Moscow Chorus and Children's Chorus of the Art Education Institute; Moscow Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra, Dmitri Kabalevsky, cond. MELODIYA/ANGEL SRBL 4101, $11.58 (two discs, stereo only).

Kabalevsky has written some very good things, but the succionately official text by one Robert Rozhdestvensky with which he is saddled here would stop a Mozart cold in his tracks. Sounding vaguely like a cross between Prokofiev's Alexander Nevsky and the Verdi Requiem, this work lacks the fire and salt of either. Only in some of the orchestral interludes can one sense the warmth and fineness of which Kabalevsky is capable.

Part of this bad effect is due to the straining, wobbling, and yelling of baritone Valaitis and the soggy work of the choir. Valentina Levko is first-rate, and her singing provides one of the few bright aspects of this dismal business.

AF.

LEHAR: Das Land des Lächelns (excerpts)

Overture; Immer nur lücheln; Bei einem Tee à deux; Von Apfelblättern; Act I finale; Im Salon der blau'n Pagode: Wer hat die Liebe; Meine Liebe, deine Liebe; Dein ist mein ganzes Herz; Ich möchte wieder einmal die Heimat seh'n; Zig, Zig; Wie rasch verwelkt doch; Act III finale; Dieselbe sonne—Liebes Schwestertochter.

Dagnar Koller, soprano; Valerie Goodall, soprano; Giuseppe di Stefano, tenor; Heinz Holeček, baritone; Orchestra of the Vienna Volksoper, Heinz Lamprecht, cond, LONDON OM 36052 or OS 26052, $5.79.

Praise with faint damns for this generous disc of good-tempered (and mostly well-tempered) music, a first-rate operetta from the hand of Vienna's most genial waltz king. The Land of Smiles is a bit of chauvinist, dating from the Twenties, when such things were specially liked, and when Lehár's malodolic gift was at its most potent. If Smiles has not the sheer momentum and zip of, say, The Merry Widow, it compensates with a full ration of gentle and appealing melodies. Here is a Viennese girl falling in love with a visiting Chinese prince, following him home to Peking, learning there that East is one thing and West another; going home. Only forty years old it may be but it is nevertheless a period piece more remote from our time—and our China—than Sumer is icumen in.

Smiles is all escape of course; but there is nothing very arduous on the way and lots to enjoy when you arrive. Many of the tunes will be familiar, most specially "Dein ist mein ganzes Herz" (which does not, as somebody
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recently suggested, translate into Thine Is My Goose’s Heart) so long associated with Richard Tauber. Apart from Tauber (for whom Lehár wrote the role of Prince Sou-Chong and many others), it is surprising to see how many renowned singers were sufficiently attracted by the music of Smiles to make records of it. The list includes Vera Schwarz, Aubilki Rautawaara, Irene Eisinger, Maria Reining, Helge Roswa, Jussi Bjorling, Richard Crooks, and even Lauritz Melchior. Early in the LP era there appeared an Angel two-disc set with Elisabeth Schwarzkopf and Nicolai Gedda that I seem to remember sounding pretty good.

In 1966 Smiles was freshly and most successfully revived in Berlin. That production moved on to Vienna, then to Expo 67, and has been touring a number of U.S. cities. The present disc stems from that revival (which also featured Giuseppe di Stefano in the lead). It offers a generally proficient and vocally attractive cast and vocally attractive music. The Viennese singers do justice to its fine, idiomatic, but not always ideally clear, execution, Rudolf’s version. The sound is rather not always ideally clear. And if you are not prepared to put up with antique recording, Horenstein’s Ninth remains unrivaled. Perhaps the forthcoming Solti will alter the picture.

B.J.

MENDELSSOHN: Symphony No. 5, in D minor, Op. 105 (“Reformation”)
Berwald: Symphony No. 5, in C (“Sinfonía litéraria”)

Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra, Max Rudolf, cond. Decca DL 10144 or DL 710144, $5.79.

It was apparently Rudolf’s intention to record the four symphonies of the Mendelssohn Reformation on the Toscanini recording (still available, and in very good sound); but whereas the latter was penetrated with ardent nuance and was thoroughly charged by the NBC Orchestra’s shimmering execution, Rudolf’s version, at times veers towards Kappelmeisterish stolidity. Since portions of the slow movement, where the demands for musicality are more easy to come by, are superbly personal and twinkling in Rudolf’s account, I hesitate to place the blame solely on the conductor’s shoulders. Let us say that the Cincinnati Symphony, while capable and constantly improving, is not yet geared to incandescent playing. I applaud Rudolf’s decision to wear the Victorian dress from this often mishandled score; I wish that I could be more enthusiastic about his actual accomplishment.

Berwald’s Sinfonía litéraria is recorded here for the third time. Two of this composer’s known five symphonies (a sixth has been lost) continue to grow moss: it would be nice to discover what they sound like. Rudolf tends to solidify Berwald’s terse cadential stops just as

G.M.

LUTOSLAWSKI: Concerto for Orchestra; Funeral Music; Venetian Games

Warsaw National Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra, Witold Rowicki, cond. Philips PHM 500459 or PHS 900159, $5.79.

Witold Lutoslawski (b. 1913) has made less of a splash than his younger compatriot Penderecki in the current wave of interest in modern Polish music but he is no less important a figure. Particularly impressive here is the Funeral Music for string orchestra. Its four continuous sections are laid out in something like the arch form favored by Bartók, to whose memory the work is dedicated. Composed in 1938, soon after the events that liberated Polish composers from state direction, it shows the beginnings of the serial influence that has subsequently had so strong an effect on much Polish composition—but, in spite of serial elements, its pervasive chromaticism neither sounds essentially dodecaphonic. What makes it a small masterpiece is the dramatic force created by the unity of technical means with expressive intent, and in particular the use of the augmented fourth as a sort of "freezing agent" to arrest the development of the queuing chromatic lines with which the work begins. Once we have experienced the chilling effect of the tritonal passage that brings them to a halt, all later developments take on a profoundly moving dramatic irony—these sinuous lines think they can go anywhere, but the victory of the augmented fourths has shown us that they can go nowhere. The other two pieces do not attain the same profundity, but they are both attractive in their very different ways. The 1954 Concerto for Orchestra is an exuberant work which develops a folk theme in a variety of individual ways, and it already has the composer’s characteristic rhythmic clarity and sense of color. Venetian Games, composed in 1961, uses aleatory techniques in combination with more traditional methods. Especially in the prominent exploitation of repeated-note figures, the writing suggests the strong influence of Varèse, but Lutoslawski’s personality is discernible in many imaginative and poetic touches.

Rowicki’s performances of all three works are exemplary—I cannot judge his handling of the aleatory elements in Venetian Games since I have been unable to find a score, but elsewhere there can be no doubt of his precision and conviction. The recording is exceptionally lifelike, the soundigsaw, and it had the surfaces I have heard (or rather not heard) from American Philips in a long time. What we need now is the 1964 String Quartet: A Polish recording of this magnificent work has been made by the LaSalle Quartet of Cincinnati, and someone should make it available here. Meanwhile, the present record is highly recommended. B.J.

MAHLER: Symphony No. 9

Bavarian Radio Symphony Orchestra, Rafael Kubelik, cond. Deutsche Grammophon SLP.139345/46, $11.58 (two discs, stereo only).

Kubelik’s old recording of Mahler’s No. 1 with the Vienna Philharmonic was so good that the announcement of a new complete cycle did not sound promising. Under his direction, however, even though, if anyone ought to make a new intégrale, it is the shamefully neglected Jascha Horenstein. Kubelik’s No. 9, with which his Deutsche Grammophon series now begins, achieves much in places, but viewed over-all it is something of a disappointment.

The conductor delivers his best in the outer movements. The opening movement Commodo is a given characterized of its own, so that the subsidiary tempos are felt very much as modifications of an always latent basic pulse whose returns are managed with a fine sense of inevitability. The slow movement has especially impressive moments: particularly fine is the ecstatically luminous string tone just before the return to Tempo I a few pages before the end.

But Kubelik’s rhythmic grip wavers in the slow conclusion of the first movement, and his second and third movements are altogether less successful. The tempo relationships of the Ländler are not convincingly established, and in the textures of this movement important lines sometimes get lost—among them the contrabassoon part two pages before the end. The gait of the Rondo Burleske is altogether too accommodating to realize the marinetische sarcasm of the music. As a whole, then, this performance cannot be considered a match for Bernstein’s, which I find the most powerful of the modern versions, nor is it so well recorded: the sound is very good, but not always ideally clear. And if you are not prepared to put up with antique recording, Horenstein’s Ninth remains unrivaled. Perhaps the forthcoming Solti will alter the picture.

B.J.

80

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The romantic of your hand, accentuated Schmidt-Isserstedt seemed destined generally intelligent and ing about situation. The woodwind players scurry complete disaster for the orchestra. The chestral entrances coincide with approach intra. The opening movement is a barrier at any rate. It Barenboim It Daniel Barenboim, piano; English Chamber Orchestra, Daniel Barenboim, cond. ANGELL S 36430, $5.79 (stereo only).

It is sadly apparent from this release that Barenboim is not yet ready to assume the conductor's baton, certainly not while directing from the keyboard at any rate. From the outset he allows a latitude of precision that would embarrass a sophisticated student orchestra. The opening movement is a study in laissez-faire musicianship, where orchestral entrances coincide with appropriate moments on the piano less by plan than by chance. The finale is a complete disaster for the orchestra. Barenboim's tempo could well have precipitated ulcers in the musicians, who must have realized the impossibility of the situation. The woodwind players scurry about like so many Daffy Ducks, quacking desperately and producing some of the ugliest sounds I have ever heard from any orchestra's wind section.

Worse than all this, Barenboim's performance as pianist indicates that this generally intelligent and sensitive Mozartean has started wearing his heart on his sleeve and seems to be indulging in the most vulgar kind of virtuosic insensitivity. Long distord diminuendos, fussy and uncalled-for sudden color shifts, and overzealous dynamic contrasts threaten the ear. This playing does not seem like that of the same pianist who at sixteen seemed destined to become a first-rate interpreter of Mozart. The Sonata is less severely afflicted with theatrics than the Concerto, but even here there is a disquieting degree of displayed color. S.L.

MOZART: Symphonies; No. 39, in E flat, K. 543; No. 40, in G minor, K. 550

New York Philharmonic, Leonard Bernstein, cond. Columbia ML 6429 or MS 7029, $5.79. An oddly matched pair of recordings, this. The E flat Symphony is close-up in sound, on the coarse side; the G minor is more distant, well balanced, perhaps even a little anemic. And there are similar differences in the performances, with the orchestra playing more delicately in the G minor (the Trio of the Minuet is especially well done), rather less so in K. 543, where important matters in the winds are often lost and there is a serious shortage of really soft playing.

In any case, neither performance has the special vitality that marked Bernstein's recent Vienna recording of the Linz Symphony, a performance of virtue. I'm reluctant to recommend a recording that doesn't make the necessary separation of first and second violins: such a passage as the piling-up of imitations in the Minuet is vastly more effective—and comprehensible—with that separation (cf. the Klempner recording). Is this really a lost cause? Now that we have stereo, everyone seems to be doing away with one of its oldest and most valuable musical justifications. D.H.

MOZART: Quartets for Strings; No. 14, in G, K. 387; No. 15, in D minor, K. 421

Allegri Quartet. WESTMINSTER XWN 19133 or WST 17133, $4.79.

Imagine one of those innumerable competitions where the god of technical mastery reigns supreme. In such a domain the Allegri Quartet might conceivably be eliminated before the semifinals, eschewing as they do the excessive Romanticism of technique characteristic of so much music making today. However, in those spheres where intelligence and intuition coexist Euterpe would find in these musicians devoted followers.

The Allegri treat these two quartets (the initial pair of the six dedicated to Haydn) as emotionally distinct entities, stressing the boldy individualistic tenor of Mozart's endless range of expressivity. The way the opening theme of the Allegri (K. 387) establishes the basic character of the work; the musicians flex their muscles vigorously, mindful of the music's directness, yet at no time is there the remotest threat of ripping apart the fabric through overindulgence. K. 421 finds the Allegri similarly occupied with projecting the music in a bold, intense manner. Cast in D minor, this Quartet betrays a degree of unrest—alternating between the introspective melancholy of the andante and the nervous anxiety of the first movement—that was to culminate in the exhausting emotionalism of the great G minor String Quintet. The Allegri brings these implications to the fore; at all times they maintain an urgency, a feeling of pain evident whether the music is tender, bold, somber, or simply straightforward. S.L.

