Cassettes

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Mahler, Ives, Berlioz, Nielsen—Why Are They “In”?

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Mail this coupon for your free copy of The Fisher Handbook, 1969 edition. This reference guide provides detailed information on all Fisher components.

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Switched-on Bach-Carlos-Folkman-Moog

Domestic discs: a pressing issue
An "at home" shopping service

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Help! Police!

DEAR READER:

The criminal profession has never lagged far behind other service crafts in the sophistication of its marketing procedures. Since a major marketing ploy in the service fields has long been the degree of specialization a practitioner can assume, no one should be surprised at the remarkably narrow specialization among today's criminal talent. When Eye-Ear-Nose-and-Throat Men, Corporation Attorneys, and Beethoven Experts first detached themselves from just plain doctors, lawyers, and musicians, there was a parallel development of Second-Story Men and Automobile Thieves. Then, with further subdivisions into Anesthetists, Municipal Tax Experts, and Mozart-String-Quartet Record Reviewers, it was only a matter of time before the emergence of Automobile Tape Cartridge Thieves. To the police, these pilferers are a sub-sub-sub-group of Automobile Thieves: they don't steal cars, but only what's inside; they don't take spare tires or batteries, but only electrical accessories; and they don't steal ordinary car radios, but tape cartridge players and short-wave equipment. And they come equipped with the proper tools.

I learned about the proliferation of this new science firsthand when my car was broken into in New York and my 8-track player removed. (When I mentioned the incident to a representative of the Chicago firm that manufactured the player, he told me that his own machine had been stolen at O'Hare Airport. I also understand that in Long Beach, Calif., alone, 1,500 similar thefts were reported last year.)

When I reported my own misadventure, Tom Churchill, the 48th Precinct's fingerprint man and police photographer (and a high fidelity buff), informed me that there was little one could do to prevent such thefts other than to avoid leaving telltale cartridges in view or to "get an alarm system for the car; it usually scares the kids away when they hear it go off."

Kids? "Yes, kids! Most tape cartridge specialists are between fourteen and seventeen. They usually walk around with clippers and screwdrivers. If they spot one of those antennas short-wave enthusiasts put on their cars, they go for that one. Otherwise they just look inside cars hoping to find a tape player. They seldom get more than ten dollars for a stereo system, but most of them are hooked on some drug or other and that's enough for a shot or two."

I can think of one solution, but to my knowledge no manufacturer either has it or is working on it. I would like to see a plug-in stereo cassette player/recorder—one that could play stereo cassettes through a car's two (or four) installed speakers, but which you could also remove when leaving the car, not only to prevent someone else from removing it, but for use as a portable tape recorder—or even as a plug-in addition to a home stereo system. (The car-mount that Norelco has always had for its Carry-Corder does not solve the problem; in the mount the Carry-Corder still plays only through its own tiny speaker, and it is, of course, not stereo.)

Next month our tape emphasis will be on the open-reel variety. We will give a detailed run-down on the principle behind the tape recorder in "THE MAGIC MACHINE" and we will also teach you "HOW TO BECOME YOUR OWN ELECTRONIC-MUSIC COMPOSER" via your home tape recorder and a little imagination. We will then invite you to enter HIGH FIDELITY'S ELECTRONIC-MUSIC CONTEST. And, for a clincher, John McClure, Columbia Records' Director of Masterworks, will explain why he thinks non-electronic music is just about dead, in "THE CLASSICAL BAG."

Leonard Marcus
Editor
"In use tests, the Garrard SL 95 performed flawlessly. From both mechanical operation and listening quality standpoints, it left nothing to be desired."

Stereo Review, April 1969
Pressing Issue

I would like to add my support to James J. Badal, Jr., whose letter [April 1969] complains so bitterly of Philips' abysmal domestic pressings. I have similar tales of woe concerning Solti's Die Walküre on London, the Guarnieri recording of Beethoven's five "middle quartets" on RCA, Klemperer's Fliegende Holländer and Kempé's Ariadne auf Naxos, both on Angel. In none of these cases was it possible to locate a satisfactory set—unlike Deutsche Grammophon or Telefunken, whose pressings are consistently excellent. If some companies can manage real quality control, why can't the others?

Morton Bernan
Cambridge, Mass.

RCA is a particularly serious offender when it comes to surface clicks and pops—sometimes they last for the entire length of the record. Not only that, but what happens to the original fine sound when a recording is re-released on the Victrola line? Since my Red Seal copy of Reiner's Also sprach Zarathustra began to show signs of wear, I was hopeful that the Victrola release would sound equally fine. No such luck. As with other re-issues, RCA has taken a perfect recording and turned it into a sonic bowl of oatmeal. The surface is poor, the timpani have lost their bite, the strings screech and yowl, and the beautiful airy spaciousness of the original is gone.

Donald Charles
New York, N.Y.

Having purchased and listened to the highly acclaimed Philips recording of Berlioz' Roméo et Juliette, I am driven to voice great disappointment. To itemize all the specific defects heard on this recording would indeed make this a long letter; let it suffice to single out the gross distortion, harsh highs, and plentiful lack of lows that characterize Philips' latest sorry effort. It is tragic that the superb performance by Colin Davis, the London Symphony Orchestra, et al. has been given such poor treatment.

Anthony F. Granza
Urbana, Ill.

It's about time someone gave forthright attention to the problem of domestic pressings and quality control. About six years ago, in the Stereophile, J. Gordon Holt called attention to the deplorable sonic quality of American-pressed Angel releases as compared with their British EMI counterparts. After a few direct comparisons of my own, I found he was right and have since bought most of my EMI recordings direct from England.

I heartily second, also, the comments of your reviewers, Bernard Jacobson and Harris Goldsmith, on the recently released RCA recordings of the Philadelphia Orchestra. I had already bought one of these (the Bruckner Seventh) and was appalled that a major label would foist this kind of sound on the public in 1969. Reading reviews of these recordings in other publications, however, I began to doubt the evidence of my own ears. Thanks to Mr. Jacobson for confirming that my ears—and my equipment—are still OK.

Thomas C. Shield
Wilmette, Ill.

A hearty second to Messrs. Badal and Jaffe on imported and domestic pressings. In my experience, Angel's the biggest offender. I own Lipatti's performances of the two Schubert Impromptus—from the farewell concert—on Pathé as well as the Angel pressing of the complete concert. On Pathé, the piano sound is distant but clear, distinct, and natural. On Angel, the same performance comes through in a sonic haze—distant but foggy, the dynamics and frequency range abbreviated. Patiently, some engineer and a filter had a high old time.

Or compare the domestic pressing of the first Callas Norma with the Odeon. Or Cantelli on Scaramph as against Cantelli on HMV. Or compare Fischer-Dieskau on Angel with his Schubert lieder recordings on Odeon. Carelessness from an American record firm I can understand, particularly carelessness in rather unprofitable matters; but the Angel sound took some hard work on someone's part.

Greg Audette
San Francisco, Calif.

Not So New

In leafing through the April 1969 issue, I discovered two reviews claiming incorrectly that the new issues under discussion were first recordings. The first was Mozart's Zaide, which was recorded well over twenty years ago on the Polydor label. The cast included Matti-Wilda Dobbs and Hugues Cuénod with

Continued on page 8

Gremlin Eats Slug

A gremlin in our printing plant ate a slug marked "Bowers/Scrain' from the top of page 57 in our June issue. If this gave you problems in following the two side-by-side features titled "A 60-Year-Old Controversy Flares Up Again," you'll be pleased to learn that it gave the gremlin ulcers.

HIGH FIDELITY MAGAZINE
Erich Leinsdorf has directed symphony orchestras and opera companies all over the world. He uses AR high fidelity components for home listening.

Music Director of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Erich Leinsdorf is intimately acquainted with the sound of the world's great orchestras and the concert halls in which they perform. His recorded performances with the Boston Symphony Orchestra on RCA Victor Red Seal Records, which now consist of nearly 80 works, represent a major contribution to the classical and contemporary recorded musical literature. For his private listening, Mr. Leinsdorf uses AR-3a speaker systems, an AR turntable and an AR amplifier for music listening.

Acoustic Research makes AR speaker systems, amplifiers and turntables. All are described in our catalog, obtainable for the asking.
Anyone who wants the best and is worried about spending an extra $20 ought to have his ears examined.

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"THE ST-PRO-B PASSED *CBS LABS' TESTS BETTER THAN ANY STEREO HEADSET PREVIOUSLY ENCOUNTERED"

As appearing in HIGH FIDELITY MAGAZINE EQUIPMENT REPORTS, October 1968 issue.

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CIRCLE 61 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

LETTERS

Continued from page 6

the Paris Philharmonic conducted by René Leibowitz.

The second error concerned Mendelssohn's Die erste Walpurgisnacht, also released many years ago on Concert Hall CHS 1159. This performance was conducted by Otto Ackerman with the Netherland Philharmonic and a group of Dutch soloists.

J. B. MacDonald
Quebec, Canada

Stokowski's Seating Arrangements

Quite often people ask me why the seating of the American Symphony Orchestra differs from that of other orchestras. The reason is based on the physical nature of the instruments themselves. Every instrument projects its tone in an individual manner—for example, the horns send their tone downwards and to the right, the tuba sends its tone upward and to the left. These differences in direction of tone are important in determining the instrumental ensemble as heard by the listening public. The usual seating of the orchestra places the double basses on the right side of the stage, thereby projecting the basses' tone away from the listeners. The American Symphony Orchestra has basses and cellos on the left side because the tone then goes directly to the public and supports and blends with the sound of the other instruments. Often in polyphonic music, the woodwinds and the strings answer each other antiphonally and that is why we have the woodwinds on the right side of the stage and the strings on the left.

Every concert hall has different acoustical qualities. These qualities should be studied and the orchestra accordingly arranged so that the listeners receive a well-balanced instrumental blend. Albert Hall in London, for example, has a deep stage, and the cellos and basses sound full and rich when elevated at the back of the orchestra. Carnegie Hall in New York has a wide but comparatively shallow stage: here the cellos and basses sound best on the left. These are only a few of the important reasons why the American Symphony Orchestra has a different seating arrangement from the usual one. The traditional seating came down to us from the small orchestra of Haydn's time; the large modern symphonic orchestra must adapt itself to quite different acoustical problems.

Leopold Stokowski
New York, N.Y.

Golden Age Baritones

Three cheers for Conrad L. Osborne. Anyone who would include Magini-Coletti in his list of the five best baritones on records ("The Art of Mattia Battistini," April 1969) has got to know more about good singing than 98% of his readers—so get off his back, you

Continued on page 10

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July 1969  

CIRCLE 12 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

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LETTERS

Continued from page 8

guys! His rejoinder to John Culsaw
in the same issue was beautiful, and
the entire Battistini review was a gem.

As a long-time collector of the baritone voice on records, I might take issue
with Mr. Osborne for not including
Leonard Warren on his list when he saw
fit to place Pasquale Amato in such
august company. But I know his reasons
for doing so are well thought out and
not the product of ignorance or petty
bias, so I won't quibble. Now, after
eight LPs devoted to the art of Battis-
tini, could somebody give us just one
by Giuseppe Pacini or Domenico Vigli-
one Borghese?

Richard C. Vet Siebe
Fort Wayne, Ind.

Gothic Misunderstanding

Harris Goldsmith is an adoration to
the world of music reviewing; however, I
cannot resist adding a counter-comment
to his fountain of praise for Glenn
Gould's Scriabin-Prokofiev recording
(March 1969).

Scriabin's Third Sonata is not "the
so-called Gothic Sonata." It has no
apelation of any kind either popularly
or privately. There was a time when
Scriabin contemplated "a Gothic Sonata"
when he was very young and very
moved by the sight and site of Heidel-
berg Castle. But he did nothing about it.
Further, it is not "the only four-
movement work among the ten piano
sonatas Scriabin wrote." The First
Sonata with the celebrated Funeral March
is in four movements.

Now, while it is terribly nice of Mr.
Goldsmith to speak of Scriabin as "that
much misunderstood composer," doesn't
he rather compound the misunderstanding
by subsequently referring to Scriabin's
"all but incomerent late 'Mystic' ram-
blings?" I think that "coherence" is prob-
able one of the weaknesses of the last
sonatas, although they contain some of
the best music the composer ever wrote.

\textit{Faubion Bowers}
New York, N.Y.

Furtwängler Misrepresented

David Hamilton is an excellent critic, a
graceful writer, and he knows his Furt-
wängler. But his review of the pirated
Everest edition of the Beethoven Ninth
(April 1969) is much too gentlemanly.
He does not note that the Everest engineers
"ran the whole thing a semitone sharp,
thereby getting it in under the wire
at sixty-nine minutes." But this does
not convey to the reader the fact that
each movement is shorter than the So-
viet Melodiya (D 010851-4) or Unicorn
(UCH 100-101) versions (each taking
three sides rather than two), and that
the tempos are frantic not because of
Furtwängler but because of the engineers.

The Everest edition is a sonic abor-
tion, and as such deserved some of the
lachrymose wit of Clifford F. Gilmore aimed
at the same firm’s plagiarism of Oscau

Lyre’s jacket notes for the Mozart
\textit{Lithuanie Laurentane} (also in the April
issue).

The interested listener can obtain the
Unicorn pressing of the 1942 Ninth from
Edward Jones, O. Box 315, Bing-
hamton, New York for $1.70 prepaid.
The fourth side of this set contains the
Brahms \textit{Haydn Variations} with the Ber-
lin Philharmonic.

Daniel Gillis
Haverford, Penna.

Distorted Rock

I wish Arnold Shaw great success in his
attempts to reap some of the benefits
flowing from the “rock revolution” on
which he casts his rather self-righteously
bemused eye ["Rocks in Their Heads," April 1969]. However, before he be-
comes involved with the “academic” in-
vasion of the rock field, I suspect that he
might be well advised to avoid himself
of such professorial niceties as accuracy
of reference.

Not pretending to wide-ranging ex-
pertise in the field, I cannot myself of-
fer more than a token list of Mr. Shaw’s
errors or distortions; my few samples,
however, may suffice to indicate the gen-
eral intellectual level of his article. 1) The alleged critic from Furscally who
"panted" enthusiastically Van Dyke
Park’s Song Cycle was in fact writing in
the late Cethyst; the writer in question
was Peter Winkler, a gifted “serious
composer, whose perceptive and informed
criticism was of great, if short-lived,
value to the rock scene. 2) As readers of
Prof. DeMott’s article (in \textit{The New York
Times Magazine}) may remember, his
quasi-scriptural outpouring in praise of
rock represented an imagined paraphrase
of what some equally imaginary rock
fan might have said to describe his at-
tachment to this music—not Mr. De-
Mott’s own response. 3) Finally, the
eminent poet Louis Simpson may feel
a shade worried about the notion of a
similarly named—but far more obscure—
to what a wandering around appropriat-
ing his remarks about Bob Dylan.

Joshua Rifkin
Princeton, N.J.

Getting Haydn Right

In his thorough and well-considered re-
view of my recording of Haydn’s London
Symphonies [January 1969], Philip Hart
very properly draws attention to the
“heroic” labors of H. C. Robbins Lan-
don in providing authentic scores. Mr.
Hart obviously feels that my perform-
ances follow Professor Landon’s monu-
mental edition scrupulously (with only
two exceptions noted in the review) and
due credit should have been given in
Nonesuch’s notes.

It is not surprising that Mr. Hart as-
sumed that my performances were ac-
tually based on the Landon scores, though
in fact only the first six symphonies were
so based, and then not entirely. That
your reviewer found those two excep-
tions shows painstaking listening on his
part. When these recordings were made,

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\textbf{High Fidelity Magazine}

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This exciting innovation is made possible through the incorporation of a built-in Sound Effect Amplifier (S.E.A.), a versatile component that divides the audio range into five different frequencies. It enables the 5001 and 5003 to be tailored to the acoustical characteristics of any room, or to match the sound characteristics of any cartridge or speaker system. Functions that were once reserved for expensive studio equipment. But even without the built-in S.E.A. system, the 5001 and 5003 would be outstanding values. They offer improved standards in FM sensitivity and selectivity by utilizing the latest FET circuitry with four IF limiters in the front end of the 5001 and five in the 5003. They both deliver a wide 20 to 20,000Hz power bandwidth while holding distortion down to less than 1%. They feature completely automatic stereo switching with a separation figure of better than 35dB. They allow two speaker systems to be used either independently or simultaneously. Indicative of their unchallenged performance is their refined styling. All controls are arranged for convenient operation. The attractive black window remains black when the power is off, but reveals both dial scales and tuning meter when the power is on. For the creative stereo fan, the JVC 5001 and 5003 are unquestionably the finest medium and high powered receivers available today.

How the SEA System Works

Glance at the two charts appearing on this page. In looking at the ordinary amplifier frequency characteristics where only bass and treble tone controls are provided, you can see how response in all frequency ranges at the low and high levels is clipped off. Compare this chart with the one showing the SEA frequency response characteristics, and the difference is obvious. No clipping occurs in the SEA system. It offers full control of sound in 60, 250, 1000, 5000 and 15000Hz frequency ranges from —10 to +10dB. For the first time ever, you have the power to determine the kind of sound you want to hear.

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Landon's scores for only the first six works had been published (the remaining scores were published afterwards). For the other six symphonies, I had to rely on other sources and my own researches. A well-known London musicologist (An\-those badgion, writing in Records & Re-\受欢迎的）remarked on the "surprising similarity" of my conclusions to the findings of the Landon edition, so Philip Hart is in good company.

I would be among the first to stand with Mr. Hart in owning up to the great debt we owe to Robbins Landon, for whose efforts I, perhaps more than any-\body else, must be ever grateful. But there are other disciples too, "casting out devils" in Haydn's name—though compared with Landon's towering beacon we are but glimmers. None such had all the facts with regard to the sources, and credits should have been given, of course, where due. I trust, however, that the foregoing now "puts the record straight."

Leslie Jones South Holmwood, Surrey England

Treble in Paradise

Every time Paul Henry Lang reviews a recorded performance of the Choir of King's College, Cambridge, he deprecates the use of boys' voices, failing to realize that it is precisely the distinctive treble tone quality which places this choir above all others in the world.

The King's College Choir and nearly all English choirs have retained the use of boy treble since the time of Tallis: it is a great English tradition. In fact, the musical texture of a Handel anthem or a Haydn Mass is enhanced by the agility and scintillating sweetness of boys' voices. To condemn them of "immature and glassy" is to condemn the choir itself and to reject, for superficial reasons, a very special and lovely sound.

Handel's Choral Anthems would lose clarity (and would not sound English) if they were bowed down by the tiring vibrato of lady sopranos.

As long as Mr. Lang continues to dis-\pararge boys' voices, his reviews of recorded choral performances and English choirs will be prejudiced and unfair.

Benjamin Hey Newark, N. J.

Hard Szell

In your March "Letters" column William Trotter writes of George Szell that "twenty years ago, who had ever heard of him or cared?" Dr. Szell has led the Cleveland Orchestra since 1946 (twenty-\three years ago); before that he had been invited by Toscanini to conduct the NBC Orchestra (from 1940 on); during 1940-45 he conducted superb per-\formances at the Met, and elsewhere, be-\side recording with domestic and for-\eign orchestras (e.g., the Czech Philhar-\monic, Amsterdam Concertgebouw, etc.). I don't know what Mr. Trotter was doing twenty years ago, but I do know that Szell was a highly respected and sought-\after conductor.

M. G. Bettelheim New York, N.Y.

Broadway Melody

I have just finished reading Morgan Ames's review of the Hal David/Burt Bacharach album Promises, Promises [April 1969]. Miss Ames has penned the most insulting interpretation of the talent and genius of these two men. For years we have been bored by the monotonous ramblings of Broadway writers, who in their attempts at buck-making, have done little more than formulate pat imitations of the Great White Way's past glories from such greats as Rodgers, Berlin, Gershwin, Porter, and others. The new breed has failed to produce more than a few memorable tunes wedded to plots so thin they make Chinese wallpaper look like cast iron.

Now comes Mr. Bacharach and Mr. David with fresh ideas and an unorthodox approach to the popular song—and what happens? Morgan Ames has the gall to publish a remark like "Bacharach takes outrageous liberties, jumping from 2/4 to 5/4 to 3/4 and back all in the twinkle of a cymbal." I suppose Miss Ames feels Stravinsky's use of such devices is likewise an outrage.

Bright, sparkling, fresh orchestrations, sheer melodic genius, catchy rhythms and lyrics ooze from the grooves of this record. Did Miss Ames really listen to the disc or did she make up her mind before-hand?

Paul Hemmer Dubuque, Iowa

For a Shostakovich Eighth

As a Shostakovich devotee, I would like to applaud Royal S. Brown's excellent discography of the symphonies [April 1969]. Mr. Brown clearly pointed out that several of the symphonies still lack satisfactory performances—particularly the Eighth. I share Mr. Brown's lamentation that Bernstein has not looked into the work and I hope Columbia will take the hint. Perhaps the critics of your magazine could compile a list of works most in need of satisfactory recordings. In addition to the Shostakovich Eighth, I would like to suggest the Borodin First Symphony as a start.

Charles Mitchell Brooklyn, N. Y.

How about you readers?

Those Boring Beatles

Let's toast three cheers to John Gabcik and HIGH FIDELITY. Let's drink to the exacting truth that his brilliant review [March 1969] sets straight once and for all. Let's finally sing to the realistic lyr-\ics and lightning atmospheres which the Rolling Stones have been ignoring ever

Continued on page 14

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HIGH FIDELITY Magazine

Continued from page 10
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High Fidelity Magazine

LETTERS
Continued from page 12

since the English rock revival. Let's pray that teensies as well as all Beatlemaniacs break out of that gradually inflating plastic bag in which the "flat four" have recently been peddling their wares. Let's raise our glasses to the Stones, this best of all rock bands, and hope the basic tell-it-like-it-is vocalizing and classic instumentations of Jagger and Company will continue to thrive. And let's hope those record magnates put a copy of Beggars Banquet into a time capsule as a definitive summary of (as Mr. Gabree titles his excellent documentary book) The World of Rock.

David Shippe
Perrysburg, Ohio

The fact that John Gabree is bored by the Beatles' new two-disc set tells far more about Mr. Gabree than about this magnificent new album. Mr. Gabree has long been a laughingstock in knowledgable rock and pop circles as he wages his little personal vendetta against the Beatles in magazine after magazine. (Not the hip ones, you may be sure.) I suggest that you read Robert Christgau's reply to one of his flautant attacks on the group (Cueball, May 1968). It will give you some insight into who is calling whom flabby. (Your man evidently has no musical background—he can't reason, write, or even listen: when paradoxes impinge upon the original they become a complete art that has fun, comments, and stands by itself. I refer you to Alan Rich's review in New York Magazine. Of course, since Rich is a bona fide music critic, his review bears no relation to Mr. Gabree's.)

I sincerely suggest that you engage pop critics of a professional caliber. Let Mr. Gabree take his petulance, his hang-ups, and his anti-Beatles crusade elsewhere. There are probably still a few magazines that haven't given him one shot.

Nancy Martini
Chicago, Ill.

High Fidelity, July 1969, Vol. 19, No. 7

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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 arraged prior to publication. Unsolicited manuscripts should be accompanied by return postage.

Subscriptions should be addressed to High Fidelity, 2160 Patterson St., Cincinnati, O., 45214. Subscription rates: High Fidelity/Musical America, in the U.S. and its possessions, 1 year $12; elsewhere, 1 year $13. National and other editions published monthly. In the U.S. and its possessions, 1 year $7; elsewhere, 1 year $8.

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A cassette perks up party poops. Moves wall-flowers. Makes "the life of the party" twice as funny. Just hearing their own voices and laughs can titilate a crowd.

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behind the scenes

Reports from the International Recording Centers

SALZBURG

An Electric Karajan
On the Yellow Submarine

Music critics who like to draw their metaphors from physiology and electricity had better watch out. Such terms as "high-voltage maestro," "breath-taking cadenza," "electrifying performance," and "heartfelt interpretation" are about to take on literal and precise dimensions. A battery of scientists, and German ones at that, are now at work finding out exactly how much current an orchestra conductor draws, precisely what happens to his heartbeat during a triple forte, and how high his blood pressure rises when the second horn fluffs. Nor is the principal guinea pig some obscure and expendable Kapellmeister from the provinces: he is Generalmusikdirektor Herbert von Karajan himself.

During an orchestra rehearsal in Salzburg's Festspielhaus last March, the musicians of the Berlin Philharmonic gaped and goggled at the sight of their eminent leader wired up like a Heathkit. Tapes and electrodes were attached all over the lithe and familiar figure conducting Wagner's Siegfried, while technicians crouched over chart recorders nearby. An electrocardiogram was busy tracing out the heart action, brain galvanometry was being fed to the electroencephalograph, a lie detector (in essence) was catching those changes in skin humidity that signal emotional transitions, and other equipment of alarming complexity was noting down breathing rate, blood pressure, pulse beat, and various other body functions.

The idea is to graph all this information against the sound itself, so researchers can see exactly what happens psychologically and physiologically during the music-making process; and later they plan to wire up Karajan once again for playback to find out what goes on when he listens to his own performance: the moment of ultimate truth.

These experiments are part of a series now under way for the Herbert von Karajan Stiftung (Karajan Foundation) to help establish how we listen to music and how we make it. Previous researchers have already shown that players undergo quite violent bodily stress during the creative process. For instance, a string player's pulse beat has been shown to climb steeply before (not during) a difficult passage. In one extreme case, it has been clocked at 180 beats per minute; normal is around 72.

The Karajan Foundation is also holding a young conductors' competition next August, the winner to receive a Berlin Philharmonic engagement and one season's apprenticeship with Karajan. Other planned activity is in the realm of music education for children. "My eight-and-a-half-year-old daughter is a pretty good conductor right now," says Karajan. "And we both agree with the philosophy of The Yellow Submarine: if music is valuable enough for the Blues to steal from the Yellow, then it is important enough for us to cherish, and to pass on to youngsters everywhere."

George Movshon

LONDON

EMI's Star-Studded Birthday Present for Gerald Moore

Gerald Moore will be seventy on July 30, and EMI has planned a very special birthday tribute for the veteran accompanist. The idea, sponsored by producer Suvi Raj Grubb, was to gather together on one record performances by EMI's top artists, all accompanied by Moore himself. Freshly recorded performances were chosen wherever possible, and tight studio schedules were stretched to fit in such artists as Victoria de los Angeles, Yehudi Menuhin, Janet Baker.

Continued on page 20

HIGH FIDELITY MAGAZINE

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Nicolai Gedda, and Gervase de Peyer. EMI’s No. 1 studio was signed up like a busy squash court all through the sessions in order to have the record ready by the July deadline. Fortunately, there was a Wolf song by Schwarzkopf already available, and a suitable chip off the Fischer-Dieskau block was made possible thanks to the collaboration of DGG during the recent Fischer-Dieskau/Moore Schubert sessions in Berlin.

I went to the two final sessions which involved both Jacqueline du Pré and Daniel Barenboim. Jacqueline was playing the Fauré Elégie—a sentimental selection by the young cellist, for this Elégie was the first piece she had ever played with orchestra, as a student at the Guildhall School. Moore seemed apparently unperurbed by a curious hole cut in his music: on the very first page a neat, scissors rectangle eliminated half a bar on both sides of the sheet’s spine. “I must have cut it out years ago to use as an illustration in a book,” was Moore’s rather vague explanation.

On playback, Jacqueline winced at one note. “It sounds like a racing car—eekhowoo!” she commented, giving a good imitation of a racing car and a barely recognizable one of a whining cello. Daniel Barenboim had already shown his appreciation by chortling out loud when his wife had topped a climax with that sudden “give” of emotion that marks her best playing. He also waxed lyrical over the accompanist’s command of tone colors, but Moore was skeptical: “Steinways always do that.” “No, very few pianists can manage it,” Barenboim insisted, and Moore countered with “You’re just trying to make me feel good.”

Am I Too Loud? Then came Barenboim’s own turn, for it was Grubb’s inspiration to include a fellow pianist in the tribute. Barenboim made only one condition: in any piano duet, Moore should play primo to his secondo, so that for once the unashamed accompanist would be able to take the tune. Moore chose Dvořák’s Slavonic Dance No. 8, in G minor, which may seem comparatively easy on paper, but actually presents tricky problems: each single, heavy, repeated chord must be caught crisply, without any hint of “ker-plonk!”

At the end of the first run through Barenboim seized the opportunity he had been waiting for. Exploding in laughter on the final chord, he turned to his partner and flung at him the very question that Moore had made famous: “Am I too loud?” What could the confused accompanist possibly answer? Moore was also put very gently on the spot by having Daniel’s regular piano-duet partner present in the studio: Enrique Barenboim, the pianist’s father. “Your father doesn’t look very happy,” commented Moore balefully at one point, but the distinguished teacher was all praise. He seemed a bit concerned, however, about Danny’s lack of experience in playing the lower part. From his early childhood, Barenboim junior always took primo while Barenboim senior tended to the secondo. The sessions were completed with only hours to spare. The following day Barenboim and Du Pré gave a farewell concert with the English Chamber Orchestra before setting off with that group for a world tour.

Virtuoso Harpsichordists. Diplomacy was also very much to the fore during some recent CBS sessions at Pye’s London recording studio. The man in charge was Paul Myers, formerly George Szell’s producer in Cleveland and now firmly established in London, and the artists were two distinguished harpsichordists—Igor Kipnis and Professor Thurston Dart. As I had discovered from an earlier conversation with Kipnis, his admiration for Dart is unbounded: this collaboration was decidedly to be a partnership of virtuosos.

The repertory of two-harpsichord music had been gathered from various sources—a Handel Suite, Mozart’s early Sonata in C as well as the late Coronation Fugue, a Tomkins Fancy, and other Elizabethan pieces by Byrd and Farinab. Kipnis and Dart were recording part of Couperin’s Neuvième Ordre when I arrived. “You’re too wide awake in this,” said Dart, with that rather pained look that English academics manage so well. “You want to be much more bored.” Then again: “You’re forcing it, Igor! French style wants to be lazy, L-A-Z-Y.” And his own voice took on a lazy, almost swooning tone.

Kipnis took all this instruction very well. I can imagine other equally eminent artists who would hardly be so tolerant of comment. In any case, Dart is the authority, and the finished record, with its wide variety of styles, should be worth waiting for.

Seven-star Opera. Meanwhile, at Kingsway Hall Joan Sutherland has been recording Meyerbeer’s Les Huguenots for Decca/London, the first complete opera recording ever dedicated to that once-fashionable master. It was the Queen’s aria from this same opera that provided one of the most spectacular items in Sutherland’s first major recording project—the “Art of the Prima Donna” of 1960—and she has long cherished the idea of recording the complete opera. Following her sinuses trouble during the Messiah sessions, there was some concern whether or not she would be well enough, but after a rest in the Swiss mountain air Sutherland returned to London in top form. Her husband, Richard Bonynge, conducts the New Philharmonia, and the other singers include Martina Arroyo as Valentine, Huguette Tournageau as Ursula, Anastasios Vrenios as Raoul, Gabriel Bacquier as Gaston de St. Bris, and Nikola Gusev as Marcel. More details next month.

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I HAVE NO RIGHT to speak of an authentic record collection—merely of some isolated records assembled in various parts of the world, usually stored in trunks and brought forth whenever there is time to enjoy music at home (home being a hotel suite more often than not). I’ve picked away some records in trunks, with my pots and pans, chinaware, glasses, and clothes in the cellars of various hotels in New York, Vienna, Buenos Aires, Milan, and London; others sit on shelves in my apartments in Stockholm, Switzerland, and Paris. Nor could you call me an especially dedicated collector—these records were either given to me as gifts or bought because I had heard them once and thought that I might enjoy living with them.

Sitting here in my New York hotel apartment, I can visualize a shelf in Stockholm with my first two treasured Wagner recordings—Act I of Die Walküre with Lotte Lehmann, Lauritz Melchior, and Emanuel List, conducted by Bruno Walter (Angel COLH 133); and the Götterdämmerung excerpts with Kirsten Flagstad and Melchior under Edvin McArthur (RCA Victor VIC 1369). I hardly need explain why these two recordings have meant so much to me—here are vocal giants performing gigantic music. I also see in my mind’s eye two old 78s: Richard Tauber singing “Diez Bildnis” from Die Zauberflöte and Die Furelle by Schubert, both admired for some of the most effortless and stylistic tenor singing imaginable. Speaking of 78s, despite the many excellent Don Giovanni on LP, one of my real treasures is still the old Glyndebourne recording of this opera under Fritz Busch with Ina Souez, Koloman von Pataky, John Brownlee, and Salvatore Baccaloni (re-issued in America on Turnabout TV 4117/19). And in my Vienna trunk I see two twentieth-century operas that I love—Berg’s Wozzek with Karl Böhm conducting Evelyn Lear, Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, and Fritz Wunderlich (DG 2138991/92); and Poulenc’s Dialogues of the Carmelites with Régine Crespin, Rita Gori, and Denise Duval, under the direction of Pierre Dervaux (Angel 3585). But let me start at the beginning.

As a youngster on my father’s farm in West Karup, South Sweden, I never knew what it was to own a record player. After much imploring, my father did buy a piano for my mother and me; and mother, being inherently musical, taught herself to play and later gave me lessons as well. I also liked to sing—repeating any song I might have heard, from church music to the slightly risqué songs the farmhands sang in the fields. My first operatic selection, learned from a piece of sheet music, was “Winterstürme,” the tenor aria from the first act of Die Walküre. Making music ourselves was all to the good, for it instilled in me the desire to express myself in musical terms. Children should be encouraged more often to perform music.

The first phonograph in my life was a fairly poor specimen that came with a rented room in Stockholm, when I was a student at the Royal Academy. The records I remember playing in those days were arias by Beniamino Gigli, Enrico Caruso, Claudia Muzio, Maria Caniglia, and some other Italian sopranos. I was taken with the way Italian sopranos sang—especially those dramatic and explosive chest tones—and unfortunately I had a teacher who wholeheartedly agreed with this method of singing. Eventually I discovered that pressing too much on the low register took its toll on the high notes and some months later my teacher and I parted company over this issue. My favorite recording at that time was the Verdi Requiem, conducted by Tullio Serafin, with Caniglia, Ebe Stignani, Gigli, and Ezio Pinza (Angel GRB 4002). To this day I stand in awe of certain passages in this performance—Stignani’s “Liber scriptus,” Pinza’s “Conjunctis,” Gigli’s “Ingemisco,” Caniglia’s “Libera me,” and, above all, Serafin’s dramatic forward drive.

Speaking of Gigli—and don’t ask me to remember all the isolated arias I had at the time—reminds me of when, early in my career, I had the thrill of singing with him in Tosca at the Stockholm Opera. We all used a Swedish translation of the opera, although Gigli, of course, sang in Italian. It was toward the end of his career, and I remember him as a charming and warm colleague. He said to me, “You can be a very good Tosca, but you must learn the role in Italian, and if it doesn’t come easy to you at first, you must work and work and work.” These words have never been forgotten, and to this day I’m still striving for improvement, not only in pronunciation, but also in the coloring of the voice. It is an endless challenge.

Another record, cherished ever since those student days, is Jussi Björling’s “Nessun dorma” from Turandot—Jussi, of course, was a hero to all of us voice

Continued on page 27
Some picture taking situations demand a spot reading by the behind the lens meter in your camera. While in other situations it is quicker and more convenient to take an averaged reading. Almost all fine 35mm SLR cameras have either a spot or an averaging metering system. Only the Mamiya/Sekor DTL has both. The DTL with every important SLR feature is priced as low as $180 plus case. Including the world's only photographic FAIL SAFE metering system. Write for explanatory folder.

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CIRCLE 11 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

SPEAKING OF RECORDS
Continued from page 22

students at the conservatory. It has often been said that I studied the role of Turandot in three days, because the general manager of the Stockholm Opera wanted to mount a new production and convinced me that it was a short role—a role where I wouldn’t have to sing a note for one half of the opera. This is perfectly true. It is also true that when I did agree to undertake Turandot I had never seen or heard the opera. But I did remember “Nestor dorma” by Jussi Björling and decided that any opera with such an aria must be a marvelous work. Little did I know that the molten lava of that aria was nowhere to be found in Turandot’s own music. Later, Jussi and I recorded the complete opera for RCA Victor with Renata Tebaldi as Liu, and Erich Leinsdorf conducting (RCA Red Seal LSC 6149). Although Jussi had never sung the role on stage, he did a magnificent job—but having something of an emotional hang-up over an old favorite, I often substitute the 78 version of “Nestor dorma” when I re-listen to the complete set.

In my trunk in Buenos Aires there is another old favorite of mine—Bach’s St. Matthew Passion as recorded under Wilhelm Mengelberg with Jo Vincent, Ilaila Duruflé, and, above all, Karl Erb as the Evangelist. A lot of musicologists will throw up their hands and berate me for liking unstylistic Bach. This is certainly not the scholarly baroque Bach that we prefer today. It is a highly romantic approach, admittedly, but there are sections in this recording that grip me more than many other “correct” St. Matthew Passions. This is primarily due, I feel, to Erb’s magnificent Evangelist—he was truly unsurpassable in this fiendishly difficult music. But there are other elements in the performance that I find particularly outstanding too: just listen to the pure soprano of Jo Vincent in “Aus Liebe,” or the way Mengelberg directs the siciliana rhythm of “Erbarme dich” before Duruflé begins the aria with her rich contralto.

I also particularly like the Tuscanini Otello performance with Herva Nelli, Ramon Vinay, and Giuseppe Valdengo on RCA Red Seal LMI 6107 (listening to this recording often makes me sad that Desdemona isn’t right for my voice) and Die Frau ohne Schatten as recorded under Karl Böhm with Leonie Rysanek, Christel Gottz, and Paul Schoeller (Philips, SSK 64503). I love both these performances not only because I consider the works pillars in the creative output of Verdi and Strauss respectively, but also because of their theatrical impact as recordings.