PENDERECKI: St. Luke Passion; Threnody to the Victims of Hiroshima

Stefania Woytowicz, soprano, Andrzej Hiolski, baritone, Bernard Ladysz, bass, Leszek Herdegen, speaker, Boys' Choir, Mixed Chorus, Orchestra of the Cracow Philharmonia, Henryk Czyz, cond. (in the Threnody). PHILIPS PHM 2501 or PHS 2901, $5.79 (two discs).

I wrote at some length in these pages last April about this masterly work, in which one of Poland's leading avant-garde composers has bridged centuries of musical technique and expression to pro-

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January 1968

BACH'S SEAL OF APPROVAL

Two new ARCHIVE stereo recordings that might well win the master's favor: four cantatas in definitive performances by the Munich Bach Choir and Orchestra under the inspired direction of Karl Richter, and three motets sung by the noted choir of Bach's own church, led by Kurt Thomas.


J. S. BACH: CANTATAS NOS. 26, 106: "Actus Tragicus"; "Ach wie fluechtig"—Ursula Buckel, Hertha Töpper, Ernst Haefliger, Theo Adam, Munich Bach Choir and Orchestra/Karl Richter. 198 402

Other ARCHIVE stereo releases for the discerning collector:

FESTIVAL BAROQUE MUSIC FOR WIND INSTRUMENTS by Berger, Christian, Franck, Hausmann, Scheidt, Schein, Schmelzer, Speer—Ensemble Musica Antiqua/ René Clemencic. 198 405

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Seal used by Bach on his Leipzig letters, from Bettmann Archive.

CIRCLE 8 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

High Fidelity Magazine

duce a Passion setting, as I said then, "of shattering dramatic impact and powerfully individual inspiration," which "will sustain comparison to Schoenberg's Moses and Aton for its close-knit welding of philosophical idea with musical medium." Since then, repeated hearings have done nothing to change my feelings: the Passion has enjoyed a triumphant English premiere; and by the time this review appears the first American performance (in Minneapolis under Stanislav Skrowaczewski) will have taken place.

Now two recordings make a simultaneous appearance in the domestic catalogue. The Victrola, licensed from Harmonia Mundi, was, I believe, made just after the world premiere, which took place in Münster Cathedral, Germany, on March 30, 1966. The Philips release presents the recording (made a little while later, after the Cracow premiere) that, in its imported form, occasioned my April review. The Victrola is, of course, a bargain label issue. But in terms of price there is nothing between the two releases, since Philips has not only added Rachmaninoff's fine performance of the Tenth to the Victims of Hiroshima (also available on PHM 500141/PHS 900141) as a bonus, but is marketing the two records for the price of one.

A choice between the two sets may thus be made simply on grounds of quality. I find the Philips the more satisfying performance. Three of the soloists, as well as the conductor, are common to both versions, and in both their work is equally admirable. It is the fourth soloist, the Evangelist, who tips the balance decisively in favor of the Polish performance: Rudolf Jürgen Barshch delivers his part in a mannered style which comes nowhere near the grandeur and dignity of Leszek Herdegen's more restrained yet far more eloquently reading.

Of the actual recordings, the Victrola sometimes achieves greater clarity of detail than is possible in the church acoustic of the Philips. To my mind, however, the Philips sound is more appropriate to the mystery and drama of the work. At the same time, I must warn prospective purchasers that, at least in my copy, Philips' surfaces are much noisier than RCA's. Both sets come with texts and translations. I prefer RCA's typography, but the Philips is more clearly and helpfully laid out, and the translation used by Philips is more literal and thus more useful. B.J.

PROKOFIEV: Complete Music for Piano Solo


György Sándor, piano. Vox SVBX 5408/09, $9.95 each three-disc set (stereo only).

Save for the great romantic and historically misplaced figure of Sergei Rachmaninoff, Prokofiev was, of all the important composers of the first half of this century, the most active and brilliant concert pianist. It is no wonder that he left a whole literature of works for the instrument that parallels in scope and emotional variety his output in symphonic and other large media. The now well-known traits of his musical personality—ranging from neoclassic lyricism to sardonic and driving dynamism and including an engagement (as well as an aptitude for potential public)—combine to make for uncommonly direct communication.

With this Vox set we are given Prokofiev's piano music in one big package, the solo works recorded by György Sándor, an artist whose considerable pianism is matched by his long contact with contemporary and recent music. The musical coherence of the entire set is its most positive virtue, as though Sándor had grown long with the composing and developing mind of Prokofiev. His playing of the slower, lyrical sections of the later sonatas, for example, exhibits the added depth of inner expressivity that distinguishes the more mature Prokofiev from the occasionally virtuosic composer of the low opus numbers. And as for the virtuosic passages so often treated in an indiscriminately athletic manner, all of them in all musical contexts as precipitous (the composer's own word for the stumpy, angular finale of the Seventh Sonata), to these Sándor brings a Lisztian slam-bang when it's required, but he also endows other moments of sheer pianistic brilliance with a more paced stride or a tersely ironic twist.

Of the nine sonatas (there were sketches for a tenth and ideas for an eleventh at his death in 1953) Prokofiev reached his consummate pianistic expression in the grand group of three—Numbers Six, Seven, and Eight. Op. 82, 83, and 84. These are monumental displays of every conceivable virtuoso device and instrumental sonority, but they are also two statements of all the facets of his personality. There is a fierce incisive, brutally cold realism of the opening of the Sixth, the long richly embroidered song of the middle movement of the Seventh. The Ninth, Op. 103, represents a return to his earlier neoclassicism and a more serene philosophy. There are curious, for Prokofiev, formal experiments. Anticipating thematic material of movements to come. These sonatas are no doubt the most adept technicians. The one-movement fantasy labeled as the Third Sonata, composed "from old notebooks," has a special flavor of appealing romanticism. If it is true that a composer can sin only by being boring, Prokofiev did not stray. Even the short First Sonata,
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written at age fifteen, is of more than historical interest.

Among the shorter pieces, all of them here included, are the minor masterpieces, some of them still comparatively unknown and rarely played. There is Music for Children, for instance—really not quite a mini-suite, the pieces the composer intended them to be but which Sándor plays naïvely and simply as though he were speaking to the young and himself enjoying the unusual combinations of descriptive sound. Prokofiev appertains, and waltzes in sets such as Op. 12 and 32, all with special Prokofievian rhythms and an inexhaustible store of unexpected harmonic and tonal deviations. There are the four evocative Tales of an Old Grandmother, which lie somewhere in the realm of his better-remembered fantasy. Sándor has given his closest attention to these and the other miniatures, as well as the epic works.

A scholar (he is in fact a Prokofiev editor and conductor) but he is an artist. György Sándor brings to his performances both authority and a sympathetic freshness of interpretation. In sum, these Vox discs make a significant contribution to the Prokofiev discography. E.H.

RIMSKY-KORSAKOV: Scheherazade, Op. 35
Mikhail Schwalbé, violin; Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra, Herbert von Karajan, cond. DEUTSCHE GRAMMOPHON SLPN 139022, $5.79 (stereo only).

Like several earlier Von Karajan versions of symphonic showpieces, this Scheherazade recording (his first, I believe) is at once awesome and exasperating. Under his assured control the Berlin Philharmonic sounds unquestionably like an internationally top-ranking orchestra, and it is DG's most limpidly smooth and bewitchingly sweet. The sonics seem superbly natural too, even in the covering up of some score details (such as various piano and pianissimo percussion passages) which normally would be covered up in a concert performance heard from midway back in the hall. What remains exasperating despite such advantages are the coy interpretative nuances: slow, arbitrary tempo variations, the tendency to languish, and what seems to me to be the conductor's almost cyclical lack of belief in the magic of Rimsky's fairy-tale spinning. The orchestral playing and sonics are a sheer delight in themselves, but for Schwalbé I remain the incomparable ones by Beecham for Angel and by Ansermet for London. R.D.D.

ROSSINI: Overtures: Il Viaggio a Reims; La Scala di seta; L'Italiana in Algeri; La Gazza ladra; Il Turco in Italia
Cleveland Orchestra, George Szell, cond. COLUMBIA ML 6431 or MS 7031, $5.79.

Something in the Rossini overtures engages the attention of some of our greatest virtuoso conductors. Toscanini's still unissued recordings can be explained in terms of national affinity, but the same repertory also fascinates such Central European baton technicians as Fritz Reiner and George Szell, and I recall a superb performance of the overture to Il Barbiere. Szell drew the Polyanter operatic record by Furtwängler.

In the case of Toscanini, Reiner, and Szell one explanation is that none of the three ever lost his feeling for the theatre, and the reputation overtures are distinctly theatre pieces. The form is simple: an arresting introduction, a lively sonata form devoid of intellectual complications, in which the development and coda usually consist of prolonged and gradual crescendos, the most obviously theatrical device possible. Such overtures require a conductor who can control a crescendo carefully, but great masters like Toscanini, Reiner, and Szell prove distinctive in their ability to find plentiful musical interest beyond the crescendos.

Toscanini's incomparable shaping of the singing Andantes and chattering Allegros of Rossini produced phrases that literally leaped from the page and led cumulatively and inevitably to the obvious crescendos. Szell and Reiner dwell more on melodic and textural detail than Toscanini did, at some loss of the urgency of the grand line, but they often find more Rossini wit than Toscanini did in his single-minded pursuit. Reiner, in fact, finds more witty turns of phrase and echoing themes than Szell does: Reiner seems more spontaneous and, in this music, almost Puckish; Szell never lets us forget that music is a serious matter.

In terms of orchestral sound the Toscanini performances, some of which are now turning up on Victrola, leave much to be desired; but Toscanini's hard-core opacity of texture can diminish the rhythmic force of the Maestro's readings. Though Szell's recording postdates Reiner's by some seven or eight years, the major sonic difference between their discs lies rather in the respective orchestras in their own halls. Whereas Szell produces a hard, lean sound with emphasis on woodwind and string ensemble. Reiner achieves a more diffuse ambiance, shortening soloists or sections more distinctive and longer and giving the brass sound an almost Verdmian weight.

Szell's choice of overtures avoids some of the obvious ones and offers at least two that are, so far as I can determine, first recordings on records—Il Viaggio a Reims and La Gazza ladra. Predictably, the Cleveland Orchestra performs brilliantly and has been recorded comparably. But I wonder where the usually scholarly Dr. Szell found his reading of the first drum roll in La Gazza ladra: is it just possible that two alternating snare drums is marked piano before they join in a crescendo to forte, but this performance begins forte in a way that weakens a very effective theatrical opening.

P.H.

SCHUBERT: Symphonies: No. 1, in D, D. 82; No. 2, in B flat, D. 125
South German Philharmonic Orchestra, Karl Ristenpart, cond. CHECKMATE 76005, $3.50 (stereo only).

SCHUBERT: Symphonies: No. 1, in D, D. 82; No. 3, in D, D. 200
Nordwestdeutsche Philharmonie, Georg Ludwig Jochum, cond. MONITOR MCS 2121, $2.50 (compatible disc).

No contest here! Ristenpart and his Stuttgart crew turn in performances that are musical enough, but rather crude and elemental. Although this conductor obtains a studied, of Beethoven Seventh-like rhythm for the finale of the Second and draws some appealing warmth from his players in that work's variation movement (despite overly deliberate tempos), there is a preponderance of choppy baroque-style phrasing, a somewhat loss of ensemble tone, and much too little in the way of true pianissimo playing. The close-up style of reproduction serves to accentuate the mediocrity of the execution.

Jochum makes the best possible case for the First—which is, for all its derivative nature, a charmingly naive little opus. In the far better No. 3, the conductor is nothing short of inspired; sensitive to every facet of the writing, whether rhythmic, harmonic, or structural. The playing manages to be exquisitely subtle, minutely colored, and at the same time miraculously perky and unaffected. And the Hamburg orchestra here seems absolutely of top virtuoso class. Such feathery, humorous, eventful playing is reminiscent of the NBC Symphony under Toscanini and Cantelli. Monitor's reproduction is crystalline and tone-color, with the woodwinds and strings felicitously balanced. The hall is apparently large and the microphoning
impossible to a caliber both groups are creative than Schumann's gets stern.

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Parrenin Quartet. ODEON SMC 80908, $5.79 (stereo only).