Not long ago I was given an album of arias sung by Eileen Farrell with Thomas Schippers conducting (Angel 35588, now deleted)—containing such selections as Weber’s “Ozean du Ungeliebter,” Debussy’s “Air de Lut,” and Menotti’s “To This We’ve Come” from The Consul. I was floored by this voice and later played it

Continued on page 30

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HEATHKIT AR-15 Deluxe Stereo Receiver

The World's Finest Stereo Receiver ... the Heathkit AR-15 has received high praise from every leading audio & electronics magazine and every major consumer testing organization. Here are some of the many reasons why. The AR-15 delivers 150 watts music power from its 69 transistor, 43 diode, 2 IC's circuit — 75 watts per channel. Harmonic and IM distortion are both less than 0.5% at full output for clean, natural sound throughout the entire audio range at any listening level. The FM tuner has a cascode 2-stage FET RF amplifier and an FET mixer to provide high overload capability, excellent cross modulation and image rejection. The use of crystal filters in the IF section is a Heath first in the industry and provides an ideally shaped bandpass and adjacent channel selectivity impossible with conventional methods. Two Integrated Circuits in the IF amplifier provide hard limiting, excellent temperature stability and increased reliability. Each IC is no larger than a tiny transistor, yet each contains 28 actual parts. The FM tuner boasts sensitivity of 1.8 uV, selectivity of 70 dB and harmonic & IM distortion both less than 0.5% ... you'll hear stations you didn't even know existed, and the elaborate noise-operated squelch, adjustable phase control, stereo threshold control and FM stereo noise filter will let you hear them in the clearest, most natural way possible. Other features include two front panel stereo headphone jacks, positive circuit protection, transformerless outputs, loudness switch, stereo only switch, front panel input level controls, recessed outputs, two external FM antenna connectors and one for AM, Tone FIlter control, a massive electronically filtered power supply and "Black Magic" panel lighting. Seven circuit boards & three wiring harness make assembly easier and you can mount your completed AR-15 in a wall, your own custom cabinet or the rich walnut Heath cabinet. For the finest stereo receiver anywhere, order your AR-15 now. 34 lbs. *Optional walnut cabinet AE-16, $24.95.

HEATHKIT AJ-15 Deluxe Stereo Tuner

For the man who already owns a fine stereo amplifier, Heath now offers the superb FM stereo tuner section of the AR-15 receiver as a separate unit. The new AJ-15 FM Stereo Tuner has the exclusive FET FM tuner for remarkable sensitivity, exclusive Crystal Filters in the IF strip for perfect response curve and no alignment. Integrated Circuits in the IF for high gain, best limiting; Noise-Operated Squelch; Stereo-Threshold Switch; Stereo-Only Switch; Adjustable Multiplex Phase, two Tuning Meters; two Stereo Phone jacks; "Black Magic" panel lighting. 18 lbs. *Walnut cabinet AE-18, $19.95.

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HEATHKIT AS-38 Bookshelf System

The new Heathkit AS-38 is a medium priced system that's small enough to be used in apartments, yet delivers sound that readily qualifies for use with the very best of components. The 12" woofer and 2" tweeter, custom-designed for Heath by JBL® produce clean, lifelike response from 45 Hz to 20 KHz and the variable high frequency level control lets you adjust the sound to your liking. For easier assembly and more realistic reproduction, all components mount from the front of the one-piece walnut cabinet. Build the new AS-38 in an evening, enjoy rich, complete sound for years. Order two for stereo. 38 lbs.
HEATHKIT AJ-14 Transistor Stereo Tuner

You’ve read about this low-cost, high quality Heathkit Stereo Tuner with performance that far exceeds that of assembled units in its price range ... and owners, experts, leading testing organizations agree! Advanced circuitry is the key to the AJ-14’s superlative performance. 14 transistors, 5 diodes in all, 3 transistors in the “front-end” tuning section, 4 transistors in the 4-stage IF section insure high sensitivity and selectivity. A solid-state transformer-operated power supply, film-caps, and low distortion for best-free stereo tape recording. Only 4 controls for simple operation ... On-Off Switch, flywheel tuning knob, Mono-Stereo switch, and Stereo Phase control for maximum separation. It also has a automatic stereo indicator light, edge-lighted slide-rule dial, and antenna combiners. Prealigned, preassembled “front-end” tuner and one circuit board make assembly fast, easy ... finish in one evening. Team it with the AJ-14 amplifier. 6 lbs. Walnut cabinet AE-25 $9.95; beige metal cabinet AE-35 $3.50.

HEATHKIT AA-14 Solid-State 30-Watt Stereo Amplifier

In the traditional Heath concept of fine performance at less cost ... the AA-14 amplifier out-performs, by far, comparable factory built units ... a fact confirmed by the experts. Delivers a cool 30 watts IHF music power (20 watts RMS) at +1 dB over the wide 15 to 50,000 Hz range ... thanks to a generous power supply design. The transformerless complementary output circuit insures minimum phase shift and low distortion. A 6-position source switch handles your records, tuner or tapes ... stereo or mono. For independent adjustment of each channel there’s a clutched volume control ... full-range tandem controls for bass and treble boost and cut. Edge-lighted dial and front panel mounted stereo headphone jack, plus a speaker-off switch for private listening. Easy to build too, with fast circuit board construction ... choice of 3-way installation. 11 lbs. Walnut cabinet AE-55 $12.95; metal cabinet AE-35 $3.50.

HEATHKIT AR-14 30-Watt FM Stereo Receiver

The superb AR-14 is today’s best value in the transistor stereo marketplace. It is a marriage of the AJ-14 tuner and AA-14 amplifier above. Two preamplifiers and two power amps deliver the coolest 30 watts of music power you’ve ever heard ... at +1 dB from 15 to 50,000 Hz. Its sensitive FM tuner pulls in stations far and near. Other features include: advanced transformerless output circuit for lower phase shift, lower distortion, and wider response; 6-position source switch selects tuner, tape, or records, stereo or mono; adjustable phase control, dual concentric volume control, tandem treble control with push-pull power switch; tandem bass control with push-pull speaker on-off switch; front panel stereo headphone jack; stereo indicator light; filtered output for beat-free stereo taping. 18 lbs. Walnut cabinet AE-59 $12.95; beige metal cabinet AE-65 $3.50. Assembled ARW-14, 22 lbs. ... $169.95.

HEATHKIT AD-27 FM Stereo Component-Compact

We call the AD-27 a “Component-Compact” because it is masterfully engineered from the proven high quality Heathkit stereo components shown above ... modified only physically to fit into a handsome walnut cabinet with sliding tanner, a top performing BSR McDonald 500A Turntable added. The amplifier delivers an honest 15 watts music power per channel and has output impedance from 4 to 16 ohms. Frequency response is virtually flat from 12 Hz to 60 kHz. The FM stereo tuner portion boasts 5 uV sensitivity and 27 dB channel separation. Harmonic & IM distortion throughout the system are both less than 1% ... order yours today. 41 lbs.

HEATHKIT AD-17 Stereo Compact

Using the same proven Heathkit stereo component approach of the AD-27, Heath engineers took the solid-state stereo amplifier section of the AD-27, matched it with a high quality BSR-400 Turntable and put both into these fine components in a handsomely styled walnut finish cabinet. The result is the “17” — featuring 30 watts music power, 12 Hz to 60 kHz response, auxiliary and tuner inputs, less than 1% Harmonic & IM distortion, adjustable pressure and anti-skate control and much more. Circuit board construction and wiring harness make assembly fast and easy. 29 lbs.

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The AS-18 Speaker is perfect for all the Heathkit stereo components shown on this page. Features famous high quality Electro-Voice® speakers — 6" woofers, 2½" "tweeter" and assembled walnut cabinet. Handles 25 watt program material, 60 watts peak. And you can save an extra 5% by ordering a complete system. Here’s all you do: (1) pick a separate amplifier and tuner, match them with speakers and you have a system; (2) choose a receiver, add a turntable and speakers; or (3) choose a stereo compact and speakers you also have a system. Then just add up the cost and subtract 5% from the total price (the complete system must be ordered at the same time). That’s all there is to it!

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We think the EPI is the finest, most natural sounding, least fatiguing speaker ever designed, and invite you to compare it with any of the other great names in speakers.

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PE-2020

Your records are cut by a stylus with a 15° vertical tracking angle. Play them back the same way for optimum fidelity. The ELPA PE-2020 is the only automatic turntable especially designed to track a stack at 15°!

If you're settling for less than the PE-2020 you're making do with less than the best! ELPA PE-2020 $129.95 less base

Endorsed by Elpa because it successfully meets the stringent standards of performance Elpa demands. Write for full PE details.

Elpa Marketing Industries, Inc., New Hyde Park, N. Y. 11040
CIRCLE 28 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

SPEAKING OF RECORDS

Continued from page 27

for my husband, without telling him who was singing. All he said to me was the Swedish equivalent of "Wow!"

Don't think from this that I enjoy only the vocal repertoire. As a matter of fact, my vocal recordings are in the minority — for the obvious reason that if one constantly works in a specialized field of the arts, one occasionally wants to have a "vacation." I adore Rachmaninoff's playing of all of his piano concertos under Leopold Stokowski and Eugene Ormandy (RCA Red Seal LM 6123); Jeanne-Marie Darré playing the Fourth Piano Concerto of Saint-Saëns on Pathé DTX 176 (I guess I'm an incurable romantic); John Browning playing the Prokofiev Third and Ravel Left Hand Concertos under Leinsdorf (Capitol SP 8545); Artur Rubinstein's Chopin Preludes (RCA Red Seal LM 1163); and Vladimir Horowitz in practically anything he plays, such as his Carmen Paraphrase as he performed it in his recent TV album (Columbia MS 7106), the first Carnegie Hall recital (Columbia M2S 728), or his whiz-bang version of The Stars and Stripes Forever.

I have two versions of Mahler's Second Symphony—one by Georg Solti (London CSA 2217) and the other by Leonard Bernstein (Columbia M2S 695). After all, air travel with one's favorite records in tow is impractical, so I have had to fortify myself in this case with a different version for each continent. And what of Schumann? There is George Szell conducting the four symphonies (Epic ISC 110), for those moments when I feel an inner turmoil and want to hear something in which the outcome is right. Again for the same reason I often turn to Debussy's Martyredon of Saint Sebastian as recorded by Charles Munch (RCA Victrola VICS 1404), and Schubert's Mass in E flat in the Leinsdorf performance (Capitol SP 8579) with the St. Hedwig's Choir. (What more heavenly music is there than the Credo?!) But very near the top of my popularity list is an item called "Anna Russell Sings?" (Columbia ML 4594). Miss Russell's magnificent and scathing satire of all the things that are wrong with our crazy profession cuts deeply: no singer could possibly believe in his or her own importance after hearing such a hilarious putdown. "A tenor has resonance where his brains should be." This brilliant piece of analysis was once wrongly ascribed to me — and I only wish I had invented it.

As you can see, I've studiously avoided any of my own recordings, and for good reasons. For one thing, I've worked too hard making them to enjoy them later on; for another, choosing one from many is like picking a favorite among one's children. However, if I were pressed for a choice I would settle on my album of Scandinavian songs (London OS 25942), not only because the music is so close to my background and to my heart, but also because this is the only recording I've made in my native tongue. Could it mean that I didn't have to work so hard for it? As the Italians say—"Chi lo sa!"
Most receivers that cost about $200 are severely compromised. If they have reasonable power, they lack features. If they have features, their power is usually marginal. And most $200 receivers are less than elegant looking. The kindest thing you can say about them is that they are adequate. For $200, we don't think adequate is good enough. So we've introduced our Nocturne Three Thirty.

It's beautiful. It has big power. (90 watts, 1HF, ±1 db.) Ultra-wide-band sound. A truly sophisticated AM/FM tuner. And every important feature you could possibly want in a receiver. Like function indicator lights. Defeatable contour. Headphone receptacle. Tape monitor switch. And front panel switching for stereo in two rooms, separately or at once. (The Three Thirty has enough reserve power to drive 4 speaker systems without stress or distortion.)

The Three Thirty is at your Harman-Kardon dealer now. See and hear it soon. We think you'll agree that it delivers a degree of excellence never before available at such a modest price.

For complete technical information write: Harman-Kardon, Inc., Dept. HF-7 55 Ames Court, Plainview, N.Y. 11803.

Harman-Kardon receivers range from $199.95 to $330.00
First review of new Dynaco A-25 loudspeaker system.

Here is what the June, 1969 Hirsch-Houck report has to say about the new Dynaco A-25 loudspeaker system:

Transient response: "...nothing we have tested had a better overall transient response."

Frequency response: "...the overall response curve was as flat and smooth as can be when measured in a 'live' environment."

Bass response: "...when the music contained low bass (under about 70 or 80 Hz), the Dynaco left no doubt of its capabilities."

The highs: "...crisp, extended, and well dispersed."

Voice reproduction: "Many speakers have response irregularities that color reproduction of male voices...the A-25 had less of this coloration than most speakers we have heard, regardless of price."

Overall listening quality: "...remarkably neutral...in the best sense of the word."

Absolute quality, regardless of price: "...stands up exceptionally well in the comparisons...with a number of speaker systems costing two and three times as much..."

Value: "Not the least of the A-25's attractions is its low price of $79.95."

Please write, for further information, to Dynaco Inc.

3060 Jefferson St., Phila., Pa. 19121

In Europe write:

Dynaco A/S, Humlum, Struer, Denmark

CIRCLE 26 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

video
topics

BY ROBERT LONG

FROM FERTILE FIELDS . . .

You've no idea what huge quantities of information about recent developments in audio/visual media cross any technical editor's desk these days. The technical community gives the impression of having gone mad in its efforts to patent and promote every configuration, every concept that pops out of the rich soil eagerly under cultivation by R & D departments in the communications industry. But let's drop the flowery language and examine a mixed bouquet of recent blooms:

- Matsushita (Japanese producer of the Panasonic line) has demonstrated a prototype electroluminescent flat-screen TV receiver. Many companies (notably Texas Instrument, in conjunction with Polaroid, and RCA) are known to have been researching possible flat-screen systems for several years, but this experimental model is the first full-scale prototype of a home unit that's come to our attention.

- International Video Corp., in Palo Alto, Calif., is distributing a home color VTR made by EMI in England: Model IVC-600-C. It sells for $2,300—less than half the cost of any other domestic color recorder, according to IVC.

- Both Minnesota Mining and Ampex are marketing improved video tape.

- CBS Labs has announced twin systems to optimize signals produced by TV stations: an Image Enhancer that borrows techniques from space communications to improve apparent picture sharpness and a Dynamic Presence Equalizer to monitor and improve intelligibility of speech in the audio signal.

- Telestrator Industries has adapted a technique used in computer graphic readouts for a device that can be used to label, explain, and otherwise supplement standard video fare. An operator uses a special stylus and screen to draw or write the added information, which is superimposed electronically on live, slide, film, or videotape images.

- Roberts has begun distributing the Model 1000 audio/video tape recorder that it first unwrapped a year ago. The 1000 uses 1/2-inch tape for both purposes, drives it at 7 1/2 or 3 3/4 ips for audio use, at 11 1/4 ips for video. The recorder sells for $1,095.

- Matsushita has announced a system for high speed duplication of videotapes (b & w or color) by interleaving blank tape with a special master, then exposing the combination to a magnetic field to make a "print" of the entire program virtually instantaneously.

...And there are many, many more that we could have mentioned. Without wishing to belittle genuine advances, we'd say that the future of audio/visual techniques looks so bright to those who deal in them that anyone with a bright idea on the subject—whether it's presently marketable or not—wants to be sure of his patents so he'll be prepared to reap the harvest, should the winds of change blow things his way.

Those winds produce a cross-pollination that often accomplishes unexpected results. [See, for example, the article on the cassette and its antecedents in this issue.] So what appears to be little more than a weed among technological flora may be the forebear of that rarest of blooms—the true breakthrough.

But we're waxing flowery again.

CIRCLE 58 ON READER-SERVICE CARD—

www.americanradiohistory.com
The anatomy of a sound idea.

**Stereo Control Center.** Completely built-in. Consists of a stereo pre-amplifier and 20-watt music power stereo amplifier. Simply connect a Stereo FM Tuner, Stereo Turntable or Record Changer, T.V. or additional tape deck; and a push button on the front panel immediately selects the desired sound source for listening or recording.

**ServoControl Motor.** Automatically corrects for speed variations and maintains precise timing accuracy. With the optional RM-6 variable speed control, the motor speed can be adjusted up or down to match the musical pitch to any piano or instrument on playback.

**Scrape Flutter Filter.** Precision idler mechanism located between erase and record heads eliminates tape modulation distortion.

**Noise Suppressor Switch.** Special filter eliminates undesirable hiss that may exist on older pre-recorded tapes.

**Non-Magnetizing Record Head.** An exclusive Sony Circuit prevents transient surge of bias to the record head eliminating the most common cause of tape hiss.

**Instant Tape Threading.** Exclusive Sony Retractomatic pinch rollers permit simple one-hand tape threading.

**ESP Automatic Tape Reverse.** A special sensing head monitors the absence of any recorded signal at the end of reel and automatically reverses the tape direction within ten seconds. Also records in reverse mode.


Sony Model 560. Priced under $449.50. Also available in deck form: The Sony Model 560-D, priced under $349.50. For your free copy of our latest tape recorder catalog, please write to Mr. Phillips, Sony/Superscope, Inc., 8144 Vineyard Avenue, Sun Valley, California 91352.

Dual Full-Range Speaker System. Lid-integrated speakers may be separated up to 15 feet for full-dimensional stereo.

You never heard it so good.
I bought a Thorens TD-124 turntable about five years ago and have used it in three houses, in many different mountings, and with many arms and cartridges. A recent check by Elpa, its importer, indicated that the turntable's rumble was within specification, but it has always been higher than I can tolerate. Direct comparison has revealed that the AR, Garrard 80, and Dual 1019 are much lower in rumble under any test conditions I could manage to create. Are these units indeed lower in rumble, my TD-124 defective despite what Elpa says, or am I too critical?—Dr. Don Crevey, Menlo Park, Calif.

We can't tell whether your TD-124 is the older unit that first appeared over ten years ago or the more recent TD-124 II, which has been on the market for about five years. Of the older unit, our report [Jan. 1958] said, "Rumble was . . . exceedingly low—not quite as low as the quietest (and costliest) we have tested, but well under the limit of audibility under ordinary conditions." No lab measurement of rumble was made at that time. However, rumble measurements for the TD-124 II, and for the three models you mention in comparison, show that the Thorens wins by a small margin in our lab. Since the margin is a matter of only 1 or 2 dB, it probably would not be audible except for one factor: reinforcement of the rumble frequency by the arm/pickup resonance, further abetted by possible acoustic feedback which, while not actually rumble, can sound like it. Try: 1) replacing the drive belt and lubricating according to Elpa's recommendations, 2) replacing the rubber mounts between the turntable and its wooden base, 3) shock-mounting the wooden base with rubber feet or heavy foam strips, and 4) locating the turntable several feet from the speakers and at least two feet from strong magnetic fields such as power or output transformers.

Since HF has commented unfavorably upon the sonic quality of some Cetra operas, which had been released in domestic pressings by Everest, Everest has subjected the entire series to electronic reprocessing. I am wondering if the rechanneled versions are any improvement over the admittedly poor mono pressings?—James Turner, Collinsville, Ill.

Electro-Sonic disappeared from dealers' shelves. The decision to retain the Ron-dine in your new system would depend largely on the following: 1) whether you can find a modern arm that suits your needs and whatever mounting space you have in your particular installation, 2) whether it's still in excellent condition, especially with regard to low rumble, and 3) how fond you are of it. That last point is always to be reckoned with in something as personal as high fidelity.

My local Pioneer dealer either can't or won't get me the service information I need for my 8-track cartridge player. Is this any way to run a business?—George Harvey, High Bridge, N.J.

You bet it is. Pioneer in this country does not handle any of the 8-track products made by the parent company in Japan. In fact, if you look at the faceplate of your 8-track unit, you will probably find that the importer, prominently displayed than that of Pioneer. The reason is that Craig Corp. is the U.S. importer and distributor of all Pioneer 8-track products. So if you want information on your unit you can get it from Craig Corp., 2300 E. 15th St., Los Angeles, Calif. 90021.

Does the KLH 27 receiver use circuitry as sophisticated as other makes in the same price range? For example, does it use field effect transistors and integrated circuits?—W. J. Wendt, Yonkers, N.Y.

A full report on the KLH Model 27 appeared in our May issue. It compares favorably with other receivers in its price class. The FM section uses FET transistors in its front end, but no ICs are included in the design. Do not, however, expect performance gains merely from the use of ICs, whose advantages lie primarily in compactness and convenience of manufacture. From a design standpoint, the choice between ICs and separate circuit components is much like the choice between rocker and rotary switches.

I'm uncertain as to the speakers that my Sony 6060F receiver will accommodate. I own a pair of AR-4xs which I'd like to use as remote, and plan to get AR-3a's as primary speakers. Would these two sets of speaker systems be suitable to connect to the 6060F inasmuch as the 4x is rated for 8 ohms, and the 3a for 4 ohms?—Rhett Sweeney, APO, San Francisco, Calif.

The Sony 6060F has two separate outputs for two independent sets of stereo speakers (main and remote). You can connect any speaker system to any output regardless of impedance. However, don't connect two systems to the same output unless you are certain that their combined impedance remains at least 4 ohms or higher. This rules out using an AR3a and another speaker on the same output taps since the result in impedance will always be less than 4 ohms. You can, of course, use the AR-3a but it must be connected by itself to its own output taps.

High Fidelity Magazine
The Scott 2513, at a glance, looks like many other compact stereo systems. But look closer. The new 2513 is our answer to the many audio enthusiasts who asked, "why don't they build a really professional turntable into a compact system?". We did... the Dual 1009F, with automatic cueing, adjustable stylus pressure and anti-skating controls, and a fine-tune speed control.

"Why don't they" continued our insatiable customers, "include 3-way speakers in a complete system?". Okay, you have them now... big Scott S-15's. And you'll hear the difference immediately.

We've packed a whole flock of other "why don't they's" into the 2513... a powerful Scott AM/FM stereo receiver, with Integrated Circuits, Field Effect Transistors, and direct-coupled all-silicon output circuitry. We've built in a comprehensive set of controls that really do give you control over the kind of sound you're hearing. And we've given you the inputs and outputs you need to satisfy your future expansion plans... extra speakers, earphones, tape, tape cartridge. You name it, you can connect it.

Your dealer has Scott's "Why Don't They" 2513 AM/FM Phono Stereo System, so bring your favorite record.
Contrasting approaches to the subject of recording are taken in two recent offerings of company literature. The sketch illustrates three tips from "Recording Basics" (a sponge under a table mike isolates it from noise in recording conferences; an old wool sock makes a good windscreen; a paper megaphone will help you zero in on birdsong or other distant subjects). "Sound Talk," on the other hand, takes a formal, technical approach. The two graphs reproduced above illustrate audio waveform distortion caused, respectively, by too much and too little bias signal.

SHOW AND TELL

If you go to high fidelity shows, you know how tiring they can be after a few hours. Just imagine what it must be like for the fellow who is there to greet you, the man who represents an equipment manufacturer at one of these shindigs. Often, he's had to fly in from out of town or across the continent. He must spend hours each day of the show on his feet, trying to be pleasant to thousands of visitors, answering their questions over the din of equipment demonstrations—his own and those of his competitors. In between, he must sandwich meetings with local salespeople, perhaps help in publicity efforts for the show, remember to buy a souvenir gift for his wife or children, and make some attempt at eating regular meals. It's not much fun.

If manufacturers have grumbled about shows for years, this year's complaints are beginning to take on a strident note. The crisis has come over the forthcoming New York Show. It used to be held in the Trade Show building on Eighth Avenue. The rooms were small, the corridors narrow, the building's location somewhat out of the way. A couple of years ago it was moved to the Statler Hilton Hotel—more centrally located but still hampered by small rooms and fairly narrow corridors.

The Institute of High Fidelity had planned to move the show to the New York Coliseum this year. But the Coliseum has wide open spaces that defy appropriate display and demonstration of equipment intended for use in the intimacy of a home. The IHF answer to this problem was to commission a design for a portable, knockdown "rooms" that could be set up in the Coliseum or any other arena posing a similar problem (as did the Cow Palace in San Francisco in past years). When manufacturers saw the design, however, there was further grumbling. Would the design provide adequate sonic isolation (especially of bass frequencies) from one room to another? Would demonstrations have

SPEAKING OF TAPE . . .

The 3M Company is offering, free for the asking, two publications of more than routine interest. Both deal with tape and tape recording; one is for the rank beginner, the other for the technically inclined.

For the beginner, "Recording Basics," a neat little 24-page booklet, packs unusually worthwhile advice. While the sale of Scotch-brand recording tape was an obvious objective in its production, the booklet does a well-balanced, competent job of explaining recording materials and techniques on simple levels. If you're confused by tape, get it.

"Sound Talk" takes an altogether different tack. The current issue (Vol. 1, No. 2—with others expected to appear at intervals of a few months) discusses record bias signals in what might be called a four-page monograph. But, call it what you will, it's an excellent exposition of its subject.

To receive these publications, write to 3M Company, Magnetic Products Division, Marketing Services Department, 3M Center, St. Paul, Minn. 55101.

CIRCLE 145 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

Continued on page 42
There's a lot more enjoyment coming your way from the brand new Pioneer OUTPERFORMERS. We are introducing an exciting array of all new products: compacts, tapedecks, stereo receivers, tuners, amplifiers, speaker systems, turntables and headphones that will delight even the most discriminating listener.

Illustrated here is the brand new SX-443 Stereo Receiver. Priced at only $169.95, the Pioneer SX-440 is an ideal component for the budget minded or the audiophile. You'll discover qualities of sound you never knew existed with the full line of OUTPERFORMERS which only Pioneer can bring you.

See and hear the PIONEER OUTPERFORMERS at your franchised Pioneer dealer. Write for details.

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JULY 1969

CIRCLE 39 ON READER-SERVICE CARD
to be prohibited or at least limited at the show? Does demonstration in the surroundings offered by any show really prove anything about hi-fi equipment in the first place? Do big shows that can, by their very nature, reach only the largest cities serve the hi-fi buyer and the hi-fi manufacturer adequately anyway—or would some sort of traveling show be better all around?

A Pandora's box appears to have been opened. As of this writing, not only the plans for the New York Show, but the future of hi-fi shows in general (at least those sponsored by the industry) appear to be up in the air.

Can there be a substitute for the hi-fi show kind of communication between those who make high fidelity equipment and those who use it? As one manufacturer put it in a memo circulated to his colleagues at a recent meeting, "... at any moment, studying the faces and reactions of many people who did attend, even the most blasé of the exhibitors have had to agree that there are advantages to shows which no other form of promotion can fully duplicate. Only shows can permit the actual demonstration of performance to potential users, and this is invaluable when the product is new or unfamiliar. . . ." Most showgoers probably would agree.

STONEHENGE AND THE SPACE AGE

Once upon a time, we talked of the sandstone slabs of Stonehenge as "monolithic." Nowadays, the word refers to little nubbins of epoxy with conductors and semiconductors embedded in them. About the only thing the monolithic circuit and the monoliths of Stonehenge have in common is their presumed timelessness: a monolithic circuit, if it does its job properly when it comes off the production line, is expected to continue functioning in the same way indefinitely.

If there hasn't yet been much talk of using monolithic circuits in high fidelity, it's largely because of their inflexibility. They are as they are and there's no altering them. But one company has ventured to use them anyway. Sony Corp. is making an integrated circuit that can be used as an 18-watt (continuous) power amplifier and plans to use it in home entertainment equipment.

Eighteen watts may not seem like a breakthrough of any sort compared to the per-channel figures we're used to on hi-fi components, but the monolithic circuit is a newsmaker on two counts: it's a power amplifier, and it's a complete circuit in a single module. So far, the IC's in hi-fi equipment have been used as parts of circuits only and have appeared only in low-power applications—as a linear preamp that requires additional parts to shape its response to the RIAA equalization for phono use, for example.

So if Sony's enterprise is a forecast of trends to come, you might say we are entering the Microolith Age.

CIRCLE 146 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

ONLY IN DALLAS . . .

At first glance—and that's all we've had so far—the Frazier Model SEE-24 Stereo Environmental Equalizer from Dallas strikes us as a true Texan product.

The unit, the size of an amplifier, is designed for insertion between preamp and power amp to equalize the signal and make it complement room acoustics. It divides the audio range of each channel into twelve bands, each two-thirds of an octave wide, so that the level in each band can be adjusted independently until peaks of up to 15 dB in speaker response or room resonance are tuned out.

Adjustments cannot be made by ear, says Frazier. An instrumented installation comes with the equalizer. First it is adjusted for flattest possible response according to the instrumentation. Then fine tuning—still with instrumentation—takes into account any owner preferences. The cost? Around $1,000, says Frazier.

CIRCLE 147 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

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**equipment in the news**

Fisher offers new amplifier

With all the emphasis on receivers these days, we see relatively few control amplifiers among new product listings. But Fisher has one—the TX-50, rated at 20 watts (RMS) per channel for 8-ohm loads. It has inputs for magnetic phonograph cartridges with a choice of two sensitivities, tuner and aux. Outputs include tape, headphones, and main and remote speakers—controlled by separate switches so that both can be turned off for headphone listening. The price is $149.95.

CIRCLE 148 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

Versatile automatic turntable

Elpa Marketing has announced a new model from Perpetuum-Ebner, the PE-2018, that allows adjustment of an unusual range of operating functions. In addition to tracking force, anti-skating, and automatic cueing, the changer blade can be adjusted for vertical tracking angle and precise pitch at all three speeds (78, 45, and 33 rpm). The PE-2018 uses the same motor and tone arm as the PE-2020 but—at $99.50—sells for $30 less.

CIRCLE 149 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

Continued on page 44
Fisher introduces the world's first faultless headphones.

Audiophiles have always been aware that, at least theoretically, headphones are the ideal way to listen to reproduced music, particularly stereo.

"Direct coupling" to the original.

With headphones, the information received by the microphones is channeled directly to the ears, completely bypassing the unpredictable acoustics of the living room. The microphones become, in effect, the listener's ears and only the original concert hall acoustics are heard. This "direct coupling" to the concert hall is, of course, impossible with conventional loudspeakers, as is the 100% stereo separation inherent in headphone listening.

We said theoretically. Because, in actual use, headphones have thus far been hampered by a number of practical disadvantages.

Fisher engineers have never believed that these disadvantages are insurmountable. But it took them until now to solve all the problems to their satisfaction.

The result is a pair of headphones called the Fisher HP-100 which can truly be considered the first commercially available model with all plusses and no minuses. Listening to them, or rather with them, is a new and different experience. The theoretical potential of headphones has finally been realized.

The comfort factor.

One of the main objections to conventional headphones is that they are uncomfortable. After wearing them for half an hour, the listener wants to go back to loudspeakers.

Excessive weight and unpleasant clamping of the head are only the lesser reason, although most headphones are certainly much too heavy and confining. More important is the uncanny isolation of the listener from the audible world around him, as though his head were encapsulated. This, of course, is due to the more or less airtight "cup" that fits over the entire ear, to provide close coupling of the acoustic cavity of the phone to the eardrum. Otherwise, with conventional headphones, there would be a serious loss of bass.

The Fisher HP-100 solves this problem in a highly imaginative way. The phones are not only extremely light but are also allowed to rest lightly against the ear on large, flat foam-rubber cushions, leaving the perimeter of the ear unconfined. The diaphragm of the driver is completely covered by the foam rubber and acoustically "sees" the thousands of tiny air bubbles in it, instead of a single cavity. This, combined with special acoustic delay slots in the back of the driver, maintains proper bass loading without the conventional airtight seal and its attendant discomforts.

As a result, wearing the HP-100 is as pleasant physically as listening to loudspeakers. In fact, to some people the sound does not appear to originate in the phones but seems to come from a certain distance, as in loudspeaker listening, but with a much more pronounced stereo effect.

No more boominess.

Eliminating the single air cavity of conventional headphones also gets rid of another common fault: boomy bass. The low-frequency response of the Fisher HP-100 is amazingly smooth and is essentially flat down to 19 cycles, which is just about the low-end cutoff of the human ear.

As a matter of fact, the overall frequency response of the HP-100 is essentially uniform from 19 to 22,000 Hz, an unprecedented achievement due, in part, to the sophisticated driver design, which borrows from advanced microphone technology. It is, in effect, a reversed dynamic microphone with the coil driving the lightweight diaphragm, instead of vice versa.

Which brings us to another unique advantage of the HP-100.

Smooth treble response.

Nearly all headphones exhibit a certain roughness in their high-frequency response curve. Not the HP-100. The light microphone-type diaphragm provides completely smooth treble and superb transient response, so that the sound has the airy immediacy known only to owners of exceptionally fine tweeters.

Needless to say, distortion is nonexistent at normal listening levels. The impedance of the HP-100 is compatible with all types of amplifiers and receivers. Power input for average listening levels is 2 milliwatts.

The phones are supplied with a fully adjustable vinyl-covered headband, velvet-soft, non-stick foam pads that are removable (and therefore washable!), and 8 feet of cable.

After reading all this, you will be prepared for an important listening experience when you first try the Fisher HP-100.

But you are not yet prepared for the price. Only $34.95. Which may be, for the makers of the world's first faultless headphones, the greatest achievement of all.

(For more information, please see a free copy of The Fisher Handbook, 1969 edition, an authoritative reference guide to hi-fi and stereo, use coupon on front cover flap.)

The Fisher®
EQUIPMENT IN THE NEWS
Continued from page 42

Speaker system from Scott
A moderate-sized system (eighteen inches long) has been added to the Controlled Impedance line of Scott speakers, so named because of their design objective to keep operating impedance within relatively narrow limits at all frequencies to fit the requirements of solid-state power output circuits. The new model, the S-17, is an air suspension system with an 8-inch woofer and a 3-inch tweeter fitted into a walnut-finished case. Price is $59.95.

Kenwood receiver bows in
Kenwood’s newest receiver, the Model RK-100, offers stereo FM and AM, and is rated at 110 watts (IHF) into 8-ohm loads, 140 watts into 4 ohms. Among its features are a front-panel tape recorder jack for use in dubbing from the system with an external recorder. Main switching provisions also allow for the use of two phono inputs and tape-head playback preamplification. The tuner section uses FETs in the FM front end and is equipped with a muting switch. FM sensitivity is rated at 1.8 microvolts, and connections are provided for both 75-ohm coaxial and 300-ohm twinlead antennas. Price is $299.95.

Garrard adds another module
British Industries some time ago introduced an automatic turntable complete with base, dust cover, and cartridge as the Garrard SLX-2. Now the firm has added the X-10 at $52.50, using a ceramic cartridge in place of the SLX-2’s magnetic. Consequently, the X-10 can be used where no preamp is available—for playing through a tape recorder or radio, for example.

New amplifier from England
Ercona Corp. of New York has begun distribution of the Leak Stereo 70, whose debut in this country was delayed by the recent shipping strike. The Stereo 70 is a control amplifier rated at 35 watts (RMS) per channel. Distortion at 1,000 Hz is stated as no greater than 0.1 per cent for outputs up to 25 watts per channel. Input selector positions are marked for mike, "replay," tuner, and two phono inputs. There is front-panel provision for connection to a tape recorder through European-style connectors, and a headphone jack. Selling price is $299.

Micro 7, smallest in its class
To its Micro line, Ampex has added a miniporable cassette recorder for use on the go. The unit features automatic level control as well as meter-monitoring of recording levels. The selling price of $89.90 includes a leatherette carrying case, earphone, microphone with remote control switch, and one blank cassette.
ROBERTS 420XD

PROFESSIONAL STEREO TAPE DECK

- CROSS FIELD HEAD...Exclusive ROBERTS feature offers amazing frequency response and perfect recording even at low tape speeds
- 4 TAPE SPEEDS STANDARD...7 1/2, 3 3/4 and 1 1/4 ips via 3 speed electrically switched motor. 15 ips via built-in pinchwheel/capstan change
- MAGNETIC BRAKE CONTROL...Engineered to bring tape to an immediate stop without sag or pull. Adjusts brakes to thickness of tape
- AUTOMATIC DUST MINDER...Indicates automatically dust deposits on heads with indicator lamp. Prevents loss of high-end frequency response
- PLUS...4-Track Stereo/Monaural Record/Playback • Sensing Tape Reverse • Solid State • Fully Shielded Play Head for Superior S/N Ratio • Electrical Track Selector • Automatic Stop and Shut-off • Automatic Pinchwheel Release • Sound on Sound • Fine Oil-finished Walnut Cabinet • Rack Mountable • Price $699.95

ROBERTS 420XD also available as FULL STEREO TAPE RECORDER, Model 420X • Price $799.95

For complete specifications, write...

ROBERTS
Div. of Rheem Manufacturing Co.
Los Angeles, California 90016
ARE CASSETTES HERE TO

This year, according to all informed sources and our own crystal ball, will be the year of the cassette. Exactly what this means now in terms of new equipment and program sources can be fairly well described; what it portends in the over-all picture of home music systems and the disc/tape complex is a bit more speculative. But the signs of a major trend in this area are unmistakable. Consider some recent trade journal headlines: "Cassette Turns on Record Industry," "Cassette Winning at Retail," "U.S. Car Mart Breakthrough for Cassettes."

The industry's bullish attitude stems from the fact of rising sales figures for this newest of program forms: cassettes hit a $25 million level in 1968 (topping open-reel prerecorded tapes by $2 million), and are expected to reach $43 million by 1970. These figures, based on a survey made early this year, do not take into account the tremendous impetus given to cassettes by two very recent signal events heralded by such headlines as: "RCA Enters Cassettes" and "Columbia to Go Cassette." What the entry into the field of these two recording giants means—in terms of burgeoning sales and enhanced repertoire—is anyone's guess. Equally important is the fact that while all this yeast has been brewing in the recording field, a parallel ferment has been stirred up in the playback equipment field, including many high fidelity components manufacturers who never offered tape equipment before, but now see in the cassette a viable addition to their product lines.