It would be difficult to find clearer demonstration of the differences between classical and romantic Schumann interpretation than these two sets present. And since each approach necessarily precludes a facet of the music to be heard in the other, both are to be warmly welcomed.

The Drolc gives us a firm, metrical Schumann. These players are at pains to define every rhythmic ambiguity, and clarity—even asperity—of texture is stressed above mystic atmosphere. The music's quirky capriciousness is not exactly overlooked, but it emerges from the Drolc performances more as gruff idiosyncrasy than as whimsical playfulness. Most important of all, the Drolcs dig into the inner voice sforzandos and make the oft encountered phraseological fragmentation as prickly as possible. Thus bringing to the fore a definite kinship between Schumann's essays and the searing, philosophical utterances of late Beethoven.

Certainly the quiet opening of the A minor Quartet in the Drolc performance has some of that raw asceticism we know so well from the opening fugue of Beethoven's Op. 131.

The Parrenin Quartet's Schumann, on the other hand, is woven from silk rather than forged from bronze. Some of their tempos are faster than those of the Drolc performances, others are slower by quite a considerable margin. They are much more plastic in their application of rhythmic leeway, and altogether less stern in their lyricism. While the listener gets from this approach a far better idea of the potential richness and variety of Schumann's instrumentation than the Drolc affords, some of the sheer weight and intellectual stature is inevitably lost. (Some of the aforementioned rhythmic puzzles are also—intentionally—left hanging in the air.) You might well find the Parrenin readings more scintillant and creative than those by the Drolcs; they are unquestionably more perplexing, more exuberant, and less rational. As both groups are of exceptional virtuoso caliber and are well recorded (the Parrenins with more room ambience; the Drolcs with more impact and dry detail), a clear-cut choice between them is all but impossible to make.

Eschenbach's presence in the Quintet...
seems to have a softening influence on his colleagues. Here their phrasing is more yielding, the accentuation less rigorous, and the pace more even. This finely paced, subtly molded performance doesn't storm the heavens like the recent Serkin/Budapest version, yet no one is going to fault the present ensemble for lack of vivacity. If you admired the melodic, harmonious Curzon and Schnabel interpretations, you will probably warm to this one.

H.G.

SHAPERO: Partita for Piano and Small Orchestra, in C

†ETLEF: Triptych

Benjamin Owen, piano (in the Shapero); Louisville Orchestra, Robert Whitney, cond. LOUISVILLE LOU 674, $7.95 or LS 674, $8.45.

Harold Shapero describes his Partita as a "neo-baroque piece in which I have combined tonal and serial elements." It sounds, however, like a round-trip ticket through the styles, to quote Schoenberg's famous phrase. Its union-and-octave passages in a very square major could easily be rejected sketches for some labored, minor work of Beethoven, like the Triple Concerto; the Aria, with its English horn solo, is somewhat reminiscent of the flute melody in Schoenberg's Gurrelieder. The Impressionistic mood of the Berliozian Charnel-Mask scene, however, is unmistakable in the opening "drawing." Before the music takes up this theme, it is interrupted by an essay in "neo-Ivesian" counterpoint, the "lighter" Schoenberg, as a result, what follows may seem anti-climactic. These pieces are, however, very well performed. Barbirolli honestly respects each one of these pieces, and eschews inflicting such fragile music as Valse Triste, for instance, into symphonic proportions.

None of these performances has been issued in this country before, though Piazhola's Humoresques, included, in another version, on a recent Vanguard record. P.H.

STOCKHAUSEN: Klavierstücke I-XI

Aloys Kontarsky, piano. CBS 32 21 0007 or 32 21 0008, $11.58 (two discs).

This recording, supervised by the composer, comprises the completed portions of a projected cycle of twenty-one piano pieces. With the exception of Pieces IX and X (which are dated 1954-61), they date from the years 1952-56 and represent the composer's progress from conventional serialism towards works capable of plural realizations, such as Monote (Nonesuch H 1157) and the more recent Mikrophonie I and II (CBS 32 11 0044). Although the composer's liner notes are curiously reticent on the subject, Piano Piece XI (1956) was his first "open-form" piece; nineteen groups of notes are presented on a large sheet of paper, with instructions for connecting them in a sequence of the performer's on-the-spot choice; in the process, the groups may recur, but with different tempo, dynamics, and articulations. Thus the present recording represents only one of a number of possible realizations.

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The composer's notes form a curious document. After three paragraphs about the music, we get biographical notes about composer and performer, a detailed timetable of the recording sessions with a description of the sound equipment and even the serial numbers of the pianos used, and finally a lengthy account of Kontarsky's intake of solids and liquids during the periods of recording, recorded with the loving precision of an Ian Fleming (if my arithmetic is correct, the liquids come to some 4 liters, 2 Cognacs, 1 Bloody Mary, 2 Scotch, 4 glasses of Williams-Birne, and 2 liters of Coca Cola, plus assorted mineral waters and soft drinks); perhaps Craig Claiborne should be reviewing this record.

D.H.

STRADELLA: Sinfonias a tre: in D minor; in D; in B flat

†Clementi: Trios for Piano: No. 1, in D; No. 6, in C ("Le Chaste"); No. 8, in F

Trió di Bolzano. WESTMINSTER XWN 19129 or WST 17129, $4.79.

To Stradella, who died at forty (in 1682), does the honor not only of having influenced Purcell in the use of ground bass but of having inspired Handel to the point of borrowing a tune for Israel in Egypt. Stradella's instrumental music is given no space whatever in the reference books (much of his music is still unpublished), but then sinfonia was meant to be an agent of polyphony (his fugates are among the best features of these pieces), somewhat thin in melodic interest, and possessing a peculiar sense of juxtaposition of ideas. Andante realizzati are cut precisely in the middle by one of the jolliest gigue imaginable. But the works are worth hearing, and are

H. C. THE FIDELITY VOL. 62 NO. 9 1962
requirements of allowing one to forgive the trio Bolzano for having used a piano instead of a harpsichord.

The Clementi are skillfully scored, nicely balancing violin and cello and allowing the piano its just desserts as ringmaster. La Cloche even gives evidence of humor, and it is bright enough to spice up any program of piano trios you could name. Performances excellent.

S.F.

STRAUSS, RICHARD: Der Rosenkavalier: First Waltz Sequence, Op. 69

Friedrich Gulda, piano; Willi Bloskowsky, violin; Emanuel Brubec, cello; Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra, Lorin Maazel, cond. LONDON CM 9537 or CS 6537, $5.79.

Le bourgeois gentilhomme Suite is of particular interest to Strauss enthusiasts, as it is the first instrumental work written after his retreat from the chromaticism of Salome and Elektra. It is also noteworthy for its use of a small chamber orchestra and for the virtuoso demands it makes on the players. The piece abounds in solos (and not only for the three instrumentalists given credit on the jacket), most of which are extremely difficult. In addition, the ensemble requirements are formidable, it being essential to achieve the appropriate balance between the winds and the reduced strings. And there is the further problem of the piano, which often simply plays a reduction of what the other instruments are doing: it is underplayed as, for example, in the Reiner recording, the score loses much of its characteristic sound; but if it is too prominent, the entire texture becomes unclear.

It is to the credit of both Maazel and his players that they not only overcome these problems but also manage to make it all sound easy—a necessity. It seems to me, if the work is to make its proper effect. For unlike many concerts, where one must "hear the difficulties" in order to get the full flavor of the music, the score must be thrown off with all the grace and abandon of a Viennese waltz. While the music is decidedly lightweight—Strauss admitted in a letter to Hofmannsthal that he had "dashed it off, as it were, with my left hand"—it is also brilliantly done. Maazel and his musicians perfectly capture the palm court atmosphere and bring out, but do not overemphasize, the sophisticated humor embodied in the score. And the playing is really quite spectacular.

Although the Rosenkavalier Waltzes form a perfect couple and are played very well indeed, they pale somewhat in comparison with the dazzling Bourgeois. The sound quality is excellent on both numbers. R.P.M.
of the postwar age, was switching to the Marschallin; and two or three seasons ago, Lisa della Casa, most constant of the Telemann’s Marschallins, decided to try on Octavian’s trousers. But proof is still needed that a single artist can be consummately successful in more than one of the three roles. This rather bewildering record proves no new case.

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HIGH FIDELITY MAGAZINE

90-B

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DESIRE DONDEYNE: "Marches militaires," Vols. 1 and 2
Musique des Gardiens de la Paix, Paris, Desiré Dondeyne, cond. Music Guild MG 145/46 or MS 145/46, $4.78 (two discs).

Since symphonic-band programs are seldom recorded in this country these days, this anthology of French marches should be especially welcomed. Connoisseurs of the repertory will remember the superb earlier Dondeyne versions of rare works by Berlioz, Mendelssohn, and Wagner (for Westminster) and a fascinating collection of Napoleonic fanfares, marches, and chorus (just a year ago for Nonesuch). The present anthology is more comprehensive chronologically, although it is confined to marches only. And, except for the strikingly distinctive Gloriosus Deo, Op. 48 by Albert Roussel, the selections in Vol. 2 (which range from the period of the Second Empire to 1945) probably are musically, as well as historically, less interesting than those in Vol. 1 (which are representative of the Revolution, Consulate, Empire, Restoration, and July Monarchy). These last include, among other fine works, the especially fascinating Marche lugubre by Gossec, fanfares and marches by Michel-Joseph Gheuater, several anonymous Grand-Army pieces, and four excerpts from the Harmonie militaire de Mathieu-Frédéric Blasius.

As in the earlier Dondeyne programs the playing is notable for its lyricism as well as for its precision, vivacity, and brilliance. The bright, open (Erato) recording does particular justice to the ringing, inimitably "French" brass timbres; and if the acoustic ambience is somewhat echoey, that quality actually enhances the over-all atmospheric effectiveness. R.D.D.

FOLKWAYS 3436, $5.79 (mono only).

This anthology of works composed at the electronic music center of the University of Toronto opens with a little masterpiece; it is called Driftnote, and it is by Hugh Le Caine. The whole composition is based upon the single sound produced by the fall of a drop of water. This is developed in all manner of ways—plain and fancy scales, played with a neat, pearly perfection any piano virtuoso might envy; bell tones of several kinds; long, sustained pure tones; and mixtures of these several elements. The work is particularly useful as an introduction for the layman who is always interested in the sources of the sounds employed by electronic composers and in their manipulation.

Regrettably, the rest of the set is a grim catalogue of clichés. Every outmoded trick in the electronic book is there—the shatters, the rasps, the booms, the decaying repeats, the portentous, unintelligible speech; you name it, they've got it. They are Myron Schaeffer, Arnold Walter, Harvey Olneck, Robert Altman, Stephen, J. H Robb, Jean Ivey, and Victor Grauer, and they all ought to know better. And the University of Toronto ought to know better than to sponsor such nonsense. A.F.

GREGORIAN CHANT: Chants for Christmas
Introit: Ad te levavi; Introit: Ronare coeli desipere; Communion: Dicite Ptilsillati-fi; Gradual: Gaudelete in Dominii; Offer-tory: Ave Maria; Hymn: Jesus redemptor; Introit: Puer natus; Alleluia, Dies sanctificatus; Communion: Video coelos apper-tos; Gradual: Justus et palma; Offer-tory: Jubilate Deo universa terra; Communion: Dict Domini.

Choir of the Vienna Hofburgkapelle, Josef Schabasser, cond. TURNABOUT TV 34181S, $2.50 (stereo only).

After a few bad experiences with those sentimental accompanied arrangements that still pass for Gregorian Chant, one becomes wary of all but the best-known choirs. Here, with their second disc for Turnabout, the Vienna Hofburgkapelle establish themselves as thoroughly authoritative. They are completely at home in the Solemnes style, giving a straightforward performance which lets the beauty of the music speak for itself.

Chosen from standard services, the Chants cover the whole season, Advent to Epiphany, and will be familiar to anyone fortunate enough to hear Masses chanted regularly. For the less experienced listener the disc provides a selection of outstanding beauty and range of style. There is great variety in the music itself; the simple hymn Jesu redemptor and the quietly flowing Ave Maria are as far apart from the florid and jubilant Alleluia, Dies sanctificatus as Mozart is from Berlioz. A particularly lovely motet, Ronare coeli, opens with a striking leap of a fifth upward, an interesting example of reverse word painting since ronare means "drop down.

Except for the rather silly notes by the choir's director, Josef Schabasser

How to Build Speaker Enclosures by Alexis Badamnoff & Don Davis. A wealth of practical and theoretical information on constructing top-quality speaker enclosures. Includes detailed drawings and instructions for building all basic types. Excellent plans and advantages and disadvantages of each type; covers speaker drivers, crossover networks.

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Tape Recording for the Hobbyist (2nd Ed.) by Art Zuckerbach. While concerned with tape recording as a hobby, this book also provides many ideas for important uses of the recorder in home and office. Includes useful tips on microphones, special sound effects, recording with the television set.

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JOSEF HOFMANN


NEW YORK PRO MUSICA: "Ae Sweet Lady: the Romance of Medieval France"

Anon.: Four Motets on "In seculum": Motet: Quant je parti—Tuo; Motet: Flor de lis—Je ne suis—Douce dame; Motet: S'on me regarde—Premières i garde—He! mit enfant; Conductus: Crucifigat amnes; Guillaume de Machaut: Ballade: De petit je Ballade: Nen qua nos azra pou; Triple Ballade: Sonz cuer m'en voy—Antis dolens—Dame par vous; Chanson: Quant je suis mis; Ballade: Je sui aussi; Ballade: De Fortune me dix pleisure; Triple Ballade: De triste cuer—Quant vras amis—Centes je di; Ballade: Pas de zor es thies pois; Virelai: Se je soupir; Virelai: Douce dame jolie.

New York Pro Musici, John White, cond. Decca DL 9431 or DL 79431, $5.79.

With this delightful new release John White makes his recording debut as director of the New York Pro Musica. Fans of the group will be happy to hear that this disc carries on the high standards established by the late Noah Greenberg and adds to the repertory previously explored by the ensemble.

Guillaume de Machaut was the finest poet-musician of fourteenth-century France, yet outside of the fine Archive recording by Safford Cape's Pro Musica very little of his large output has been available to would-be listeners. Perhaps those horrifying performances once heard on Anthologie Sonore have frightened everyone off. There are still formidable musicalological problems to confront in his works, and it takes a scholarly performer to interpret even modern editions. Mr. White solves all this with apparent ease, making the delicate filigree texture and wonderfully supple rhythms of this music breathe with life.

I particularly liked the slower numbers, Je sui aussi and the triple textured De triste cuer; whose warm sensuous lyricism recalls the sinuous feminine figures of medieval art. The haunting beauty of the canonique Sonz cuer m'en voy and the exquisite thirteenth-century motet Quant je parti de m'amie should convert anyone who still thinks of medieval music as a heartless intellectual exercise. There is plenty for the foot-tappers too—for ex-

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CIRCLE 52 ON READER-SERVICE CARD
ample, the rousing charivari of *Douce dame jolie*, which brings the record to a close complete with drum à la Greenberg.

The singers sound lovely and the instrumentalists handle their krummhorn, vielle, and bagpipes with assurance. These last, by the way, have an unusually sweet sound, quite unlike the racket I usually associate with the instrument. Julie Davidoff’s sensitive viol playing in the ballade *Pas de tov* demands special mention.

The sound is excellent throughout, with the stereo separation doing much to enhance the individual nature of the lines. One caviling point: the notes by Mr. White present a painless introduction to the general problems of the music, but in view of his knowledge and the value this record will have for students and teachers, it would have been nice to have had some more specific references to the sources of the compositions, particularly the motets which are not all gathered together in any convenient place. S.T.

**FRIEDRICH SCHORR: Vocal Recital**


Friedrich Schorr, baritone: piano and orchestras. ROCCO 5260, $5.95 (from 78-rpm originals, mono only).

**WAGNER: Der fliegende Holländer (excerpts)**

Melanie Kurt (s), Senta; Ernst Kraus (t), Erik; Friedrich Schorr (b), Der Holländer; Otto Helgers (ts), Daland. VERITAS VM 106, $5.79 (from 78-rpm originals recorded 1923-25, mono only).

Friedrich Schorr is of course already well represented on LP, notably with Angel’s COLH disc featuring his Sachs and with a Scala recital (which I have not heard). But each of the records now in hand presents material not previously reissued, and with no duplications (the "Wie aus der Ferne" heard on the Rocco disc is not the same performance presented in the Veritas excerpts).

The Rocco record is all-Schorr, and particularly valuable in giving us a picture of him as an oratorio and song singer. To avoid repeating myself, I will note that there is one aspect of Schorr’s singing that always detracts a bit from my enjoyment—his darkened, covered approach to the top. Not only does this seem to me to have been, in all probability, the primary reason for the marked deterioration in this part of his range while he was still in his late forties, but it seems also to have been a limitation on his singing even in his middle prime years, robbing those tones of the brilliance and declamatory ring they should have had and often resulting in a rather dead, flat sound at some important climactic moments.

There are limitations and limitations, and it is of course Schorr’s remarkable abilities, not this single disability, to which one’s attention is repeatedly drawn. With what incredible smoothness he was able to line out several different sorts of legato, and how easily and effectively he went from forte and piano and everywhere between! And, of course, the sound itself was so beautiful—steady and rich, and colored by a unique hue which I suppose one would call a warm brown, an autumnal color perfectly adapted to Sachs or the Wanderer.

On the Rocco disc, it is a special joy to hear this sound pouring itself easily through the Bach and Haydn arias, or launching the "It is enough" in a perfect mezzo-forte. But even greater are the songs, particularly *Traum durch die Dämmerung*, which is simply perfect, and *Am Meer*, which is perfect except for a small spot of intonation trouble near the end. Lessons in song singing—absolutely seamless, graded with uncanny evenness, the words beautifully enunciated without calling attention to them——

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San Francisco Examiner & Chronicle

**BRAHMS: VARIATIONS ON A THEME BY PAGANINI, OP. 35**

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Earl Wild, pianist

VSC 10006

"... Wild has a colossal technique almost superhuman mastery . . . incredibly smooth pianism in works that dare the performer to conquer them."

—Allen Hughes, New York Times

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**CIRCLE 56 ON READER-SERVICE CARD**
selves (In Am Meer, he puts an emotional stress on exactly one word—"vergiften"—and the effect is startlingly right.) In short, the songs are sung, not "interpreted" or "spoken"; they are fully rendered.

The sound of the Rococo transfers often reflects some noisy surfaces in the originals and dim orchestral and piano sound, but it is always listenable so far as the voice is concerned.

I would like to be able to give the Veritas release a warmer welcome than I feel is due, for the material is rare, and offers Schorr in his prime in one of his greatest roles. And so far as Schorr is concerned, there is plenty of satisfaction. Though others have surmounted the declamatory portions of "Die Frist ist um" to greater effect (Berglund, for one), the "Dich frage ich" section is rendered with incomparable smoothness and control. In the scene with Senta, he comes into his own. The "Wie aus der Ferne," superior to the one transferred by Rococo, is the most beautiful and touching ever recorded, and the whole scene, so far as Schorr is involved, has a wonderful, mournful tenderness.

But goodness, these other singers! Otto Helgers, who turned up on countless 78s singing lines like "And then what happened?" or "You're kidding!" during someone else's Narrative of This or Farewell to That, turns out to be a very competent Daland, if one of no particular imagination. But Melanie Kurt, for all the authority she brings to her Senta is terribly unreliable in her singing, and evidently has a somewhat lower view of the necessary pitch than we who must listen to her. Ernst Kraus had a high reputation and sang leading roles at Bayreuth and the Metropolitan—twenty years prior to his recording, which was made when he was past sixty.

At the bottom of his voice, one hears the remnants of what may very well have been an important and even exciting Heldentenor, but most of the sound he makes is painful.

I see absolutely no point in resurrecting the disastrous records of yesteryear: we have plenty of our own, thank you. What it comes down to is whether or not one wishes to spend money and suffer through some caterwauling for the sake of hearing parts of a classic Dutchman. That, dear collector, is up to you. C.L.O.

—William Shaw

TERESA STICH-RANDALL: Italian Opera Arias


Teresa Stich-Randall, soprano; Vienna Volksoper Chorus and Orchestra, Brian Priestman, cond. WESTMINSTER XWN 19130 or WST 17130, $4.79.

Some singers have brains and some singers have heart; Teresa Stich-Randall has both. She also has inherent good taste and musicality. Had the benign providence that so richly endowed her with gifts gone just a bit further and given her a really beautiful voice, she would have been without peer among the singers of our age. The voice is clear, bright, without velvet. Up top it turns white or metallic. Her aptitude with "difficult" music has decreed a European career; apparently such skills are more highly esteemed there and sheer sensuous beauty somewhat less.

Here she takes on, as an intellectual challenge, seven standard items from the nineteenth-century repertoire of the dramatic soprano. The results are variable—not always successful but never less than interesting. Take the "Casta diva," to begin with. You will find here no seamless legato, à la Ponselle. There is the occasional unphoned phrase, now and then an awkward breath. Yet we are unquestionably in the open air at night, and a Druid priestess is invoking the moon. Give your full attention to Boito's Margarita, and you may well find yourself on the verge of tears. This one is slightly marred by an imperfect trill. But a trill was definitely needed there, and she has a better go at it than many of our leading canary chicks could, Sutherland and Caballé not excluded. Though Violetta's scena is far too slow and loses momentum, everything is
shaped to a purpose; this is no soprano showing off her pyrotechnics, this is a real woman at the brink of a life decision. “Vissi d’arte” is really unbearably slow—one could throttle conductor Brian Priestman for not taking up the slack and for not accelerating at the midsection—and just not good enough. But with the next band hear how the tempestuous Tosca is transformed to a pert and scheming Norina. There is purpose to everything this singer does. She reaches for a concept, then shapes it, then makes it real. That is what artistry means. Miss Stich-Randall is an artist.

G.M.

VITYA VRONSKY and VICTOR BABIN: Two-Piano Recital


Vitya Vronsky and Victor Babin, pianos. SERAPHIM S 60053, $2.49 (stereo only).

Vronsky and Babin are heard to their best advantage on this richly detailed, lifelike recording. Their incisive treatment of Rachmaninoff’s two-piano version of his Symphonic Dances (penned concurrently with the orchestral score of 1940) has logic and perceptive flair, communicating the music with great vividness. The Bizet morceaux are done with such finesse and animation that one much regrets that only the Suite is played. Witold Lutoslawski’s leap onto the Paganini bandwagon (it uses the selfsame 24th Caprice elaborated on by Brahms, Schumann, Liszt, and Rachmaninoff) has a sardonic quality that reminds me of Casella’s Paganiniana. The little work is making the rounds as a party piece for two-piano teams; here it is given a superlative presentation.

A price tag of $2.49 makes this an attractive buy, particularly as the sonics retain the excellence of the original Odeon pressing.

H.G.

FRITZ WUNDERLICH: Operatic Recital


Fritz Wunderlich, tenor; various orchestras, Artur Rother and Richard Kraus, condns. RCA Victor VICTORIA VIC 1235 or VICS 1235, $2.50.

The grotesque accident that took the life of Fritz Wunderlich at the age of thirty-six must be accounted a truly grievous blow to music. “For ten years or so he was nothing special,” a friend who knew him well reminisced recently. “He noodled around a score of German opera houses, singing more or less anything that came to hand; and some of it not very well. Then, quite suddenly, about 1963, he found his stride. His style coalesced. He took on a new assurance, the singing had a real gleam.

The records prove it. He made many in his last years, taking part in numerous complete operas, singing Lieder, operetta, oratorio. His work is spread around the phonograph catalogue, on Angel, London, Vox, DGG.

The present Victrola disc is delectable and can be totally recommended, though it was clearly never intended to circulate outside the German-language world. (It comes from a Eurodisc master tape.) Kienzl is not a name with much currency outside Germany, and most people here prefer “Questa o quella” to “Freundlich blick, ich,” which is what we get here, and “Addio, fiorito asil” to “Leb’ wohl, mein Blumenreiche.” But Wunderlich’s elegance and musicality conquer all such quibbles. The Mozart pieces are classically pure, the Puccini tender, the Cavalleria more intimately and sincerely communicative than any Italian versions I know. The Rigoletto items are not quite as successful as the others, but still well worth listening to.

G.M.
the LEES side

Well, Man, That's Progress
a film in half a reel

... The men now heading three of four divisions in the CBS/Columbia Group have legal backgrounds. The fourth is from sales and marketing. To [Goddard] Lieberson [president of the CBS/Columbia Group], it's not unusual that legalistic figures are tied so closely to the music business. They have "disciplined and unemotional" minds, he says, that often permit a company to turn a profit where a more artistic approach might lose money.