The device responsible for all this activity is a deceptively simple, incredibly small plastic packet that measures four by two-and-a-half by one-half inches, weighs less than a pack of playing cards, and contains on tape the equivalent of two sides of a 12-inch stereo disc. Playing a cassette is simplicity itself: you insert it into a slot on a compact machine, press a button or turn a knob, and—that's it. No threading from reel to reel, no worrying about correct speeds (the cassettes are standardized at 1 3/4 inches-per-second and all cassette machines run at this speed when you turn them on), no fussing over spillover or reel-backlash or broken tapes. It's about as easy as playing records; some users insist it's easier. The sound, while not up to that of records or open-reel tapes played on good equipment, is surprisingly clear and wide-range—and it keeps improving with every batch of new cassettes we sample. Cost per cassette is about the same as for a disc holding equivalent recorded material. And, according to the latest reports, the same cassette you can play so easily at home also can be played in new automotive equipment—not to mention in completely portable (buttery-powered) sets.

To understand where cassettes are today and where they may go in the near future, let's backtrack a few years. The idea of packaged tape, or tape in some form of container—as opposed to tape on open reels—has for some time intrigued many. The exact origins of magazine or cartridge tape have been disputed, but certainly one tangible event occurred in 1954 when inventor George Eash patented a system with an endless loop of tape sealed in a plastic shell. The tape unwound from the center of its spool, traveled past a playback head on a new kind of tape machine, and rewound on itself—ready to play continuously until someone turned it off. During the next ten years several firms—notably Fidelipac—experimented with this basic system, modifying it and selling it mainly to broadcasting stations as an easy way to program material continuously with little attention from studio personnel. Tape width, by the way, was ½ inch—the same as that of standard or open-reel tape; tape speed was 3 3/4 ips, considered in those days as definitely too slow for genuine high fidelity sound.

Forerunner of Cassettes

The next big happening in this field was triggered by RCA Victor in 1959 with the launching of a twin-hub cartridge. The Victor cartridge, while itself fated for a slow fade-out from the market, nevertheless set off a chain reaction, the effects of which are still being felt today. To begin with, the Victor cartridge was the physical prototype of today's cassette. It was much larger and heavier, but it worked essentially the same way: instead of forming an endless loop, the tape employed twin hubs (supply and takeup) and so—within its sealed plastic housing—ran from one hub to the other. As in the earlier endless-loop cartridge, tape speed in the RCA cartridge was 3 3/4 ips and tape width ½-inch. But—wonder of wonders—the Victor cartridge tape, by halving the track-width formerly required for a single channel of sound, managed to crowd four independent tracks onto that ½-inch wide tape. Thus you had stereo in both directions of tape travel (or mono back and forth twice)—double the usual amount of playing time for a given length of tape. Next, the new quarter-track technique was adapted to open-reel tape at 7 3/2 ips speed; this became, and still remains, the high fidelity standard throughout the world. The Victor cartridge itself, and the related equipment manufactured at the time (by Victor and, via licensing arrangement. by Bell Sound) never made a mark commercially. Its inferior sound—as compared to the first quarter-track open-reel
STAY?

by Robert Angus and Norman Eisenberg

decks offered by such tape firms as Tandberg, Ampex, and Viking—did not appeal to the serious tape enthusiast. And it failed also to woo significant numbers of the larger public, most of whom were quite happy to enjoy stereo in the old familiar disc form.

Some time after the Victor cartridge debut, yet another tape cartridge was introduced. Developed jointly by CBS and the 3M Company, the new cartridge contained neither an endless loop nor twin hubs but rather a single spool which was played on an intricate and fairly large machine (which contained a second spool for takeup). Like the earlier Victor model, this system—despite its good sound and favorable press notices—made little impression on the market. But it demonstrated two performance features which, in altered guise, became basic to today's cassettes: tape a mere ¼-inch wide could hold more than two sound tracks, and tape moving at the incredibly slow speed of 1½ ips could sound more than passably good.

The stage was now set with all the props and directives—tape in some form of sealed container, several tracks on narrow widths, acceptable sound at slower speeds, automation to a marked degree, and (thanks to technical advances in other related areas) excellent solid-state circuits and good ultra-small speaker systems—for the climactic events that began in 1964 and which by now have extended into what well may become a major revolution in recorded music. Enter one Earl Muntz who, because of his novel and aggressive approach earlier in the used car and television fields, had earned the nickname of “Mad Man.” What Muntz did five years ago had less bearing on the cassette specifically than on the whole idea of packaged tape generally. It may have been simply a matter of the right man at the right time, but the “Mad Man” struck a responsive chord in armies of buyers. He vigorously promoted a four-track stereo tape inside the Eash shell, along with a player for installation in automobiles. Within a year, “cartridges” had caught on like nothing since car radios; the automotive industry itself joined the act but turned the four-track endless loop into an eight-track endless-loop cartridge, developed jointly, and in astonishingly short time, by RCA Victor and Lear Jet. Both versions still used ¼-inch tape moving at 3½ ips speed; both versions were essentially playback devices for mobile use, although, since then, models that can record and models housed in furniture-style enclosures for use in the home also have been shown.

An enormous number of car tape systems were sold, and still are being sold. From the standpoint of any impact on home music systems, however—and certainly on the high fidelity components industry—the endless loop (8-track or 4-track) served less as a final product form than as a bellwether.

Enter Cassettes

At some time in the last few years (the exact date cannot be pinpointed although in late 1964 we heard personally, from several British recording firms, of “the future possibility of a miniaturized cartridge, something you might call a ‘cassette’ to distinguish it from other forms”), engineers at the giant Philips combine in Holland began taking a second look at the older RCA twin-hub cartridge. Eventually they reduced its size, adapted the idea of ¼-inch-wide tape moving at only 1½ ips, and developed a new compact machine to handle it. The cassette system, then, turns out to be a hybrid descendant of combined RCA and CBS ancestry, itself an ironic trick of history in view of the traditional rivalry between these two giants. The first fruit of this new grafting was the Norelco Carry-Corder, introduced to the U.S. in 1965. Although a battery-operated mono machine, it embodied all the basic features and working principles of today’s stereo cassette models. Indeed, it is quite probable that the eagerness with which buyers accepted the Carry-Corder—as an utterly convenient and foolproof device for recording as well as for playback—spurred its development and refinement into the diversity of models now being offered. These include stereo versions for both AC-operated home installation and portable use, models for cars, and models that work all three ways. Within these categories there are complete systems, deck-only versions, units with built-in speakers, units with separate speakers, and units built into stereo and mono receivers. Details are listed in the accompanying table; the combinations possible with a cassette device seem limited only by the imagination of equipment manufacturers—and rarely in the history of home entertainment equipment has this imagination been so abundantly evident in such a short time. In our view, a prime reason for this drive is the simple fact that with a cassette you can record your own tapes in addition to playing prerecorded material. The recording function—not to mention such normal tape features as fast-forward and rewind, even the facility for editing and splicing if you opt to carefully draw the tape from the front opening of the cassette housing and then spool it back by hand—was an integral part of the cassette system from its inception. Meanwhile, manufacturers of endless-loop cartridge equipment were speculating

Continued on page 52
Buyer's Guide to Cassette Tape Equipment

Listed alphabetically and based on information supplied by industry sources.

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**NOTES:**

A - AC-operated.
B - Battery-operated.
C - Can be operated on car or boat electrical system.
* - Optional AC adapter.
P - Portable style (battery-operated and carrying case).
H - Home unit style (AC-operated and decor-type housing).
M - Mobile unit (car or boat installation).

E - Can be connected directly to external speaker(s).
1Line outputs for connecting to external amplifier or receiver.
2Push-button controls do not affect performance, but are judged a convenience for portable and mobile use.
3Small receiver built into unit; may be used on its own or to record off the air.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Brand and Model</th>
<th>Price</th>
<th>Mono</th>
<th>Stereo</th>
<th>Power Source</th>
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* Prices in $.

1. Deck refers to the presence of a deck for playing records.
2. Push-button controls indicate the presence of push-button controls for tuning.
3. Radio indicates the type of radio: AM/FM, AM, or SW.
About the technical feasibility of introducing the recording mode into their products, and the recording companies were expressing concern about giving the public an easy recording device that might cut into sales of prerecorded material.

To repeat, it is this very recording facility that so many buyers relish in the cassette systems. At last, here is a tape machine that is easy to operate, that can play under a wide variety of listening conditions and locations, for which there is an obviously growing prerecorded repertoire of all types of music—and which you also can use as an all-purpose tape recorder. Add to these attractions the equally cogent ones of low cost, compact format, and proven reliability—and you have a real winner. So much so, indeed, that the recording facility—which is believed to have kept RCA and Columbia out of cassettes until now—obviously no longer is seen by these companies as reasons for remaining aloof from a most viable market.

Are Cassettes a Threat, and to What?

This development raises, of course, the old question of tape versus disc—a question that came up when the first commercial prerecorded tape was released years ago and which has never been finally answered. As a program form for home use, the cassettes offer most of the advantages of open-reel tape (allowing, of course, for the admittedly better response of the latter, particularly at the faster speeds than the 1 1/2 ips used by cassettes), but with few of their operational drawbacks. As with open-reel tape, the music in a cassette is safely stored and can be played as often as you like without wearing out the recorded material. The playback equipment itself (the cassette machine) does not become subject to the possible annoyances of feedback, external shock effects, off-level installation, and so on that can plague a record player. One can debate whether it’s easier to slip a cassette into its slot on a machine than to put a record on a turntable, but few will deny that it’s easier than threading open-reel tape.

From the standpoint of space for both the playback equipment and storage of music, the cassette wins hands down. You can carry a full opera or two in your pocket, or pack hours of program fare into a corner of an attaché case. A section of a drawer can hold dozens of cassettes.

One obvious advantage of records (again, excluding their admittedly better sound to date) is the ease with which you can deliberately select a desired passage on a disc. With tape—in either open reel or cartridge form—you have to go through the fast-wind operations, often accompanied by some guesswork as to where an exact passage can be found.

Less apparent to the consumer but a telling factor from the recording industry’s viewpoint—which in the long run does affect the consumer in terms of cost—is the fact that it’s still easier and cheaper to mass-produce discs than prerecorded tapes. Records are literally stamped out of vinyl biscuits by a mold called, suitably enough, a stamper. Tapes are duplicated on high-speed decks playing master copies of the original tape, the only present way to impress a wound-up reel of tape with the signals from that master. Moreover, the raw materials for each form differ in cost: the vinyl wafer that becomes a disc costs the company a few cents; the raw tape that becomes a prerecorded tape costs about a dollar or more—even in the quantities purchased by the company. Until fairly recently, the differences in the manufacture of the two products were profound, and determined not only the quantity of product units offered to the buying public, but also their cost and the degree of marketing drive or promotional push (and consequently the extent of the public’s awareness of the product) a company was likely to expend. However this imbalance between the two program forms may change: we’ve been hearing lately of superspeed tape duplicators that can turn out prerecorded cassettes in one minute or less that it takes for a press to stamp out a disc recording. The nation’s total present capacity for making discs still far exceeds its capacity for making prerecorded tapes, but the gap apparently is steadily being closed between the two forms.

Be that as it may, two main reasons for the hegemony of discs over cartridge or cassette tapes prevail: today’s discs, as a class, simply sound better than today’s cassette tapes when both are played over good equipment, and you can select portions of a record far more readily than portions of a tape.

Admittedly, the sonic differences are constantly lessening, and they are of an order that concerns a relatively small number of buyers. Economic realities being what they are, however, the mass market—although generally spurred by the high-fidelity minded leaders—largely determines the record industry’s output, both in form and content. We do, however, have an increasingly diverse and interesting cassette repertoire combined with a no less expanding choice of equipment to play and/or record with. Cassette machines are offered in differing format, with or without ancillary equipment, and boasting a feature here or a new twist there. But by and large—from the basic standpoints of tape speed, head arrangement, frequency equalization, and transport design—they are all very much alike. There is thus no problem of the “compatibility” of a cassette recorded on one machine and played back on another. As for relative performance—in terms of frequency response, distortion, etc.—again, the cassette machines do not yet exhibit significant differences. The big jump in cassette machine quality was made when the first stereo models appeared; their response measured up to about 10,000 Hz, as compared to the 6,000-Hz top of the first mono Carry-Corder. Progress from this point will be slower, less dramatic, and more general—like that in the audio field as a whole. As a Norelco executive notes: “It’s a matter of developing several things at the same time. We improved the frequency response, and everybody began
TAPE RECORDERS – SALES IN UNITS

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(Courtesy Ampex Corporation)

ESTIMATED NUMBER OF RELEASES AVAILABLE IN VARIOUS TAPE SYSTEMS (as of March 1969)

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to notice wow and flutter. Now we’ve done something about that, and everyone’s commenting on the tape hiss. We’ll solve that problem—in time for someone to start on the frequency response again.” Some of the high fidelity component manufacturers are already claiming frequency response up to 12,000 Hz for their latest models. One tape-head manufacturer—Michigan Magnetics—vows that by 1970 newly designed heads can raise that figure to 15,000 Hz. The tape industry (manufacturers of raw tape and producers of equipment) is expending a considerable effort researching new oxide formulations and new types of miniature tape transport mechanisms, to improve response, distortion, signal-to-noise, and wow characteristics of the cassette system. In Japan, engineers of at least one company, TDK Electronics, report having developed an improved oxide coating which they claim will bring cassette response up to 22,000 Hz. Closer to home, there’s Du Pont’s Crolyn (an entirely new tape-coating formulation) which many experts feel holds great promise for improving tape response at slower speeds. Crolyn, however, remains at this writing in the pending stage: according to Du Pont, Crolyn needs—for recording—a higher bias voltage than is furnished in existing cassette recorders. Crolyn’s potential as a prerecorded medium seems more imminent, but so far it hasn’t been used for this purpose either.

For the time being, in any event, the cassette buyer must be satisfied with the 10- to 12-kHz top, and tolerant of some hiss. There’s no problem in the mid-range, and the bass comes through with adequate power, especially when a cassette player is used in a respectable component system (the same amplifier, or receiver, and speaker systems you use for your other program sources). So, from the standpoint of a confirmed high fidelity enthusiast the cassettes at the present “state of the art” represent a new, convenient, and acceptable-sounding program form with the added fillip of an equally convenient and just as acceptable-sounding recording system. It also represents what may well be the only form of tape with which the general public cares to become involved.

The answer to the tape versus disc question thus begins to take shape. As we see it now (and now admittedly is a time of transition rather than a state of settled matters), it is not really tape versus disc, but tape versus tape—and specifically, in the lower-priced equipment area. It is, in other words, in the under-$150 price class where the essential battle for ascendency, between cassettes and open-reel machines, seems to be shaping up. Cassettes are not competing in the higher-priced tape product area, which probably will continue to dominate, in terms of ultimate quality and performance, the fancy and financial outlay of serious tape enthusiasts. As for discs, we doubt that they will be displaced, except possibly by some fantastic technological breakthrough which—if it occurs—will make all present forms of recorded material obsolete.
In, it should be pointed out at once, is not an absolute term. As applied to composers, at any rate, it is essentially a correlative of Out. If you have never been Out, or if it's generally considered unlikely that you ever will be Out, then you can't really be described as In.

An In composer is a temporary beneficiary of one of those upturns of fashion that high-minded people consider should never influence the Eternal Verities of Serious Music. Whether such swings of the pendulum should or should not influence serious music, they most certainly do. Consider, for example, the syllabus of the Dimitri Mitropoulos Conducting Competition in recent years, and reflect how unthinkable it would have been, two short decades ago, to include Mahler's Fourth Symphony as a required work in such a contest. Look at the Schwann catalogue now, and compare the plethora of Telemann or Nielsen listings with the paucity of even five years ago.

Inevitably, of course, the word In can be used only in a very imprecise sense until the vogue in question either has, or in a sense hasn't, died away. For if past Outness is a matter of historical verification, future Outness—the other half of the criterion for present In-ness—can never be more or less than speculative. He who, in 1969, predicts that Beethoven will be as central to Western musical culture in a hundred years as he is now, makes a forecast that will probably, but by no means certainly, turn out to be true. And even in writing that sentence I hesitate: developments of the very recent past, among composers, performers, and audiences alike, tend to suggest that, even for the seemingly inviolable Beethoven, "possibly" might now be a safer prognosis than "probably."

In a converse way, no one could have seemed more obviously the fashionable man's In composer than Johann Sebastian Bach in the 1830s, when the celebrated cheesemonger's shop had only recently yielded up the St. Matthew Passion, and that incorrigible time-server (and, according to Wagner, time-beater) Mendelssohn was busy pushing his venerable protégé on every possible occasion.

In Bach's case, however, there were one or two important differences. For one thing, in the big public sense he was the very first example of the posthumous revive. Until well into the nineteenth century the regular concert fare was contemporary music—while London had its Concerts of Ancient Music, "ancient" meant merely "written more than twenty years ago"—and there was thus no real precedent for judging whether the resuscitation of this particular cat was a temporary or a permanent development. To our privileged hindsight, however, there were certain indications that suggest what the prophets might have foreseen even in those days. Though the general public knew nothing of Bach between 1750 and 1830, and though in his own time he was famous not so much as a composer but as a performer—and even more, we learn from Telemann's graceful memorial sonnet, as a teacher and as the father of gifted sons like Carl Philipp Emanuel—there was nevertheless a significant Bach cult among connoisseurs during the last years of the eighteenth century. Baron van Swieten (the man who told Haydn how to compose The Creation and The Seasons) was a pretty pompous fellow in many ways. But he deserves credit for at least one thing: it was probably in his house in Vienna, at regular meetings devoted to the study of The Art of Fugue, that Haydn, Mozart, and the young Beethoven all made their first real acquaintance with the music of Bach.

Whether or not anyone was able at the time to read such clues aright, Bach eventually graduated with honors from his In composership, which might be described as a probation period preliminary to qualification as a true classic. Into the same conditional pantheon, on the tails of Bach's own graduation coat, was swept another composer who today, firmly though he has established himself, looks much more like a genuine In composer in the sense of the creature of fashion and fortune: Antonio Vivaldi. The rediscovery of Bach's arrangements of Vivaldi naturally prompted nineteenth-century researchers to go one step further back and investigate the older composer on whom the Master himself had spent so much time and effort. It was to the consequent exertions of such scholars as Antonio Fanna that Vivaldi owed the earlier stages of his rehabilitation. But through other circumstances, interest in Vivaldi was later—that is, in the last twenty years—to become the spearhead of the phenomenon often referred to these days as the "baroque explosion." During the past decade or more, composers of the eighteenth century and earlier have, to an unprecedented degree, supplanted the big romantic figures in the affections of many enthusiasts, particularly younger ones. The development is conspicuous enough in the United States, and in the historical sense it seems to have gone even further in England, where programs of medieval music regularly draw capacity audiences to the concert halls of London's South Bank.

Several reasons for this movement may be distinguished. Among the most obvious—though complex interdependence of cause and effect emerges

by Bernard Jacobson

Mahler, Ives, Nielsen, Sibelius, Vivaldi, Berlioz—are they permanent classics or just temporary fads?
here—was the arrival of the long-playing record, and with it the mushrooming of small record companies with equally small financial resources. The costs of recording large-scale orchestral works being formidable, these companies found a natural outlet in the more practicable “half-way” material of the baroque—hence the deluge of releases devoted to eighteenth-century concertos, neither true chamber nor true orchestral music, which possess the additional advantage of fitting comfortably, two or three to a side, on the disc.

Interrelating with this matter of recording convenience, there have been such other factors as the development of musicological techniques and the advent of specialist interpreters. The latter, indeed, have sometimes become prisoners of their own specialty. More than six years ago a member of the twelve-man Italian chamber orchestra I Musici was telling me: “Sometimes we get awfully fed up with all these -alis and -elis and -onis, but wherever we go, that’s what they want to hear. They insist on it. We love this music of course, and we’d never give it up. But it would be so nice now and then if we could play something completely different.” (Recent recordings, by the way, in which the group plays music ranging from Schubert and Mendelssohn to Nielsen, Hindemith, Roussel, and Frank Martin, suggest that I Musici may finally have broken out of the mold imposed on them by audiences and impresarios—but it took them fifteen years to do so.)

It may be objected that the baroque could never have been foisted on the public if audience taste hadn’t been ready for it. There is, I think, a certain limited truth in that view. And so it is natural to go on and ask: “Is there anything in the development of music in our own time that may have contributed to such a readiness?” The question can be answered with two yesses, one positive, the other negative.

It is certainly possible that the increasing concern of much modern music for the horizontal rather than the vertical—its re-emphasis on counterpoint at the expense of harmonic functions—may have opened ears and minds to music written in the days before harmony was elevated to its dominant nineteenth-century position. Similarly, the twentieth-century weakening, even abandonment, of tonal functions may have increased the accessibility of Renaissance pretonal music for some listeners.

Or, to look at things in a different light, the enormously increased availability of music may have jaded palates for the overfamiliar nineteenth-century article, while, at the same time, contemporary music seems to have aroused little general enthusiasm; if this is the case, then the only way to go is back.

Whatever the reasons, baroque and earlier composers have done well out of both the Fifties and the Sixties. The current experience of one or two record companies, whose sales of baroque releases appear at last to be falling off, suggests that the Seventies may not be so fruitful. But it seems close to certain that some figures will survive. Apart from Bach himself, and Handel, whose long-standing popularity goes back in a rather special way to his desiccation in nineteenth-century England and Germany, I have a feeling that Telemann, newly restored to some measure of the favor he enjoyed when he was the busiest and most famous composer of his own day, may well survive his modern probation and take a permanent place among the giants. He is perhaps a rather small-boned, graceful giant, and not always entirely serious, but the overflowing cheerfulness of his music, supported by genuine inspiration and workmanship of a high order, has its own place to fill alongside the grander utterance of Handel and the more intense expressivity of Bach.

Very different in character and appeal from the men of the baroque is the varied group of nineteenth- and twentieth-century composers more or less recently classifiable as In, Mahler, Ives, Nielsen, Berlioz, Liszt, and Sibelius all fit in one way or another into this category—and recent rumblings indicate that Scriabin threatens to join them. I should emphasize again, since it cannot be said too often, that to distinguish the genuinely In composers from the more durable incipient classics is a subjective matter; nor with the seven composers just named is the question one that can be categorically answered. Rather, there is a wide gradation of status between In and Here to Stay. Of those seven, my own judgment would rank Mahler as the most permanent. Liszt and Sibelius, although both composers of real value—and Scriabin, who, to my taste, has none—would occupy the other extreme of In-ness; Berlioz, Ives, and Nielsen come somewhere in between.

Underneath the vogues of all these composers may be found both a selection of special causes and two that are shared by almost all of them. The latter are the advent, as in baroque music, of specialist interpreters: and the existence, again as in baroque music though different in character, of a state of readiness in public taste.

The importance of having a conductor to champion your work is illustrated with particular clarity by
the comparison between Carl Nielsen and Jean Sibelius. Both lived in northern countries, where they were born in the same year (1865), and both were pre-eminent symphonists. Yet Sibelius, though probably (to be subjective again) the lesser composer, flourished from the 20s, when he stopped composing, until just a few years ago. Although he wasn’t played much in the Germanic countries, where consequently his reputation was low, in America, where Koussevitzky programmed him frequently, and in England, where Beecham did the same, he was held in correspondingly high esteem by audiences and also found critics like Olin Downes to be his apostles.

Though Bernstein’s influence has kept interest flickeringly alive in the U.S.A., Sibelius’ estate has never been high here since the death of Koussevitzky, and in England, his decline corresponded both with the belated access of interest in serial music and with the death of Beecham. Any of these circumstances could be coincidental, but I don’t think so.

While Sibelius was prospering, Nielsen was having a thin time of it outside his native Denmark. There were no Danish conductors of sufficient international standing to carry his message abroad, and no Beechams or Koussevitzkys came forward from other nations to further his reputation. The turning point came in 1950, when his Fifth Symphony was played at the Edinburgh Festival with resounding success by the Danish State Radio Symphony Orchestra. The publication two years later of Robert Simpson’s excellent book on Nielsen helped matters. And again, it was the appearance of a major interpreter that put the movement in high gear—when Bernstein took up Nielsen’s music, aided four years ago by the happy coincidence of the centennial.

If devoted conductors have meant all or nothing to Sibelius and Nielsen, the case of Mahler is more complicated. In this instance, much as the presence of an “authentic” interpreter in Bruno Walter did for the composer after the latter’s death, Walter’s very eminence may well have discouraged younger conductors from taking up the Mahler standard. Critics and audiences tend to have a numbing respect for so-called “credentials,” and performances by conductors who hadn’t known Mahler personally were almost bound to be compared unfavorably with those by Walter (or, for that matter, Klemperer) who had.

In any event, Bernstein’s appointment to the post Mahler himself had held—music director of the New York Philharmonic—turned out to be crucial. Bernstein became practically identified with Mahler, in the minds of others if not in his own. The attitude may be exaggerated, but the actual performances have come close to bearing it out, and Mahler’s own prediction that it would take fifty years for his music to be accepted now seems to have been uncannily accurate.

Where audiences are concerned, Sibelius’ attraction may have been the combination of harmonic conservatism with, at least formerly, intellectual respectability. In a somewhat similar if more legitimate (because technically fresher) way, Nielsen offers a firm oasis of tonality amid what many have regarded as a spreading desert of dodecaphony. With Mahler, again, the likely explanation is less simple. It has to do with the psychology of audiences in a world that has accepted psychology itself. Openness to the mixed-media constructs of today could hardly have happened without openness to Mahler’s uncensored outpourings; and those in turn could hardly have been accepted without openness to the discoveries of Freud (whom Mahler himself once consulted).

Neither Berlioz nor Liszt has ever been quite as far Out as Mahler once was, nor is either of them anything like as far In as he has become. But both are enjoying the beginnings of a revival of interest, for something like the same psychological reasons, allied with a growing willingness to enjoy the colossal. Berlioz has other advantages too: he has a centennial in full swing, until last year he had a popular interpreter in Charles Munch, and he has a great one in Colin Davis.

On the other hand, neither a hundredth birthday in 1966 nor the advocacy of British pianist John Ogdon and other performers has served to extract Ferruccio Busoni more than fitfully from the neglect into which he has fallen. One uncharacteristically colossal work—the Piano Concerto—has had a recording and a number of performances, but the bulk of the output remains unknown. Perhaps the trouble is that Busoni’s essentially classical personality is out of tune with the times. Perhaps audiences will be in the right mood for him by 2066. As for Scriabin, if he should get a push from the current psychedelic fashion, he will probably fade again when it does.

Charles Ives is in a category of his own. In this country, he has naturally been helped by the rising tide of American musical consciousness, in a period that thinks of itself as a cultural explosion. Along with Stokowski’s name, that of Bernstein crops up yet again as a conductor who has made a valuable contribution. The long-awaited premiere of the Fourth Symphony in 1965, forty-nine years after its completion, assisted by the work of libraries and the financial support of foundations, was a vital landmark in the public awareness of America’s now most famous composer. A Charles Ives Society has recently been formed in Holland, where no nationalistic considerations apply; but so far, at any rate, this is an expression of interest on the part of composers and other specialists rather than a movement in public taste.

Altogether, it seems, a composer can become In for the most varied of reasons, some related, others not. I have suggested as an axiom that, while the vogue is on, we cannot know whether it is merely a vogue, or whether it will be seen to have constituted the beginning of long-term acceptance. The part of prudence, profit, and pleasure alike is to refrain from premature judgments and to enjoy the music—for whatever it may be worth—while it’s there to enjoy. Tomorrow, after all, it may have disappeared into oblivion... or it may have become just another of those dull classics.

JULY 1969

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poor man's glossary of audio terms

**ACOUSTIC SUSPENSION.** Temporary deafness.

**AM SUPPRESSION.** The morning after the night before.

**AUTOMATIC FREQUENCY CONTROL.** 1. The rhythm method. 2. Kapectate.

**BASS REFLEX.** What Boris Godunov needs when he falls down those stairs.

**BIAS ADJUSTMENT.** Denazification.

**CAPTURE RATIO.** Sheriff's record.

**CROSSOVER NETWORK.** Get Smart has left NBC for CBS.

**CROSSTALK.** #$% +$%&%&%#.

**DECIBEL.** Fight announcer's warning that he's about to tell you of Gillette.

**DYNAMIC WOOFER.** Lassie.

**HARMONIC DISTORTION.** The 12-tone system.

**HEAT SINKS.** No it doesn't; it rises.

**HIGH FREQUENCY RESPONSE.** Nymphomania.

**INTEGRATED CIRCUIT.** The Supremes playing the Catskills.

**MEGAHERTZ.** She's 'a not feela so good.

**OSCILLATOR.** Beseenya soon.

**PICKUP COMPLIANCE.** Don Juan's hope.

**RECORD STACKING.** 49-26-36.

**ROOT MEAN SQUARE.** Rootless mean hip.

**SEMICONDUCTOR.** Lawrence Welk.

**SOUND REPRODUCTION.** Family planning.

**SPEAKER BAFFLE.** Doubletalk.

**STYLIST FORCE.** Yves St. Laurent.

**TRANSIENT RESPONSE.** 'Wuddya mean, 'no vacancies'?

**TRANSISTOR.** My brother wears dresses.

**WATTS MUSIC POWER.** 'We shall overcome . . . ?’
More Than a Clown
by Edward Blickstein

Vladimir de Pachmann was also the foremost Chopin interpreter of his time

When Franz Liszt once attended a recital by an unknown pianist in Budapest, he was moved to say, "Those who have never heard Chopin before are hearing him this evening." A few years later, Anton Rubinstein addressed the very same young man: "Ah, but my dear fellow, I don't have your touch." Leopold Godowsky and Eugene Ysaye were among his admirers, and Adelina Patti said at his London debut: "I sing with my throat, but you sing with your hands, which is even more precious." Critics were as enthusiastic as fellow artists. In America, there were Philip Hale and James Huneker and, in England, Ernest Newman and Arthur Symons, who wrote around the turn of the century. "He is the greatest player alive, for he plays Chopin better than anyone plays anything." And later, New York Times critic Olin Downes asserted, "No one did play, or ever will play, the Chopin F minor Concerto as [he] played it."

Today he is remembered as a clown.

The pianist was Vladimir de Pachmann—and the contrast between the adulation he was accorded in his lifetime and the contemptuous dismissal he has suffered since is one of the curiosities of music history. No doubt De Pachmann's flamboyant platform personality had much to do with his enormous popularity with mass audiences, but to suggest, as some have done, that he was able to make fools of some of the most distinguished musicians and critics of his day is absurd.

The fact seems to be that De Pachmann was a great pianist—a supreme Chopin interpreter—who was also an eccentric, and that the great playing and the eccentricities were somehow inextricably entwined. Today, his artistry can hardly be demonstrated—his best records, some of the earliest piano recordings ever made, are virtually unknown—but his eccentricities can only too easily be documented.

If he made a mistake, he would strike the guilty hand, saying, "Now he sounds like Paderewski." He might cover his hands if he saw a celebrated pianist in the hall, telling everyone, "There's Godowsky: I don't want him to see my fingering." When once he saw the piano placed in a bad position, he bade the audience to "rise up and slay the guilty one." He ordered a late-comer to "shut up and sit down," and severely reprimanded an audience that had applauded at the wrong moment: "And I thought," he said, "I was in musical Manchester."

He maintained "retainers"—tuners and movers who were kept busy adjusting the piano, placing bits of wood and cardboard under the legs or pedals until the instrument was at the proper height, only to have the performer come out and, putting a few pieces of paper on the seat, announce, "You'd be surprised at the difference an inch makes." One time he brought out of his pocket an uncut ruby. (He had a passion for uncut gems and fancied himself a mineralogist.) His eyes glowed as he held the shimmering jewel up for the audience to see. "Look how it glitters, how it reflects the light." Then, "Listen to the way I play this Chopin waltz . . . you'll forget all about the ruby."

He had the manners of a mountebank with the message of a poet. He was the answer to a press agent's dreams and was, as a matter of fact, his own best advertiser.

No one is certain how it all started. According to his long-time secretary, De Pachmann discovered very early in his career that if he entered into some direct contact with his audience, smiling and gesticulating, he could alleviate the acute nervousness that chronically afflicted him. Who knows? Perhaps it was his own built-in protection from the rigors and strain of concertizing. Whatever the reason for his eccentricities, they were noticed from the very beginning of his career. Bernard Shaw, in one of his London reviews of the 1880s, speaks of "De Pachmann's pantomimic performances with accompaniments by Chopin." The pantomime soon included facial contortions and grimaces, which, in the words of Busoni, "would have sufficed to explain the music to a deaf and dumb institution." It was these antics, so simian in character, that prompted James Huneker, then America's leading music critic.

Pianist Edward Blickstein is now preparing a book thoroughly re-examining the maligned De Pachmann image.
to call De Pachmann "Chopinzee," a nickname which remained with him until the end of his days.

The vaudeville performances grew in scope as did the musician's art, for they ran parallel to each other. By the turn of the century, De Pachmann was at his best. Never had he played with such inspiration, or clowned with such abandon. It was at this time that the celebrated "sock incident" occurred, which startled the music world and made De Pachmann's concerts the talk of two continents.

At an all-Chopin recital in the Singakademie in Berlin, the pianist walked out holding a pair of socks and immediately addressed the audience: "Ladies and Gentlemen, I make a speech. These are the socks that George Sand knitted for Chopin." He put them on the piano, sat down, and began to play. Next day he was visited by a celebrated critic, who asked to see again the sacred socks—and then proceeded to kiss them. "But wasn't it funny?" De Pachmann later confided to Olin Downes; "those weren't Chopin's socks, they're my own!"

This behavior, inspired or willful, became an exotic framework for his exquisite pianism. Audiences expected from him a display of eccentricities, and he obliged. To begin with, he was usually late; and when he did appear, he would be loath to play at all and wouldðase his audience into begging him to start. "Why do you want to hear me? You've heard these pieces time and again," he'd complain. "Besides," placing his hand on his neck, "I'm up to here with Chopin." Finally, when he was persuaded to go to the piano, he would stroke the keys indifferently through the first bars of the piece, sighing audibly, "This is not De Pachmann." But, as the music fired his imagination and he felt life flow into his fingers, he'd add, "But this is!"

As the concert progressed, he would first comment about a work he was to play, then play, and finally comment about his playing. And when he performed a lyric piece, a nocturne or a slow étude, and had begun to weave a spell with the beauty of his tone, he would glance over the audience like a sorcerer holding it in thrall, until the intensity had stretched the listeners' nerves to a breaking point. Then, with a wave of his hand, he would whisper, "If only Chopin could have heard that!"

The spell broken and their pent-up emotions released, the audience would recall him time and again in ovations that rivaled those of Paderewski's.

The evening would draw to a close, yet De Pachmann seemed to show no fatigue. For just as it was difficult for him to start, now it was difficult for him to stop. Inspired by the enthusiasm of his audience, he would be extravagant with his encores. Only when the janitor threatened to lock everyone in the hall (those were the days before unions) did the concert formally end. Yet, in the artist's room, De Pachmann could still be found seated at the piano and, with admirers surrounding him, he'd be requested to perform this or that piece. Wreathed in smiles, he'd continue to play until his managers ordered the pedals removed.

This love of music, this love of playing the piano and giving pleasure to thousands of people became almost an obsession with him—so much so that, as an old man he would shout to the audience while he played, "Are you enjoying yourself? Are you having a good time?"

De Pachmann, in short, was incorrigible. The eccentricities continued right up to the end. At those final "Farewell for all time" concerts, when he began the G minor Ballade, taking the opening octave passage in one hand, he told everyone, "Look! One hand. Not bad for a man of eighty!" He did a stopwatch performance of the Minute Waltz, and after concluding a favorite Mazurka, he confided to the first few rows, "I'd give all my art to have composed that piece." For De Pachmann never lost the childlike spontaneity and enthusiasm which had always endeared him to audiences and which by the time of his last appearances seemed also to arouse their respect, even veneration.

He was born in Odessa, Russia, in 1848, the youngest of thirteen children. His father, a Professor of Roman Law at Odessa University, and an amateur musician, began teaching his son to play the violin when the boy was six years old. At the age of twelve, he began to study the piano, showing such talent that, in 1868 he was sent to the Vienna Conservatory to study for two years—the only professional training De Pachmann had. At the end of his course of study he was presented with the school's gold medal, the first of the series of honors he was to receive in his lifetime.
Some impressions by a British cartoonist during De Pachmann's inaccurately designated "farewell" tour of England in 1925. He had just completed his real farewell tour of America, but was to return to England for another concert tour in 1927-28, when he was eighty.

After returning to Russia, he gave a few concerts in Odessa and in some nearby provincial cities. Then, he chanced to hear the great Carl Tausig on what turned out to be the latter's final Russian tour, in 1870, and was so overwhelmed by Tausig's artistry that he abandoned his plans for a St. Petersburg debut in order to re-evaluate his own playing. And so, he retired . . . at twenty-two.

After ten years of intensive study, he returned to Vienna to make a debut there. But the years of solitary study had become such a habit that he found himself incapable of playing before an audience. His recital, which had been announced in the papers and for which tickets had been sold, had to be canceled twice. It was only on a third attempt that his exasperated manager, who had rented the hall, managed to push his frightened artist out on the stage, shouting, "Swim or die!" De Pachmann found himself in front of a skeptical audience.

At the end of the concert, De Pachmann received an ovation, and this late-starting career suddenly flowered into one success after another. Liszt, who heard the still virtually unknown pianist in a subsequent recital in Budapest, introduced him to other musicians, brought him to play for Wagner, and then sent him to Paris with a warm letter of introduction to Saint-Saëns, who also became enthusiastic. De Pachmann's concerts in the French capital caused such a stir that the usually staid Paris correspondent of the (London) Times took time out from political reporting to mention the new artist in an article for the paper. As a result, De Pachmann was invited to appear with the London Philharmonic in a performance of Chopin's F minor Concerto. His playing caused a sensation, and his reputation as a great Chopin exponent was immediately established. Other triumphs in England, on the Continent, and in America followed. In time, he came to be considered—as Webster's Collegiate Dictionary tersely defined him, "Vladimir de Pachmann, Russian pianist, the foremost Chopin player."

What was there about Vladimir de Pachmann's playing that brought him such world renown? The answer is that he was the first pianist to use Chopin's own style of playing to make a career. In De Pachmann's day (and today for that matter) pianists preferred to play the large-scale masterpieces of Chopin over the smaller works, which they thought too intimate for the concert hall. De Pachmann was the first to challenge this attitude successfully, to test the so-called Chopin mystique and aesthetic, with its emphasis on refinement and tone color, delicacy and charm, over power and mere virtuosity. He dared to play in the concert hall the way Chopin played in a salon. Though many had said it couldn't be done, De Pachmann discovered a way of producing a tone that sounded throughout the largest hall yet preserved its intimate character.