—Business Week, October 7, 1967.

And they'll never even notice, when it's plastic that they eat, that the food is terrible.

—Malvina Reynolds, Columbia CL 2614/CS 9414.

PIERRE: Ah, bon soir, m'sieur MacLove. So 'appy to see you.

MacLOVE: Thank you, Pierre. I would like to present Wallace Wallace. Henceforth he will direct the affairs of Le Chateau. I hope you two will learn to like each other. Mr. Wallace is an attorney.

PIERRE (puzzled): But I dunt understand, m'sieur. An attorney. Un avocat?

WALLACE: Yes. As in avocado.

MacLOVE: Yes, Pierre, un avocat. Thanks to your skill and talent, Le Chateau is an enormous success and, as you know, I have acquired three other excellent restaurants. Obviously I can't run them all myself, and so I am putting each of them in the hands of an attorney. Attorneys have disciplined and unemotional minds. You tend to be excited about cuisine, to become involved, and Mr Wallace will show you ways to save a little here, a little there, thus enabling Le Chateau to turn a larger profit.

PIERRE (apprehensively): But I thought we were 'ere to make ze fine cuisine, not only to make money.

MacLOVE: True, true, and nothing has changed. But if we don’t turn a larger profit, we won't be in business, and then we won’t produce any kind of cuisine at all. Will we? You’re a fine man, Pierre, very talented. Well, I must be on my way. Have to visit the other divisions of Cuisine, Inc., and see how they’re doing. I’ll leave you with Mr. Wallace.

Exit MacLove.

PIERRE (Still puzzled): Well, m’sieur Wallace, we 'ad bettair...

WALLACE: No need for formality, Pierre. Call me Wallace. Now, the first thing we’re going to do is make a time and motion study of this place, make sure we’re getting the maximum profit from each movement. Right away I can see you have one man making salads and another making pastries. Why is this?

PIERRE: Because zey are diffairent skills, m’sieur Wallace. Excuse, Wallace. You must make, for exemple, ze green salade with mushrooms with tendair care. Ze mushroom must be sliced just so...

WALLACE: I’m sure we can find a man who can do both. Now, about that, love. I think you should have a new electric range. Clean. Efficient. Silent. Electric heat, you know. It’s the coming thing.


WALLACE: Why?

PIERRE (shrugging): I don’t know. Eet ees one of ze mystarries of cuisine.

WALLACE: Superstitious nonsense. Heat is heat. Now in the next few days, I want to sample every dish on the menu.

PIERRE (brightness): Ah, you are a lovar of good cuisine?

WALLACE: No, I’m a hamburger man myself. My only love is the law. Logic, Pierre, that’s what counts. Life must be

High Fidelity Magazine
made logical. But I must familiarize myself with our product if I'm to supervise its manufacture.

PIERRE (turning away): Merde, alors.

FADE OUT. FADE IN ON:

Dining room, several nights later. WALLACE is dining. PIERRE hovers apprehensively over the table.

WALLACE: This hollandaise sauce—it's handmade?

PIERRE: Of course.

WALLACE: A waste of time. I can't tell it from mayonnaise. Henceforth we'll use mayonnaise. Now, about the sauce on this sea bass . . .

PIERRE (a little defensively): Ees there somesing wrong weez eet?

WALLACE: Oh no-no-no-no. Ha-ha. I'm not criticizing. It's delicious. It's that, too, has a certain resemblance to mayonnaise and . . . well, you get the picture, I'm sure. Now, about the steak tartare I had last night. Too raw. So from now on the steak tartare will be cooked. Well done, in fact. Why, that way it will be almost like hamburger, and the ordinary man in the street will be able to identify with it. Gives it the common touch, you see? Now, the pastry cook . . .

PIERRE: 'E resigned.

WALLACE: Well, I'm sorry to hear that, of course, but it's for the best. Always hate to fire a man. Tugs at my heartstrings. And since I've just concluded an excellent deal with Mom's Bakery, Home Cooking Our Specialty, to supply us with all our desserts, he was, shall we say, superfluous.

PIERRE (with great dignity): I resign too.

WALLACE: But where will you find a job? Who's interested in haute cuisine these days? Be realistic, Pierre, you have a family to feed, and we of Cuisine, Inc., have great respect for your artistry, your skill, your talent. That hasn't changed. We merely want you to use it more efficiently. Think it over, Pierre.

PIERRE: I do not 'ave to think eet ovair, m'sieur. I weel not change my mind.

Exit PIERRE, slouched in dejection.

FADE OUT. FADE IN ON:

A conference room. ZEUS MACLOVE presides. Seated on the right hand of ZEUS is WALLACE. Other attorneys and accountants flank them.

MACLOVE: I do feel a bit badly about Pierre, I must say.

WALLACE: There's no reason for that, chief. He was obviously an unstable man.

MACLOVE: Yes, but to drown himself in his own bourguignon sauce! Gad, what a gruesome suicide! A desperate, despondent man, obviously. Did we do this to him, Wallace?

WALLACE: You can't look at it that way, sir. He was a victim of progress. It had nothing to do with us. And frankly, chief, we have to look to the bright side, the logical side. We are, you'll have to admit, better off without him. He was a reactionary, an obstructionist. We've got to go with the kids, chief, they're the rulers of the future, and they detest tradition. They don't care about all those silly sauces that take hours to prepare. Give 'em ketchup, and hamburgers, and French fries . . .

MACLOVE (pensively): I remember how fussy Pierre was about the preparation of French fries. Said they shouldn't be too . . .

WALLACE: Yes, yes, I know, chief. He was a good man. And we did salvage something from him. Among all those quaint recipes was the steak tartare. Our efficiency team has discovered that in its new incarnation—you know, well cooked, and garnished with pickle rather than that, yeuch, raw egg—it's our fastest moving item. The kids love it. And remember, chief, there are more kids than anybody nowadays.

MACLOVE (shaking off his reverie): Yes, you're quite right, Wallace. I'm just a sentimental fool. I was once a first-rate chef myself, you know. Ah, the old days. Well, onward. Now, about the new restaurants.

WALLACE (opening a huge folder and displaying drawings): Here's the architect's design. Like it, chief? Designed for efficiency. Formica table tops, rounded terrazzo floors for easy sweeping. All the foods coming frozen, ready-to-heat, from our centralized warehouses. Standardized everything. No guesswork. When people patronize us now, they'll know what they're going to get. Our gleaming new restaurants on every highway and byway, serving them a predictable cuisine, beautifully neutralized in flavor so that it offends no one. After all, you can always add a little salt if there's not enough, but you can't take it out if there's too much in there. Right, chief?

MACLOVE (also softly): Soon, Wallace, soon.

WALLACE: And your successor?

MACLOVE: We'll talk about it over drinks. (Loud.) Well, gentlemen, we've done it. Chez Pierre. I can just see them now, stretching from sea to shining sea. Makes a man proud. It's a triumph of American culture.

DISSOLVE TO:

Truck driving down an Arizona highway at evening. Standing up in the rear is a huge, wooden cut-out figure of PIERRE, idealized. One hand holds up a plate on which sits a large hamburger, dripping pickles. Camera follows for a distance, then stops. PIERRE rides into the sunset. Fade out.

GENE LEES

WALLACE: Well, no. I thought that we should leave such an important decision to you, as creative head of Cuisine, Inc.

MACLOVE: Should we have something snappy like White Castle? Or Nedick's?

WALLACE: They've both been used.

MACLOVE: Well, then, maybe something with dignity . . . like, say, Howard Johnson's.

WALLACE: That's been used too.

MACLOVE: Dear me, I am getting old-fashioned. Do you have any ideas?

WALLACE: Well, if you don't mind, chief, I do have, now that you mention it. I was going to suggest Chez Pierre. He was 'oo great, of course, but our public relations people can make him look like a genius.

MACLOVE: Chez Pierre. Hmmm. Has a nice ring to it. And it pays tribute to the man. Yes, that's good. I like it. Chez Pierre it is.

WALLACE: Good. We're in business. Now, we thought we'd name the main specialty after you. We'll call it the Loveburger. For our Japanese division, it will be the Loveburger San. You like it?

MACLOVE: I'm touched. I'm just sentimental about good food, I guess. Getting old, maybe.

WALLACE: Now that's not really true, chief, and you know it. Still, you have looked a little tired lately. (Sotto voce, so that the others can't hear) I remember your saying you'd like to retire for a while to your kitchen and prepare some of the dishes you used to make when you were a chef yourself. The kind of things that only you, chief, are really cultivated enough to appreciate. Perhaps . . .

MACLOVE (also softly): Soon, Wallace, soon.

WALLACE: And your successor?

MACLOVE: We'll talk about it over drinks. (Loud.) Well, gentlemen, we've done it. Chez Pierre. I can just see them now, stretching from sea to shining sea. Makes a man proud. It's a triumph of American culture.
THE LIGHTER SIDE

reviewed by MORGAN AMES • O. B. BRUMMELL • GENE LEES • STEVEN LOWE • TOM PAISLEY • JOHN S. WILSON

THE BLUES PROJECT: Live at Town Hall. Vocal group with rhythm accompaniment. Flute Thing; I Can't Keep From Crying; Love Will Endure; Wake Me, Shake Me; three more. Verve FT 3025, $3.79 or FTS 3025, $4.79.

Ah, schizophrenia. Side 1 of this in-concert recording shows the Blues Project to be among the most inventive and musically solid rock groups going. Flute Thing (a greatly expanded and unhurried version of a song that appeared on a previous Blues Project album) achieves a wistful jazzy lyricism—a quality only occasionally encountered in this generally frenetic idiom. I Can't Keep from Crying is straight hard-hitting rock, and Mean Old Southern is an amalgam of blues and Nashville à la Presley. Both these songs and Flute Thing are played with impressively sound musicianship.

But Side 2 is pretty much a dud. The sloppy playing, bad intonation, and uninteresting material will probably bewilder listeners who responded enthusiastically to Side 1. Live recordings seldom do well for rock groups, so let's be charitable with the chaff. Flute Thing alone should carry the day.

Basically, an exciting group. S.L.

LANA CANTRELL: Another Shade of Lana. Lana Cantrell, vocals; Chuck Sagle, arr. and cond. Two for the Road; Walk Away; Shadows of Our Love; eight more. RCA Victor LPM 3862 or LSP 3862, $4.79.

This is the second RCA album from Australian-born singer Lana Cantrell. In it her singing fulfills the promise of the first. Where Miss Cantrell hoped for authority in her first album, this time she has it. Gone is the intonation problem, the intimidation of working with an orchestra.

But while Miss Cantrell's singing has grown, her musical surroundings are still weak. Chuck Sagle's arrangements, though competent, are relentlessly showy, pushing Miss Cantrell along with them. The singer-arranger incompatibility is one of conception, not craft. The two make a heroic attempt to grace each other, but the ground rules were badly drawn up. It may have been a good idea to include the lovely When You Wish Upon a Star from Disney's Pinocchio, but it was unwise to treat it aggressively instead of pensively, building it to an almost "one more time" sort of ending. On the Good Ship Lollipop, another good idea, loses its charm in an overbearing arrangement. Miss Cantrell is obviously in a quandary as to what songs suit her, and RCA doesn't seem to be helping her find out.

Her best song is the soft, sad You Can't Go Home Again. Lennon and McCartney's She's Leaving Home almost succeeds, but eventually fails, a victim of inappropriate phrasing and an attempt to make it "swing."

Miss Cantrell has probably the most interesting and compelling voice quality and style of any recent female vocalist. As her technique continues to develop, her performances grow even more lively and assured. But so far, her albums reflect only a slice of her depths. The talent is there. What she needs are better songs, more thoughtful arrangers, and tighter album conceptions. If the momentum of the Cantrell career (hit nightclub and television appearances) continues to build, chances are she'll find her way in terms of recording too. Therefore, one can't help feeling that the best of Lana Cantrell still is to come.

M.A.

THE DOORS: Strange Days. The Doors, vocals and rhythm accompaniment. Love Me Two Times; Horse Latitudes; People Are Strange; When the Music's Over; six more. Elektra EK 4014 or FKS 74014, $5.79.

The Doors are generally a psychedelic group, utilizing a cornucopia of often intriguing electronic sonic devices and boasting a healthy degree of musical aplomb. Their "sound" is unique in its relative freedom from overly distorted hurricanes of acoustical storms; others could learn from them on this count.

They draw lightly from blues: only one song, Love Me Two Times, is firmly etched in that idiom. Elsewhere they concentrate on producing a sort of undulating harmonic effect. Chords progress less by definite steps than by oozing in and out of focus.

Lead vocalist Jim Morrison possesses a voice that is at once rough and soft. Not especially beautiful as voices go, it nonetheless works well within the group's style and helps to contribute to a completely integrated ensemble sound.

The only reservation is that though the current album is no less interesting than the first, it isn't much different. The Doors have good basic ideas but in a field as capricious as rock things happen quickly; they would do well to expand their approach.

S.L.
Some of today's most popular speakers are of low-efficiency design. This simply means they take more power from your amplifier to produce the same level of sound in your living-room.

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The Jim Kweskin Jug Band: Garden of Joy. Jim Kweskin, guitar, vocals; Jeff Muldaur, guitar, mandolin, clarinet, washboard, and vocal; Maria Muldaur, kazoo, tambourine, and vocal; Bill Keith, banjo, Richard Greene, violin and viola; Fritz Richmond, jug, washboard, bass, vocal, and monologue; others. If You're a Viper; Garden of Joy; My Old Man; Ella Speed; eight more. Repriese R 6266, $3.98 or RS 6266, $4.98.

If Kweskin's last album (with the Neo Passe Jazz Band) was a bit of a disappointment, this one compensates amply. Kweskin and his friends bring a joy to their music-making and they play with the boundless vitality only made possible by thorough musicianship. The music is charmingly covers but WOW—what amazing virtuosity! If you think of the kazoo as a toy and of country fiddlin' as a short step above hog calling, you're in for a surprise. Listen to these people sing, shout, hop, scrape, and wail, and unless you've been lobotomized by the banal inanities and slick pablum that pass as "professional" in popular music nowadays, you will once again experience that pure gut music can be.

S.I.

Rod McKuen: Listen to the Warm. Rod McKuen, narrations and vocals; Arthur Green slade, arr. and cond. Dandelion Days; I Live Alone; twelve more. RCA Victor LPM 3863 or LSP 1863, $4.79.

Rod McKuen: The Love Movement. Songs by Rod McKuen; Arthur Greenslade, arr. and cond. Kill the Wind: Smoking Bananas Will Clean Your Mind; nine more. Capitol T 2838 or ST 2838, $4.79.

Rod McKuen: In a Lonely Place. Rod McKuen vocals; Jack Elliott, arr. and cond. Lilac Wine; Stranger in Town; nine more. Kapp KL 1538 or KLS 3538, $4.79.

Rod McKuen: Something Beyond. Songs by Rod McKuen; Arthur Greenslade, arr. and cond. To Climb the Stars: Sun Treader; eleven more. Liberty LRP 3537 or LST 7537, $4.79.

As these four simultaneous releases indicate, Rod McKuen seems to be on a bender of both productivity and popularity.

Listen to the Warm is the recorded version of the newest (and best) book of poems. His soft narrations and vocals are sensitively backed by Arthur Greenslade's orchestrations.

In "The Love Movement," McKuen shows his whimsical and irreverent view of the flower generation. Included are The Complete Madame Butterfly in a minute and a half ("for Reader's Digest fans") and Eastward the Buffalo (or The Raga Rag). Besides the many instrumentals are a few especially good McKuen songs, such as The Way It Was Before and It Gets Lonely When Love Goes, sung by Flo Bennett, who misses. McKuen's funny notes conclude: "I love San Francisco, hate Ashbury. Sleep warm, love ice, carry a big stick.

Though just released, the songs for "In a Lonely Place" were recorded several years ago. All but three songs in this collection were written by other people. While his early singing is less pensive than at present, his voice on this set sounds firmer, less scarred, and beautifully mated to the thoughtful selection.
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There is an article about a speaker system called "Sandwich" which is advertised as having improved sound quality. The article mentions that the speaker system prevents cone breakup or erratic flexing which causes distortion in other speakers. The "Mini-Sandwich" costs $135.00 while the "Mark II" Sandwich costs $199.00. There is also a section about Grundig consoles that remember favorite FM stations and tune them automatically.

NILSSON: Pandemonium Shadow Show
Nilsson, vocals; George Tipton or Perry Botkin, Jr., arr. Ten Little Indians: 1961; Cuddy Toy: nine more. RCA Victor LPM 3847 or LSP 3847, $4.79.

RCA is launching a major campaign on behalf of its newest good-bet, a handsome young man named Nilsson. (From the look of the album photos, Nilsson is understandably awed and frightened by all the sudden attention.) One thing is sure: RCA has its hands on a live one. Nilsson's talents are widely diversified, and while the album's main push is towards the rock market, Nilsson's other talents are allowed room. Perhaps RCA forgot that the true rock fan will not tolerate divergence from its idols; they will resent every non-rock moment on this disc. However, an experienced listener will be impressed by Nilsson's scope. Nilsson's only display of weakness is in his several original songs, all rock-based. They're neither good nor bad; they're only there. But he's adept at singing rock material, as best displayed in Lennon and McCartney's "She's Leaving Home," on which he manages to parrot the sound of all four Beatles without losing his own touch. Another highlight is "You Can't Do That," an agile incorporation of eleven Beatle songs. Without her, a baroque-rock ballad, Nilsson can be attractive at quiet levels when he wishes. For reasons best understood by RCA, the track was recorded at an exaggeratedly muted level.

At the close of Freebies, a song in the style of Winchester Cathedral, Nilsson turns in a delightful moment of quaint, almost Roger Millerish vocal doodling. The most impressive and musical track is "The Be," a fine song full of tricky chord changes and countermeters (it jumps in and out of 5/4). Nilsson soars through this challenge with a grace and technique which most rock singers neither hear nor give voice to. One senses a genuine feel for the clown about Nilsson. He's probably tight enough on his feet to have become a comic if things had gone that way. While most of the new crop practices anti-entertainment, Nilsson has a genuine instinct for performance.

Nilsson and RCA had better decide which way to go. Young fans will turn up their noses at There Will Never Be non-teenies will be put off by River Deep Mountain High (Nilsson's most blatant and raw bid for the Monkee market). While Nilsson is quick-witted enough to parrot his way to success as a rock stylist, he's really too sharp to be happy for long in its confines. Which is too bad, because if he gets a hit rock record, his fans will see to it that he stays in their shackles, while all his more thoughtful talents rot. Good luck. M.A.

PATACHOU: Patachou Sings, Patachou, vocals; orchestra. Le Mariage d'Angèle; Chanson pour Teddy; Vivre; eight more. Columbia CL 2710 or CS 9510, $4.79.

This is the first album to be issued for some time in this country by one of the best of the French chanteuses, Patachou, now evidently in her forties to judge by the cover photo, has improved with time: the voice is richer than ever, the control even more sustained, the manner even more certain—there's that intangible something called artistic maturity.

The material ranges in style from Celui qu'a l'accordéon, another of those seemingly inevitable French songs about a guy who plays Rue de Lappe accordion through Ce piano, a tortured form of that heavy-handed style in which the French attempt bossa nova, to Vivre, a jazz waltz. Some are so-so but the best songs —Monseur de Furstenberg and Quand furent les instants—are excellent. And one song, Les Ronds dans l'eau, is a gem without flaw. A literate piece of poetic material, it concerns the hunger one eventually acquires to leave the city and return to simple things. It's been said before, but never better. G.L.
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CIRCLE 34 ON READER-SERVICE CARD
BILL DIXON ORCHESTRA: Intent and Purposes. Bill Dixon, trumpet, and flugelhorn; Jimmy Cheatham, bass trombone; Robin Kenyatta, alto saxophone; Byard Lancaster, alto saxophone and bass clarinet; George Marge, English horn and flute; Keith Norris, cello; Jimmy Garrison and Reggie Workman, bass; Bob Pozar, drums; Marc Levin, percussion. *Metamorphosis*, 1962-66; *Voices; Nightfall Pieces I and II*. RCA Victor LPM 3844 or LSP 3844, $4.79.

Bill Dixon is a painter and musician who has been an active leader in the jazz avant-garde movement in New York for a number of years. This album, subtitled “the new sounds of the music of tomorrow,” is made up of two long compositions and two short pieces, the latter played by Dixon doubling (on tape) on trumpet and flugelhorn and George Marge on alto flute.

The long works, *Metamorphosis* and *Voices*, are much more accessible to the unadjusted ear than most efforts of the “new thing” musicians, even though Dixon brings in the hallmark sounds of shrieks, squawks, and screeblings. On *Voices* he uses cello, bass clarinet, and bass as a sonorous sustained foundation over which he hangs a very gradually developing flugelhorn solo. The supporting instruments emerge occasionally on their own but the flugelhorn, keenly soulful or erupting in sudden fits of the spits, creates the dominant line. It seems to take a long time to get anywhere and *Metamorphosis*, played by a larger group but constructed in much the same fashion, has a similar effect.

There is more variety in *Metamorphosis* because there are more instruments involved—the two bassists have a brief passage, the cello emerges for a few bars, and Byard Lancaster even has one brawling solo on bass clarinet that challenges Dixon’s soloistic preeminence. Both works move at a trance-like pace, in which action is implied by dynamic change rather than propulsive surge.

Along with the two short *Nightfall Pieces*, they have so much sameness that one wonders if this is the extent of Dixon’s scope. In a way, they are reminiscent of Claude Thornhill’s orchestrations, which hung so heavily and inactively that eventually they threatened to stand completely still. Despite this, Dixon’s temperate use of the “new thing” sounds serves as a helpful bridge for listeners who are trying to hear what’s going on over there. J.S.W.

**LOU DONALDSON: Alligator Boogaloo.** Lou Donaldson, tenor saxophone; Melvin Lastie, Sr., cornet; Lonnie Smith, organ; George Benson, guitar; Leo Morris, drums. *A Mouthful: The Thang, I Want a Little Girl; three more*. Blue Note 4263 or S 84263, $5.79.

Lou Donaldson has been playing his tenor saxophone warmly and with vitality for the past fifteen years and yet, incredibly enough, he has not been able to break through into the upper circle of jazz names that tour the festivals with regularity.

Donaldson has an open, exuberant style; a rich, full tone; and a deep well of swinging ideas that practically demand a ready response. Quite often he has been forced to play his way through routine surroundings but on this disc he leads a fine group in material that is several cuts above the average. One piece, Freddie McCoy’s *One Cylinder*, is a classic tour de force—a riff based on a single note—which, by its consistent simplicity and through the brilliant improvisations of Donaldson and guitarist George Benson, becomes a masterful example of jazz construction. Benson and Donaldson combine again on *I Want a Little Girl* to create a wonderfully open, expansive ballad performance. The other pieces are riff-based things that the group jumps through in an easy, loping fashion as Benson and Donaldson are joined by Melvin Lastie’s tight, cracking cornet on the solos.

Lonnie Smith’s organ is a strong factor in the rhythm section but in his solos he leans towards shrieks and shrills that are unhappily out of context with the honest, unphony approach of the other soloists. J.S.W.

**JOHN KLEMMER QUARTET: Involvement.** John Klemmer, tenor saxophone; Melvin Jackson, bass; Wilbur Campbell, drums; Sam Thomas, guitar; Jodie Christian, piano. *Passion Food; How Deep Is the Ocean; My Blues;* four more. Cadet 797 or 797, $4.79.

This is an astonishing debut album. Klemmer’s saxophone speaks out with the kind of positive authority that implies years and years of cutting away the unnecessary frills. Yet he was twenty-one years old when the album was recorded in May, 1967. I can only be amazed that someone his age plays with the individuality and imagination that appears all through the disc.

Yet, along with Klemmer’s individuality, there is something about the strong, forthright, singing power of his phrasing that is very much like that of another saxophonist who made a recording debut a year earlier, Eddie Daniels. Like Daniels, Klemmer has a lean, vigorous style that draws on practically all the saxophonists who have preceded him, an imagination that extends far beyond the use of a few set figures, and the technical skill to express a fascinating array of ideas with clean precision. He is also has a superb sense of the dramatic. He is dashing and slashing on *My Blues* (with Jodie Christian setting off pianistic fire-
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works at his side), he evokes a tingling atmosphere of expectation in his very deliberate treatment of You Don’t Know What Love Is, and he roars through Later With Them Woes in hair-raising fashion.