To put it briefly, he was able to unite the elegance of his Viennese training—the mastery of scales, arpeggios, and passagework with the more sonorous orchestral style of the Liszt school, the so-called "grand manner," prevalent at the time. He could play very delicately but his tone never sounded anemic or "white." Again, he could play with great sonority, but he never indulged in an overly massive sound. No pianist before him, with the possible exception of Chopin himself, had mastered such a touch. Its hallmark was the much discussed "Pachmannissimo," a very round and very penetrating pianissimo which could easily carry through the vast recesses of the Albert Hall.

The composer Kaikhosru Sorabji gives an excellent summary of De Pachmann's art: "The almost unlimited range of his gradations of tone within a mezzo-forte and an unbelievable 'quasi niente,' the amazing fluidity and limpidity of his jeu perle; his delicious, dainty staccato; the marvelous cantilena; the exquisite phrasing; and the wonderful delicate fantasy of the whole . . . [all this] made his playing of certain works of Chopin an enchantment and a delight."

Though a miniaturist, he put so much into these little pieces (some of them little in form only) that he was in reality a great miniaturist. He did big things with little pieces.

One must admit, however, that De Pachmann's Chopin was not a complete one. A supreme player in many ways, he was not an ideal one. The particular mastery that De Pachmann possessed was so complete that it left no room for anything else. Though his playing of certain large-scale works (like the Third Ballade and the Fourth Scherzo) was expert, in works of an entirely different character demanding strength, demonic virility, and aggressiveness (such as the first two Scherzos, some Etudes and Preludes, the
greatest A flat Polonaise, the first two movements of the B flat minor Sonata) he was unconvincing. When, for example, he played the heroic Revolutionary Etude, he gave to his left hand a purling quality completely inappropriate for the music. While De Pachmann's Chopin was never devoid of charm, it was always lacking in heroics.

I spent many hours in Paris with De Pachmann's son, who described to me in detail how his father played the Berceuse—considered by many (along with the Larghetto from the F minor Concerto) to be the quintessence of his art. Within the framework of a tender lullaby, the piece abounds in the fioritura passages De Pachmann loved. Thus, according to his son, when he played the work, he would make "little pictures in a big one." The great conception he had of the music would hold it together, while the little variations, beautiful in themselves, would be shaped into a delicate mosaic. And the color! I am told that under his fingers the music would slowly vanish to a wisp of tone, an essence, and as the critics used to say, the applause that inevitably followed seemed like an intrusion.

Of the Larghetto from the F minor Concerto, Olin Downes wrote: "... if it is said that, when he sang on the keys the ineffable song of the Larghetto angels wept over the golden bars of heaven, it is only a little more than the truth. Indeed, the music had a haunting seraphic melancholy, a freedom from every thralldom of this world, only to be evoked by the supreme artists and the pure in heart."

It is sad to think that a performer's art is as ephemeral as his fame. Without mechanical means, it is preserved only in the memories of his hearers. With De Pachmann, this is particularly poignant since most of his recordings were made when he was very old and a mere shadow of himself. Yet there are a few discs, his earliest and rarest, and some unreleased records made a few years later, which serve as his true legacy. These almost unknown recordings, made in 1906-09 (when he was in his late fifties) for the Gramophone & Typewriter (G & T) Company and HMV in London and for Victor in 1911-12, indicate better than any of his later discs what a great artist he must have been.

Though the sound of the earliest records is very primitive, the caressing, velvety quality of De Pachmann's touch is apparent. Notable from the earliest series is the Butterfly Etude and Minute Waltz, one of his best records; a poised and rippling reading of the F major Prelude; and an abridged version (one side) of the Barcarolle (1907) which illustrates his mastery of trills and double notes, the Chopin fioritura, which he so much loved to play.

In 1909, he made his first extensive series of recordings, about ten sides for HMV. Unfortunately, only four of these are known to exist; the others remain to be found. Liszt's Rigoletto Paraphrase is played with great elegance and style. In it, De Pachmann combines the breadth and sonorosity of the Liszt school with the finesse and delicacy of Chopin's method. This delicacy, within the framework of tonal opulence, is also apparent in his delightful playing of Mendelssohn's Rondo capriccioso.

For some unknown reason, his best records from his next series, made for Victor in America on his Farewell Tour of 1911-12, were never issued. Except for a scintillating performance of the little-known Mazurka Brillante of Liszt, this is an all-Chopin series and includes works De Pachmann never recorded again. Three Etudes, the First and Third of Op. 10 and the Second of Op. 25, receive fluent, elegant readings. The unreleased Nocturne of the set, the F minor Op. 55, is played in a druglike trance.

His last recordings include his English Columbia series made when he was near seventy, and his final American acoustics and HMV recordings in his late seventies. Though there is some beautiful playing in the English Columbia discs, notably Raff's La Filleuse and some Mazurkas, and in his electrical recordings of the Prelude in E minor of Mendelssohn and Chopin's posthumous E minor Nocturne, by this time his pianism had become something of a caricature, much like the man himself. Indeed, the electric recordings with their pathetic running commentaries (HMV had encouraged the old maestro to talk while he played) are primarily responsible for his current low reputation among musicians—these are, unhappily, the most easily obtainable of all his records.

With the infirmities of old age increasing steadily on him, De Pachmann's physical decline in his later years was truly terrible. Yet, despite failing memory, no longer agile fingers, and strength almost completely gone, he could still conjure up a sad and wistful spell with the beauty of his touch and tone as he does on his very last recording, made when he was nearing eighty, of Chopin's posthumous E minor Nocturne. This was the token of a lifetime of devotion to Chopin, his ultimate triumph over the vicissitudes of his old age. What did Busoni once say of him? "Why should there be any wonder at De Pachmann's defying age? He has lived for his art alone; therefore, his art is to him eternally faithful."

With his final recital in the Albert Hall, a page in concert history was completed, for to many, De Pachmann was more than just a pianist—he was an institution whose Chopin-playing influenced a whole generation of pianists. One has only to remember the way Josef Hofmann played passagework or the way Moritz Rosenthal, whom De Pachmann used to call "my pupil," played Mazurkas, to realize this. In addition, although he died in 1933, we do have his records, and, imperfect though they are, some do suggest something of the glory of his art.

Perhaps De Pachmann was right when he said near the end of his life: "I shall not be forgotten. I have made some gramophone records. And when your children and grandchildren ask you, 'Who was this De Pachmann?' you will be able to show them how he played and understood the works of Chopin. And, though they cannot see me, they will hear my voice through my music, and then they will know why all the world worshipped De Pachmann."
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**HIGH FIDELITY** (commenting on test data supplied by CBS Laboratories, February, 1968)

"... After years of rumor and waiting, the AR amplifier finally has appeared. This first electronic product from a firm known up to now for its speakers and turntables is, in our view, an unqualified success, a truly excellent and unimpeachable amplifier, the more outstanding for its comparatively low price vis-a-vis today's market for the top cream in stereo products." "... Harmonic distortion was among the lowest ever measured, almost nonmeasurable across most of the audio band. The IM characteristics must be counted as the best we've ever seen: again, almost non-measurable up to high power levels..." "... Actually, the amplifier has more than enough power reserves and stability to drive any speakers... this is one of the quietest amplifiers yet encountered; free of hum and free too of annoying noise pulses that you sometimes hear when turning on solid-state equipment..."

**HiFi/Stereo Review** ("Equipment Test Reports" by Hirsch-Houck Laboratories, March, 1968)

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(...a commentary on the critical role of tracking forces in evaluating trackability and trackability claims)

TRACKABILITY:
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The key parameter is "AT LIGHT TRACKING FORCES!"

A general rule covering trackability is: the higher the tracking force, the greater the ability of the stylus to stay in the groove. Unfortunately, at higher forces you are tracking trackability for trouble. At a glance, the difference between .2 gram and 1 1/2, or 2 grams may not appear significant. You could not possibly detect the difference by touch. But your record can! And so can the stylus!

TRACKING FORCES:

Perhaps it will help your visualization of the forces involved to translate "grams" to actual pounds per square inch of pressure on the record groove. For example, using .2 gram of force as a reference (with a .2 mil x .7 mil radius elliptical stylus) means that 60,000 lbs. (30 tons) per square inch is the resultant pressure on the groove walls. At one gram, this increases to 66,000 lbs. per square inch, an increase of three tons per square inch—and at 1 1/2 grams, the force rises to 75,000 lbs. per square inch, an increase of 7 1/2 tons per square inch. At two grams, or 83,000 lbs. per square inch, 11 3/4 tons per square inch have been added over the .2 gram force. At 2 1/2 grams, or 88,000 lbs. per square inch, a whopping 14 1/4 tons per square inch have been added!

The table below indicates the tracking force in grams and pounds, ranging from .2 gram to 2 1/2 grams—plus their respective resultant pressures in pounds per square inch.

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</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Grams</td>
<td>Pounds</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Pounds per square inch</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

(See Note 1)

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>.2</th>
<th>.0017</th>
<th>60,000</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1</td>
<td>.0022</td>
<td>60,000 + 10% (over .2 gram)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 1/2</td>
<td>.0033</td>
<td>75,000 + 25% (over .2 gram)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2</td>
<td>.0044</td>
<td>83,000 + 38% (over .2 gram)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2 1/2</td>
<td>.0055</td>
<td>88,000 + 47% (over .2 gram)</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

SPECIAL NOTE:
The Shure V-15 Type II "Super-Track" Cartridge is capable of tracking the majority of records at .2 gram; however state-of-the-art advances in the recording industry have brought about a growing number of records which require 1 gram tracking force in order to fully capture the expanded dynamic range of the recorded material. 1 gram tracking requires not only a cartridge capable of effectively tracking at .2 gram, but also a high quality manual arm [such as the Shure-SME] or a high quality automatic turntable arm capable of tracking at .2 gram.)

TESTS:

Our tests, and the tests of many independent authorities (see Note No. 2), have indicated two main points:

A. At tracking forces over 2 or 2 1/2 grams, vinylite record wear is dramatically increased. Much of the "high fidelity" is shaved off of the record groove walls at both high and low ends after a relatively few playings.

B. At tracking forces over 1 1/2 grams, stylus wear is increased to a marked degree. When the stylus is worn, the chisel-like edges not only damage the record grooves—but tracing distortion over 3000 Hz by a worn stylus on a brand new record is so gross that many instrumental sounds become a burlesque of themselves. Also, stylus replacements are required much more frequently. The chart below indicates how stylus tip life increased exponentially between 1 1/2 and 2 grams—and this substantial increase in stylus life significantly extends the life of your records.

RELATIVE AVERAGE TIP LIFE VS. TRACKING FORCE

No cartridge that we have tested (and we have repeatedly tested random off-the-dealer-shelf samples of all makes and many models of cartridges) can equal the Shure V-15 Type II in fulfilling all of the requirements of a High Trackability cartridge—both initially and after prolonged testing, especially at record-and-stylus saving low tracking forces. In fact, our next-to-best cartridges—the lower cost M91 Series—are comparable to, or superior to, any other cartridge tested in meeting all these trackability requirements, regardless of price.

NOTES:

1. From calculations for an elliptical stylus with .2 mil x .7 mil radius contact points, using the Hertzian equation for indentors.

2. See HiFi/Stereo Review, October 1968; High Fidelity, November 1968; Shure has conducted over 10,000 hours of wear tests.

SHURE
V-15 TYPE II
SUPER-TRACK HIGH FIDELITY PHONOGRAPH CARTRIDGE
Write: Shure Brothers, Inc., 222 Hartrey Avenue, Evanston, Illinois 60204

CIRCLE 54 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

HIGH FIDELITY MAGAZINE

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new
equipment
reports
THE CONSUMER'S GUIDE
TO HIGH FIDELITY EQUIPMENT

STEREO RECEIVER
FOR KIT ENTHUSIASTS


COMMENT: For do-it-yourself enthusiasts, Scott has designed a stereo FM/AM receiver which arrives as an orderly series of packaged parts and ends up, after a fair amount of soldering and fastening and adjusting, as a handsome, high-performing set. Discounting your own time, it's a very good buy on today's market, offering as it does a high-sensitivity tuner, a clean, medium-powered control amplifier, attractive styling, numerous features and hookup options—and a respectable AM section too. The unit reported on was built from the ground up, following the instructions furnished. Except for a defective capacitor, which Scott replaced free, no snags were encountered. Final adjustments, including FM touch-up for optimum performance, were made without professional instruments as per the instructions, and the results are those shown here. Sensitivity was clocked at 2.3 microvolts, an average-high figure for FM tuners generally and certainly better than average for this price class. Distortion was low on both mono and stereo. Capture ratio and signal-to-noise ratios both were very good; audio response remained linear within a few dBs variation to beyond 15,000 Hz. Both stereo channels were virtually perfectly balanced and amply separated, actually exceeding, across the midrange, the normal broadcast requirement of 30 dB separation. In our cable FM test, the set logged forty-nine stations of which thirty-one were judged good enough for long-term listening or off-the-air taping.

The amplifier portion furnished a jot less than 30 watts (continuous, RMS) power per channel, with both channels driven simultaneously into 8-ohm loads. For full rated output, harmonic distortion remained under 1 per cent across most of the audio band, rising at the extreme ends. For half-rated output, harmonic distortion remained well under 1 per cent at any test frequency. IM distortion remained low and linear up to rated output. Sensitivity on all inputs was well suited for any external program source; signal-to-noise figures were excellent, being 65 dB or better on any input. The amplifier's frequency response spanned the normal 20 Hz to 20,000 Hz range within a 2 dB variation. As is true of every receiver in this price class we've tested, the extreme ends of the response range are rolled off so that power is conserved for the main part of the audio band. The set's tone control action was adequate; its high-frequency noise filter, effective; its disc playback equalization, accurate to within a few dB; its loudness compensation, not overly pronounced and quite agreeable.

The kit employs high-grade parts and, if instructions are followed scrupulously during the wiring and assembly, turns out to be a very well-built set—with securely mounted circuit boards, good shielding of critical areas, neat parts layout and wiring, and smooth-operating controls. The front panel is divided into two halves, the upper being the kind that "disappears" when the set's power is turned off, and lights up when power is turned on to show the tuning dial—FM and AM channel markings and a logging scale. Two meters—one for center-of-channel tuning, the other showing relative signal strength—are provided. There's also a stereo indicator, and the tuning knob.

The lower half contains: stereo mike jacks, input selector (mike, phono, FM, AM, extra); channel balance knob, left and right channel separate bass and treble controls (dual concentric, friction coupled so that you can adjust both channels at once or each individually); loudness knob combined with the power switch. Push buttons cover loudness compensation, tape monitor, stereo/mono mode, noise filter, interstation muting, remote speakers off/on, and main

REPORT POLICY

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

JULY 1969
speakers remote off/on. A stereo headphone jack is live at all times. At the rear are the inputs corresponding to the front panel signal selector, plus an extra set of high-level output jacks for driving an external power amplifier (for remote or additional sound systems to be controlled from the LR-88) or for feeding a tape recorder if you want to alter the signal by means of the LR-88's own controls. The usual tape in and out jacks also are provided. A preamp-sensitivity switch optimizes the phono inputs for different values of phono cartridge signal. Another adjustment sets the threshold for interstation FM muting. Speaker terminals permit connecting two separate sets of stereo speaker systems ("main" and "remote"); the remote output can be switched for stereo or mono, the latter being the recommended position for using one remote speaker as a centerfill sound source. Antenna terminals accommodate FM twin-lead and a long-wire AM antenna. There's also a built-in AM loopstick antenna for local reception. Two AC outlets (one switched), a power-line fuse, fuses for each output channel, and the set's line cord complete the rear complement. The LR-88 comes in its own metal housing with four rubber feet and so may be installed "as is" on a shelf or cabinet cut-out. Alternatively you can dress it up in the optional walnut case.

HOW IT WENT TOGETHER

Parts for the Scott LR-88 receiver kit are packaged in numbered compartments of two large plastic trays; the instruction manual directs you to the particular compartment step by step. The manual's explicit text is augmented by very clear drawings, in which the particular wiring for each step is highlighted in color. The actual work includes mechanical assembly, wiring, and final adjustment of both the amplifier and tuner sections—the last item involving the use of a 15-watt electrical bulb and the set's own front panel meters as test indicators. The manual includes a glossary of high fidelity terms, advice on soldering, a section on basic audio theory, and advanced technical service information.

HIGH FIDELITY MAGAZINE

Square-wave response to 50 Hz, left, and to 10 kHz.
Scott LR-88

Additional data

Tuner Section

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Capture ratio</th>
<th>2.8 dB</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>S/N ratio</td>
<td>64 dB</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>19-kHz pilot suppression</td>
<td>-43 dB</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>38-kHz subcarrier suppression</td>
<td>-57 dB</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>IM distortion</td>
<td>0.33%</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

S/N ratio

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Tuner Section</th>
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<td>-57 dB</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>IM distortion</td>
<td>0.33%</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Amplifier Section

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Input characteristics</th>
<th>Sensitivity</th>
<th>S/N ratio</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>phono, low</td>
<td>5.9 mV</td>
<td>67 dB</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>phono, high</td>
<td>3.6 mV</td>
<td>67 dB</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>mike, low</td>
<td>7.8 mV</td>
<td>68 dB</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>mike, high</td>
<td>4.8 mV</td>
<td>65 dB</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>extra</td>
<td>400 mV</td>
<td>74 dB</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>tape in</td>
<td>400 mV</td>
<td>70 dB</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>


COMMENT: The M91E is the top model in Shure's recent series of "easy mount" cartridges which feature a retaining clip that fits into a tone-arm head and facilitates installing the pickup. It now occupies second place in Shure's complete line, being second only, in cost and performance, to the top-rated $67.50 Model V-15 Type II [see HF test report, February 1967]. A light-weight, high-compliance model with elliptical stylus, the M91E is intended for use in low-mass tone arms, either separates or those found on today's high-quality turntable/arm combinations, manual or automatic.

The M91E is designed to track at 0.75 to 1.5 grams stylus force. In CBS Lab tests, a force of 0.8 gram was all that was needed to track the test bands of ST1 100, and a force of 1 gram was found to be optimum (in the SME arm) for all subsequent tests, and for normal listening to commercial discs. Signal output was ample and well balanced on both channels, with 5 and 5.2 millivolts measured for left and right channels respectively. Frequency response, as shown on the accompanying graph, was smooth and linear across the audio band; the high-frequency peak, so often encountered in pickups, occurred just at the 1-kHz square wave.
border (on the right channel), and just beyond it (on the left channel), of the audio range. Low-frequency resonance was negligible, showing an 8-Hz rise well below 20 Hz. Channel separation exceeded the manufacturer's claim of 25 dB at mid frequencies, and remained very constant and ample across most of the response range. Harmonic distortion, not quite as low as in the V-15 Type II, nevertheless was about average for a pickup in this price class. IM distortion, both laterally and vertically, was distinctly lower than average. The M91E's vertical angle measured 23 degrees, and its compliance a high 31 laterally, 20 vertically. The elliptical tip exhibited good geometric form.

The M91E is easy to install and easy to listen to. Its sound is about as neutral and uncolored as that of any pickup we've auditioned; clean, smooth, and well balanced across the range. The highs and middles are especially open and clear. The pickup also is a first-class "tracker" and will faithfully follow the most demanding record grooves at its recommended low stylus force. It may not be as ultimately smooth at the very, very top end as its costlier predecessor, the V-15 Type II, but for those who can't manage the cost of the V-15 Type II, the M91E is a mighty close second.

CIRCLE 142 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

AUTO REVERSE IN LOW-COST TAPE DECK


COMMENT: The RS-796 must be counted as an unusually good buy for the convenience-minded home user. There are other tape decks of similar quality and specifications on the market at list prices around $250, but the RS-796 has something extra: automatic reverse in both record and playback, a feature usually associated with considerably higher price tags.

Since the reversing is the most dramatic aspect of the recorder's design, let's consider that feature first. Unlike some other automatic decks, the Panasonic is designed to record, as well as play back, in both directions. Manual reversing is controlled by push bars on the top plate, and recycling time is fast enough to bring the transport back up to speed within the four seconds or so normally allowed between bands on an LP. In continuous program material, however, it may cause a slight interruption—although not nearly as long as that required to turn over the reel in a recorder without the reversing feature.

Automatic reversing is triggered by conductive foil strips on the tape. (Some brands of raw tape have foil already attached between leader and recording tape, but the foil normally is applied—to the oxide side of the tape—in the form of self-stick strips.) The subsonic tone recorded on Ampex prerecorded tapes will not, of course, trip the RS-796; you must add foil if you want the reverse to be automatic. If you add foil to both ends of a tape it will continue to travel back and forth indefinitely on playback.

But not in the record mode. That is, once it has filled both sides of the reel, the recorder stops—a desirable safety feature. If it did not, it would re-record over the beginning of your tape should you allow the RS-796 to run long enough.

The controls are exceedingly simple. At the top, between the reels, is the speed control switch (7¼, 3½, and 1¼ ips). To the right of the deck, below the two meters, are separate record volume controls for each channel. The meters register level for the channel or channels selected on the record buttons at the lower right and light up for the appropriate channel or channels during recording. The record buttons are, of course, interlocked so that they must be pressed while the mode switch is being turned to play if you want to record. The mode switch has only three positions: play, stop, and fast wind—fast-wind direction, like playing direction, is controlled by the two push bars. Above the record buttons is the power switch; below them are the microphone jacks (miniature phone type). At the extreme left of the bottom panel are a pause control and a stereo headphone jack. At the bottom right of the transport itself is a four-digit counter.

On the back of the case—or more properly the bottom, since the rubber feet attached to it suggest horizontal use even though the recorder can be used vertically as well—there is nothing but the AC cord and the four line jacks (phone type): two channels in and two out. While there is no front-panel provision for sound-on-sound, connection of one channel's line input to the other channel's line output will do the job. With that setup, the line level remains constant and the level control varies the mike signal with respect to it as the two are mixed. The recorder has no output level controls.

If we have any complaint about the RS-796, it is
that the controls are rather too simple for the serious recordist, who would prefer calibration and better visibility in the meters, calibration of the record volume controls, and a more sophisticated sound-on-sound system. But in our experience, no recorder in the $250 bracket will provide all the features that a really serious recordist would want. Specifications, too, are less impressive than those of more expensive recorders—though acceptable within the context of the $250 price class.

A glance at the CBS Labs test data will confirm this. The RS-796 met or exceeded every full specification published by the manufacturer (some are not sufficiently complete in the literature to allow valid comparison with test data). Speed accuracy was only fair, though prerecorded tapes reproduce no more than about a quarter-tone sharp. Other figures compare favorably with recorders in the price bracket. The rise in the low end of the frequency response curves is typical of the class in general and usually is a result of less-than-perfect contact between tape and heads. Incidentally, data shown in our table represent the forward direction. In the reverse direction, no significant difference in any specification was uncovered in lab tests.

One note about Panasonic model numbers: the U.S. designation indicates certain slight modifications to customize the equipment for the U.S. market and usually is ignored in this country, where the non-U.S. models are not available.

**Panasonic RS-796US Additional Data**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Performance characteristic</th>
<th>Measurement</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Speed accuracy, 7 1/2 ips</td>
<td>105 VAC: 0.1% fast</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>120 VAC: 1.4% fast</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>127 VAC: 1.8% fast</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3 1/2 ips</td>
<td>105 VAC: 0.5% fast</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>120 VAC: 1.7% fast</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>127 VAC: 2.0% fast</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 1/2 ips</td>
<td>105 VAC: 1.0% fast</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>120 VAC: 2.0% fast</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>127 VAC: 2.2% fast</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

- **Wow and flutter, 7 1/2 ips**
  - Playback: 0.07% record/playback: 0.10%
  - 3 1/2 ips: Playback: 0.13% record/playback: 0.17%
  - 1 1/2 ips: Record/playback: 0.25%

- **Fast forward time**, same reel: 2 min., 36 sec.
- **S/N ratio** (ref 0 VU, test tape)
  - Playback: 40 dB
  - Record/playback: 34 dB

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Performance characteristic</th>
<th>Measurement</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Crosstalk (400 Hz)</td>
<td>54 dB</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Crosstalk (400 Hz) record left playback right: 54 dB</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Crosstalk (400 Hz) record right playback left: 54 dB</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sensitivity (for 0 VU)</td>
<td>1 ch: 110 mV r ch: 115 mV</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>1 ch: 210 mV r ch: 200 mV</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Accuracy, built-in meters</td>
<td>1 ch: 110 mV r ch: 111 mV</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>1 ch: 210 mV r ch: 200 mV</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>IM distortion (record/play)</td>
<td>7 1/2 ips, 0 VU record level</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>1 ch: 5.1% r ch: 7.5%</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>1 ch: 4.0% r ch: 6.0%</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>3 1/2 ips, 0 VU record level</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>1 ch: 4.5% r ch: 5.0%</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>1 ch: 4.7% r ch: 6.5%</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Maximum output, preamp or line</td>
<td>1 ch: 1.35 V r ch: 1.25 V</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

CBS Labs note: During the evaluation, 120-Hz ripple appeared on the output of the right channel only. This affected the test results of the right channel on S/N, IM distortion, THD, and record/playback frequency response at 1 1/2 ips.

COMMENT: Dynaco, known for years for its top quality electronic units, has entered the speaker field with the A-25. Unlike other Dynaco products, the new speaker system is not a kit but a factory-built unit. Finished in walnut and faced with a neutral-tint grille cloth, it may be placed on a shelf (or bench, or pedestal) either horizontally or vertically.

The A-25 is a two-way system: a 10-inch long-throw woofer crosses over, via a 1,500-Hz network, to a soft-dome tweeter—both mounted on the front baffle behind the grille cloth. The baffle also has a front slot-opening which is stuffed with fiber glass, layers of which are added to each enclosure individually during assembly at the plant until a critical point is reached for optimum low-frequency response for that particular system. The A-25, rated for 8-ohm impedance, can be driven by amplifiers (or receivers) furnishing at least 15 (clean, RMS) watts per channel, and it can handle up to 60 watts RMS power. Connections are made to color-coded binding posts at the rear, where there's also a five-position stepped level control to adjust the tweeter. We finally settled on the indicated "normal" or center position for this control as the most satisfying. Metal hanging devices, around the rear frame, permit flush-mounting the A-25 on a wall, if desired.

The A-25 does better than one might expect from its $80 price tag and its less than one-and-a-half-cubic-foot size. Overall, it boasts a linear, well-balanced, natural quality that suggests the performance of systems costing more and/or of larger proportions. The midrange and highs sounded exemplary, very smooth, and very well dispersed. Directional effects did not become noticeable until at about 7 kHz and at that they were relatively slight. An 11-kHz tone could be heard clearly at least 90 degrees off axis of the system, although it was stronger on axis. A 12-kHz tone sounded clear at about 30 degrees off axis; tones above this frequency remained audible on axis to 15 kHz from which frequency the response sloped off toward inaudibility. At the low end, there was a hint of doubling at 63 Hz but this effect did not increase appreciably all the way down to 40 Hz—even with driving the A-25 to fairly loud output levels. Just above 30 Hz, the doubling increased; response below 30 Hz was mostly doubling. White noise response, while it varied with settings of the rear tweeter control, remained generally very smooth and well dispersed for the settings of "normal" and the two positioned below it.

We expected the A-25s to work well in a small room, and so they did; but we were pleasantly surprised at the broad stereo panorama they managed to project in a larger than average room. Even handling such complex works as the Mahler Third (stereo tape, DGK 9339), our stereo pair presented an ample amount of internal orchestral separation and instrumental detail, excellent definition and transient response, and a fair amount of clean bass and that sense of bottom heft that provides the sonic foundation of large-scored works. Throughout this work, and several others we auditioned over the A-25s, we were impressed with the new speakers' honest, uncololed sound. The A-25, in sum, demonstrates that a speaker can be produced within admitted design limits at moderate cost, but with obviously very low distortion, and ungimmicked sound that does not favor one portion of the spectrum over another. That is to say, it sounds neither "bright" nor "heavy"; it just sounds—good.

CIRCLE 144 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

REPORTS IN PROGRESS

Uher 10000 tape recorder
Sony 6120 receiver
Empire Grenadier 7000
speaker system
It's also a tape recorder.

At a glance you can see that this Fisher compact stereo system will play records and receive FM-stereo broadcasts. (FM sensitivity: 2.0 microvolts, IHF.) But look again. Built into the Fisher 127 you'll find our RC-70 cassette deck. So this system will also let you tape records and FM-stereo broadcasts on a tiny cassette. And it'll also play them back anytime through the XP-55B speaker systems.

Also, the cassette deck in the Fisher 127 has separate VU meters for left and right channels. Clutched record-level controls (they work together or separately). A digital counter with pushbutton reset. A pair of professional-quality microphones, and many other professional features.

The price of the Fisher stereo system that's also a tape recorder is just $449.95. And if you already own a record changer, receiver and speakers, you can still own the new Fisher cassette tape deck. It's also available separately, for just $149.95.

(For more information, plus a free copy of The Fisher Handbook, 1969 edition, an authoritative reference guide to hi-fi and stereo, use coupon on magazine's front cover flap.)

The Fisher

FISHER RADIO CORPORATION, INC., 11-35 45TH ROAD, LONG ISLAND CITY, N.Y. 11101. QUICKSTAND'S ON CIRCLE 30 ON READER-SERVICE CARD 71
Ahhh, what do critics know!

"Mr. Freire is a cockeyed sensation. I don't think I can say it better than that for what he has, on the basis of these records, is not so profound or subtle as it is immediate and exciting. He has an altogether extraordinary pianistic technique, even in an age when extraordinary techniques are common and he has the kind of incisiveness — the cutting, biting edge to the technique — that, coupled with an instinctively dramatic rubato and a flair for the big gesture, reminds me of the younger Horowitz."

—Stereo Review (James Goodfriend)

“Glenn Gould in a brand new role — good old pianistic hair-stripping ... here is one of the most dazzling virtuoso piano recordings of all time.”

—High Fidelity (Harris Goldsmith)

“Columbia's Gabrieli disc is something that could happen only on the phonograph. Imagine! The principal brass choirs of three major orchestras — Philadelphia, Cleveland and Chicago!! As might be expected, the results are nigh overwhelming; clear, sharp attacks, brilliant techniques and sensitive musicianship are the hallmarks of this fantastically handsome recording. Producer Andrew Kazdin has done a classic job and, in addition, has supplied notes and a "score card" that make the disc a must for buffs of the baroque.”

—The New Records

“Columbia's Gabrieli disc is something that could happen only on the phonograph. Imagine! The principal brass choirs of three major orchestras — Philadelphia, Cleveland and Chicago!! As might be expected, the results are nigh overwhelming; clear, sharp attacks, brilliant techniques and sensitive musicianship are the hallmarks of this fantastically handsome recording. Producer Andrew Kazdin has done a classic job and, in addition, has supplied notes and a "score card" that make the disc a must for buffs of the baroque.”

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—The New Records

“This is surely among the most brilliant performances ever given of these two concertos. Igor Kipnis' technique is quite breath-taking and that on an instrument which permits absolutely no blurring whatsoever ... Altogether, a fascinating performance and recording (the latter being as brilliant as Kipnis' own performances) and one not to be missed by any admirer of modern harpsichord playing.”

—Records & Recording Magazine

(Plenty.)

On Columbia Records
The English maestro gives Karl Bohm's recording of Haydn's oratorio some stiff competition.

**Colin Davis: A Man for "The Seasons"

by H. C. Robbins Landon**

Haydn began work on his monumental last oratorio, *The Seasons*, in 1799, one year after the stupendous success of *The Creation*. The new oratorio was written in four parts: "Spring," "Summer," "Autumn," and Winter," and Haydn evidently composed them in that order. For a hitherto unknown document indicates that the composer actually conducted "Spring" all by itself at the Schwarzenburg Palace in Vienna in 1799.

The author of *The Seasons* libretto was the Dutch baron and Austrian diplomat, Gottfried van Swieten. Van Swieten had learned the music of J. S. Bach and Handel while in the diplomatic service in Berlin, and he returned to Vienna determined to resuscitate this "old-fashioned" baroque music. He wrote the libretto not only of *The Creation* and *The Seasons*, but also the choral version of *The Seven Last Words*. Van Swieten was a crotchety and difficult gentleman: even the kindly and tolerant Haydn found it hard to get along with him, and naturally resented van Swieten's attempts to dictate the compositional plan of *The Seasons*. Haydn objected to all sorts of things in the libretto of *The Seasons*. It is a tribute to his stupendous musicality that he was able to write humane and wonderful music to a text that often contains the most embarrassing banalities and inanities. Take, for instance, van Swieten's "Song in Praise of Industry." Haydn growled, "I was industrious my whole life, but it never occurred to me to write a song in praise of industry." Yet in this section of the work, which occurs in "Autumn," Haydn created a musical passage of wonderful dignity and strength out of such silly words—
"From industry springs ev'ry good./The cottage where we dwell,/Our clothing and our food . . ."—and in measured and dignified C major, we hear the song of a proud man who is not ashamed of work and not ashamed to admit his working-class origins. It is a great movement, one of many in this remarkable oratorio. Another occurs during "Winter"—that section of the work where Haydn must have suddenly realized that he had become an old man and that he was nearing the end of his life. In an aria sung by the bass, we find the words "Soon with'er'd is thy short-liv'd spring./Exhausted thy fair summer's strength . . ." At this point, the composer introduces a fragment from the slow movement of Mozart's Symphony in G minor, K. 550—Haydn's tribute to his great younger friend whose spring was indeed short-lived.

Colin Davis' new recording has, at the moment, competition from two other full-price recordings, one by Karl Böhm and the Vienna Symphony Orchestra on DGG, the other by Wolfgang Gönnenwein and the Orchestra of the Bavarian State Opera in Munich on Odeon. This last version is available in this country only on special import; but since it is not really adequate in the Böhm or Davis class, we may without undue qualms of conscience dismiss it from serious consideration: it is a pedestrian reading and does no service either to Haydn or to Munich.

The new Philips recording has much to recommend it. The BBC Orchestra is without any question a more technically accomplished group than the Vienna Symphony, which rarely rises above the solid second-rate. Among the many examples of fine instrumental playing from the BBC, I would single out the beautiful sound of the solo horn, particularly in Simon's aria from "Summer" and the characteristically aristocratic tone of the first oboe. The BBC Chorus is a well-trained, thoroughly professional body which, considering its relatively large size, is flexible and sounds enthusiastic. The remarkable Colin Davis' interpretation of The Seasons is characterized by flowing tempos, a generally light touch, and a rather cool approach which I, personally, find becomes more attractive with each playing of this performance. In certain respects, Davis seems to me to become more involved with the music in the last two parts of the work, but it may be simply a matter of getting used to his slightly distant approach to the music.

The so-called recitatives are accompanied by Böhm (also by Gönnenwein) on a harpsichord, cello, and double bass. It was a brilliant idea to use a fortepiano (an eighteenth-century piano) for the new Philips recording, and equally perspicacious to engage the excellent Dutch musician Maurits Sillem to play the instrument. Sillem's extraordinary musicianship is apparent not only in his actual performance of the recitatives, but also. I would say, in the stylish execution of the appoggiature. On the other hand, it is incomprehensible why Sillem and Davis should have omitted the string-bass accompaniment in the recitatives; this is unhistorical and, what is worse, completely unmusical.

The soloists are more than adequate vocally and always highly musical. The tenor is rather less interesting than his colleagues. John Shirley-Quirk, on the other hand, has a well-controlled and highly flexible voice; his flawless runs in No. 24 ("Autumn") are a joy to hear. Heather Harper's singing is cool, rather like Davis' over-all interpretation, but she is always effective, especially in her big recitative and aria in "Summer"—notice the beautifully executed trill at the point where the text describes "the shepherd's warbling reed."

The recording is well balanced on the whole but some may not take to the very forward sound of the winds, especially the clarinets which sound unrealistically "close" such as in the orchestral introduction to "Summer."

In dealing with such an enormous orchestra, it is inexcusable, I suppose, that some details will be slightly blurred: I simply could not decide, at the very end of the work, whether the three horns are in C alto, which means they sound at pitch (as Haydn intended), or whether Davis has them play in C basso, an octave below pitch (not what Haydn intended). I rather think the horns cheated and played at the lower octave, but the recording does not help in this regard.

The oratorio is sung in English. Van Swieten and Haydn wrote it in German, and the Böhm and Gönnenwein recordings are, of course, in that language. Actually, the translation question here is as important as it is in Italian opera. Haydn himself printed his score in English, and it was with this in mind that he wrote the recitatives and arias. Perhaps his English is not as subtle as is Böhm's, but it must be admitted that Böhm's is not always correct.

The Philips album has not been very carefully supervised. The box is flimsy and my cover is already warped; the booklet contains some rather second-rate notes (unsigned) with the incredible statement that Van Swieten transferred "the places of action [in Thomson's Seasons] to Kohrau and Eisenstadt, places familiar to the composer"—not a word of which is true.

Otherwise, this is a distinguished set and definitely to be recommended. But what about the Böhm recording? Those who already own it will certainly not want to replace it, for although Böhm has never shown any special affinity for Haydn, his recording of The Seasons proves that he is completely in sympathy with the composer. His reading is much more "engaged" than Davis', and the recording, too, is warmer and more forward.

Perhaps Böhm's understanding of the score is instinctive—after all, there is a great tradition for The Seasons in Vienna (collectors who own the old Haydn Society set with Clemens Kraus and the Vienna Philharmonic will remember that delightful and wholly Viennese interpretation which, in many respects, is close to Böhm's). Böhm's soloists are definitely a cut above Davis' in terms of sheer vocal quality: Gundula Janowitz simply has a more beautiful voice than Heather Harper; Mariti Talvela has a much more interesting and colorful voice than John Shirley-Quirk; and Peter Schreier is altogether superior to Ryland Davies. As noted above, however, the Vienna Symphony is certainly inferior to its British counterpart.

If you have not yet bought The Seasons, I suggest that you take an afternoon off and listen to both very carefully before making your choice; basically, you could not go wrong with either version.

HAYDN: The Seasons. Heather Harper, soprano; Ryland Davies, tenor; John Shirley-Quirk, baritone; BBC Chorus and Symphony Orchestra, Colin Davis, cond. Philips PHS 3-911, $17.94 (three discs).
Stokowski Continues to Invade New Territories

A Russian Program via RCA
by R. D. Darrell

BELIEVE IT OR NOT, Leopold Stokowski and Berlioz' Symphonie fantastique, have never before been phonographically introduced. With London's Phase 4 recording techniques serving as moderator, the belated dialogue proves animated and stimulating. For the first three movements, Stokowski is really quite restrained. The string tone is, of course, gorgeous and while the playing is always imaginative and full of refined sheen, the tempos and phrasings are not terribly removed from the mainstream of traditional interpretation. Munch, to name just one conductor, hailed and mauld this work's first movement to a far greater degree. In the "Marche au supplice," though, Stokowski does adopt a too precipitate approach—one would almost think that the hero in question was attempting to flee justice rather than offering himself as a willing victim to the scaffold. Only Munch and Scherchen managed to sound more frenzied and hysterical.

When we arrive at the "Witches' Sabbath," however, the conductor really starts substituting LSD for Berlioz' opium. For one thing, Stokowski (like Mitropoulos) doubles the chimes with a sinister backdrop of grand piano; he also lets the woodwind ghoules put little downward glissandos on their figurations (though Barbirolli made these sound even more malevolent). The most striking departure from tradition occurs when the conductor indulges in some ramb fluctuations of tempo during the "Dies Irae" section (some of whose statements are retarded to almost half speed). Surprisingly, the pizzicato cells sound sunny and healthy, but the shattering percussion roll on the very last chord is a pleasant touch of bravado. Of course, the esoteric first- and fourth-movement repeats and the optional cornet parts for "Un Bal" are scuttled, and the "Scène au champs"—as befiting any "sonic"-oriented Fantastique—is broken between the two sides.

The acoustic is a bit more distant than is usual for Phase 4; the biggest engineering advantage, though, is the unorthodox prominence given to the inner string writing, which tends to enrich Berlioz' tartly brilliant brand of orchestration. Aside from a slight suggestion of pre-echo, the wide-range sonorities have a clean, vivid, solid, luxuriant impact. Not my favorite Fantastique, perhaps (I prefer the Davis version of Philips), but an attractive and stimulating one, nonetheless.


FRESH FROM HIS latest visit to his private fountain of youth, Stokowski rolls up yet another series of Firsts to augment his already formidable list. This is his first recording with the Chicago Symphony; the first recording (in this country, at least) of Khachaturian's long-black-listed Third Symphony, taped on February 2, 1968, just a few days after Stokowski and the Chicagoans had performed the work for the first time in the U.S.A. The album also contains Stokowski's first stereo recording of the Russian Easter Overture which he was the first to record, electrically, just over forty years ago.

Khachaturian's relatively short (twenty-three-minute) one-movement symphony was written in 1947 to celebrate the thirtieth anniversary of the October Revolution. For years, the piece was banned in Russia for "formalistic" sins. Neither these sins nor the reason why the Symphony was recently restored to favor are readily apparent to an American listener. It strikes me as an effectively melodramatic showpiece, at times almost deafeningly "ringing." The most obvious musical elements include brilliant fanfares (the score calls for a special choir of fifteen trumpeters in addition to three within the large orchestra itself); a portentous toccata-like concertante organ part; and a lusciously rich romantic melody surely destined to turn up one day as a Hollywood "love theme." It's easy enough to be sarcastic today about what was in vogue twenty years ago. What's more to the point is that music of this sort is succulent red meat for Stokowski, and that the warm, spacious acoustics of the Medinah Temple provide a perfect ambience for the superb performance and the well-nigh ideally transparent, luminous stereo recording.

What really makes the disc a "must" is Rimsky-Korsakov's musical evocation of the Easter celebrations in the Russian Orthodox Church, surely one of the composer's finest creations. I no longer have at hand any of the three previous Stokowski versions, but if memory serves, none of them matched the spirit, grace, fervor, or ceremonial grandeur achieved here. And since the conductor wisely returns to the original score (eschewing the vocal-chant soloist featured in his 1943 NBC Symphony version and the c. 1952 edition with "his" Symphony), this latest Stokowski triumph must be ranked as The Russian Easter Overture recording.

BACH: Mass in B minor, S. 232. Rotraud Hausmann (s), Emiko Iiyama (s), Helen Watts (a), Kurt Equiluz (t), Max van Egmond (b); Wiener Sängerknaben; Chorus Vienensis; Concentus Musicus Orchestra. Telefunken SKH 20/1-3 $17.85 (three discs, five sides).

Bach's B Minor Mass—

TELEFUNKEN'S NEW RECORDING of the B minor Mass is probably the most unusual and most controversial performance of a Bach work since Mendelssohn resurrected the hundred-year-old manuscript of the St. Matthew Passion in 1829. The questions raised by the director of the Concentus Musicus, Nikolaus Harnoncourt, will undoubtedly be hotly debated by musicologists. Essentially, Harnoncourt has put into effect a logical extension of the stylistic trends in baroque music performance that have been evolving for a number of years.

The most telling proof of Bach's universality is his ability to survive over two centuries of conflicting interpretational viewpoints. The late romantics adored Bach's intense subjectivity and colossal musical structures which, when performed with massive choruses and huge symphony orchestras, could produce an overwhelming effect. This approach has survived in our own day in the persons of several highly respected conductors. Many younger musicians have rejected the romantic ideals of their elders and have begun to question and re-examine the traditions handed down to them.

Nikolaus Harnoncourt stands in the forefront of this new breed of interpreters: he uses every research technique available to determine the precise musical aesthetic of the baroque era and attempts to re-create the ideal performing conditions of that time. Such an approach to Bach will necessarily yield results that at first will sound strange, foreign, and "wrong" to a listener bred on Klemperer or Stokowski.

Harnoncourt states his aims most convincingly in an eleven-page apologia accompanying the record: "... to create such performing conditions as Bach would have imagined to be the best possible." His first step was to assemble a group of instrumentalists trained to play either authentic instruments of the period or modern reproductions (and the Vienna Concentus Musicus has now been together for about fifteen years). This is an important factor, not because the old instruments sound superior to their modern equivalents—on the contrary, contemporary models are, in every way, improvements. But along with the improvements has come an alteration of tone and strength sufficient to upset the relative balance of Bach's specified instrumental combinations. For example, one is immediately struck by an over-all softer, "needy" string tone. The Gloria makes far more sense with the gentler clarino trumpets, which for once form an equal partnership in dialogue with the pairs of flutes and oboes and with the strings. This "new" instrumental balance gives many other sections of the Mass an entirely different quality from what we are used to. While there does exist a popular conception that ancient instruments are impossible to play accurately and with good intonation, Harnoncourt's accomplished musicians are

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Yes
by Clifford F. Gilmore

HIGH FIDELITY MAGAZINE
Does the Concentus Musicus' Authenticity Make Musical Sense?

No
by Paul Henry Lang

It is now a pretty well-accepted fact that no music can be fully understood without the knowledge of the manner and conditions of its performance in its own time. In some cases obviously, in others less clearly but nevertheless equally certainly, these conditions have their bearings on the nature of the music. We no longer play Mozart with a Straussien orchestra, and except for the old-line choral societies that like to exercise their Christian lungs at Christmas and Easter and are geared to nineteenth-century Mass bellowing, good performances of Bach and Handel have been achieved with modest forces. But there are limits to all this; music-making can be altogether faithful to the composer's intentions without being bookish experimentation. This recording of Bach's B minor Mass is an example of overzealous antiquarianism; long on well-meant but naive musicology, and short on plain musicianship.

In the elaborate notes Nikolaus Harnoncourt, the "leader" of the Concentus Musicus, denounces the romantic concepts of our performances of Bach; but his own musicology is altogether romantic in its effusiveness and lack of realism. All right, his strings carefully avoid all modern appurtenances: they have flat bridges and gut strings, they use light bows, and so forth, and for all I know their players may take a pinch of snuff during the pauses before the last chords (which, incidentally, are not in the book); but they also sound flat and have no guts. And there are mighty few of them—eight violins, two violas, two cellos, and one bass fiddle. Yes, this is about all that Bach could muster, but such an orchestra is obviously well below what is considered a "modest" ensemble. Whatever the historical data, the B minor Mass is not chamber music; we must not confuse economic history with musical actuality.

The winds are all original or reconstructed instruments. For a change, they are nicely on pitch and it cannot be said that they are not well played, but everyone is very cautious and never lets himself go. When the baroque flute descends to its lower regions, what we hear mostly is the pfl-pfl of the player blowing into it; the baroque horn is afraid of its own shadow; and the baroque bassoons haven't even a shadow—the "Quaumum" is really funny. Only the baroque oboes sound pleasant with their plaintive, slightly nasal tone. If it were not for the excellent soloists, especially the women, one would take this for an ambitious university Collegium Musicum production.

The choral treble and alto are sung by boys, the famed Vienna Choir Boys, who do a good job. But of course boys cannot do justice to this kind of music, and a mixed chorus is infinitely preferable to the combination of men, falsettists, and boys. Bach had to do without women because of the religious scruples of his time.

Continued on page 78
Continued

Yes by Clifford F. Gilmore

living proof to the contrary. Except for a few awkward passages from the natural horn in the "Quoniam," all the instrumentalists sound at least as comfortable as any chamber group performing on conventional instruments. Furthermore, they play with considerable involvement and vigorous enthusiasm.

Harnoncourt has also attempted to duplicate Bach's original modest choral forces of boys and men. The Vienna Choir Boys, a superbly trained ensemble, give a bright and fresh performance that is a source of sheer delight from first note to last. Here again, Harnoncourt's decision was dictated by a desire to achieve proper balances and linear clarity: a mixed choir simply would not blend as effectively with the instruments.

Once the listener's ear has become accustomed to the novel sound of this performance, he will immediately notice the orchestra as almost revolutionary approach to matters of phrasing and articulation. Instead of forcing the phrase into one long curved line, instinctive for a musician trained in the romantic tradition, the phrase structure is allowed to break naturally into many smaller note groups. Any organist familiar with Bach's music will choral conductor with his back to the orchestra. The lively tempos sound perfectly appropriate after a few hearings—indeed, the work seems to come alive in an entirely new, more exciting fashion than in any other performance I've ever heard.

The three, alas, a few minor flaws. In live performances the Concentus Musicus plays without a conductor: tempos are cued by a nod from the first violinist, Alice Harnoncourt (Nikolaus Harnoncourt plays the continuo cello part). It appears from the session photographs that the recording is also conductorless, although there is a choral conductor with his back to the orchestra. Co-ordinating a group of this size apparently cannot be done by the concertmaster; several places in the Gloria, the "Quoniam," and the "Cum sancto spiritu" betray an unsteady tempo or moment of imperfect ensemble.

Of the soloists, Max van Egmond and Helen Watts are especially outstanding. Van Egmond sings with a deliciously warm and expressive tone and he cleanly articulates all his rapid melismatic passages. Miss Watts also uses her big, rich voice to very good effect. Kurt Equiluz' account of the "Benedictus" is gentle, finely controlled, and quite lovely. The two sopranos are satisfactory and handle their parts with ease. All five soloists have been thoroughly initiated into Harnoncourt's style of phrasing and ornamentation. This is the only recording I know of that maintains such consistency between soloists, chorus, and the instrumental ensemble.

It is impossible to compare a performance of this nature with other recorded versions. It will probably not displace any of the current favorites, but Harnoncourt's pioneering effort does deserve serious attention. I suspect that this recording is a harbinger of a baroque performance style that we will hear more often in the future as other musician/musicians attempt to re-create Bach's original intentions.

No by Paul Henry Lang

The Lord had created men in His image, but this was not always taken to include the female of the species, and St. Paul's injunction, "mulier tacet in ecclesia," was obeyed to the letter. If we insist on Harnoncourt's "original timbre" we shall have to reinstitute the ancient practice of training tenors to ruin their voices by becoming falsebats, or of castrating some youngsters. Would anyone consider replacing Juliet with a rosy-cheeked boy, as the part was played in Shakespeare's time? I find it rather touching that Harnoncourt concedes that "in the B minor Mass the use of female soloists is the best solution." Well, what other solution is there? No musician in his right mind would let twelve- or thirteen-year-old kids sing these tremendous solo parts. In Bach's own time people were already yearning for a mixed chorus and women soloists, and Mattheson boldly introduced them in Hamburg.

All this music-making by the book is a bit pitiful. Stylistically and musically impeccable performances of old music can be obtained by using modern instruments, and enough of them to satisfy the changed listening conditions. About the only exception is the harpsichord, which still must be displaced by the piano, and the reconstructed baroque organ, which must replace the mushy romantic organ. The players are comfortable when playing their modern instruments; they are used to and function much better and naturally than when timidly handling the old instruments. To be sure, the old musicians could play on a baroque instrument, but all they had were stovepipes with holes, and they practiced on them day in and day out, whereas our musicians must use a Boehm flute, a Haeckel bassoon, and a valve horn if they want to make a living. Few of them can afford to become real old-style instruments and still retain their natural technique on the instruments with which they earn their daily bread. I do not wish to imply that we should reject the musicological evidence—on the contrary; but we must reconcile it with our own musical and technical means, otherwise we are simply transplanting the musicological classroom to the concert hall. Nor do I completely reject occasional performances that attempt literal reconstruction of old music. But when resorting to this perilous undertaking, the performers' musicianship and technical abilities must be of top quality—this is not the case here.

The choral sound is not conducted. Since, in those days, the maestro "led" from the continuo keyboard, Harnoncourt refuses to commit such an anachronism as to conduct this utterly complicated and intricate work; only the section "leaders" are listed. But again, Bach's musicians were used to this kind of ensemble music-making; ours are not. The result is that Harnoncourt's players and singers keep together by performing with unvarying metronomic precision. The absence of an alert conductor is evident in the precarious balances, the rigid phrasing and articulation, and the opaque partwriting. Even the instrumental solos are mechanical. The great violin solo in "Laudamus te" lacks warmth, thereby marring the really fine performance of the soprano. The tempos are fast, and by the time all parts are joined in a choral fugue, all distinction is lost; only the boys can hold their own. In the Highly expressive pieces, like the "Crucifixus," the singing and playing is so insensitive that not a trace of the lambent sadness is realized. There are some nice spots, but on the whole this is a regrettable sober and unimaginative venture.

If the Bethlehem Bach Choir and the Boston Handel and Haydn Society give an inspired Bach, Harnoncourt goes to the other extreme and offers dilated Bach. Let's just stay in the middle.
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BACH: Bist du bei mir; Magnificat in D, S. 243; Et exultavit; Esurientes; Christmas Oratorio, S. 246; Schlafe mein Liebster; St. Matthew Passion: Erbarme dich. HANDEL: Messiah: O thou that art most high; I know that my Redeemer liveth; Rodelinda: Dove sei; Vivi tiranno. Marilyn Horne, mezzo; Vienna Cantata Orchestra, Henry Lewis on key. London OS 26067, $5.98. Tape: L 90157, 7½ ips, $7.95.

The Bach pieces are sung and played decently but without distinction. Marilyn Horne has a magnificent voice and is as secure as can be, but she is obviously a dramatic mezzo not intimately acquainted with this style and genre. The great aria from the St. Matthew Passion, "Erbarme dich," starts auspiciously with "Viennese" violin playing, but Horne comes to the rescue, and except for some awkward breathing pauses, her warm and opulent voice shows to good advantage. "I know that my Redeemer liveth" is beautifully sung—so far as the soloist's uncommonly rich voice and her ability to let it soar are concerned; but the ineffable song does not move the listener as it should. Then, in the two opera arias, she is in her element. In "Dove sei" she conveys quiet grief in superbly modulated piano, while in the last, virtuoso piece, "Vivi tiranno," she acquires herself brilliantly. The orchestra too, comes to life here (though the solo oboe struggles a bit) and one even gets glimpses of the harpsichord. The accompaniment, on the whole, is correct if tame, the continuo weak, and the trills and grace notes mostly wrong. The sound is good but the first band on both sides of my copy is faulty.

P.H.L.

BACH: Easter Oratorio, S. 249. Elly Ameling, soprano; Helen Watts, alto; Werner Krenn, tenor; Tom Krause, baritone; Wiener Akademiechor; Stuttgart Chamber Orchestra, Karl Münchinger, cond. London OS 26100, $5.98.

Unlike the Passions, which tell the whole Easter story in Biblical narrative, reflective arias, and chorales, the Easter Oratorio deals with only one incident in the story—the discovery of the empty tomb and the joyful feelings inspired by the realization that the resurrection has been accomplished. Münchinger brilliantly captures the excitement and festivity of the opening movements. His string players dig in with incisive, clean articulation and the trumpets are truly majestic. The exhilarating playing and brisk tempos during the last chorus also bring the work to a brilliant and exciting conclusion. In between are recitatives and arias for soprano, alto, and tenor: the soloists on this recording perform with such eloquence that their supravitative work alone would be enough to recommend the disc. Elly Ameling, in particular, sings with warmth and tenderness and with a delightfully sweet and pure tone. (Münchinger, by the way, has assigned the instrumental solo in this aria to a violin instead of a flute—the more usual practice—and the result is quite effective.) Krenn's gentle and lyrical ac-
count of the slumber aria is dreamy and moving. How much more lovely it would be, however, if the主t strings had been doubled by recorders as Bach specified instead of flutes as Münchinger has chosen. Here Günnewein's fine performance of the work on Angel takes higher honors, for Theo Altmeyer also does a splendid job with the aria, and the recorders are beautifully played. What can be said about Helen Watts except that her rich voice is ravishing and that she sings with musicality and accuracy.

All things taken into consideration, I marginally prefer the Münchinger to Günnewein's generally more lyrical and restrained performance, its many excellences notwithstanding. Both editions would have profited from a smaller choral ensemble, but they are both well-trained, accurate, fine-sounding groups. London's engineering is a shade cleaner and brighter than Angel's mellower sonics.

C.F.G.

BACH: Mass in B minor, S. 232. Concentus Musicus. For a feature review of this recording, see page 76.

BACH: Organ Music. Prelude and Fugue in E flat (St. Anne's), S. 552; Prelude and Fugue in E Minor (Wedge), S. 548; Trio Sonata No. 5, in C, S. 529; Schüchter Chorales: No. 1, Wacht auf, ruft uns; Stimmie, S. 645; No. 6, Kommst du nun, Jesu; Vom Himmel herunter, S. 650 (on DGG 139321). Prelude and Fugue in C minor, S. 546; Trio Sonata No. 1, in E flat, S. 525; Chorale Partita, O Gott, du frommer Gott, S. 767; Canon on D minor, S. 588 (on DGG 139387). Karl Richter, organ. Deutsche Grammophon 139321 and 139387, $5.98 each. Tape: C 9321, 7½ ips, $7.95.

These organ works are given a personal, individualistic reading by Karl Richter that contrasts markedly with those of his recorded colleagues. Where Lionel Rogg impresses with the profound "correctness" and solidity of his interpretations and Marie-Claire Alain imbues each work with her impeccable taste, Richter lights a fire and blazes through everything he touches. Usually this results in performances of electrifying excitement. Occasionally, however, he does seem to go a bit overboard. A case in point is the great E minor Prelude and Fugue: the drama of this music is superbly presented, but the tempo of the fugue is so fast and frantic and the rhythm so unsteady that the performance is ultimately consumed in its own flames.

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like a mighty baroque Valhalla tumbling into ruins.

The C major Trio Sonata, on the other hand, receives very straightforward treatment, with traditional, steady tempos and no added ornamentation—a conservative, accurate, and appealing performance. The two Schübler chorales are even better; Richter's evenly measured ornamentation here is conceived as an organic part of the melody, not constructed ad libitum. But the slow movements, especially the Allegri String Quartet, is one of Richter's last efforts in the genre. Mozart's Twentieth Quartet was followed by the three works (half of a projected set of six) commissioned by King Friedrich Wilhelm of Prussia, an enthusiastic amateur cellist. Beethoven's No. 1, on the other hand, was preceded not only by the composer's arrangement of his Op. 14, No. 1, Piano Sonata for strings, but also by Op. 18, No. 3. Neither here—different perhaps, but not better. string quartet than the two recorded here—different perhaps but not better. Mozart's K. 499 abounds with fantastically wrought detail, contrapuntal ingenuity, and incandescent harmonies. Beethoven's Op. 18, No. 1, aside from its interesting technical details that make the entire set extremely difficult to play, contains an Adagio affetuoso that can stand comparison with the profound slow movements of the middle and late quartets.

The Allegri foursome is right up there with the world's leading ensembles. The Beethoven Adagio disappoints slightly with its safe, con moto, three-to-a-bar tempo that transforms the long, nine-beat measures into a lifting, almost jaunty waltz. In all other particulars, though, the Allegri team is exemplary both here and in the Mozart: the performances are musicianly, rhythmically solid, and tonally robust. I do feel that their overall style is a shade forthright and just misses out on the rarefied blend of nuanced tone and poignancy that one ideally looks for in these scores. Even so, this Westminster offering—with its happy coupling, clean playing, generous observance of repeat signs, and musicality, and close-up (albeit somewhat wry) sound—adds up to a desirable record.


ERB: Reconciliation; In No Strange Land. Various instrumentalists with Moog synthesizer, Donald Erb, cond. Nonesuch H 71223, $2.98.

In both these pieces, Donald Erb combines traditional instruments with the Moog synthesizer and what the jacket calls the "Moog polyphonic instrument"; the electronic instruments are played live and participate in the ensemble in an entirely normal manner. Reconciliation is for violin, piano, string bass, and percussion in addition to the Moog devices. It is in five short, extremely colorful, lively, good-humored movements and is much better of the two compositions. In No Strange Land was composed for Stuart Dempster, Bertram Turetzky, and Moog. Stuart Dempster plays the trombone and Bertram Turetzky plays the string bass, but Erb has designed the piece for them rather than for their instruments; in other words, the performers' capacities to produce hair-raising trick sounds are drawn upon to the full. Unfortunately, the Moog vocabulary employed here is all cliché. The rocket, the bubble, the chatter, the landslide—we've been listening to them, man and boy, since the early days of the Hoover administration. Better Dempster should bow Turetzky's bass with his slide and let it go at that. A.F.

GABRIELI, GIOVANNI: Canzon Septimi Toni No. 2; Canzon Duodecimi Toni; Canzon a 12 in Echo; Sonata Octavi Toni; Canzona per Sonare No. 27; Canzon Quarti Toni; Canzon a 12; Canzona per Sonare No. 28; Sonata Pian e forte; Canzon Primi Toni No. 1; Canzon Noni Toni; Canzona per Sonare No. 2. Cleveland, Philadelphia, and Chicago Brass Ensembles. Columbia MS 7209, $5.98. Tape: MIQ 1064, 7½ ips, $7.98.

Columbia producer Andrew Kazdin's inspiration to record a triple-star brass ensemble drawn from three of the leading American symphony orchestras must have involved logistic miracles even before the present five Clevelanders, seven Philadelphia Philadelphians, and seven Chicagoans could have been assembled for this program. The results win several gold medal awards: to the extraordinarily vir- tuoso players themselves; to engineers Edward T. Graham and Milton Kazdin for thrillingly "ringing," gleamingly bright stereo recording, and a warmly natural acoustical ambience; and to producer/annotator Kazdin himself, not only for conceiving the whole idea, but also for his colored jacket-back chart which identifies the individual players and their relative locations in each selection. The chart is more than ordinarily helpful, since the personnel is used in various combinations and locations: some performances are for two choirs only (Clevelanders/Philadelphia or Philadelpheans/Chicagoans); some for all three choirs (Clevelanders left, Philadelphians center, Chicagoans right); and only one, the chorus singing the solos in the canzona from Sonate No. 2, has the players from the three choirs intermixed. Over-all, this should prove to be one of the most spec- tacularly effective sonic demonstrations available today—in its simplicity of Edwin more so, perhaps, since the tape has been processed with a distinctly quieter surface.

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read no further. But I can't resist reminding sticklers for authenticity that the present performances are light-years away from those of Gabrieli's own times. The players here, for all their virtuosity, have little if any accurate notion of renaissance-era interpretative and executant stylistic traditions. Even worse, the modern instrumental timbres are markedly anachronistic where trumpets take the original cornet (Zinken) parts, and into the solo violin parts are entrusted to flautant nineteenth-century euphoniums and tubas. A couple of lead medals. then. along with the gold ones—yet even disapproving purists may find themselves replaying this exhilarating recording.

GLINKA: Jota Aragonesa; A Night in Madrid; Kamarinskaya; Valse fantaisie; Rustic Wedding March; and Oriental Dances. U.S.S.R. Symphony Orchestra, Yevgeny Svetlanov, cond. Melodiya/Angel SR 40081, $5.98. Tape: D D YS 40081, 3 3/4 ips, $7.98; D DSX 40081, $7.98.

Despite their potent seminal role in musical history, Glinka's shorter orchestral works (except perhaps for the Overture to Ruslan and Ludmilla) are sparingly represented in the American catalogue. The present program of authentic performances jolts us into a realization of how much we've been missing in the less idiomatic versions that have been made available: the prosaic Perlea performances on Vox, for instance, or the even more poetic ones by Ansermet for London. Svetlanov may be a bit slapdash at times, but for the most part he's in assured, taut control, and the distinctive "Russian" timbres of his instrumentalists have been captured in all their dark piquancies by markedly stereotypical, extremely robust yet transparent recording. Here, even the rather rapid Valse fantaisie has a hitherto unappreciated lilting charm all its own, as well as striking pre-echoes of the great theatrical Tchaikovsky waltzes to come. And best of all are the most novel selections (to Americans at least): the grotesque March and three Oriental Dances (Turkish, Arabian, and Letzginka) from Ruslan and Ludmilla. Almost every page here offers startling anticipations of Borodin, Rimsky-Korsakov, Stravinsky, and a host of other later composers outside as well as inside Russia. R.D.D.

GOULD: Venice; Vivaldi Gallery. Seattle Symphony Orchestra, Milton Katims, cond. RCA Red Seal LSC 3079, $5.98. Venice, composed by Morton Gould for the Seattle Symphony in 1966, is described as an "audiograph for Double Orchestra and Brass Choirs." Its seven movements depict a "Morning Scene with Church Towers," "St. Mark's Square," "Pigeons," "Café Music," the "Dog's Palace," the "Million Grand Canal," and a "Night Fiesta with Fireworks." All of this makes the work seem a great deal more obvious and cliché-ridden than it actually is. The descriptive side of the music is de-emphasized somewhat in favor of a rich, elaborately woven tapestry of symphonic sound. The piece is an admirable exercise in the higher Ferde Grofé style, but the stereophonic effects about which one reads in the jacket notes do not come over very significantly; so far as one can tell from this otherwise notable recording, the piece might just as well have been written for one orchestra as for two.

The stereophony of Vivaldi Gallery, for double string orchestra and solo string quartet, is much more apparent and much more effective. The composition is a lively reworking of Vivaldian themes in a six-movement suite of dances, arias, and virtuoso display pieces, ending with a grandiose Alleluia. It is zestful, sure-fire stuff, and is performed as such by Mr. Katims. A.F.

HANDEL: Messiah: O thou that art most high; I know that my Redeemer liveth; Rodelinda: Dove sei; Vivi tiranno—See Bach: Bist du bei mir.

HAYDN: The Seasons. Heather Harper, soprano; Ryland Davies, tenor; John Shirley-Quirk, baritone; Chorus and Orchestra of the BBC, Colin Davis, cond. For a feature review of this recording, see page 73.

KAGEL: Music for Renaissance Instruments; Match for Three Players. Siegfried Palm and Klaus Storck, cellos; Christoph Caskel, percussion; Collegium Instrumentalis, Mauricio Kagel, cond. Deutsche Grammophon 137006, $5.98. Tape: C C 7006, 7 1/2 ips, $7.95.

This latest addition to DGG's avant-garde series features two works by Mauricio Kagel, one of the more controversial composers of the postwar European school. Kagel was actually born in Buenos Aires (in 1931) and received all of his basic musical training there. Since 1957 he has lived in Germany, where he has been closely associated with Karlheinz Stockhausen. Kagel has been particularly active in that area of limbo between music and theater originally championed by John Cage, and he has been one of its more humorous and imaginative practitioners.

Music for Renaissance Instruments, however, is not essentially dramatic; it resembles rather the kind of "sound pieces" currently being written by Krzysztof Penderecki and György Ligeti. Thus Kagel's interest in early instruments is not primarily nostalgic, nor does he attempt to invoke an earlier musical style; he is, rather, concerned with the purely sonic qualities of the instruments, an aspect left largely unexplored by Renaissance composers. He employs crumhorns, lutes, positive organs, viols, bass bombard, etc. (there are twenty-three players in all), in strikingly novel ways. The listener, in fact, is presented with an entire case of disorientation in hearing the instruments in these peculiar contexts, but Kagel has so cleverly manipulated the sounds into such a variety of new combinations that one is inclined to forgive his excesses. Unfortunately, I feel the work is a little more than an extremely ingenious
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Bert Whyte in Audio, December, 1968

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CIRCLE 8 ON READER-SERVICE CARD
ment of writing during the century. Scored for viol and organ continuo, the suites employ an old-fashioned cantus firmus over which the viols weave an unca-
danced fabric of shifting pattern and de-
sign. Lawes is a strikingly original com-
poser yet his dissonance and bold lines
often get lost in the murky texture of
his viol writing: this is particularly evi-
dent in the Six-part C minor Suite. On
the other hand, in the two sonatas and,
to a lesser degree, in the broken consort
in G major, a strong baroque light illumi-
nates the decisive and elegant writing
which so earned the admiration of his
contemporaries.

Thurston Dart and his crew perform with
astonishing élan, particularly in the
sonatas and the Consort No. 8 which call
for brilliant virtuoso performances.
The use of a triple harp, a new and popular
instrument at the time, gives additional
sparkle to a palette already bright with
color. The past viols in their more
subtle world of the Consort Suite are
handled with equal skill. Argo has pro-
vided lively, up-close sound
for the group—occasionally a little too close
for comfort (do I really hear people breath-
ing?), but the effect is still most satis-
factory.

S.T.S.

MEDELSSOHN: Elijah. Gwyneth Jones,
soprano; Janet Baker, mezzo; Simon
Woolf, treble; Nicolai Gedda, tenor; Diet-
trich Fischer-Dieskau, baritone; Wand's-
worth School Boys' Choir; New Philhar-
monia Chorus and Orchestra, Rafael
Frühbeck de Burgos, cond. Angel SC
3738, $17.94 (three discs).

While I could get more excited about
a first recording of a Schumann or Liszt
oratorio, this first stereo Elijah in English
deserves some attention, especially as it
would seem to offer a "new approach,"
transfusing new blood into the old Eng-

lish oratorio tradition, in the persons of
a German Elijah, a Swedish tenor, and
a Spanish conductor (not to mention
the New Philharmonia's German chorus
master, Wilhelm Pitz). To be sure, we
are past the days when the Mendelssohn-
ian oratorio and a few Shakespearian
make an incubus on English musical creativity,
so we probably don't have to feel so
violent about that old tradition as did
Shaw and his contemporaries. (G.B.S.:
"St. Paul next Saturday. I shall go ex-
pecting to abuse it " and, come Satur-
day, abuse it he certainly did: "I had
as lief talk Sunday-school for two hours
and a half to a beautiful woman with
no brains as listen to St. Paul over
again.")

At this distance, it is easier for us
to perceive the good points of Elijah,
but nevertheless the piece does have seri-
ous flaws, both musical and dramatic.
One can place in the latter category the
ineptly constructed libretto, which veers
between treats of experimental conceptions of Handelian oratorio
and Bachian Passion. The focus of the narra-
tion continually shifts, and few scenes
are allowed to develop effectively; only
rarely, as in the confrontation of Elijah
with the priests of Baal, does the piece
have an extended episode in which all the partici-
- pant voices are given consistent roles and
relationships. Elsewhere, the func-
tions of soloists and chorus, and of the
various types of musical setting—aria,
recitative, and choral sections—frequently
change. The point of view simply isn't
defined, and no real decision seems
to have been made about how this story
will be told.

As for the music, the problem is
primarily one of a composer self-
consciously writing to fit a preconceived
notion of what oratorio music should
sound like—an effort that more often
calls upon Mendelssohn's weaknesses
(rhythmic and harmonic conventionality)
than upon his strengths (textural invention,
melodic charm). Some of the bigger
choruses are effective, however: the fine
"Thanks be to God" that ends Part
One, "Then did Elijah" (during which,
ludicrously, the important event of
Elijah's removal to Heaven is more or
less unintelligibly announced), and "But
the Lord from the North," which has
a good orchestral introduction—but there
is too often a facile placidity.

Some of the shorter arias ("If with all
your hearts," "Lord God of Abra-
ham") have definite virtues, including
ingenious harmonic turns at the re-entry
of the main thematic material. However,
the Bach imitation of "It is enough"
is merely embarrassing: the procedure
of abruptly breaking off the middle sec-
tion to present an abbreviated da capo
makes excellent musico-dramatic sense
in the St. John Passion, where it is a
striking abrogation of an almost univer-
sal ari-form—but a century later, in a
work devoid of the subdued and
lurid qualities of da capo
arias (only the Messiah
imitation. "Is
not His word like a fire?" comes close),
it can be understood only if viewed as
a conscious archaisim.

That Frühbeck de Burgos' view of
High Fidelity MAGAZINE

Janet Baker: the British mezzo brings a mo-
ment of pleasure to Medelssohn's Elijah.
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Elijah is not couched in quite these pessimistic terms seems clear from the approach that he, along with the EMI engineers, has taken. Most of the smaller choruses are presented with a distant, sotto-voce quality that further accentuates the prevalent pliitude—although thereby giving the big pieces, which are more forwardly recorded, an extra if somewhat specious impact. Nevertheless, the tempos are well chosen and order is maintained: the chorus and orchestra sound very well when they are audible, and it's a shame that so much detail is lost, both because details are often Mendelssohn's strong points and because much of the time you can't understand a thrift the chorus is singing.

After years of hearing Dame Clara Butt and her ilk singing everything from “O thou that tellest good tidings” to “Che faro senta Euridice” as if it were “O rest in the Lord,” it is a great pleasure to come upon Janet Baker, who does not sing “O rest in the Lord” as if it were “O rest in the Lord”; in fact, everything she does on these records is admirable. Gedda is quite good too, although there is a minor rhythmic complaint, in his first aria that should have been repaired. And Gwyneth Jones is better cast here than in anything else she has done (both her diction and vocal control could stand some improvement, however). Simon Woolf, as the little boy who watches the clouds, does well all the way up to a top A: Merit Badges in both meteorology and music for him.

That leaves Fischer-Dieskau's Elijah, a performance I would like to admire but cannot; he simply is not a dramatic baritone, and his intelligence only makes things worse, for he knows what degree of emphasis the music requires and resorts to all sorts of dubious expedients to provide it. The explosive consonants, the sliding into notes, the choppy nonlegato, and the pushed sound quality are familiar from his other forays into the Schorr/Hotter repertory, so I will not belabor the point—to hear what it should sound like, listen to Schorr's recordings from Elijah (Rocco 5260). I know that it must be monotonous singing the same 1200 lieder and 100 opera and oratorio parts again and again, but the role of Elijah is not suitable for this voice and method.

So there you have it—a flawed performance of a flawed work. Within the limitations already mentioned, the sound on the review acetates was very good. I assume Angel will provide the usual text leaflet—it will come in handy for the choruses.

D.H.

MOZART: Concertos for Piano and Orchestra: No. 6, in B flat, K. 238; No. 20, in D minor, K. 466. Vladimir Ashkenazy, piano. London Symphony Orchestra, Hans Schmidt-Isserstedt, cond. London CS 6579, $5.98. Tape: (L) 80214, 7½ ips, $7.95; (M) 67214, $6.95; (S) X 10214, $5.95.

One term applies to almost every aspect of this recording: warmth. Ashkenazy's tone is warm and round, the attacks themselves are all but inaudible. London's sound is humid and slightly diffuse, undoubtedly a factor in softening Ashkenazy's already unperturbing timbres. Schmidt-Isserstedt provides an expansive backdrop that sounds quite dramatic, and because the music is well sung, the LSO's sound is not critical.

All this warmth, however, tends to soothe the music. The tempo chosen for the first movement of the D minor Concerto is brisk enough to impart a fair amount of thrust, but the prevailing warm sonorities mask whatever incisiveness was intended by the participants in this project. Throughout this movement one hears ravishing pianism from Ashkenazy—reflective, mature, and... warm, I would find it entirely winning were it not for the feeling of languor imparted by the too-constant, late-afternoon, orange-sky glow.

In the slow movement (Romancer) the moist ambience is altogether fitting, and Ashkenazy plays sublimely. He achieves a flowing, lyric line rich in sentiment yet effortlessly elegant. It is, in a word, beautiful.

The finale also lacks drama, but here the failing is not as irksome as it was in the first movement; Ashkenazy plays down the uncomfortably major-key ending, evidently feeling that Mozart's inherent buoyancy is not convincing in the context of this concerto. His restraint in this regard adds needed weight to this movement.

The performance of the K. 238 Concerto is intimate and chamberlike, much preferable to the jaunty but sloppily accompanied Anda version on DG. S.l.

MOZART: Quartets for Piano and Strings: No. 1, in G minor, K. 478; No. 2, in E flat, K. 493. David Hancock, piano; New Art String Trio. Turnabout TV 34192, $2.50.