Thomas, on guitar, is highly sympathetic to Klemmer’s ideas, backing him superbly and throwing in a few solos that add to the distinction of the set.

J.S.W.

Pee Wee Russell—Henry Red Allen: The College Concert. Red Allen, trumpet and vocal; Pee Wee Russell, clarinet; Steve Kuhn, piano; Charlie Haden, bass; Marty Morell, drums. Blue Monk: Body and Soul; Pee Wee’s Blues; three more. Impulse 9137, $4.98 or $9137, $5.98.

Both Pee Wee Russell and Red Allen have been victims of extended type-casting. Russell was branded as a Dixielander early in his career and has only begun to shake loose from that image in the past ten years. Allen, after a brave, forthright start, survived during the last three decades of his life by channeling his bravura energies into a rut of the lowest common denominator. At this recorded concert, held at M.I.T. in October 1966, they step out of the stereotypes and play themselves.

That they are actually wide-ranging eccentrics is indicated by this program—tunes by Thelonious Monk and John Lewis, a pair of standard ballads that are played by jazzmen of all schools, and two blues. Both men move through this material in their own inimitable ways—Russell torturing his clarinet around odd corners and crags of phrases, Allen blowing his big, forthright, bull-voiced horn and singing with brash assurance. Behind them, they have a young, contemporary rhythm section (Kuhn has been Coltrane’s pianist, Haden frequently plays bass for Ornette Coleman), which fits in easily with Russell and Allen, freshening the backgrounds on the pieces that they have done in the past with traditionally oriented groups.

This is not an album; it’s a recording in itself but it’s an encouraging demonstration that jazz really is all of one piece and not the disparate puddles of idiosyncrasy that it sometimes seems.

J.S.W.

Marty Solal: Solo. Martial Solal, piano; Guy Pedersen, bass; Daniel Humair, drums. Little Doll; Under Paris Skies; Jorja; four more. Milestone MPL 1002 or S9002, $4.79.

Martial Solal is a young French pianist whose exposure in this country, in person or on record, has been rare. His technique is mighty and aggressive. Like Oscar Peterson’s, Solal’s work bears admiration. But Solal, like Tatun, while a fondness for the impressionists is evident in his ballads. But Solal has his own thing. Among the most impressive pieces are Charlie Parker’s Billie’s Bounce and Duke Jordan’s Jorja.

Solal’s idea of a ballad is a medium-slow tempo dotted with quick, exclamatory lines from himself and the bass player. With his technical mastery and interesting grasp of harmonics, one wishes he would delve more deeply into the art of ballads. There’s a lovely passage at the end of Solal’s original, Vezu, in which the pianist moves with simplicity up the scale, repeatedly returning to the tonic.

On this disc Solal is aided by bassist Guy Pedersen, from France, and drummer Daniel Humair, from Geneva, both of whom have worked extensively with the Swingle Singers. While Pedersen is a firm, round-toned rhythm player, I find his solos limited. Humair’s competent, though a bit heavy on brushes and light on imagination.

Martial Solal is possibly the most exciting recent European pianist, and this album befits well, shoots a hot shaft into America’s condescension towards European jazz musicians.

M.A.
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FOLK

ERIC ANDERSON: 'Bout Changes 'n Things. Take 2. Eric Anderson, vocals and guitar; rhythm accompaniment. Blind Fiddler; Thirsty Boots; Cross Your Mind; nine more. Vanguard VRS 9236 or VSD 79236, $5.79.

Make no mistake: Eric Anderson writes good tunes. All three of them. He has provided about twenty different sets of lyrics for them, singing with a great deal of sincerity and conviction. He is young and good-looking; his lyrics ideas are properly poetic, disjointed, and filled with cluttered imagery. He manages to disguise a pleasant voice by compressing it into the pattern of delivery made popular by Bob Dylan. In fact, one could easily label Anderson a musical Bob Dylan.

This album is comprised of pieces previously recorded by Anderson. With two exceptions, all are his compositions. The difference is that on this album, Anderson's work is augmented by organ, piano, bass, and drums. One supposes that this is sufficient justification for re-recording material from a previous album. It also opens new vistas for future recordings.

I can hardly wait to hear John Jacob Niles or Richard Dyer-Bennet with Fender bass, organ, piano, bass, and drums. It's easily done. The original tapes could simply be re-recorded with instrumental tracks added. You can have your pick of any of the greats, with your choice of rhythm sections. How about Leadbelly and the Fugs?

If you liked the original Anderson album of these songs, you'll probably like it again. On the other hand, you may want to save your money and watch for the release of Blind Lemon Jefferson with the Boston Pops.

T.P.

ARAB MUSIC. Lyric chord LL 186, $4.98 or LLST 7186, $5.98.

Arab music is very old, so old that in it we may be hearing authentic echoes of Ur of the Chaldees, Babylon, and Sheba. Upon first acquaintance, Westerners tend to dismiss Arab music as formless, repetitious, unmelodic. Admittedly, it requires getting used to and no one is likely to hum Arab hits to himself. But its very iteration, its complex simplicity are extensions of all Arabic art—the geometric figures repeated endlessly in rugs, tiles, brocades. architecture—and of the Arab character itself. This album offers four such songs and four instrumental pieces performed by Egyptian artists.

I do not, incidentally, share the conviction of the annotator regarding Egypt as a repository of Islamic music: the finest and the purest still comes from the Arabian Peninsula itself. Still, barring an expedition to the Yemen, you are unlikely to hear more authentic performances than these. This music is ancient, different, and—since there are 100,000,000 Arabs in the world—important. Interested parties will be enchanted. Superlative engineering. O.B.B.

BIG BILL BROONZY. Bill Broonzy, vocals and guitar. Ridin' on Down; Feelin' Lowdown; Treat Everybody Right; seven more. Archive of Folk Music FS 213, $5.79 (stereo only).

On the wall of the Folklore Center in Chicago hangs Big Bill Broonzy's old Martinsville guitar. It's sort of enshrined there, complete with descriptive card. Big Bill deserves tribute, but not mummification, for no one was more vital in his music. Archive of Folk Music Records had a better idea. When Broonzy was in Paris in the late 1940s, he made a number of 78s. Archive has reprocessed them for a stereo-type effect and entitled the album simply "Big Bill Broonzy." It is just that: Big Bill, simple, unadorned, and as great as ever.

There are standouts. In the Evenin', See See Rider, Baby Please Don't Go. Also in the collection is Sixteen Tons, which Bill does in major key throughout. On St. Louis Blues, done instrumentally, Broonzy touches only lightly on the minor passages. The effect is odd but consistently Big Bill.

One can only speculate on how and in what sort of surroundings the original recordings were made. They include such unmusical sounds as snoring, throat clearings, coughs, and "Okay? Now? Okay!" However, most drawbacks of re-processed 78s are absent. There is a minimum amount of hiss, clicks, and pops.

A must for traditional blue buffs.

T.P.

YUL BRYNNER: The Gypsy and I. Yul Brynner, vocals; rhythm accompaniment. Sokolov's Guitar; The Shawl; Two Guitars; nine more. Vanguard VRS 9256 or VSD 79256, $5.79.

Theodore Bikel has recorded gypsy music and he's a pretty good actor. He's not a gypsy, though. Yul Brynner is also a pretty good actor who is not a gypsy. Why shouldn't Brynner make an album of gypsy music too? It seems he has more credentials than Bikel: the liner notes, written by Roc Brynner (?), state that Yul met up with a band of gypsies in Paris when he was nineteen and played with them in cabarets until the beginning of World War II. This album marks their reunion, some twenty-five years later.

The songs are sung in Rom, the gypsy language. Rough translations are included in the notes. The album purports to be the real gypsy music, not the commercial stuff sung for the entertainment of non-gypsies. Gypsy soul music, if you will.

HIGH FIDELITY MAGAZINE
Anthropologists have been studying the gypsies for years. Or trying to study them. The one thing on which most of them concur is that gypsies have a universal distaste for anyone not born a gypsy. Stolen-from-the-cradle rumors notwithstanding, there are no adopted gypsies. (The maximum penalty in gypsy law is not death—it is ostracization from the tribe.) Just how Yul managed to get so far inside a tribe is a puzzle indeed. Perhaps not enough anthropologists play guitar and sing.

In any event, the music itself is great entertainment. It contains the same complexities of rhythm, alternating sadness and joy, that characterize all gypsy music, be it Russian or flamenco. Special fun is Ne Serdis (Don't Be Angry), a sort of left-handed love song; touching in feeling is Khasiyam (I Am Lost).

Brynner sings well and with great feeling. The atmosphere of the record, interspersed with little conversations, responses and jokes, is romantic and spontaneous.

I hope the gypsies who accompany Brynner on this record make a lot of money on it—enough to open a whole chain of empty stores.

THE FEENJON GROUP: Jerusalem of Gold, Margalit Ankory, vocals, with singers and instrumentalists of the Feenjon Group. Yerushalayim Shel Zahav; Migdalim; Chiribim; nine more, Monitor MFS 488, $4.79 (compatible disc).

Travel brochures and starry-eyed reporters aside, Israel is still groping towards some kind of national musical expression. The dominant Ashkenazi Jews from Europe don't dig the oud and don't want to; Oriental Jews would just as soon bury the past and upgrade to the clarinet or oboe. Only on some of the more intellectualized kibbutzim do you see an occasional earnest group trying to dance a hora Arab-style or otherwise shape some suitable East-West blending that might become uniquely Israeli.

While the raison d'être of this fine album is obviously the title ballad, Jerusalem of Gold—a kind of theme song of the slashing June victory over the Arabs—it does present, thoughtfully, vividly, and with high artistry the varied strands of Israel's evolving traditional music. Playing instruments indigenous to the Middle East, the Feenjons perform with skill, verve, and above all with integrity. This is the way it really sounds.

As to the title song—sensuously and feelingly sung by Margalit Ankory—it is a quietly emotional evocation of the millennia-old yearning of dispersed Jews for the olden, golden capital of David. We are assured by the album notes and by many an official visitor from Eretz Israel that the lovely ballad—written only last May on commission from the mayor of Jerusalem—inspired the Israel Defense Force in its brilliant campaign. A PR man's dream come true. Having just returned myself from the Golden City, I cannot help wondering—rather wryly—if the soldiers also hummed it as they systematically looted East Jerusalem.

O.B.B.
THEATRE & FILM

CAMELOT: Music from the sound track of the movie. Richard Harris, Vanessa Redgrave, vocals; orchestra, Alfred Newman, cond. Warner Bros. B 1712, $4.79 or BS 1712, $5.79. Because of the stupifying success of My Fair Lady, there is a tendency to undervalue or even overlook the other excellent scores turned out by Alan Jay Lerner and Frederick Loewe. The release of the film version of Camelot refocuses attention on one of their best.

Whether the principles—Richard Harris, Vanessa Redgrave, Franco Nero, and David Hemmings—do their own singing isn't clarified by the liner notes. But it's implied that they do. If so, they sing quite well indeed.

Take Me to the Fair is an amusing illustration of the malicious side of feminine wiles: the title song, Camelot, is a charmingly wistful portrait of the world the way it should be; and If Ever I Would Leave You is one of the finest love ballads to come from the American theatre. Alfred Newman's scoring is excellent.

G.L.

JERRY GOLDSMITH: Hour of the Gun. Music from the sound track of the movie. Orchestra, Jerry Goldsmith, cond. United Artists UAL 4166 or UAS 5166, $2.79. Westerns don't offer the motion picture composer the greatest possible scope. Still, some excellent music has been written for that genre of film. Jerry Goldsmith, whose music added so much to The Sand Pebbles, has turned in for Hour of the Gun (Still another retelling of the Earp-Clanton fight at the O.K. Corral) one of the most arresting Western scores since Hugo Friedhofer's One-Eyed Jacks.

One theme is used throughout, but in a broad variety of treatments. The main title music, in which timpani sound ominously while violins (playing high harmonics) accompany an amplified guitar, is eerie. (When an amplified guitar and a semi-electronic instrument was used for a Henry Fonda TV Western series, it sounded anachronous. By now, apparently, we're used to the sound: it doesn't seem at all out of place here.)

The fault of the album is a common one in film score discs: the music should have been edited down to about twenty minutes, rather than stretched out to fill a whole album. It would have been much more effective for home listening. The sound here is far superior to most sound-track albums.