In 1785 Mozart was commissioned by his friend and publisher Hoffmeister to write three quartets for piano and strings. The G minor proved to be the first, but it was not well received: the public held the music to be far too technical and excessively passionate, and the project was called off. Within the year, however,
A Great Pianist’s Noncareer

by Harris Goldsmith

Until 1964, Arthur Loesser was but a name to me. Of course, I knew of his work both as a teacher and critic. I had also scanned his best-selling book, _Men, Women, and Pianos_ and had noticed, but those notices, in a scholarly manner, I had not come across. It was at the University of Illinois in Urbana that Loesser entertained the guests with some vaudeville banter. Not all of us had never heard. He sat at the grand piano in the large, elegantly decorated room and let the music (and the words—how could he remember them all?) pour forth. I remember another occasion, several years later, when the distinguished pianist and lecturer made another unexpected visit to Urbana and had every pianist in sight (there were many of them) gasping in astonishment at his playing. Watching this little man at close range (he looked slightly like an animated scarecrow) was quite an experience: his singular physique and unorthodox hand position, on the face of it, would seem to be an unlikely source for such great pianism. But then, it was the uncanny octave roulades, the quicksilver runs, the shimmer, the sparkling definition, the exciting projection, and, above all, the irresistible verve and musicality. Loesser’s playing was completely successful because it was so sincere, natural, and unaffected. He was scholarly, but never snobbish. This man had all the vital ingredients for a sensational career—including the showmanship that seems to be so fashionable in some quarters today. His many other interests interfered with cultivating a performing career, and this, more than anything else, explains Arthur Loesser’s shameful neglect outside of Cleveland, where he headed the Institute’s piano department and served for years as music editor of the Institute’s press. Loesser’s death last January, at the age of seventy-four, was marked by perfunctory notices, but those who knew the man’s great art and delightful personality feel the true tragedy of his passing: Loesser was the reincarnation _par excellence_ of the eighteenth-century Enlightened Gentleman. I feel honored to have known and heard him.

The International Piano Library memorial preserves the major portion of Loesser’s remarkable Halloween concert at Town Hall in 1967. (It is to be hoped that the performances of a Clementi sonata and Hummel’s E-flat Rondeau, also taped on that occasion, will similarly be issued, for memory proclaims that the Hummel, in particular, was one of the brightest moments of that dazzling late Sunday afternoon.) This is a record to bring back memories for those who were at the concert; it is also, quite happily, proof of Loesser’s great stature as an artist. I am particularly gratified to note that the microphone’s withering, analytical ear heard the same sensational playing I did. It is all there, from the hilarity and audacity of his play of the Dussek—a hunt piece with barking dogs as well as horn and horses’ hooves—to the jewel-like perfection of MacDowell’s_ To a Wild Rose_.

Chabrier’s _Bourrée fantasque_ is semi-well known, but much of the material here is really bizarre and offbeat. Arthur Jensen’s Eros is a poor man’s _Revolutionary Etude_, and Ravina’s silly little_ Etude de Style_. Godowsky’s_ Gardens of Buitenzorg_, Paderewski’s_ Legende_, and Anton Rubinstein’s Prelude and Fugue will only turn up again (if at all) via some old piano rolls. The Busoni Sonata is quite serious in mien, but the Casella_ Two Contrasts_ is one of the most sophisticated spoofs in music history. Its two sections are entitled _Grazioso_ (a horribly discordant paraphrase on Chopin’s familiar A major Prelude) and _Anti-Grazioso_ (part Prokofiev locomotion, part Chabrier—the self-same_ Bourrée fantasque_. Loesser had played minutes before—and a smidgeon of Le_Sonata du printemps_, in 1918 still at the apex of avant-gardism).

Yet for me, the most incredible of all these unlikely selections are Loesser’s renditions of the Moszkowski Waltz and the Raff_ Raguelon_. Such fireworks, such grand flair—and such rapid, immaculate fingerwork, the likes of which I have heard only from a handful of other pianists (none of them, alas, alive today)! Mr. Loesser’s affectionate comments to his audience are preserved on the record, and the sound quality is wonderfully full and realistic. The International Piano Library has supplied copious annotations (including a finely devised brochure and Mr. Loesser’s own valuable notes for the recital). Anyone who cares about the piano and its legacy will rush to acquire this touching memento.

This excursion into esoteria notwithstanding, Loesser lifted Bach above all other composers. Fortunately, the Cleveland Institute of Music recorded quite a few of his Bach performances. There is a complete _Well-Tempered Clavier_, and I believe, all the Partitas and _English Suites_. The French Suites and _Italian Concerto_ are the latest installments (but I hope not the last—at the time of his death, Loesser was readying the _Goldberg Variations_ for performances in New York and Cleveland; perhaps he had already recorded them). The quality of the sound on this release is quite different from that heard in the IPL album: there is a stecco, harpsichordlike plangency that is very appropriate for Bach. The performances are lovely. Loesser quite possibly preferred playing for people rather than making records. One or two little bobbles in this_ Italian Concerto_ indicate a slight nervousness on the pianist’s part. Otherwise, the bite, the elegant ornamentation, the grasp of polyphony, and the sheer musical comprehension and joy of the interpretations make this two-disc album one of the most appealing as well as one of the most important contributions to recorded Bachiana.

These two releases, then, pay a much-needed homage to a great musician.


JULY 1969
Mozart had finished the E flat Quartet and found another publisher for it.

G minor is, of course, the key of the Fortieth Symphony and the K. 516 String Quintet, both of which bare the darker and introspective side of Mozart's psyche; indeed it is quite obvious that Mozart felt G minor to be his special vehicle for expressing troublesome feelings. A threatening atmosphere—vague, gnawing anxiety—envelops and permeates the first movement of K. 478, and even though the Andante and Rondo movements superficially indicate a somber ambience, the black imprint of the Allegro linger as an ominous specter. The present ensemble seems mindful of all this and attempts to create a mood that is darkly aggressive, but not hysterical. Indeed, they impress the remnants of this earnest passion upon the remaining movements, unlike much of their recorded competition.

The E flat Quartet is a far more spacious statement; its broadly sweepingly opening bars sound more like a concerto than chamber music. Hancock and friends give us a strongly focused and intense performance that overlooks, to a slighting degree, the piece's buoyant charm.

Unfortunately, Turnabault's sound is a most serious drawback here. The recording is heavy in the mid-bass, imbuing the piano with clarity—destroying tubbi-ness and rendering the strings' contribution difficult to perceive. The sound is, in fact, more objectionable than that heard on two classic pre-LP performances: the excellent Szell/Budapest account of both works (Odyssey 32 16 0139, originally recorded in 1946) and the sublime Schnabel Pro Arte performance of the G minor (Angel COL 142, recorded in 1934, now deleted). S.L.

RACHMANINOFF: Sonata for Piano and Cello, in G minor, Op. 19. CHOPIN: Sonata for Cello and Piano, in G minor, Op. 65. Paul Tortelier, cello; Aldo Ciccolini, piano. Angel S 36591, $5.98. Rachmaninoff's Sonata dates from 1901—the year of the Second Piano Concerto—and like its star-status cousin it is a ripe and robust romantic gesture. The current performance is far freer in phrasing and more elastic in rhythm than the terse, sharply focused Shapiro-Wild essay on Nonesuch. Tortelier and Ciccolini share an expansive conception, stressing the brief lyrical line; theirs is a performance of great sweep and over-all power. In contrast, Shapiro and Wild's renditions have a more hesitant, reflective character; Shapiro's approach is thoughtful, and his effort to propel the music from within; their power grows out of the accumulated bursts of energy from individual phrases. Angel's ripe and somewhat diffuse acoustic tends to reaffirm the expansiveness of the Tortelier and Ciccolini approach. Conversely, Nonesuch's ultraclean and echoless sound similarly complements the highly articulate statement by Shapiro and Wild.

Chopin's Sonata receives a free-wheeling, impressionistic performance that is softer, even gentler than the earth-bound Platiayrsky/Firkusny RCA recording. Angel has provided brighter and more transparent sound here than in the Rachmaninoff.

S.L.

RAVEL: Bolero; Rapsodie espagnole; Daphnis et Chloe: Suite No. 2. Orches- tre de Paris, Charles Munch, cond. Angel S 36584, 4XS 36584. $7.98; 4XS 36584, $5.98.

Aside from Berlioz, Ravel was the composer with whom Charles Munch's recording career was most closely and fruitfully associated. A hasty search reveals at least three Ravel recordings, two Rapsodies, one coupling of the two Daphnis suites (without chorus, as here), and two recordings of the complete ballet. There will well have been more. Angel's new disc offers his last words on two favorite works, and the recording assumes a special value—and poignancy—as a memorial to a highly individual and great conductor. A few months before his sudden death in December 1966, while on an American tour with "his" new Orchestre de Paris, Munch was already molding the ensemble closer to his ideals than in the orchestra's first release, the Berlioz Symphonic Fantastique of last February. The exceptionally tal-ented personnel will need further group experience, but the enchanting tonal attrac-tions here, especially in the first solo pas-tos, prove that this young-est of symphony orchestras already ranks high—and will eventually rank even higher—in world-wide symphonic standing.

Some indiscernible qualities will one day compare the various Ravel/Munch readings in minute detail: at present, most of his admirers will be content to shun comparisons and relish these interpretations for their own characteristic poetry and passion. It is perhaps enough for a reviewer to suggest that this Boléro might be passed by (its opening solos are superbly lyrical, but the performance lacks over-all crispness of rhythmic articulation and becomes distressingly unsteady in tempo) in favor of the truly magical Rapsodie and Daphnis et Chloe Suite. The recording itself seems a bit lightweight (which might account for the lack of climactic impact in the Boléro), but its crystalline transparency permits the glowing, kaleidoscopic or-chestral colorings to shine through un-dimmed and undistorted.

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Can anyone who has read Rimsky’s rather dull but informative autobiography, My Musical Life, ever forget the fabulous account of his first major composition? A boy of seventeen, ignorant of musical theory, harmony, and orchestration, Rimsky must have been hypnotized by the Svetgalan Balakirev into embarking on something as ambitious as a symphony—cast, no less, in the improbably key of E flat minor. Even more improbable is the fact that the work was actually completed (although it took some five years, most of them spent while the composer was on naval duties at sea) and performed on December 31, 1865.

Many years later, in 1884, the matured and by then somewhat pedagogical composer revised the symphony and transposed it into the more normal key of E minor. We may never know what the original sounded like, but we can now hear the revision—and observe for ourselves the potent and freely admitted influences on Rimsky’s early music of Schumann, Glinka, and others. The echoes are indeed evident here, yet the work has a fascination all its own. Less perhaps for its surprisingly meager foreshadowings of late Rimsky scores than for its own disarmingly youthful romantic poetry, warmth, and athleticism. Khaitkin and the Moscow Radio Symphony play the Symphony with infectious enthusiasm and vivid, unmistakably “Russian” coloring. The robust, open sonorism is notable for its “big” sound and heavy impact.

The filler is another discographic First: a Cantata on a Pushkin text, composed and first performed in 1899. It’s done well enough here by the somewhat shaky but big-voiced bass, brilliantly dramatic tenor, and competent male chorus and orchestra. Yet, for all its superior score, Rimsky’s music is considerably less interesting than the symphony. Rimsky himself would probably accept this verdict philosophically since he wrote after the work’s first performance under his own baton: “Its success was slight, the composition was scathing noticed. I think this is the fault of all cantatas, bullfads, etc., for soloists and chorus with us [Russians]. . . Very sad.” R.D.D.

SATIE: Piano Music (complete). Frank Glazer, piano. Vox SVBX 5422, $9.95 (three discs).

Until last year, there was only one record of Satie’s piano music listed in Schewmann, the decade-old Ciccolini on Angel. Recently, Ciccolini completed his project and was almost immediately joined by a growing list of pianists. Satie is clearly blessed with Inness this year; who knows what the future holds. In any case, his recently acquired popularity is intimately connected with the growing interest in French music in general and with the fruitful reassessment of Debussy in particular (for which we owe many thanks to conductor Pierre Boulez).

Satie was an enormously talented musician, a keen social critic, a master parodist, and apparently as mad as a hatter. His piano music is droll yet strangely elusive. In a sense, it defies serious scrutiny; its attractiveness lies in its pictorial/Dadaist frame of reference, its consciously antiaesthetic attitudes. It is, if you’ll pardon the expression, anti-establishment. This in itself offers a clue to its current state of grace.

Glazer performs the music in an appropriately nonserious manner without undue editorializing. Satie’s humor speaks for itself and Glazer is wise not to reduce it to slapstick. In the comparatively longer pieces—the Gymnopédies and Gnossiennes, for example—he allows himself more freedom of expression, achieving a wistful and melancholic impression.

Vox’s sound is mellow and laudably clear. This is a delightful set of records, one that offers welcome escape from the reality principle.

S.L.


As a musician living in the city of brotherly love, I was hoping to exercise a bit of chauvinism in this review. I have a version of the Schubert for the Academy of Music, a fine and very impressive concert hall. I would like to think that the Academy could also make a good recording studio, but after listening to this recording any hopes have been dashed. Hopefully RCA will soon be able to improve on the dull, thick, opaque sound that characterizes this disc.

The sonic problems are particularly noticeable in the opening and closing movements of the Jupiter. For here the transparency of the orchestral fabric demands a simultaneous yet audibly independent statement of the score’s various complexities. But everything is lost in
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A Fresh Voice for Schubert
by Peter G. Davis

A GREAT DEAL of care has gone into this highly enjoyable recital. Werner Krenn is a young (mid-twenties) Viennese tenor whose principal recorded assignments to date have been in London's La Clemenza di Tito and The Creation. He possesses what appears to be a smallish voice of considerable sweetness and flexibility, somewhat unsettled as yet in mid-range but otherwise secure and well schooled. I would place him in the Peter Pears/Charles Bressler category—rather dry of timbre and a bit short on varied tonal color. But, like Pears and Bressler, he is a sensitive, natural, resourceful musician who knows precisely how to make the most of his vocal gifts.

The repertoire is fresh and adventurous. (Many of these songs have never been recorded before) and all the material is admirably suited to Krenn's voice and temperament—the dramatic songs have been sensibly bypassed in favor of the lyrical, reflective, and lightly humorous side of Schubert's genius. One notes, too, that the program has been arranged into three topical groups dealing with nature, music, and love, with two "specially" numbers as encores. These latter items are the least successful performances: Vom Mitteleiden Mariä, a song of touching austerity describing Mary at the foot of the Cross, requires a firm legato line that Krenn cannot command at present; and Epistel, a tongue-in-cheek tirade aimed at a recalcitrant correspondent and set in Italian on rather strong English, is given a heavy-handed treatment complete with a shaky, awkwardly produced high C.

With these cavils duly registered, I can truthfully say that few recent lieder recitals have given me so much pleasure. Each song is top-drawer Schubert—the melodic invention flows in a consistent stream of spontaneous lyricism. In less musical settings, the prevailing atmosphere of idyllic innocence might become cloying, but Krenn has such a felicitous way with the music that one can sit back and bask in his polished, elegantly phrased performances. The tenor is not one to peer into every crevice and cranny of a song: he is content rather to suggest the over-all mood through purely musical means and allow the notes to speak for themselves. This direct approach works perfectly for such disarming, deceptively simple songs. London has clinched the success of this album by backing young Mr. Krenn with the first-rate accompaniment of Gerald Moore and providing a beautifully balanced engineering job. Hopefully, this fine team will collaborate on many more lieder projects. A separate leaflet provides detailed notes on each song, as well as text and translations.

SCHUBERT: Lieder: Beim Winde, D. 669; Der Jungerling an der Quelle, D. 300; An eine Quelle, D. 530; An die untergehende Sonne, D. 491; An die Lauter, D. 905; Am mien Klavier, D. 342; Trost im Liede, D. 546; Die Götter Grien- chenlands, D. 293; Neues Liebe, D. 182; Das Rosenband, D. 280; Sprache der Liebe, D. 410; Versunken, D. 715; An die Entfernte, D. 765; Heimliches Lieben, D. 922; An die Nachtigall, D. 196; Vom Mitteleiden Mariä, D. 632; Epistel, D. 749. Werner Krenn, tenor; Gerald Moore, piano. London OS 26063. $5.93.


Shostakovich's Sixth Symphony is perhaps the composer's first "mature" symphonic work that wholly satisfies the demands of the genre. Even the sarcasm and deliberate superficiality of the last movements are justified by the two preceding movements, which lead up to the finale in a fashion that is both musically and dramatically logical—unlike the deity ex machina heroics of the Fifth Symphony's finale, which appears to be an afterthought tacked on a fundamentally three-movement work. The Sixth is one of the few symphonies in which Shostakovich seems almost completely acumen, textural variety, and coloristic range. The average facile pianist who belts away at Faschingsschwank without first checking and channeling his effusiveness can make that score sound thin, heavy, and even lethally boring. Average pianists, therefore, will likely dislike the Humoreske: I wager that most of them have never even heard the work! Claudio Arrau is, fortunately, not an average pianist. His approach to Schumann combines massiveness with lucidity, freedom with stringent literalness. Arrau has a big plushy tone capable of infinite color gradations and marvelous pianistic control that permits him to weight chords convincingly and articulate all configurations with complete clarity. He sometimes has an undue penchant for the affettuoso touch and the redundant Luftpause, although moments of metrical waywardness are kept to a minimum in these particular performances. Some may think Arrau's playing rather dry and solid, but otherwise I found his performances to be an unalloyed joy.

Arrau's Arabeske might be taken as a complete antithesis to Horowitz' well-known interpretation on Columbia. Whereas Horowitz emphasized the piece's melodic grace almost exclusively, producing a shy, rather coy "etheral" effect, Arrau stresses the harmonic solidity beneath the melody with such insistence that the topmost line is nearly lost. I prefer Arrau's way, for "the tune" is so familiar that one tends to hear it even if it is covered—harmonic structure, however, is much more easily obliterated. A comparison of Richter's Angel edition of the Faschingsschwank with Arrau's is revealing to say the least. Richter tends to sound rather detached here: his reading is fast, disappointingly facile and unstructured, with all sorts of little perverse dynamic tricks. Arrau's more solid, beautifully spacious performance gives us what we've been looking for, and his playing is a bit more spontaneous. Phillips has given the pianist fine recorded sound, but the processing on my review disc was just so-so: along with the basically excellent piano tone was a rather obtrusive surface background, and a slight warpage soured the tone on one side.

H.G.
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Mr. Benrey went on to justify his ranking of the Rectilinear III's:

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Of course, one expert's opinion may differ considerably from another's. But here's what Julian D. Hirsch wrote in the "Equipment Test Reports" of Stereo Review, December 1967:

"The Rectilinear III ranks as one of the most natural-sounding speaker systems I have ever used in my home. Over a period of several months, we have had the opportunity to compare it with a number of other speakers. We have found speakers that can outpoint the Rectilinear III on any individual characteristics—frequency range, smoothness, distortion, efficiency, dispersion, or transient response. However... none of the speakers combine all of these properties in such desirable proportions as the Rectilinear III."

Summing up his test report, Mr. Hirsch concluded, "In our opinion, we have never heard better sound reproduction in our home, from any speaker of any size or price."

Of course, both Mr. Benrey and Mr. Hirsch write for the readers of popular, large-circulation magazines. But here's what Larry Zide wrote for the more specialized audience of The American Record Guide ('Sound Ideas' column, October 1968):

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Of course, all of the opinions above appeared in publications that accept advertising. But here's what Buyer's Guide magazine wrote in their August 1968 issue, just in case you're more inclined to trust a consumer review without ads:

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free of restraint—the first movement, for instance, unlike most of Shostakovich's other first movements, uses a fairly free form: an extended Largo composed of a number of themes and motivic fragments, of a manner reminiscent of such composers as Sibelius, Miaskovsky, and, would you believe, Debussy.

Both the Shostakovich Sixth Symphony and the more familiar Prokofiev Scythian Suite badly need definitive recordings, and Bernstein, a conductor who has shown a great affinity for this type of music, should have been just the man for the job. Unfortunately, the disc is a major disappointment. The well-defined recorded sound, although not particularly rich, staves off total tragedy; and, in spite of Bernstein's fairly glib approach to the work, his performance of the Scythian Suite here is probably as worthy as any other currently available version. But the Shostakovich Sixth is a great letdown. Perhaps Bernstein has taken to heart a recent advertisement by Columbia stating that listeners need not "know the difference between an Allegretto non troppo and an Andante minore" to enjoy Bernstein. That might possibly explain why the conductor takes the Scherzo some thirty beats per minute slower than indicated. This strikes me, however, as lethargy rather than interpretative liberty. But it's impossible to explain away the harsh entrances, the uneven rhythmic and dynamic balance, and the poor playing in the first movement—one violin goes shatteringly off pitch during the sustained passage recorded ends the argument. At least Bernstein's genuine largo tempo here makes his version of the Symphony marginally preferable to Kondrashin's, the only other recent recording of the work. But the performance by Boult on Everest is still the one to beat. R.S.B.

**STRAVINSKY:** The Spectacular Sound of Stravinsky. Scherzo fantastique, Op. 3; Fireworks, Op. 4; Firebird: Infernal Dance; Petrushka: Excerpts from Scene 4; Le Sacre du Printemps: Danse Sacrée; Scherzo à la Russe. CBC Symphony Orchestra (in Op. 3); Columbia Symphony Orchestra (in other works); Igor Stravinsky, cond. Columbia MS 7094, $5.98.

Once again, Columbia has ingeniously contrived to make Stravinsky collectors pay double. If you are interested in the very first version of the Scherzo fantas-tique, or the composer's first stereo versions of Fireworks and Scherzo à la Russe, the chances are that you already own the three ballets represented here by snippets from the complete recordings—this disc represents a $5.98 investment for twenty minutes of music. All of these "new" additions to Columbia's Stravinsky catalogue have been sitting around for more than five years any- way, along with enough other unreleased Stravinsky orchestral material to have made a full and interesting record.

The Scherzo fantastique and Fire- works, composed in succession during 1907 and 1908, form a link between those two key figures in Stravinsky's early life, Rimsky-Korsakov and Diaghilev. The earlier work was the last piece that the teacher saw: Fireworks are a minor revision of an earlier work. The later work, which was not performed until the 1930s, represents a major revision of Stravinsky's first attempt at a ballet, Scherzo à la Russe.

The Firebird orchestral material to around the turn of the century, was used by the composer in the 1907 version of the ballet. The 1910 suite, composed under the title Fantastique, was revised for the 1919 version, the present recording being of the last version. Bernstein, who has recorded the 1910 version, devotes one cut to the Scherzo from the 1910 version of the ballet only.

This version of the Scherzo is fairly brief, it is not particularly rich, staves off total tragedy; and, in spite of Bernstein's fairly glib approach to the work, his performance of the Scythian Suite here is probably as worthy as any other currently available version. But the Shostakovich Sixth is a great letdown. Perhaps Bernstein has taken to heart a recent advertisement by Columbia stating that listeners need not "know the difference between an Allegretto non troppo and an Andante minore" to enjoy Bernstein. That might possibly explain why the conductor takes the Scherzo some thirty beats per minute slower than indicated. This strikes me, however, as lethargy rather than interpretative liberty. But it's impossible to explain away the harsh entrances, the uneven rhythmic and dynamic balance, and the poor playing in the first movement—one violin goes shatteringly off pitch during the sustained passage recorded ends the argument. At least Bernstein's genuine largo tempo here makes his version of the Symphony marginally preferable to Kondrashin's, the only other recent recording of the work. But the performance by Boult on Everest is still the one to beat. R.S.B.

**SULLIVAN:** The Pirates of Penzance. Valerie Masterson (s), Mabel; Pauline Wales (ms), Kate; Christene Palmer (c), Ruth; Jean Allister (c), Edith; Philip Potter (t), Frederic; John Reed (b), Major-General Stanley; George Cooke (b), Samuel; Donald Adams (bs), The Pirate King; Owen Brannigan (bs), Sergeant of Police; Chorus of the D'Oyly Carte Opera Company; Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, Isidore Godfrey, cond. London OSA 1277, $11.98 (two discs).

Now that the D'Oyly Carte ensemble has re-recorded in stereo the eleven canonical G & S operettas, it was probably inevitable that they would start the cycle all over again. Pirates was a prime candidate for re-examination—the 1959 recording came at a time when the per- sonnel was particularly weak and this replacement marks a considerable up- grading in vocal standards. Further- more, the cast gives the complete dia- logue a lively, pointed reading, which was hardly the case with earlier embar- rassing efforts in this direction.

Valerie Masterson and Philip Potter

The pirates prepare to "marry with impunity"; from a 1939 D'Oyly Carte production.
The orchestra sounds slightly limp under Isidore Godfrey's flaccid direction. I know that Maestro Godfrey has been a D'Oyly Carte tradition since the year One, but it seems to me that a fresher musical approach, crisper rhythms, and more flexible instrumental phrasing could have completely dispelled the slightly stale odor that still lingers in the corners of this otherwise enjoyable, brilliantly recorded performance. Someone once suggested (whimsically, I presume) that the D'Oyly Carte need an artistic pit along the lines of an exchange agreement with Bayreuth—a Bridget D'Oyly Carte Parsifal and a Wieland Wagner Mikado. Tempting as that may sound, I'd settle for a carefully prepared musical performance of Pirates with a conductor of real stature—Colin Davis, for instance.

P.G.D.


It is not surprising that Gwyneth Jones has risen to high rank among the stars of Covent Garden and is now in demand in many of the world's opera houses. She has good looks, a potent stage presence, and a big, dramatic voice which she handles with skill and warm temperament.

These excerpts from four Verdi roles are eloquent testimony to the reasons for Jones's success. This is bold, big-league singing from an artist well on the way to her prime.

The Aida arias show at once her strengths and weaknesses. The planning of her initial phrases, the firm and even line-spinning is quite exemplary; but she is not entirely free from strain in the climb up to "Amani, pietà del mio soffer..."—though at the very top things are happy once again. You do have a feeling that there is nothing whatever to spare: naught for her comfort, or
ours. The same applies to "O patria mia," but in this aria there is also a certain lack of total commitment and identification that is disturbing.

The best thing on the disc is the scena from Don Carlo which does not tax the ears, but reveals long-breathed evenness and consistency of legato, which Miss Jones delivers in full measure.

Lady Macbeth's letter scene does not come off so well, but this is perhaps because it cannot rid my ears of Callas in this material. It is the scene which establishes two characters, those of Macbeth and his wife, proclaims her ruthlessness and iron will, his vacillation. Miss Jones starts off by reading the letter in a soft, lyrical, almost stream-of-consciousness manner which seems to have little connection with what follows. These lines must be drawn with barbed wire, and Miss Jones has none.

Desdemona's scene is well-judged and sensitively sung, with convincing effect. The problem here, as with the entire disc, is that the recorded competition is so very fierce: not only Callas, but Price, De los Angeles, Tebaldi, Nilsson, Milionov (in the relevant excerpts). Nor can we judge the entire operatic persona of Gwyneth Jones: her looks and stage presence are not relevant. We have the voice alone, and under most severe laboratory conditions. It does very well, but there are misgivings.

Doel's bass is sensitive, and the orchestra is marvellously caught. But the tempos, particularly in the Aida bits, seem very slow.

G.M.


This is a peculiar record, strangely laid out in terms of program, and oddly inconclusive in its level of performance. There is no grouping, no sequence of excerpts from a particular role—so that we don't get any full picture, for instance, of Adam's Sachs. The Tristan selection is puzzling, both because it makes little effect out of context and because Adam is by no means a true bass.

Still, there are attractions, especially on Side 1, which pairs the extended Holländer and Walküre passages. Adam is in excellent voice, and the Holländer a monologue is substantially better than the one included on the complete Klemperer performance. Adam is not a notable colorist with his voice; there is a general animation and vigor to everything he does, but not much in the way of specific commentary or illumination. Nevertheless, his big, brown Heldenbärion sounds very handsome and solid when it is at its steadfast, and both these challenges are met in a full-throated, satisfying way, with a much closer approximation of a true singing line than we are accustomed to hear from German heroic singers.

The overside is not so interesting. The best of it is Amfortas' great lament, which lies well for Adam, and reaches considerable intensity at "Erhabenheit! Erbarmen!

Marke's lengthy exegesis on his bad luck is intelligently set forth, but without a fair amount of quaver, and, as I've already noted, with a lightish timbre that doesn't quite square with the way the music is set.

Adam made his Metropolitan debut in the same role of Sachs, and I enjoyed that performance enormously, both for its increasingly persuasive vocalism and for the very natural, honest characterization. Taken alone, however, his Fliedermonolog makes only a middling case for the interpretation; there is some more wobble, and nothing terribly individual or poetic about the performance.

Sinn's accompaniments tend toward slowness, and toward emphasis on isolated phrasing or instrumental lines that verge on the maniacal. The orchestra plays well, however, and the engineering is excellent.

C.L.O.

AMERICAN BRASS QUINTET: IVES: From the Steeples and the Mountains; Song for Harvest Season; Chromatime-lodtune. BREHM: Quintet for Brass. BRANT: The Fourth Millenium. PHILIPS: Music for Brass Quintet. Jan De- Gaetani, mezzo (on the Song); American Brass Quintet. Noneschu H 71222, $2.98.

From the Steeples and the Mountains is only forty-eight measures long, but it is one of Ives' masterpieces. In addition to the brass instruments, the composition calls for huge bells: when it was premiered by the New Philharmonic under the direction of Lukas Foss in 1965, one of the bells had to be faked electronically, since no orchestral chime that low could be found. Here, in a masterstroke of recording technique, the carillon of the Riverside Church, no less, is played off against the brass instruments, and the huge climax really does exemplify Ives' description of the effect he wanted: "From the Steeples, the Bells:—then the Rocks on the Mountains begin to shout!" This three-minute work alone is worth the price of admission. The other Ives pieces are not nearly so good. Song for Harvest is soothing, but all of a minute and a half and doesn't say much. The Chromatimetoludtune is one of Ives' proto-12-tone works and is grimly tormented as its title.

The other three items on the disc are all very interesting in their way. The best of them, to my ear, is weve Phillips, which has some marvelous sonorities of the kind wherein scoring and harmony form an indissoluble and memorable whole. It also has much of the highly energized, dissonant, and vigorous counterpoint which brass instruments seem to call forth from contemporary composers.

Brehm's work has fewer sustained sonorities but more contrapuntal electricity and is continually interesting. The Brant piece illustrates its point all too literally. It is a work of unending rumblings, mutilated earthlings and visitors from another planet. Its descriptiveness is entertaining, but the music lacks the spine-tingling power of Brant's Galaxies and Millenia. Performances are superb and so are the recordings.


All the composers on this disc save Mennel were contemporary of Beethoven (Diabelli was at one time, of course, his publisher), and as might be expected of men attuned to such an age they didn't kid around when it came to making demands on the soloist. While much of the writing here is decidedly keyboardish, so is most guitar music of the classic/romantic period (it is, after all, a style well suited to the instrument's capabilities). A certain amount of monotony sets in inevitably after forty or so minutes of this, but Bream's mastery remains, as always, something you can't turn your back on, and you therefore sit out the full measure of arpeggio passage work, predictable modulating, and rhetorical striding with equanimity and recurring attacks of enthusiasm.

In Bream's hands the scale figures in Giuliani's Grand Overture flower like Roman candles on the Fourth of July, and the Sonata variations are so well done we're all over again how well this guitarist handles the very elemental features of his craft, like bringing out a melody line over broken-chord accompaniment. The Sor is so skillfully colored that a supporting woodwind seems to cross into the brass register at one point, and the Diabelli—the most extravagant work in the recital—gives free rein to echo effects, quick forte/ piano contrasts, and threatening rumblings on the low strings. Bream gets all the way on the board and might be accused occasionally of exaggeration, but it doesn't bother me. The Mozart is a transcription from a diverimento for winds, and works beautifully.

S.F.

TCHAIKOVSKY: Eugene Onegin: humous and singing they the secure ease they tasteful musicality. When of otherwise.) slight broadening ation. given least. most successful than the an made, considering style. language, certainly (the Placido Domingo, di.

LAND. PUCCINI: MASCAGNI: Placido Domingo's Die Ehre des Kaisers Wiegenlied. Di. Downes's accompaniments are magnificent in tone, and huskiness has been so fleeting. But the demands on his voice is much too much for the voice to bear. (The famous “McCormantine phrase” is spun on one breath, at full voice. every note in place, with a lovely broadening at the end, and without the slightest hint of extension. Of course, it could be clever splicing, but let's assume otherwise.)

Still, one of the finest things on the disc is the scena from Boe canegra, which has great dramatic bite along with beauty of sound. Every item has a good share of liquid, youthful tone and of an extremely tasteful musicality. When there are faults, they are slight: an occasional weakness and huskiness at the bottom; a onetime resort to an unconnected nonmezza-voce (in “Angelo casto e bel”): a tendency to ease into a phrase when it should build (as in the “In fernem Land”); or a pressing on the instrument in an attempt to secure more weight (this backfires, for the voice becomes slightly turbulent and actually sounds smaller—most noticeable in the La Juive aria). Except for the last, these are all sins of omission, and they are so fleeting they hardly interrupt one's enjoyment. For sheer beauty of tone and of lyrical phrasing, this is singing on a very high level.

Donizetti, with which this gift ed young tenor brings us to the middle song (simply called “Fourth” on the sleeve) is perhaps more familiarily known as Songs My Mother Taught Me. 

Mr. Newmark's work is strong, sensitive, and supple. The viola of Mr. Ladhuie sounds husy in the lower registers, but good up high. Technically, everybody seems to be too close to his microphone, and there is little perspective. Why this had to be phony stereo—though good of its kind—I cannot imagine: nor is it clear why Everest chooses to print useless sleeve notes, where not even the

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from the Sixth is also performed quite well.

The organ used here is a particularly fine example of the work of Asdrile Cavallé-Coll, in the Basilica of St. Sernin, Toulouse. All three of the composers represented on the disc performed extensively on one of Cavallé-Coll’s instruments (Widor was the organist at St. Sulpice for sixty-three years. Franck at St. Clotilde and Cam-Saints at the Madeleine), and therefore all this music was conceived in terms of Cavallé-Coll’s tonal ideas.

Turnabout’s sound is extremely rich and clear. Its jacket notes are misleading; the entire Sixth Symphony of Widor is not included, as they imply—the contents of the record are as listed above.

C.F.G.

GUSTAV LEONHARDT: “Harpischord Recital.” CACCINI (arr. Philips): Ama-
rilli. FARNABY: Spagnoletta. TOMKINS: Pavane and Galliard of three parts.
ANON.: Daphne (from the Camphuysen Manuscript). FRESCOBALDI: From Book IV: Toccata No. 7; Canzona No. 3; Galli-
ards Nos. 1-5; From Book III: Toccata No. 11. BACH (attrib.): Prelude and Fugue in A minor, S. 895; Suite in F minor (fragment), S. 823; Prelude and Fugue in C minor, S. 999. J.C. BACH: Sonata in D. Gustav Leonhardt, harpsi-
chord. Telefunken SAWT 9512-B, $5.95.

This is a wonderful idea, flawlessly executed, Gustav Leonhardt has selected four seventeenth- and eighteenth-century instruments of Dutch, Italian, German, and English provenance, each specially suited in character as well as in date and usually place of origin to one of the four groups of pieces included in the recording.

For the Caccini. Farnaby, Tomkins, and anonymous pieces he uses a delicate, “fluffy” harpsichord built in Antwerp by Andreas Rickers in 1648. The Fresco-
baldi group is played on a much more metallic-sounding Italian instrument built by an unknown hand in 1693. Both of these instruments are tuned in mean-
tone temperament.

The pieces attributed to Johann Se-
bastian Bach are played on a fine, rather expressive instrument by Christian Zell (Hamburg, 1741), and the galant sonata by youngest son Johann Christian rings robustly out on a big, brilliant two-manual instrument built in London in 1775 by Jacobus and Abraham Kirck-
man for exactly this kind of music.

The music—particularly the first group—is full of charm, and Leonhardt’s per-
fomances are, as usual, a model of sensitive musicianship allied with taste and style. Accompanied by a short but informative note on the instruments by the performer, this record cannot fail to enhance almost any listener’s apprecia-
tion of the harpsichord and of its vast, varied literature.

The Italian instrument, by the way, is now in the collection of the Smithsonian Institution in Washington, D.C., and the Zell is in the East Frisian Countryside Museum in Emsland, Holland. The Rickers and Kirckman instruments form part of Leonhardt’s own magnificent collection. The Rickers, it seems, is the selfsame instrument that appears in the famous Jan Sien painting (reproduced on the front of the record jacket) of a young woman playing the harpsichord. This is the sort of fact that, for some reason, I find extraordinarily exciting. There is some continuity in this world after all.

B.J.

EZIO PINZA: “Aria and Songs.” MO-
ZART: Le Nozze di Figaro; Se vuol bal-
lare; Die Zauberflöte; O Isis und Osiris; ROSSINI: Il Barbiere di Siviglia; La ca-
unnia. DONIZETTI: La Favorita; Splen-
don più belle. BELLINI: Norma; Ita col.
VERDI: La Forza del destino: Il santo nome di Dio; I Vespri Siciliani; O tu, Palerr; GUCCIINI: La Bohème; Vec-
chia zimarra. THOMAS: Mignon: De son coeur j’ai calme la fièvre. BOEHM: Calm
As the Night. D’ESPOSITO: Anema e
core. GOELLI: Luna rossa. TOSTI: L’ultima canzone. Ezio Pinza, bass; various accompaniments for the origi-
inal recordings recorded 1927-52. RCA Victrola VIC 1418. $2.50 (mono only).

This is a very uneven mixture. The program does not seem to have been selected with any great care, and certainly no freshening has taken place on the engineering front. But at least there is very little duplication of material on other LPs, and there are a few prime items.

Perhaps the very best of it is the noble voicing of the Vespri Siciliani aria, where Pinza’s ability for alternating between dramatic singing of great force and bril-
liance and a rolling, mellow cantabile is well displayed. The “Splendino più belle” is also fine singing, and so is the “Ait e Osiris,” not the least because of the flagrant German in borca Romana. On the other hand, the Norma and Forza ex-
cerpts, though they were recorded in 1927 and are of course solid and repre-
sentative, are not on a level with the other pieces. It is a pity that the original great “Ab! del Teburo” from Norma, or the “La vergine degl’angeli” and final trio from Forza.

If we must have reminders of the post-
Sonnati Pacific Pinza, then surely the “La
calunnia,” which despite some top trouble is at any rate vital, could have served alone. There is no excuse for Calm as the Night. Luna rossa, or Anema e core— the songs are simply garbage, rendered more rancid by the arrangements and the thoroughly dreadful performances. The disc does end, though with a marvelous (earily) L’ultima canzone, a good light song by a cultivated salon composer, sung to the last drop.

C.L.O.

FRANCIS PLANTE: “Piano Recital.”
BERLIOZ-REDON: Serenade of Me-
phisto. BOCCHERINI-PLANTE: Minuet.
CHOPIN: Etudes, Op. 10: No. 4, in C
sharp minor; No. 5, in G flat; No. 7, in C;
Etudes, Op. 25: No. 1, in A flat; No. 2,
No. 3; In F minor; No. 9, in G flat; Op. 11,
In A minor; MENDELSSOHN: Scherzo in
Minor, Op. 2-5; Final Fantasy; In F. out-
words: In A, Op. 19, No. 3; In A,
Op. 62, No. 6; In C, Op. 67, No. 4; in

Maureen Forrester—painted by Jean Pri-
more, sister of violinist William Primrose. 

titles of the songs are translated—no
question of texts or summaries.

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tude deserve better of you.

G.M.

FRENCH ORGAN MUSIC OF THE LATE
ROMANTIC PERIOD. FRANCK: Piece hê-
rieque; Cantabile. SAINT-SAENS: Pre-
G. WIDOR: Symphony for Organ, No.
6, in G minor, Op. 42, No. 2: Allegro;
Intermezzo; Symphony for Organ, No.
5, in F minor, Op. 42, No. 1: Toccata;
René Saorgin, organ (in the Franck);
Jean-Claude Raynau, organ (in the Saint-
Saens); Xavier Darasse, organ (in the
Widor). Turnabout TV 34238, $2.50.
I like many miscellanies, this record has
highs and lows that make the total pro-
duction difficult to assess. The two
Franck pieces, for example, are gems
and they are beautifully performed by
René Saorgin. On the other hand, while
the two Saint-Saens Preludes and Fugues
may be models of classical purity and
restraint, I can only say that the D minor
is as dry as the dusty archives from
which it was dug out and the slightly
livelier G major won’t stir up much
enthusiasm either. Since scores of
these pieces were unavailable, I must assume
that Raynau’s readings are accurate.

The Widor selections are very good:
the Allegro from his Sixth Symphony is
perhaps his best work and is the most
ambitious piece included here. Darasse
manages to generate considerable excite-
ment, as he does with that perennial
Easter Sunday Postlude favorite, the Toc-
catta finale from the Fifth Symphony.
The at least entertaining Intermezzo

High Fidelity Magazine

Listening to these transfers is a rather eerie experience: here I am in the year 1969 eavesdropping on the playing of an artist born in 1839. To be sure, Francis Planté recorded these selections for French Columbia at the ripe age of ninety in 1929 (he still played an occasional concert for charity until a year before his death in 1934). There is a rather intriguing story behind the existence of these recordings, the sole documentation left by this champion of musical geriatrics. To celebrate his ninetieth birthday, Planté presented two full-length recitals, one in the afternoon and one in the evening, before an invited audience of friends. Each program was completely different, and contained, in addition to most of the short vignettes included here, such substantial fare as Beethoven's Les Adieux Sonata, Chopin's F minor Ballade, Scherzo in E, and a flat Polonaise. An official from Columbia/Pathé was among the guests and he managed to convince his company to record for posterity this historically important artist. Planté was reluctant about coming to Paris, so Pathé brought its recording equipment to Planté's villa at Mont-de-Marsan.

Some impressive evidence was gathered from those sessions. Even at ninety, Planté apparently had a vast supply of energy and could sprint up and down the keyboard with considerable aplomb, accuracy, and discipline. Judging from these restored discs, his tonal production had some of the typical sec quality characteristic of the French school of pianism—though, like Cortot, he tended to a rather massive, weighty sonority. I do not get the impression of particularly profound or poetic artistry from this playing (certainly nothing on the level of a Cortot), but Planté's performances are completely honest and, in some instances, urbane and exciting. There is, of course, an occasional ritard at the cadences, some breaking of the hands, and other occasional mannerisms of the period, but Planté's good taste never violated a composition's basic structure.

For me, the most satisfying item in the collection are the Schumann Romances and the Berlioz Mephisto transcription. The latter has tremendous swagger and galvanic endurance, while the two Schumann pieces profit from faster tempos and less mawkish interpretations than one usually hears today. The Chopin Etudes vary from sturdiness to dogged stolidity. Despite Planté's exclamation of "bien!" at the conclusion of Op. 10, No. 7, must that piece be so aggressively accented on every downbeat? The repeated notes in the little Mendelssohn Scherzo are impressive even though that performance is a bit lethargic. The three florid Songs Without Words are more successful.

The International Piano Library is to be complimented on its presentation. The sound is remarkably ample and lifelike; a bit of the original surface noise is a small price to pay for the original vitality of these rare originals. The disc has been smoothly processed, and the dignified white jacket contains a lengthy, interesting note on Planté as well as complete discographic details.

H.G.


Precisely what sort of anniversary is being celebrated by these discs is not quite clear. In his introductory notes for the album, Sir David Webster (Covent Garden's general administrator) comments that "we have been going ever since the war, for twenty-one, twenty-two, or twenty-two and a bit years." Since twenty-one is the traditional "coming-of-age" year, perhaps we can take these recorded performances as representative of Covent Garden on the threshold of postwar maturity—although the first theater on the
Sherrill Milnes: A Voice for Tomorrow’s Golden Age
by George Movshon

Here is a vigorous, confident new voice to prove again that the operatic art is a continuum, that while vocal history may not repeat itself, it certainly moves around in cycles. “Ah, but you never heard Battistini,” we say, or our elders do (substitute Ruffo/De Luca/Tibbett/Warren, as appropriate). This record suggests that our descendants may one day also play the same game of one-upmanship: “Of course, you are too young to have heard Milnes. In the flesh, I mean. Yes, I know you can hear him from the computer at the touch of a button; it’s not the same thing as live, you know.”

If the foregoing seems to imply that Milnes stands in the great line of baritones in general (and Verdi baritones in particular), that is wholly intentional. He is not yet a finished artist, let alone a perfect one. But all the potential is there: a magnificent voice, a dramatic sense, a feel for the Verdiian line, a splendid stage figure.

This recital disc makes an impressive document, offering as it does five languages and eight separate genres coughed from two centuries of opera. Some of it is a little raw still, some of the effects are a bit too obvious, some of the French and Italian vowels are indifferently spoken. But apart from these small blemishes, this record proclaims a major recruit to the operatic forces of the day.

It is as a singer of Verdi that Milnes has become best known, so principal interest falls on the two extended scenes by that composer. In the Forza excerpt he summons up exceptional force in projecting Carlo’s jealousy, doubt, resolution, and concluding cry of vengeance. The voice quality calls Warren to mind frequently (this was one of Warren’s most satisfactory roles—during the very same scene here recorded the baritone collapsed and died in 1960). The Attila recitative, aria, and cabaletta is not such a rare treasure as the aria Caballé recently revived from the same score; but it serves Milnes’s sense of drama well enough, and he gets a lot out of it.

There is plenty of sonority in the Abendstern though Milnes does not shape it as elegantly as, say, Fischer-Dieskau; but ‘twill serve. The Rossini aria is Tell’s address to his son just before the decisive arrow shot. One wishes it had been sung in the original French, but even so Milnes does well by it. His way with Tchaikovsky is firm and forceful, the Russian words clearly enunciated. His French pronunciation is not quite perfect, and the words seem to come from too far back in the throat to make for flexibility. He should also watch a certain confusion of vowels: the disyllabic French “vie” comes out as “vye.” “Vive” (in Italian) tends to sound “vveh-vveh” and he turns the name Jenny (Tell’s son) into something mighty like the French negative “jamais.”

Anton Guadagno’s conducting is satisfactory a great deal of the disc, although he drops the tension at a few unexpected places. In “Scintille” things slacken off badly before the final force, as they do also in the “Urna fatale” passage from Forza. The Handel accompaniment is plodding, but Milnes and Guadagno find the right combination of intensity together in the Tabarro aria, a version as good as any I know.

In all, the disc is a pleasure to hear and to have, the notes (by Tony Randall) and enclosed bilingual texts a model of what is needed. Sherrill Milnes is a new and exciting artist who has every requirement necessary to become a historically great singer. Welcome.


Present site dates back to 1732 and a rich tradition of drama, ballet, and opera necessarily pervades the present company.

Of course the sixteen operatic excerpts performed here cannot hope to recapture the flavor of 237 years of musical history—nor, for that matter, was it possible to touch upon all the more significant peaks of the post-1947 Rankl/Kubelik/ Solti years. What one does hear on London’s two-disc commemorative album are studio-recorded scenes from current or recent productions, interpreted by what is presumably the cream of today’s English singers. Whether or not the entire set will appeal to operagoers beyond the Thames is a question that begs a straightforward answer. The following number-by-number tally can only serve as a helpful guide.

BIZET: Carmen: Prelude to Act I. A potpourri has to start somewhere, so I suppose this boisterous, bright performance led by Solti is as good as anything.

DONIZETTI: La Fille du régiment: “Salut à France!” I assume this excerpt comes from London’s recent complete recording of the opera (the only item not especially recorded for the album). Joan Sutherland is in representative form: lovely tone, drooping phrases, agile coloratura, and incomparable French enunciation.

BERLIOZ: Les Nuits d’été: “Je vais mourir.” Covent Garden remains one of the few international opera houses with enough nerve to mount Berlioz’ epic masterpiece and keep it in the repertoire. Didon’s lament is movingly sung by Josephine Veasey and, for old-times’ sake, conducted by Rafael Kubelik, who led the original production.

MUSORGSKY: Boris Godunov: Coronation Scene. A showpiece primarily for the company’s chorus and orchestra conducted by Edward Downes—and a splendid job it is (sung in Russian, no less). Joseph Rouleau deals rather gingerly with Boris’ little solo.

MART: L’Azteque: “Dove sono.” With all the good will in the world, this simply won’t do. Joan Carlyle makes a very pretty sound, but her poor intonation, callow phrasing, and annoying scoops are very hard to take.

VERDI: Otello: “Buon Dio!” Tito Gobbi, evidently as much of an artist, stars in this extended scene from Act I. Fortunately his matchless Iago is recorded in full elsewhere: on the excerpt offered here, his voice sounds appallingly threadbare.

VERDI: Falstaff: “Ehi! Taverniere.” Some of the flavor of Geraint Evans’ superb Falstaff comes across during the course of the fat knight’s Act III monologue, but the baritone’s voice has sound much freer and more plant in the opera house.

PUCCINI: La Bohème: Quartet from Act III. Elizabeth Vaughan, Maria Pellegrini, Jean Bonhomme, and Delme Bryn-Jones are the quarreling lovers, lively, butstrict for home consumption.

BRITTON: A Midsummer Night’s Dream: Quartet from Act III. This excerpt introduces one disc side devoted to British opera, a remarkably vital commodity considering the general state of contemporary music drama. The singing here-by-
Elizabeth Robson, Anne Howells, Kenneth MacDonald, and Delme Bryn-Jones is unfortunately quite poor.

Britten: Billy Budd: "O beauty, o handsoneliness, goodness!" Caglieri's simpering solo may not be magnificently sung and chillingly interpreted by Forbes Robinson. Why wasn't he on London's complete recording?

Tippett: King Priam: "O rich-soiled land." And why have neither of Michael Tippett's rich operatic scores found their way onto disc? This excerpt from his second opera presents Achilles' yearning, nostalgic complaint, rather effortlessly sung by Richard Lewis but artfully accompanied by guitarist John Williams.

Walton: Troilus and Cressida: "How can I sleep?" A great success when it was new fifteen years ago. Walton's overripe score sounds a bit moldy now. Marie Collier is an awkward, oversized Cressida, but Peter Pears adds a characterful bit of bravado, and the composer contributes an authoritative presence on the podium.

Beethoven: Fidelio: "Mir ist so wunderbar." A really clumsy performance of this miraculous quartet. The culprits are Gwyneth Jones, Elizabeth Robson, John Dobson, and David Kelly: Solti conducting.


Strauss, R.: Elektra: "Ailein! Weh, ganz allein!" Walton: Tristan und Isolde: "Song tries Amy Shuard to the limit. She survives the ordeal, even if occasional moments of forced, shill tone mar the dramatic intensity of her performance.

Wagner: Das Rheingold: "Abeluhich straining. A rather lame finale. David Ward is a better Wotan than this thin, wobbly-sung excerpt would indicate. This embarrassing track should really have been omitted.

Well, there you have it. Frankly, I remember evenings at Covent Garden over the past ten years that left far more memorable impressions than anything recorded here. Perhaps the Royal Opera House's golden anniversary package will be luckier.

P.G.D.


A good batting average: three of these concertos really give you something to listen to. Scarlatti, besides capitalizing on the victorious spirits that come naturally with the mere presence of a trumpet, sets the two solo instruments off against each other nicely, and goes a step further in developing a strong interplay among sections of the string body itself. No measure is wasted.

La Notte is one of the works in which Vivaldi goes in for Nature and Color: the opening introspective communion between solo and orchestra is a wonderful piece of stage setting, and the storm rumblings which come later would identify the composer unmistakably even to anyone familiar only with his Four Seasons. Sammartini may give you all the soprano recorder you want to hear for sometime to come, but the work is lively enough in itself. The Albinoni is routine.

The performances are excellent—the soloists skillful, the tempus right, the rhythms crisp, the strings well phrased.

S.F.


Ernestine Schumann-Heink, contralto; various orchestras (from originals recorded (1906-09). RCA Victor V/C 1409, $2.50 (mono only).

She made her debut in 1878. Fifty-one years later her voice was still in good enough condition to make a remarkable, if imperfect, recording of Waltraute's scene from Gotterdammerung. She knew how to sing Mozart from Hans von Bilsow; Gustav Mahler and Cosima shaped her Wagner style: Brahms himself taught her his lieder and the Alto Rheingold. Her recorded voice spans almost three octaves, from a low D to a high B natural that many sopranos today would envy: you may hear it on this record, in the lament of Fidès from Le Prophète. She bestrode the so-called Golden Age like a colossus.

Ernestine Schumann-Heink was a contralto and said so firmly. She once explained part of the distinction between her voice category and that of a mezzo-soprano. The genuine contralto should have no break in its middle register, while the mezzo-soprano has a break in its chest tones.

She sang at the Met from 1899 to 1932, and the selections included in this recital indispensable to anybody interested in the singing voice or in the history of performance style—catches her at or near her prime.

But the ears need a little help from the imagination in approaching recordings of this vintage. Though the technology is good enough for its period, you get nothing but a voice up front and the ghost of an orchestral accompaniment back there; no ambience, no perspective. No acoustical shadings whatever. These have to be provided by creative listening.
in brief


BORODIN: Symphony No. 2, in B minor; In the Steppes of Central Asia. Philharmonia Hungarica, Othmar Maga, cond. Turnabout TV 34773, $2.50.

BRAHMS: Quintet for Piano and Strings, in F minor, Op. 34. Christoph Eschenbach, piano; Amadeus Quartet. Deutsche Grammophon 139397, $5.79.


"Unfamiliar Masterpieces for Orchestra" is the rather misleading title of this disc: all but three of the cantatas represented here are currently available in at least two complete recorded versions. However, to have the instrumental portions of these works collected onto one record is an extremely pleasant way to sample a wide variety of Bach's orchestral music. Rudolf leads lively, precise performances, though his interpretations seem a bit neutral and lacking in personality. Close, transparent sonics with very good stereo separation.

C.F.G.

Nothing here prompts me to revise my earlier hearty endorsement of Ernest Ansermet's Borodin No. 2 on London. Neither the Philharmonia Hungarica nor Othmar Maga is remotely in the same class with the Orchestra de la Suisse Romande and its late great leader. Those interested in this budget-priced version will find a straightforward reading, rather brash in timbre and obvious in sentiment.

P.H.

This is a brave attempt to offer some heavyweight competition to Columbia's magnificent Serkin/Budapest edition, and I must say thamane bravery is very nearly justified! The present team comes close in capturing the passion, the breadth, and marvelous grandeur provided by Serkin and his colleagues. Eschenbach, who on other occasions has proven to be a rather lyrical, lightweight pianist, here adds a bronze solidity and dramatic fervor to his omnibus of virtues, and the string players dig in with gusto. I still marginally prefer Serkin and the Budapest, but either version is superb and compelling.

H.G.

It doesn't take a Slav to play Slavic music. The Quartetto Italiano has harnessed its innate Mediterranean lyricism in the service of Dvořák, with more bite and a harder grip than the Janáček foursome on London. The Borodin Quartet on Side 2 is an entertaining work, Káner themes and all. Even the naive and dutiful developmental procedures have their charm, and the narrative-sounding finale is like a book you can't put down. The Quartetto does handsomely by it.

S.F.

Perlman's performance of the Ravel is a stunning display of violinistic prowess. While the violinist's basic approach to music is usually sedate and lyrical, in this writing he rightly perceives the need for greater savagery but without, however, neglecting the more yielding contemplative aspects that are more natural to him. I was a bit put off in the Lalo by RCA's ultraclose miking of the violin which gives Perlman's lush tone a cutting edge. I prefer the Szeryng/Hendil edition on RCA Victrola, a performance characterized by slightly tighter rhythms and a stronger profile. It also costs half the price.

H.G.

Böhm is an established master when the music is by Mozart, and it is scarcely surprising to find him fully exploiting the incipient drama and implied lyricism of these adolescent works. The Berliners play with admirable precision and radiant tone, and easily surpass the efforts of their recorded rivals, the Mainz Chamber Orchestra (Kehr) and Philharmonic Symphony of London (Leinsdorf).

S.L.

Svetlanov and his orchestra pitch into Rachmaninoff's youthful symphony with great gusto, but their energy only serves to emphasize the rawness and stridency of the instrumentation. Both Sanderling (on the original monophonic MK pressing—avoid Everest's electronic stereo version) and Ormandy (on a recent Columbia disc and recorded in genuine stereo) are more sagaciously phrased and subtle in timbre.

H.G.

The latest volume in Nonesuch's fascinating series of off-beat organ fare concentrates on composers active in the Netherlands during the seventeenth century. The music here is entirely representative of the various styles of the period and Hansen's performances are most elegant. The organ, a 1944 Marcussen patterned after North German baroque models, is an attractive early "opus" from a firm currently building many successful classic instruments in Europe.

C.F.G.
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Of siasm. Toscanini's sardonic the JistoJele LM 1954; $2.50 (mono only) [the Boito from
Orchestra, Arturo Toscanini, cond. RCA Victor VIC 1398. $2.50 (mono only) [the Boito from
RCA Red Seal LM 1849, recorded in 1954; the Berlioz from RCA Red Seal LM 1019, recorded in 1947].

A stunning performance of the Me- fisofele Prologue in Heaven is the main attraction of this bizarre coupling. All the disc has better than the Boito's insub- stantive celestial scene—the brass fanfares and choruses of penitents, cherubim, seraphim, and heavenly hosts with the sardonic figure of the Evil One in their midst—are vividly brought to life by Toscanini and his responsive musicians. The conductor's taut control and super- bly judged effects are mightily im- pressive even within the disc's cramped sonic limitations.

Side 2 offers fewer grounds for enthu- siasm. Toscanini was an early champion of Berlioz' Romeo, programing excerpts from the Symphony as early as 1928 with the New York Philharmonic and giving the first twentieth-century performances in New York of the suite in 1943. I find these two excerpts—recorded in Carnegie Hall the day after the complete Studio 8-H performance of February 16, 1947—rather uncommunicative and "uptight." Toscanini's complete set is somewhat better than the Boito's, but the modern versions by Davis, Monteux, and Munch all strike me as more poetic in- terpretations of this fascinating work.

Debussy: Le Martyre de St. Sebastien. Phyllis Curtin (s), Florence Kopplef (c), Catherine Akos (c); New England Conso- venger Chorus; Boston Symphony Orchestra, Charles Munch, cond. RCA Victor VICS 1404, $2.50 [from RCA Red Seal LM 2030, 1957].

Debussy's incidental music to D'An- nunzio's mystery play now comes in three recorded forms: a "complete" edi- tion by Bernstein containing all the mu- sic with connective English narration (Columbia M2S 753); the orchestral sec- tions alone conducted by Monteux (Philips PHS 900058); and Munch's reissue which consists of the unadorned instrumental and vocal portions. Aside from being the least expensive, the BSO version is probably the most de- sirable: while Debussy's contribution hardly adds up to a completely con- vincing musical statement on its own, we are at least spared most of D'Annun-
real lemons are Mischian, a hoity and excessively maudlin Almaviva, and Erede, whose conducting is sluggish and lacks dramatic point. The Heliodor disc comes in well-defined stereo, although the mel-o-
clarity of Richmond's mono-only engineering is thoroughly pleasing.

Arthur Grumiaux, violin; Lamoureux Orchestra, Manue! Rosenthal, cond. World Series PHC 91079, $2.50 [from Philips PHS 900061, 1965].

Grumiaux is the born interpreter of these two urban, unchaste concertos. His silken tone, patrician musicanship, and civil rhetoric almost turn a pair of minor charmers into music of substance. Both works are beautifully written for the instrument though, and collectors on the lookout for superior violin playing will not want to miss Grumiaus' artful performances. Rosenthal's accompaniments are first-class and the lucid sound is about the best World Series has ever offered.


Erik Satie's peculiar talent reached its ultimate refinement in Socrate, a "symphonic drama" for four sopranos based on Plato's Dialogues. The austere harmonies, tenuous orchestration, and intentionally unexpressive vocal lines all radiate a kind of childlike innocence that can be quite moving if your sensibilities are in tune with Satie's. The final section, a twenty-minute monologue describing the death of Socrates, is a tour de force in how utter simplicity can be turned into tilling account by a sensitive and original musical ear.

A new recording would be welcome although this old performance wears its years rather well. The four soloists have that typical thinness of French soprano sound—not entirely inappropriate here—and Leibowitz caresses the music with great affection. Everest fails to include a translation for the French text and the incompetent rechameling gives the voices an unnatural, overeminent, double-echo effect.

VAUGHAN WILLIAMS: Fantasia on a Theme by Thomas Tallis. New York Philharmonic Orchestra, Dimitri Mitro-
poulos, cond. Odyssey 32 16 0298, $2.49 [from Columbia MS 6007, 1953].

Mitropoulos molds Verklarte Nacht into a powerful, almost operatic statement—for sheer melodrama it even beats Stok-
kowski's heated reading recently reissued on Seraphim. For instrumental finesse, however, the latter recording is my choice: in the New York Philharmonic's performance, practically every passage involving sixteen notes emerges as an unimpeachable smudge, while Stokowski's strings manage a fine balance of contrapuntal clarity and lush vertical sonority.

Matters aren't helped much here by Mitropoulos' coupling, either: Vaughan Williams' nostalgic pastorale is given a heavy-handed treatment complete with great swaty climaxes out of key with the music's sweet-tempered nature. The sound is rather murky and overreverent.

STAINER: The Crucifixion. Richard Crooks (t), Lawrence Tibbett (b), Trinity Choir, Mark Andrews, organ. RCA Vic-
toria VIC 1403, $2.50 (mono only) [from RCA Victor originals, recorded in 1929].

About the only places you can get away with Stain's The Crucifixion these days are England and America's Bible Belt—in fact, quite a number of recordings have materialized from both quarters. Scoff if you must: this Victorian 1887 setting of the Passion may seem like the ultimate in high camp today's musical sophisticates, but to thousands of parish choirs that can't manage Bach's St. Matthew at Easter time, The Crucifixion represents an eagerly anticipated annual event. Many collectors will al-
ready have a great sentimental attachment for this historic recording, which stars two of the era's most popular operatic personalities. Both Crooks and Tibe-
tett sing with aching simplicity and sincerity, and the chorus has just the right unprofessional congregational touch. If you really have a soft spot for this piece, you may want to investigate the more polished, up-to-date, official Church-of-England production on Angel with the Lesley Choir. It has a whole lot more of the flavor of Victoria's reissue though—even the ancient 1929 sonics seem absolutely right.

JOHN BROWNING: Piano Recital.

This disc—John Browning's debut recording—is not quite what it was ten years ago. Instead of the Chromatic Fantasy, the program then included two Bach-Busoni chorale preludes. Chopin's Etude in G flat, Op. 10, No. 5, and the Flight of the Bumblebee. The substitution (presumably taped at the same ses-
sions) is not altogether a happy one, for the pianist's facile and prissy playing rarely sees beyond Bach's notes. I much prefer the Schubert and Chopin items where Browning's feather's touch and lyrical bent are most effective. The Liszt is understated—and none the worse for that—while the Debussy tone portrait glows in appropriately watery colors. For all the surface beauty of Browning's pianism, however, the recital remains more of an indicator to the future: a promising first recording by one of today's finest young concert artists.

Peter G. Davis

NEW RELEASES

Leoncavallo: PAGLIACCI
James McCracken, Phile Loregian, Robert Merrill, Tom Krause —
Orchestra of the Accademia Nazionale di Santa Cecilia, Rome
London (OS 108)

JAMES MCCracken
OPERATIC RECITAL — Side 4
Arias from Andrea Chenier, Cavalleria Rusticana, Turandot, Tosca
Victrola ECA-1290

Mahler:
SYMPHONY NO. 3 IN D MINOR
Heleen Watts — The Ambrosian Chorus — Boys from Wards-Worth School — The London Symphony Orchestra — Georg Solti
Victrola GS-2605

Beethoven:
Piano Sonatas Nos. 1 (Op. 22), 2 (Op. 14), No. 1; 90; 26, No. 1; 19
Wilkim Backhaus
Philips 45X86

Handel:
OVERTURES AND SINFONIAS
Overtures to Solomon, Berenice, Teseo, Ariodante; Esther; Rinaldo; Sosarme; Sinfonias from Solomon; Overture; Rinaldo, The English Chamber Orchestra — Richard Bonynge
ECS-6086

Brahms:
PIANO TRIO NO. 1
In B MAJOR (Op. 8)
Piano Trio No. 1
In C MINOR (Op. 101)
Heinemann (piano); Josef Suk (violin), Janes Sterker (cello)
CS-6111

Copland:
A LINCOLN PORTRAIT
William Kraft:
CONCERTO FOR FOUR PERCUSSION SOLOISTS AND ORCHESTRA
CONTEXTURES: RIOTS — DECADE 60
Narrator (narrator) — The Los Angeles Philharmonic Orchestra — Zolbin Mehta
CS-6113

Brahms:
HUNGARIAN DANCES
Nos. 1-19
Dvorsky:
MORAVIAN DANCES (Op. 46)
Bracha Eden & Alexander Tamir (Piano-Four Haeds)
CS-6014

LONDON RECORDS

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HAIR IN EUROPE

MONTEUX, SWITZERLAND—I’ve seen Hair three times now. I saw the original Greenwich Village edition of the show, then the Broadway version. Recently Polydor records—which recorded the British version of the show—flew the London company, at a cost of over $50,000, to Montreux for a one-night performance of the show before television officials and performers assembled for the Rose d’Or Festival, which is devoted to TV variety shows.

For the city of Montreux, conservative and quiet, the show was a mandate. At least, it was before its presentation. Several days previously, the Protestant pastor telephoned festival officials to protest. Evidently, he’d heard about the nude scene in Hair.

Much has been written about that scene, which comes at the end of the first act, most of it silly. Groucho Marx said he went home and looked at himself naked in the mirror and tried to figure out why anybody would pay hard cash for such a sight. Jack Benny, who saw Hair in London, was quoted as saying that the scene passed so quickly that he didn’t have time to tell if there was a good Jewish boy in the cast. These observations may be amusing, but they are irrelevant. The real nature and significance of the scene seems to have gone unobserved by everyone.

Before we get into that, I want to define my position on the “moral” issue of Hair. I don’t think there is one. I’ve advocated sexual freedom since I first thought of it, at the age of twelve. The Neanderthal attitude of policemen and the courts to sex has disgusted me ever since, as a cub reporter. I heard a cop boasting of how he’d smashed a man’s teeth in after observing what form of affection he was practicing on his girl in a parked car. In sum, I am not only not aligned with conventional sexual morality, I am opposed to it. What Hair seems so heately to advocate is something I’ve believed and practiced, in company with most adults I know, for most of my life. As for its eager advocacy of pot-smoking. I smoked it for years, until I discovered that champagne was a better high. I would estimate that half the adults I know smoke grass, and have for years. Perhaps the people who made and appear in Hair would like to think the “adult” world is upright about the issue, but I don’t think it is. Hair attacks only straw men, and by no stretch of the imagination is it daring.

In Paris, a riotously funny show called Les Comices d’amour is causing a certain amount of talk—but less than Hair caused in New York. Its characters include God, portrayed as a dreary old man who only wishes he could die; Jesus, a blood-stained and whimpering wreck of a man who surrenders to anything God wants (saying, “Oui, Papa”) when the latter threatens to send him back to the earth of men as a punishment; and Satan, who walks with a limp because he broke his leg in the Fall. These are seedy and disreputable-looking characters. Pope Alexander III, on the other hand, is luxuriously attired. God tells Satan he wants to find something suitable to punish the despicable human race. Satan comes up with an idea: syphilis. Syphilis appears on stage as a beautiful and voluptuous woman. The Pope goes after her, flinging open his robes to reveal a huge (plastic) organ covered with polka dots. He flings her down; and thus becomes history’s first syphilis.

Now, that I think we can agree, is a reasonably iconoclastic show. Hair by contrast tippy-toes around issues that are already past. Even the said New York Times recently carried an article in its magazine saying that grass isn’t that bad for you! Comparing Hair to Les Comices d’amour is like comparing Bob Newhart to the late Lenny Bruce.

Les Comices d’amour, by the way, was written and first presented in 1906. I think Hair has no real social or philosophic point to make that hasn’t been made earlier and better; it’s fighting a war that has long since been won. But is it musically interesting?

Not to me it isn’t, and not to most people I know who know music. Said one musician, who’d worked the show in New York: “It isn’t terribly good, musically, and it isn’t terribly bad. It’s just terribly ordinary.” And it is. Galt MacDermot, who wrote its score, was trying ten years ago to be a jazz composer. Even then I found his music had all the flavor of distilled water, and just about as much color. It has acquired no distinctive character since then. Hair is, musically, dull beyond belief. Leonard Bernstein, Richard Rodgers, and Burt Bacharach have all put it down. That will mean nothing to the kids, of course. But maybe this will: John Lennon thinks it’s dull, I do not know if any musician who thinks it’s good.

Hair has no story, it makes no point, and it has almost no music, When it went to Broadway, it was as uninteresting as it had been in the Village. And then somebody had an idea: have all the kids drop their pants at the end of Act I.

Now what’s this? A meaningful confrontation? An effective protest? Hell no; it’s a cheap old vandelay device. When the comic couldn’t get laughs in those days, he would drop his pants—a corny trick. And that’s what I object to about Hair’s nude scene: It’s corny.

But it worked. All the little old ladies from Iowa, who see all the shows when they visit New York, were willing to lay down good money in order to be able to go home and tch-tch about the naughtiness in Hair. And the show was transformed into a smashing success.

Montreux survived the presentation of Hair. A few people liked it; most of the professionals didn’t. Michael Mills, the head of comedy for the BBC, a handsome and bearded man of fifty, said with a wry smile: “My trouble is that I’m too young for it. You see: I don’t grasp its profundity.”

A young Montreux matron, known as a flibbertigibbet butterfly, gushed: “I thought the music was just lovely.”

Lovely? Oh well, some people dig Lawrence Welk. And that’s what Hair is: Lawrence Welk for hippies.
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So is this.
**The Lighter Side**

Reviewed by

Morgan Ames
Chris Curtis
R. D. Darrell
John Gabree
Gene Lees
John S. Wilson

* symbol denotes an exceptional recording

**BOB DYLAN: Nashville Skyline.** Bob Dylan, vocals and guitar; rhythm accompaniment. (Nashville Skyline Rag; One More Night; Country Pie; Tonight I'll Be Staying Here With You; To Be Alone With You; five more.) Columbia KCS 9825, $5.98. Tape: ☑ HC 1151, 3 3/4 ips, $6.98; ☑ 1410 0670, $7.98; ☑ 1810 0670, $7.98.

**Nashville Skyline** is a good country and western album. It features a pleasant, innocent-sounding young baritone in a program of his own songs, many of them with nice, bouncy little tunes. The back-up band is composed of some of Nashville's most talented studio men and there is a guest appearance by country-great Johnny Cash. The young baritone is Bob Dylan, of course, in his latest reincarnation as a sort of teen-age Dean Martin. Dylan seems to be reaching for some of Dino's dreamy innocence through most of the album and on Tell Me That It Isn't True, at least, he actually sounds like Martin. He also echoes early Elvis Presley in several places, especially on I Throw it All Away. Only rarely does he resemble the old Bob Dylan.

Actually, we are confronted with two new Dylans on this album, the songwriter as well as the singer. Of the two, I prefer the performer. If singing is acting set to music, then it stands to reason that the good singer is one who tailors his vocalizing to the needs of his songs: these are happy songs and Dylan has on a happy voice.

If they were better songs, though, it might be a better album.

On Nashville Skyline, Dylan seems to be throwing himself whole hog into c & w the way he went into rock and before that into folk. But something is missing. These songs are convincing neither as authentic c & w nor as comment on country music. The humor of country songs like I'll Be Your Bab', for example, is almost wholly missing. But neither can Dylan successfully capture the maudlin self-mockery and montant self-pity, the word games, the bottom-up view of life of good country music. It is a long way from these songs to c & w standards like D-I-V-O-R-C-E or The Beer That Made Milwaukee Famous (Has Made A Wreck Out of Me).

Interestingly, the country songwriter whom Dylan most resembles is Hank Williams, one of the best; but Dylan's Peggy Sue is no Hey Good Looking, nor is his Tell Me That it Isn't True another You Win Again. Dylan doesn't make it as a country composer, at least not yet. The question that really bothers me is why does he want to.

Elsewhere, I have expounded the theory that Dylan has been a kind of litmus for my generation (roughly between twenty-four and twenty-eight). As we switched from folk to rock, from public involvement to personal commitment, from mind to guts, Dylan sang our story—not as a bystander but because it was where he was at, too. John Wesley Harding, Dylan's last LP, seemed to confirm the thesis because, just as we began to find ourselves as a generation, settling into more or less permanent roles—in careers, as parents, in concrete commitment to the realization of ideals that we had more raucously championed in our political adolescence in the mid-60s—so Dylan seemed to be realizing maturity as a human being and as an artist.

If the theory is correct, and I still hold that it is, Nashville Skyline may be a signal, another, as ABMs and welfare-budget cuts, that the Silent Fifties of the Eisenhower years may have a much more ominous repetition as the Silent Seventies. As a generation, Dylan may be demonstrating that we are in danger of turning off, of dropping out, of becoming so alienated by what we have spent a decade fighting that we will turn mindlessly to pretty tunes and spoiling under the moon in June. More than anything else, the music on this record strikes me as being out of touch with objective reality and with itself. The point seems to be that if you can't get rid of an ulcer, at least you can drown it in warm milk.

But there may be another quite different lesson to be learned from Nashville Skyline. It seems obvious that you can't withdraw from the world as it is, as Dylan has done, without eventually losing touch with yourself, as Dylan sounds like he has in these impersonal and drearily mundane songs. Because, at least part of every man's sense of who he is and what he is comes from his understanding of where he is and what he can do about it. Dropping out isn't one of the options.

I.G.

**CHET ATKINS: Lover's Guitar.** Chet Atkins, guitar, orchestra, Bill McElhiney, cond. and arr. (Zorba the Greek; The Look of Love; Estudio Brillante; nine more.) RCA Victor LSP 4135, $4.98. Tape: ☑ PB 1434, $6.95.

I have known for some time that Chet Atkins isn't simply a country-and-western guitarist. That's no great example of insight—anybody who isn't a bloody fool can hear it in his playing. Most of the best guitarists in jazz grew up in the South or near its borders (Wes Montgomery was from Indianapolis). I remember walking the streets of Louisville on summer nights and seeing the number of young men sitting on boarding house doorsteps, strumming guitars.

Unlike Johnny Smith, who began as a "hillbilly" guitarist, Chet Atkins stayed in c & w music, while listening for his own pleasure to jazz guitarists and classical music. Chet Atkins is no square. Two years ago, as I sat in his office in Nashville, he was playing blues even as he talked. I realized that he was at least half a jazz musician.

What I didn't realize—though I should have, having heard some of his country-and-western "finger-style" guitar—was...
that he was into "classical" guitar, as many New York jazzmen are. In this album, it becomes perfectly obvious that Atkins has expended some time on the classical repertoire, if only as an exercise in amusement.

Most of the tracks are played on unamplified nylon-string guitar, and not one is a country-and-western tune. Chet draws from a wide variety of sources, from Tarrega to Bacharach, for his material. Forget that title, Lover's Guitar. This is simply excellent guitar work with string orchestra. The arrangements are by Bill McElhiney, and they're good.

Two years ago, Chet told me there was a fine future for young string players in Nashville. At that time, the string sections in Nashville recordings were miserable—out of tune, awkward, with the gruesome "white" tone amateurs get. This isn't true in this album; evidently some fine players have been lured to Nashville.

Soft of sound and mood, this is a fine album. Just lovely, in fact. G.L.

ALBERT KING: King of the Blues Guitar. Albert King, vocals and guitar; rhythm accomp. (Cold Feet; You're Gonna Need Me; Born Under a Bad Sign; Crosscut Saw; You Sure Drive a Hard Bargain; Oh, Pretty Woman; five more.) Atlantic ED 8213, $4.79. Tape: @ X 8213, ¾ ips, $5.95, © 88213 M, $6.95, © X 88213, $5.95.

FREDDIE KING: Freddie King is a Blues Master. Freddie King, vocals and guitar; rhythm accomp. (Play it Cool; That Will Never Do; It's Too Late, She's Gone; Blue Shadows; Today I Sing the Blues; Get Out of My Life, Woman; six more.) Cotillion SD 9004, $4.79. Tape: © 89004 M, $6.95.

The continuing argument over who is King of the Blues devolves, for the moment, around several men actually named King. B.B., widely considered "champion," is being strenuously challenged, especially in press releases and jacket liners, by Freddie and Albert, both of whom have new albums. Freddie plays and sings in the Fifties' & H style of the Midwest and really isn't in contention, although Blues Master is a solid achievement and worth hearing.