G.L.
MICHEL LEGRAND: The Young Girls of Rochefort. Music from the sound track of the movie. Philips PC 2-226 or PCC 2-626, $11.58 (two discs).

The French musical film Umbrellas of Cherbourg was a little masterpiece. Composers and arrangers in this country were fascinated, even haunted, by it. It was something new: a jazz opera, maybe the first ever written, conceived and executed as a film. By and large, it worked.

The Young Girls of Rochefort, made by the same team (composer Michel Legrand and lyricist-librettist-director Jacques Demy), could reasonably be expected to improve on it. It doesn't. It is too clever by half, and Legrand's curious tendency to overwrite, largely overcome in the simplicity of the Umbrellas story, gets out of hand. He throws in everything but the kitchen sink: a concertolike theme that harks back to his score for L'Ariette insaisite (a film and album unfortunately never released here); scoo-be-doosing, neo-Mimi Perrin singing; a little bossa nova; and, in the instrumental sections, some superior swing-band scoring. (The drummer on the album is marvelous, by the way—Kenny Clarke?) What he doesn't throw in is a really memorable melody, although he makes ingenious use of his thematic material in different settings, as he did in Umbrellas.

Legrand is a brilliant musician. He can do anything. He even sings well. What he lacks is restraint: it's the faint that's been on his writing since he wrote that best-selling I Love Paris album for Columbia in 1954, when he was twenty-one. At that time it was tolerable: very young writers are eager to show off everything they can do, if necessary within eight bars. But taste, as Henry Mancini once said in another context, "is knowing when to cool it." Michel has never really acquired the knack of cooling it. This is most evident here when at times the singers, called on to sing instrumental-like jazz lines (easier to do in French than English, actually, because the language articulates so much more deftly), start stumbling over the time, like a man off balance who runs to keep from falling down.

Jacques Demy says of the film: "I want to combine beautiful music, beautiful cinematography, and beautiful color to create a happy film about happy people who are not burdened with problems, except the universal one—searching for love and making it flourish." Yeah—well, that sounds suspiciously like the apocryphal Hollywood mogul of old who demanded "happy films about happy people with happy problems." In other words, the conception is superficial, and that's precisely how I found Demy's tangled story and his libretto, most of which is printed in a folio with the album.

Curiously enough, I wish this film and this album success. For Legrand and Demy are onto something important in this old genre of picture, and I hope they make enough money on this one to do a third—one that perhaps will fulfill the striking promise of The Umbrellas of Cherbourg.

G.L.

The show people love...

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MICHEL LEGRAND: The Young Girls of Rochefort. Music from the sound track of the movie. Philips PC 2-226 or PCC 2-626, $11.58 (two discs).

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G.L.
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BY R.D. DARRELL

A Galaxy of Glorias. If one finds oneself somberly viewing the world's prospects for the forthcoming New Year with more foreboding than hope, I can suggest no more bracing antidote than to re hear the Glorias in which the great composers have expressed their spirit of exultant affirmation. Deutsche Grammophon/Ampex has now made available an anthology of Glorias and similar choruses (DGC 6491, 54 min., $7.95) drawn from well-known DGG recordings: the Bach Mass in B minor and Christmas Oratorio, both conducted by Richter; Handel's Messiah, in German, by Richter again; Haydn's St. Cecelia and In tempore belti Masses, Jochum and Kubelik, respectively; Mozart's Coro nation Mass; under Markovitch; Liszt's Hungarian Coronation Mass, by Ferencsik; and Bruckner's "Great" Mass No. 3, in F minor, led by Jochum. I know one can easily point out technical flaws here—the oldest recording, the 1960 Gloria from Haydn's St. Cecelia, is considerably darker and less lucid in sound than the later releases represented . . . the performance of the novel Liszt Gloria is a bit below par . . . the excessive side-length influence of the tape results in a long blank section before the "A" side begins . . . the reel is provided with neither texts nor detailed notes. But these things are reduced to inconsequence as one is carried away by the joyous outcry Gloria in Excelsis Deo.

Mozartean Miracles. For more music of a comparable if different eloquence one has only to look to that quintessence of Mozart's genius, the complete series of his piano concertos—made available for the first time in its entirety on tape (or indeed any kind of medium) in the 33-ips Epic reels starring Lili Kraus. Vols. 1 and 2 (ESC 850-51) were noted in this column for April and June, 1967; Vols. 3 and 4 are respectively ESC 863, approx. 132 min., and ESC 864, approx. 15 min., $11.59 each. Throughout Stephen Simon's Vienna Festival Orchestra is no match in stylistic distinction for the soloist, and the sonics—clean and bright as they may be—are scarcely outstanding, although in Vol. 4 both the recording and the orchestral playing seem to rise more often above the merely acceptable. For the later concertos there are, of course, rival recorded versions by such notable artists as Rubin stein, Serkin, Haskell, and Fleisher, but Miss Kraus' readings have highly individual attractions and in the less familiar concertos she is without any tape competition at all. Vol. 3 of the series, for example, includes first tape editions of the first four concertos (K. 37, 39, 40, and 41—actually young Mozart's transcriptions of music by other composers, and intended for a solo harpsichord rather than piano and orchestra) and of the first two true Mozartian concertos, Nos. 5 and 6, K. 175 and 238. In fact, in this reel only No. 25, K. 503 has been taped before (by Fleisher for Epic). Vol. 4 features four first stereo tape editions: Nos. 13 through 16, K. 415, 449, 450, and 451; while its No. 21, K. 467 has been taped previously only by Rubinstein for RCA Victor, and its No. 27, K. 595 only by Serkin for Columbia. Of the twenty-five works in the complete series (Nos. 7 and 10 are excluded since they call for two pianos) the stereo tape first total seventeen!

Yet here statistics are almost irrelevant. What really matters is the depth and intensity of experience revealed in these miniature music-dramas. If one knows, from the Letters, the circumstances under which most of these pieces were written, their dramatic force is poignantly enhanced. If one has a close familiarity with the scores themselves, one's appreciation of the sheer craftsmanship involved is similarly enhanced. Yet even without such knowledge, any attentive listener must find this music exhaustingly rewarding.

Sometimes the Good Old Days—at least for what a few of us think of as an age of unforgettable tunes and irresistible dance rhythms. Nostalgia is notoriously delusive, but at the moment I'm tempted to believe memory hasn't played false. Try for yourself the persuasive testimony offered by two RCA Victor "Collectors' Series" retrospective anthologies of mono masterpieces: "Vintage Jazz—From New Orleans to 52nd Street" (TP3 5026, 73 min.) and "The Best of Tommy Dorsey and of Artie Shaw" (TP3 5021, 74 min.). 33-ips, double-play, $9.95 each. Each of these reels brings a wealth of well-remembered song hits played in truly idiomatic style rather than in the overfancy arrangements usual today. And what is even more delightfully surprising is that, while the recordings are acoustically far too dry by present standards, the sound of the orchestras themselves is still an aural delight. Rehearing, in "Vintage Jazz," some of the finest playing of the hands led by Jelly Roll Morton, Sidney Bechet, Benny Mckinlay (with Count Basie at the piano), Duke Ellington, Benny Goodman, Earl Hines, Coleman Hawkins, and many others, is irrefutable proof that these music makers have never been matched in their own domains. The great talents of younger generations speak another language entirely!) And among all the great entertainers gifted with special powers of personality projection, one of the few who will always remain sui generis is Fats Waller!

From Russia with Love. What is an old story where the great Tchaikovsky and Stravinsky ballets are concerned—that excerpts discs provide little notion of the works' full stature—should have prevented my surprise at finding Prokofiev's complete Cinderella ballet far more enjoyable than I ever had suspected from hearing it on records in highlights versions (by Ansermet for London and by Stokowski for Everest). Now Melodiya/Angel has released recording of all the score's fifty pieces, played with obviously loving relish by the Moscow Radio Symphony Orchestra under Gennady Rozhdestvensky (Y2S 4102, 33-ips, double-play, 107 min., $11.98). If Cinderella is less poetic and poetic than Romeo and Juliet, it is still a delectable ballet in its own right, with much of Prokofiev's inimitable scoring felicity. The performance is authoritatively idiomatic, the orchestra highly competent and spirited, and the sound captured with the music's natural warmth and piquancy.

In two other recent Melodiya/Angel Prokofiev tapings the engineering is often impressively vivacious, appearing more closely miked, with occasional spot lighting and with more candid exposure of the executants' occasional lapses into tonal coarseness or stridency. Rozhdestvensky and the Moscow Radio Symphony are heard again in suites drawn from the relatively unfamiliar Chout and Pas d'acier ballets of 1915 and 1925 respectively (Y1S 40017, 33-ips, 52 min., $6.98). Though the music here seems decidedly dated, there are still many amusing details, in Chout especially. The second reel contains one of Prokofiev's supreme masterpieces, the Alexander Nevsky cantata, Op. 78, sung here by mezzo Larissa Avdeyeva and the RSFSR Russian Chorus with the USSR Symphony Orchestra conducted by Yevgeny Svetlanov (ZS 40010, 7.5-ips, 39 min., $7.98). Interestingly as this version is for its authenticity Russian character, it is only acceptably performed and recorded. The only previous tape version, with Lilii Chirikasian and Thomas Schippers for Columbia, was by no means ideal either, but it did have the advantages of more impressive, if thinner, sonics—including the sound of one of the weightiest and deepest bass drums ever captured on records.

January 1968
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So said William Gard of the National Association of Music Merchants. "Americans spend more money on music than the rest of the world put together." Gard said. "Total U.S. spending for music and home entertainment now adds up to more than $6 billion a year—or $1 out of every $5 spent for some form of recreation."

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* * *

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The woofer that lost its whistle

The woofer cone in a very small enclosure must move a long way to provide all the bass you want to hear. In the new E-V EIGHT, for instance, the 6-inch cone moves back and forth over one-half inch. But in most woofers something strange happens as it moves. It whistles!

You see, the air trapped inside the speaker is literally "pumped" in and out past the voice coil. The whistle is almost inevitable. Except, that is, in the E-V EIGHT.

We did two things almost nobody else bothers to do. First, we vented the woofer. Air can't be trapped inside. Then we punched six big holes in the voice coil form. Air can't be pumped back and forth. And that's how the E-V EIGHT lost its whistle (and gained almost 2 db extra efficiency in the low bass in the bargain!)

The E-V EIGHT tweeter was another story. We aimed to eliminate the "buzz" and "fuzz" so typical of modestly priced speaker systems. What was needed was a better way to control cone motion at very high frequencies. And it literally took years of testing to solve the problem.

The answer looks deceptively simple. We put a ring of short-fiber polyester felt behind the cone, and a precisely measured amount of viscous vinyl damping compound under the edge. Plus a light-weight aluminum voice coil to extend the range to the limits of your hearing. Highs are remarkably uniform and as clean as a (oops!) whistle!

Even the E-V EIGHT enclosure is unusual. Examine the walnut grain carefully, especially at the corners. It's a perfect match because we use one long piece of wood, folded to form the cabinet! And we add a clear vinyl shield on every finished surface, to protect the E-V EIGHT from the mars and scratches of day-to-day living.

There are so many good ideas inside the tiny new E-V EIGHT, you may wonder how we found room for them all. Chalk it up to top-notch engineering talent and facilities, plus a very real dedication to the ideal of better value in every product.

Listen to the E-V EIGHT with the whistle-free woofer at your nearby Electro-Voice high fidelity showroom today. Then ask the price. At no more than $44.00 it's the best story of all.
The highly-rated Sherwood S-8800 now features Field Effect Transistors (FET's) in the RF and Mixer stages to prevent multiple responses when used with strong FM signals.

Among the Model S-8800's many useful features are two front-panel switches for independent or simultaneous operation of main and remote stereo speaker systems.

Visit your Sherwood dealer now for a demonstration of those features which make Sherwood's new Model S-8800-FET receiver so outstanding. With Sherwood, you also get the industry's longest warranty—3 years, including transistors.

Compare these Model S-8800 specs: 40 watts music power (4 ohms) • Distortion: 0.1% (under 10W.) • FM sensitivity: 1.8 μv (110%) • Cross-modulation rejection: 95db • FM hum & noise: 70db.

Sherwood Electronic Laboratories proudly announces that its most-honored FM receiver, the Model S-8800, has been further enhanced with the addition of Field-Effect Transistors.

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