Albert is another matter. He set out a couple of years ago to capture B.B. King's audience and he has done remarkably well at it. He claims to be the older guitarist's half-brother, has copied B.B.'s singing and playing, and has challenged B.B. to battles (a blues tradition, especially among Midwestern city bluesmen: B.B. creamed him). Albert has also been fortunate in having in critic Albert Goldman an apostle who has been throwing garlands his way at every opportunity and who contributes the breathless liner notes here.

Maybe this isn't much of a contest (there are, after all, many more deserving challengers), but it doesn't keep Albert from being interesting, both vocally and as an instrumentalist. Albert is less subtle and less versatile than B.B., but his expansive personality and his drive give his work spontaneity and immediacy. Blues
Guitar is an excellent album (in fact, better than a live performance, I think, because Albert's showing-off is distracting on stage). The only real miss on the LP is 'I Love Lucy,' a song addressed to his guitar (by coincidence, B.B.'s last record featured the story of Lucille, his guitar: you begin to grasp the magnitude of Albert's problem). He also profits here from the tutelage of the staff of Memphis' Stax Records where the album was recorded.

In case you're confused by now, I recommend the record. J.G.

SIR DOUGLAS QUINTET: Mendocino.
Doug Sahm, vocals and guitar; instrumental accompaniment. (I Don't Want; I Wanna Be Your Mama Again; If You Really Want Me to I'll Go; And It Didn't Even Bring Me Down; Texas Me; five more.) Smash SRS 67115, $4.79. Tape: ♦ X 67115, 3½ ips, $5.95.

One stratum of the rock subculture in the San Francisco Bay area is concentrated around escapees from the Lone Star State. A number of young Texan musicians have found a congenial home there and of these the best is Doug Sahm's blues-based, hard-rock quintet. And that's not bad when you consider that some of the other emigrés are Janis Joplin and most of Mother Earth.

Mendocino, the band's second release, is all bacon and turnip greens. Taken altogether it is practically a demonstration record for the strengths of rock: it is simple, direct, and intense. Sahm is a remarkably versatile rock songwriter—writing a good rock song within the conventional boundaries of form and content may be as difficult as writing a good haiku. He seems equally comfortable drawing on the blues and country music for inspiration. Almost any cut on the album is a potential hit single.

Like most good rock bands, the Sir Douglas Quintet is built around the voice of its lead singer, and Sahm uses his basically unpleasant voice brilliantly. The band is paced by his guitar work and that of pianist/organist Augie Meyer (Sahm has had special luck with keyboardmen: Wayne Talbert was on piano on the first album).

As they used to say on liner notes a few years ago: "This record should be played at very high volume." J.G.

CATERINA VALENTE: Silk 'n' Latin.
Caterina Valente, vocals; orchestra, Edmund Ros, cond. (La Bamba; Azul; Maria Elena; nine more.) London Phase 4 SP 44125, $5.98. Tape: ♦ ♦ L 74125, 7½ ips, $7.95; ♦ ♦ M 14125, $6.95; ♦ ♦ X 84125, $5.95.

Caterina Valente is one of the most frustrating singers to evaluate in all popular music. Her technical equipment is incredibly perfect. Someone once called her a singing machine. Machines are cold, and so at times is Miss Valente. And yet you cannot dismiss her; because often, even when she is being cold, there is fire in her work. Cold fire, that's what she has.

But sometimes she's warm, too—though rarely, in my experience, in English, one of several languages in which she works. Here she's heard in Spanish and Portuguese, and I like what I hear very much. The arrangements are tasteful, the material interesting (I guess it was Sergio Mendes who turned The Fool on the Hill into a Latin standard), and the Phase 4 recording is, as usual, impeccable.

G.L.

WALTER WANDERLEY: When It Was Done.
Walter Wanderley, organ; orchestra. (Open Your Arms; Ponteio; Capoeira; eight more.) A & M SP 3018, $5.79.

The electric organ can be one of the least attractive of instruments, particularly under the hands of a cocktail-lounge hack. Played by a musician of taste and talent, it has an enormous range of colors and interest. Walter Wanderley is the best I have ever heard on this instrument.

Wanderley never uses vibrato. I don't know much about the stops he does employ (Clare Fischer studied him for hours one evening, until he had it figured out), but he gets a clean, slightly

Try the Sony station countdown test
nasal brass sound quite unlike anyone else's. The effect is lyrical without a hint of the soupy sentimentality that the cocktail organist, He has the inventive-
ness of the jazz musician coupled with the complex rhythmic sense of a Bra-
zilian (Wanderley is, in fact, Brazilian).

On this album Wanderley also plays electric harpsichord, which widely ex-
tends his choice of instrumental color. Four voices are added on some tracks, strings and brass on others. Eumir Deo-
daro and Don Sebesky did the arranging.

Wanderley has not always been well re-
corded in the United States. Some of his albums have been cheap com-
mercial ventures to exploit his talents. This is probably the best album Wanderley has made in the States—clean, clear, honest, and enormously musical. The only track I dislike is the title tune, a saccharine bit of trivia by Jim Webb. The best track is Jobim's Surfboard, de-
spite some squeaky-scratchy out-of-tune string playing in a few passages.

Mort Goode's liner notes are scattered with inaccuracies. He refers to Walt Disney's "famed Mexican parrot," Ze Carioca. A Carioca, as anyone remotely interested in Brazilian music knows by now, is a native of Rio de Janeiro, which is hardly in Mexico. Goode says that Ponteira is a folk song from the south of Brazil, composed by Edu Lobo. It isn't a folk song, and the style is that of northeastern Brazil, which is quite a different affair. Goode also says of this track, "We hear a new sound as Wanderley combines unison organ and fluegelhorn." Wanderley was using trumpet and trombone leads on organ to create the sound of a brass section as far back as eight years ago. The sound can be heard on the Atlantic album Bossa of the Bossa Nova by Joao Gilberto.  G.L.

HARPER'S BIZARRE: 4. Ted Temple-
man, John Petersen, Dick Yount, and Dick Scooppette, vocals and instru-
mentals. (Soft Soundin' Music; Some-
thing Better; All Through the Night; nine more.) Warner Bros./7 Arts WS
1784, $4.79. Tape: ☁ WST 1784-B,
3 3/4 ips, $6.95.

"Gentle" is an adjective thrown around in the rock world to describe music that is hesitant or lacking in energy. Sometimes it is simply pinned on players too nervous or stoned to show anything but indifference. There are a few per-
formers in rock who wear gentleness well. One is Britain's Donovan.

Another is this American group, Har-
pers Bizarre. Hard-liners accuse them of playing chicken rock. Wrong. Behind their sweet, soft sound lies high-level musicianship and thoughtful planning. They can also sing most groups out of the business. Their albums (this is the fourth) are among the most dependably musical in rock.

My favorite track here is Witchi Tai To by Jim Pepper. It seems to be based on an American Indian chant, compellingly sung, simply but beautifully arranged by Perry Botkin, Jr.

The group has a surprising and orig-
nal way of treating songs by blues-
masters Otis Redding (Knock on Wood, Hard to Handle). Also fine are Lennon/ McCarty's Blackbird and Kenny Rank-
in's Cotton Candy Sundeman.

It's a charming album. Witchi Tai To sounds better every time.  M.A.

HOWARD TATE. Howard Tate, vocals; instrumen-
tal accompaniment. (Ain't Nobody Home; Part-Time Love; How
Blue Can You Get; Get It While You
Can; I Learned It All the Hard Way;
Look at Granny Run Run; six more.)
Verve 6-5072, $4.79.

It is possible to have hit records, to sell discs by the hundreds, thousands, even millions, and still remain unknown to most of the public, unseen on TV, un-
profiled in Time. How many readers of Hi-FIDELITY, for example, would recog-
nize Hank Snow or Muddy Waters, let alone Ike and Tina Turner or Jack
Greene? McLuhan's media revolution is still controlled by too few interests to allow for much universal experience.

It is also more than possible to re-
lease great records that, because of

Harpers Bizarre: 4. Ted Templeman, John Petersen, Dick Yount, and Dick Scooppette, vocals and instrumentals. (Soft Soundin' Music; Something Better; All Through the Night; nine more.) Warner Bros./7 Arts WS 1784, $4.79. Tape: ☁ WST 1784-B, 3 3/4 ips, $6.95.

"Gentle" is an adjective thrown around in the rock world to describe music that is hesitant or lacking in energy. Sometimes it is simply pinned on players too nervous or stoned to show anything but indifference. There are a few performers in rock who wear gentleness well. One is Britain's Donovan.

Another is this American group, Harpers Bizarre. Hard-liners accuse them of playing chicken rock. Wrong. Behind their sweet, soft sound lies high-level musicianship and thoughtful planning. They can also sing most groups out of the business. Their albums (this is the fourth) are among the most dependably musical in rock.

My favorite track here is Witchi Tai To by Jim Pepper. It seems to be based on an American Indian chant, compellingly sung, simply but beautifully arranged by Perry Botkin, Jr.

The group has a surprising and original way of treating songs by blues- masters Otis Redding (Knock on Wood, Hard to Handle). Also fine are Lennon/McCarty's Blackbird and Kenny Rankin's Cotton Candy Sundeman.

It's a charming album. Witchi Tai To sounds better every time. M.A.

HOWARD TATE. Howard Tate, vocals; instrumental accompaniment. (Ain't Nobody Home; Part-Time Love; How Blue Can You Get; Get It While You Can; I Learned It All the Hard Way; Look at Granny Run Run; six more.) Verve 6-5072, $4.79.

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JULY 1969

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and sound of northeastern Brazil. His *Ponteio*, a prize-winner last year in Brazil's popular music festival, is one of the most exciting songs I've ever heard: charming, disturbing, vaguely sinister at moments, complicated, simple and rhythmically relentless. *Recu*, which the Tamba 4 recorded in their *Samba Além* album, is also Lobo's.

In this album, made in Brazil, Lobo sings his own songs. He has an attractive voice with a certain soft charm. But what makes him distinctive is his ability to sing complex rhythmic subdivisions and syncopations with impeccable time and overwhelming swing. If you like Brazilian music, by all means get this album.

M.I.G.

---

**ENCORES FROM THE '30s, VOL. 1, 1930-1935.** Epic LCN 6072, $9.96 (two discs).

A collection like this can make you laugh or make you groan. It can also, if it holds any memories for you, transport you with both its wonders and its awfulness. Wonders? What band today projects the tight, compact drive of Frankie Trumbauer and his Orchestra (a studio group) plus the Happy Feet label's somewhat unself-conscious and properly bouncy vocal by Harold Arlen? Or, speaking of Arlen, who can sing his *I Gotta Right to Sing the Blues* with quite the world-weary assertion of Lee Wiley—young Lee Wiley with that dusky voice, fresh and blossoming—on a (can you believe it?) previously unissued record made in 1933? On the other hand, if you throw up easily, there is the stimulus of Harry Richman ("Oh, thy") singing *I Love a Parade*, the incredible archness of Carl Brisson ogling his way through *Cocktails for Two*; Lanny Ross giving a stiff-armed *Stay As Sweet As You Are*; Al Jolson struggling through *You Are Too Beautiful—need-two-arm*.

For good and for bad, this collection has the flavor of the period it covers. Incredibly, most of it is good. There are the obvious and expected goodesses, aside from the Trumbauer and Wiley records of the Boswell Sisters in one of their most intricately calculated arrangements—Tidal Bailes with the Dorsey Brothers; Ethel Waters with the same brothers: Lyda Roberti enlivening an Ed-Duquin record; Ted Lewis hanging out of a Ted Lewis piece; the subtle charm of a guitar duet by Carl Kress and Dick McDonough; Fred Astaire’s early, very early, tapping feet and wispy voice; the poignancy of Helen Morgan; the surprisingly good singing of John Scott Trotter with Hal Kemp's orchestra. Great, just great.

And there's balance—Ruth Etting, who had her own bag, making the mistake of doing *Full House*; Bessie Smith singing *I'm Just Wild About Harry*; Mildred Bailey with the Dorsey Brothers; Ethel Waters with the same brothers: Lyda Roberti enlivening an Ed-Duquin record; Ted Lewis hanging out of a Ted Lewis piece; the subtle charm of a guitar duet by Carl Kress and Dick McDonough; Fred Astaire’s early, very early, tapping feet and wispy voice; the poignancy of Helen Morgan; the surprisingly good singing of John Scott Trotter with Hal Kemp's orchestra. Great, just great.

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**HENRY MANCINI:** A Warm Shade of Love. Henry Mancini, piano; orchestra and chorus, Henry Mancini, arr. (Mediation; Watch What Happens; By the Time I Get to Phoenix; eight more.) RCA Victor LSP 4140, $4.98.

This is Henry Mancini's first album as a pianist. No Art Tatum, he is exactly what you would expect—warm, smooth, sensitive, and thoughtful. A man who never makes bad choices.

Underneath the piano lies a rich tapestry of orchestration that denotes Mancini's true artistry. The cellos sing, the French horns soar. Each instrumental line flows, all connecting in the graceful process that is orchestration at its best.

For reasons hard to understand, only one Mancini song is included (*Moulin Rouge*). After all, Mancini is one of our finest melodists. *Days of Wine and Roses* is far superior to *Cycles* or the Theme from *Romeo and Juliet*. As for *Dream a Little Dream of Me*, Cass Elliot's hit version ruined the song for me. Perhaps the selection was made on the basis of current popularity. Or maybe Mancini is tired of orchestrating his own songs. That, however, is my only quarrel with the album. By way of compensation, Mancini has included two lovely Michel Legrand songs, one by Antonio Carlos Jobim, one by Luis Bonfá, and one of Leslie Bricusse's occasional worthwhile moments (When I Look In Your Eyes). My favorite track is In The *Vee Small Hours*.

This is not an album that knocks you down to get your attention. But the more you go back to it, the more you hear, and the more you are charmed. While there might be a certain pull in hearing a tortured talent, there is a greater satisfaction in hearing the work of a talent like Mancini which has learned to express itself freely.

Don't be put off if your Uncle George enjoys this album as much as you do. There's a universality about Mancini that is missing in others, even some of those in his league.

M.A.
she had some real spirit in 1932; Victor Young's arrangement of Star Dust for Isham Jones, the recording that turned a pseudo-hot tune into one of the most popular ballads of the twentieth century. With all its ups and downs, this is a fine summation of a period—even the warts are interesting.
J.W.

in brief

ANDERS AND PONCIA: Warner Bros./ 7 Arts W 1778, $4.98.
This duo is already successful as writer/producers (Ronettes, etc.) and as singers (Vidals). Their first effort under their own names is insensitive and dull, threaded with rock of the '50s when the pair had their formative success. The liner notes are much better than the album.
M.A.

THE ASSOCIATION: Goodbye Columbus. Warner Bros./7 Arts WS 1786, $4.98. Tape; $ 1786-B, 3/4 ips, $6.95. If the film is as good as this soundtrack, it's worth seeing. Both feature the vibrant, flowing vocal sound of The Association, several good songs, and fine scoring by Charles Fox. Side 1 is partially spoiled by a grating segment of dialogue from the film.
M.A.

BEE GEES: Odessa. Atco SD 2-702, $9.58 (two discs). Tape; $ 702, 3/4 ips, $9.95 (double-play); $ X 4702, Vol. 1 & 2 $5.95 each; $ J 8702, $9.85 (double-play); $ X 5102, Vol. 1 & 2, $5.95 each. A posh but flatulent set from the kings of whipped-cream rock. There's nothing here like New York Mining Disaster 1941, not even Massachusetts. Strictly for friends of the family.
J.G.

Tommy Boyce & Bobby Hart: It's All Happening on the Inside. A & M SD 1102, $4.98.
Boyce and Hart are primarily notable for the money they've made writing hits for the Monkees, songs which are gobbled up by eleven-year-old Girl Scouts. They sing as they write, with all the profundity of a tire iron.
M.A.

With a voice like a beach velvet, Miss Carr should be a bigger name than she is. She hasn't found an "image" thus far, but this album, recorded "live" at New York's Persian Room, helps.
G.L.

The Family of Apostolic: Vanguard Apostolic VSD 79301/02, $11.58 (two discs). Tape; $ F9902, 3/4 ips, $9.95 (double-play); $ J89302, $9.95 (double-play).
If there is an urban music distinct from rock, & w, and r & b, then it is probably the eclectic, folk-derived music of the Holy Modal Rounders, the Incredible String Band, and the people who wander in and out of John Town-
ley's Apostolic Studios. Why, there's even a Krumhorn here.
J.G.

Friends of Distinction: RCA Victor LSP 4149, $4.98. Tape; $ PBS 1443, $6.95.
This new vocal group is making single charts with Grazin' in the Grass (from this debut album). The sound is exciting and musically, with everything from rock to r & b to jazz-like ballads. Excellent.

Musical comedy star Joel Grey records for Columbia, and look what a marvelous idea they dreamed up for him: an album of new-pops, including Scar-

Somebody finally designed a speaker that's compatible with the human ear.

Speakers are shaped like cones, right? The existing cone type speaker was invented by A. S. Sykes in 1919. Then it was refined by W. B. Rice and S. W. Kellogg. The enclosure and bass reflex enclosure happened between 1920 and 1930. The exponential horn was developed about 1919. By 1930, the fundamentals were perfected. And today, these fundamentals are still the same.

Recently, manufacturers have tried to reproduce sound which they believe is comfortable to the human ear—thus, the advent of unreal booming bass and strident highs. And, a great many people like it that way because they think it's high fidelity (in a way it is), but it usually isn't NATURAL sound the way it was originally produced.

With full consideration of the human ear and with the desire to produce a speaker which faithfully reproduces sounds as they were originally created, Yamaha successfully developed the NATURAL SOUND SPEAKER. It's not based on the piston motion concept of conventional cone type speakers. It's based on the principles of acoustic musical instruments such as the piano, guitar or violin. The quality of sounds produced are directly correlated to the acoustical design of their soundboards. The sounds are called BENDING MOTIONS of sound, and they are natural sounds.

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review and we'll just change the name of the artist as labels continue, month after month, to do the same sort of thing. How's that for creativity?)

G.L.

**THE GROUP FEATURING VANGIE CARMICHAEL.** Pete S1108, $4.98.
A fine example of new-breed studio singing on current material such as Both Sides Now and Son of a Preacher Man. No one is "featured" so who the hell is Vangie Carmichael?

M.A.

**HOWLIN' WOLF:** This is Howlin' Wolf's new album. He doesn't like it. He didn't like his electric guitar at first either. Cadet Concept LPS 319, $4.79. Tape: 8 837-8319, $6.98.

The premise of this dismal album is, apparently, if the Cream can profitably imitate Howlin' Wolf then he can profitably imitate the Cream. The production shows as much respect for this great Chicago bluesman as the title. J.G.

**"SPIDER" JOHN KOERNER and WILLIE MURPHY:** Running Jumping Standing Still. Elektra EKS 74041, $4.79. Tape: 8 X 4041, 3 1/4 ips, $5.95; 8 X 44041, $5.95; 8 M 84041, $6.95; 8 X 54041, $5.95.

Running Jumping etc., is sort of Koerner, Glover, and Ray '69. It's the happiest record I've heard in months. J.G.

**LEADBELLY:** Huddie Ledbetter's Best. His Guitar—His Voice—His Piano. Capitol DT 1821, $4.98 (rechanneled stereo only).

These are the best available recordings of the great bluesman, now "electronically enhanced for today's stereo phonographs," but worth it for all that. J.G.

**MOBY GRAPE '69.** Columbia CS 9696, $4.98. Tape: 8 CS 1059, 3 3/4 ips, $7.98; 8CQ 1410 0409, $5.98; 8 X 1810 0409, $6.98.

The album is notable for its straightforward liner notes by producer David Rubinson, explaining the problems the group has encountered, both from within and without. I rather like it. M.A.

**THE RASCALS: Freedom Suite.** Atlantic SD 2-901, $9.58 (two discs). Tape: 8 F901, 3 1/4 ips, $9.95 (double-play); 8 X 41901, Vol. 1 & 2, $5.95 each; 8 M 81901, Vol. 1 & 2, $6.95 each; 8 X 51901, Vol. 1 & 2, $5.95 each.

There was a fleeting moment (on Side 2 of Time/Peace/The Rascals Greatest Hits) when the Rascals seemed to be finding their own thing. They have apparently decided to stick with imitations of Smokey Robinson, et al., and it must be admitted that they do them very well. Overall, though, this probably qualifies as the most pretentious rock album of the year and nobody can say that was easy to bring off.

J.G.

**JIMMY SMITH/WES MONTGOMERY:** The Further Adventures of Jimmy and Wes. Verve 8766, $5.79. Tape: 8 X 8766, 3 3/4 ips, $5.95; 8 88766 M, $6.95; 8 X 58766, $5.95.

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is inevitably followed by a sudden burst of love from the record companies. A & M has issued (legitimately enough, since he was under contract to them) further Wes Montgomery material since he died. Meantime, Riverside and Verve repackaged and reissue him to cash in on his taking off. It is possible to get tired even of Wes Montgomery, and this album is one too many.

G.L.

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BIG BANDS UPTOWN: Vol. 1 (1931-1943). Don Redman (Chant of the Weed; Trouble; Why Pick on Me; Shakin' the African; I Heard). Claude Hopkins (Chasing All the Blues Away; King Porter Stomp; Monkey Business; Zozoi). Benny Carter (Pom Pom; Sere
nade to a Sarong; Night Hop; OK for Baby). Lucky Millinder (Apollo Jump; Mason Flyer; Little John Special; Shipyard Social Function). Decca DL 75242, $5.79.

Decca's Jazz Heritage Series has been moving along in such an orderly chronological fashion that this rather jumbled collection by four big bands comes as a surprise. It could be viewed as a sampler—one band in the early '30s, one in the mid-'30s, one in 1940, and one going into the early '40s. But a sampler of what? These were diverse bands, recorded over a period of a dozen years when the big band concept was going through considerable change.

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FOR SALE: Marantz 10B. Best offer over $40.00. Edwin Hoffmeister, Route 4, Rolla, Mo. 65401.

Decca has enough material in its files by each band—except Carter's—for full individual LPs (Carter's eight 78 sides could have made up one side of an LP, but now there are only four left—does this presage another similar mish

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GARY McFARLAND: America the Beautiful, an Account of Its Disappearance. Marvin Stamm, Snoopy Young, Ernie Royal, Bernie Glow or Richard Williams, and Randy Brecker, trumpets; Garnett Brown, trombone; Harvey Phillips, tuba; Ray Alonge and Jim Buffington or Earl Chapin, French horns; Jerome Richardson, Romeo Penque, Wally Caine, Danny Bank, Joe Farrell, or Hubert Laws, and Ray Beckenstein, reeds; George Ricci or Harvey Shapiro, cello; Al Brown, violin; Gene Orloff and Aaron Rosand or David Nadien, violins; Warren Barnhardt, piano; Eric Gayle, guitar; Jerry Jenmott or Chuck Rainey, bass; Bill Lovagno or Bernard Purdie, drums; Warren Smith, percussion. Skye $8, $5.79.

To be a successful "jazz composer" during the past fifteen years has been, in effect, to be a member of the Banal. A pattern was set sometime back in the Fifties, associated primarily with the Basie band (or was it Kenton?), and since then everything has sounded the same. Monotony. There have been
CAL TJADER: The Prophet. Cal Tjader, vibraharp; orchestra, Don Sebesky, arr. and cond. (Souled Out; Warm Song: The Prophet; five more.) Verve 6-8769, $5.79. Tape: #3 M 85769, $6.95.

Cal Tjader is a wry, easygoing man who would be the last in the world to claim great originality for his work. But there are two things he can claim: there is a graceful and understated musicality in his phrasing, and he is one of the most consistently satisfying musicians in jazz—or if you prefer, in the case of this album, jazz/pops.

The purists in jazz may rebel against this kind of right-down-the-middle album, but as far as I am concerned, if jazz is to prosper in this country, it must relate to the audience (whenever they may be!) in a more direct way than most of this music did in the early 1960s.

Cal is making a contact with people in a way his onetime employer, George Shearing, did; but he's not falling into the trap of the trite as Shearing, an immensely gifted musician, did.

I went with Garry Mulligan recently to hear a fine Dixieland group, and he remarked as we were listening, "How nice to hear music that makes you smile again." Cal does that, but in a modern idiom. His wit is present in several tracks, particularly in his own tune Souled Out—"even the title is a typical Tjader pun. The album is open, accessible, and enjoyable. Cal's solos are inventive, skillful, warm. Don Sebesky's arrangements are sure-handed, unobtrusive, yet there. No challenges here; just quiet pleasure.

G.L.

WILD BILL DAIVISON: Wild Bill at Bull Run. Wild Bill Davison, cornet; Slide Harris, trombone; Tommy Gwaltney, clarinet; John Eaton, piano; Steve Jordan, guitar; Keter Betts, bass; Bertell Knox, drums. (Georgia on My Mind; Rosetta; Blue Turning Grey Over You; five more.) Jazzology 30, $5.95 (Jazzology Records, P.O. Box 748, Columbia, S.C.).

The first Manassas Jazz Festival, held in May 1966, paved the way for this performance in a high school auditorium in Manassas the following September. Because of the proximity of Manassas to Washington, D.C., Wild Bill Davison is surrounded by Washington musicians who are not often heard on records. And thereby hampers the basic interest of this disc, for these are jazz musicians who have distinctive musical personalities and who should be more readily available on discs. Some are known beyond Washington—Bertell Knox and Keter Betts for their years with Charlie Byrd: Steve Jordan for his work as rhythm guitarist with such swing bands as Benny Goodman and Artie Shaw; Tommy Gwaltney from an earlier New York career on vibes and clarinet and, lately, as operator of the jazz club, Blues Alley, in Washington.

But what of Slide Harris, a trombonist in his sixties, who uses a plunger with a mixture of melodic grace and humor that puts him in a class with Vic Dickenson? He is certainly a "discovery" if that is a term that can be applied to someone who has been playing since he was eighteen. And there is pianist Johnny Eaton—not to be confused with the pianist Johnny Eaton, a Princeton man, who formed the American Jazz Ensemble with clarinetist Bill Smith and has gained considerable
acclaim for his work with taped music and a synthesizer. The present Johnny Eaton is out of Yale, James P. Johnson, Teddy Wilson, and Ralph Sutton. He is an excellent ensemble pianist and his solos roll along with a swinging flow that gives a complementary to that of the stride and swing schools.

Gwaltney is an eclectic clarinetist who makes particularly good use of gypsy, lower register passages that carry tinges of the late Pee Wee Russell. Jordan pops up every now and then with a solo passage that is a delightful reminder of a school of chorded guitar playing that has been all but lost since the electricity was turned on.

And, of course, Wild Bill, a model of consistency, adds his gruff personal touch to every selection. The only weak point on this record is the mannered and very unnecessary singing by Johnson "Fat Cat" McRee. Jr. But since he was the one who organized and produced the session, my distress at his singing is more than balanced by my appreciation for the rest of the disc.

GEORGE LEWIS: For Dancers Only, Cuff Billett, trumpet and vocals; Pete Dyer, trombone; George Lewis, clarinet; Graham Peterson, piano; John Coles, banjo; Terry Knight, bass; Barry Martyn, drums. (Ciribiribin: Coquette; South of the Border; Breeze; six more.) GHB 37, $4.98 (GHB Records, P.O. Box 748, Columbia, S.C.)

It is ironic that one of the freshest, most successful of all George Lewis recordings should have been issued just at the time of his death. The essentials of the refreshing surroundings in which Lewis finds himself on this disc include a band that is presumably Barry Martyn's English group. (Producer George Bick's liner notes are filled with glowing generalities about Lewis and the relation of New Orleans jazz to dance music but they tell us nothing at all about these performances.) Also Lewis presents a program that gets him away from the repertory that he and his New Orleans colleagues tend to repeat over and over beyond even willing endurance.

Martyn's band manages to avoid the tinny sound and puppet-jeer rhythm that afflicts most English traditional jazz bands as well as the vague searches for tempo and key that characterize the opening chorus or two of the recordings of many New Orleans bands. The band plays well and knows where it's going right from the start. Lewis relaxes in this setting, playing with the rich, singing warmth that is expected of him and venturing out a bit beyond the patterns of his playing with New Orleans groups in the customary repertory.

There is an easy, unpretentious air about the entire set that is a considerable part of its charm. There is no pretentiousness for virtuosity's sake, no razzle dazzle, no uproarious climaxes. Just a relaxed and rhythmic group of performances through which Lewis can flow amiably and winningly.

DUKE PEARSON: The Phantom, Jerry Dodgion, flute; Bobby Hutcherson, vibraphone; Duke Pearson, piano; Sam Brown and Al Gafa, guitars; Bob Cranshaw, bass; Victor Pantojo and Potato Valdes, congas; Mickey Roker, drums. (The Phantom: Blue Ghosts for Alvin, Amedia; Los Ojos Alegres; Say You're Mine; The Moana Surf.) Blue Note 84293, $5.79.

Duke Pearson has the somewhat old-fashioned virtue—as composer, arranger, and pianist—of being a melodist. His writing and his playing are full of warm, singing sounds. On this disc, he has combined a Latin rhythm section with a front line built around Jerry Dodgion's flute and Bobby Hutcherson's vibes—a nice balance on which to develop the charming and comfortably catchy tunes he has written.

The flow of Dodgion's flute is a particularly apt vehicle for Pearson's melodic lines. Hutcherson serves as a bright supporting accent but, as a solo instrument, his vibes possess the sonority of color that burdens most vibists (always excepting Red Norvo who finds resources in the instrument that escape other musicians). The dominant personality, however, is Pearson, who has a light but firm touch and a fascinating talent for skirting the banal. On his ballad, Say You're Mine, Pearson is soloist, backed by Bob Cran-
The album is done with strings—overdubbed. I suspect, after the original sessions; what is called "sweetening" in the business these days. Bill Fischer's string writing has great virility and strength.

A fine Les McCann album, broadly representative of his abilities. G.L.

CANNONBALL ADDERLEY QUINTET: In Person. Cannonball Adderley, alto; Nat Adderley, cornet; Joe Zawinul, piano; Vic Gaskin, bass; Roy McCurdy, drums. (Zorba; The Scene; six more.) Capitol ST 162, $4.98.

Julian Cannonball Adderley and his brother Nat are in a certain vanguard of jazz. All of it is at all. They play from a place that is no longer vital in music, but they play beautifully.

The album has two distinct sides. Side 2 includes Somewhere, on which Cannonball shows that gutsy melodism that is so charming. Other tunes range from roots to "outsy" to an attempt at going Greek (Zorba).

Side 1 is another story. It opens with a roaring twelve-minute track called Runpestislitke by pianist Joe Zawinul that features powerful explorations by Cannonball on the Varitone octave divider. But the spark of the side, and the album, comes from two guest appearances, reported—apparently accurately—to be spontaneous. Lou Rawls sings a blues and never sounds better (I'd Rather Drink Muddy Water, first recorded with Les McCann). Nancy Wilson sings Buddy Johnson's lovely Save Your Love For Me, which she first recorded years ago with Cannonball. Nostalgia pops out of every note, and the audience goes wild.

Cannonball raps over the mike a bit too much for my taste, so that audience rapport becomes some form of jazz insularity. Nevertheless, everyone on the date sounds great, making you wish you'd been there that night. M.A.

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写手写和Mickey Roker的鼓。这首歌曲是一个典型的例子，因为他的技艺和音乐家（没有爵士乐音乐家）所演奏的歌曲的印象。贝克尔·迪林顿似乎有很高的才能，原创的旋律以及抒情的、富有表现力的旋律，这与约翰·列维的风格非常相似。这是一个快乐的组合，充满了抒情的、富有表现力的旋律和富有表现力的段落，这非常类似于约翰·列维。这是一个快乐的组合，充满了抒情的、富有表现力的旋律和富有表现力的段落，这非常类似于约翰·列维。
Electronic Bach. Once it was Bach-Bruchsal, then Bach-Stokowski, and now the electronic age brings us Bach-Carlos-Folkman-Moog. Ready or not, here's the open-reel edition of "Switched-On Bach"—devised by Walter Carlos with the musicological assistance of Benjamin Folkman and realized on the synthesizer invented by Robert Moog (Columbia MQ 1042, 7½ ips. 40 min., $7.98; also 8-track cartridge 111 0092, $7.98). At its worst (an unconscionably jerky Jesu, Joy of Man's Desiring), Carlos' electronic Bach comes to be every bit as synthetic, ugly, and unsatisfactory as the detractors claim. But when everything clicks, the "performances" are piquantly fascinating. Even in between these extremes, the variety of timbres and dynamics that Carlos coaxes from Moog's synthesizer holds great promise for future work in this area.

I once wrote a study of electronic instruments suggesting that their "new" (i.e., nonimitative) tones might be better suited to baroque and prebaroque music than the more familiar tonal qualities of conventional instruments. Perhaps that is why I'm willing to accept such stylistic heresies as the anachronistic "noise" cadenza inserted between two movements of the third Brandenburg Concerto. Whether you agree or not, I can safely guarantee that the sounds captured on this tape will at least raise your blood pressure, either in anger or delight. In any case, "Switched-On Bach" should be heard, both for its sheer technical fascination and for Columbia's extraordinarily brilliant (if completely dehydrated and airless) recording.

Carmina Burana via Cassette. Following announcements by both Columbia and RCA of their forthcoming entrance into the cassette field, the repertory available in this third and exciting addition to the world of tape will shortly increase on a grand scale. While waiting for the inevitable deluge, I have been pleasantly surprised by the technical advances revealed in one of Angel's first classical cassettes: Orff's familiar showpiece Carmina Burana (4XS 3633, $5.98)—a warmly lyrical performance led by Frühbeck de Burgos that I reviewed in its open-reel format in the December 1966 "Tape Deck" column. Comparing the new arrival with Jochum's more recently recorded cassette of the same work for DGG (923 063, $6.95), I am convinced that the fine Angel performance is outclassed by Jochum's more clearly articulated and dramatically impressive edition. Sonic honors, however, are won by Angel, which has slightly less surface noise (perhaps the greatest weakness of the cassette medium at present), and boasts markedly superior dynamic and frequency ranges. In fact, this cassette suggests that 1½-ips, ¼-inch-wide tapeings may reach technological maturity sooner than most objective engineering critics had suspected.

Operatic Tape Firsts. Three current open-reel releases explore some enticing territory well off the beaten path of the standard operatic repertory. Even the relatively best known of these tape firsts, Richard Strauss's Ariadne auf Naxos, represents special-order cavatina seldom encountered in recent times. Connors's familiar with this curious but quintessentially Straussian work in one of its earlier disc versions—especially the 1955 recording conducted by Karajan for Angel—may not claim interpretative superiority for Angel's new version led by Rudolf Kempe and starring Gundula Janowitz in the title role (YAS 3733, 3⅞-ips. triple-play, approx. 119 min., $7.98). But the up-to-date engineering, notably transparent even by today's highest standards, is an aural delight throughout. The excellent soundics particularly enhance the Dresden State Opera Orchestra's admirable realization of the superbly contrived score in which felicitors inner details abound. My only real complaint here is that the text booklet is available only on written request and after a considerable wait—a serious handicap for a work that requires a close knowledge of plot and dialogue.

Moving back a couple of centuries from the 1916 Ariadne, London offers a pairing of two obscure baroque operas: Griselda, written in 1722 by Handel's great rival, Giovanni Bononcini, and Montezuma (1755), one of the many operas Karl Heinrich Graf wrote for his patron—and in this case librettist—Frederick the Great (London/Ampex EX+ LOD 90145. 2 reels. approx. 58 and 60 min., $14.95; notes and texts supplied with the reel). Only the overture and ten vocal excerpts from Griselda are performed here by Joan Sutherland, with Lauri Elms, Monica Sinclair, et al., the Ambrosian Singers, and the London Philharmonic under Richard Bonynge. But the operas' music is enough to suggest that Bononcini was a considerably more short-winded and routine composer than his more famous competitor. Both the music and (in this performance) the rather extravagantly embellished arias are less immediately appealing than Gravino's more engaging melodies, which are also far more discreetly ornamented by the singers. Miss Elms, a soprano new to me, proves to be a real discovery—I even prefer her here to the variable Miss Sutherland. Bonynge conducts both works with rather relentless vivacity, and the robust recording seems more closely miked than is usually the case. London.

Jumping forward to 1933, we come to Kurt Weill's The Seven Deadly Sins (Deutsche Grammophon/Ampex EX+ DGA 9308. 33 min., $8.95; notes and texts supplied with the reel). In its own special way this opera/ballet is as stylized as baroque-era Italian opera: the acid bite and humor of the text and music, however, set it worlds apart from the serious gallery of the eighteenth century. Gianluca May stars in the dual role of Anna I and Anna II, and her forceful performance is apparently a deliberate imitation of the young Lotte Lenya.

Peter Schreier leads the male "barber-shop" quartet ensemble, and Herbert Kegel conducts the Leipzig Radio Symphony Orchestra.

Operatic Potpourris. Volume 2 of RCA's "Great Moments from the Grand Opera" includes one overture (to Mozart's Don Giovanni), one choral-orchestral selection (the Grand March from Tannhäuser), and eleven operatic scenes or arias by Donizetti, Flotow, Gounod, Mascagni, Puccini, Rossini, Saint-Saëns, and Verdi, starring Bergonzoli, Bjoerling, Caballé, Del Monaco, Moffo, Nilsson, Price, Stevens, Tebaldi, Tucker, Vickers, and others (RCA WTRE 11901. 11-3⅞-ips, 79 min., $10.95; also Stereo-R 885 5053, $9.95). Some of the selections are more generously proportioned than customary for such collections (nearly fourteen minutes for the Tannhäuser Act III excerpt), and many of the recorded performances (largely drawn from releases no older than a decade or so) are first-rate; but most serious operatic tape collectors will probably have (or have had) cassette tapes from which these excerpts are derived. As with "Great Moments," Volume 1 of August 1967, this second shotgun antholgy is aimed at a mass-public target.

Much more distinctive is Victor de los Angeles' collection of hauntingly lyrical zarzuela arias, delicately accompanied by the Spanish National Orchestra under Frühbeck de Burgos (Angel 8-track cartridge 8XS 36556, $6.98). It's such an irresistible charmer that I hope an open-reel edition will soon be available to place alongside the memorable 1967 Caballé/RCA zarzuela reel.

Equally impressive is Beverly Sills' virtuoso display in coloratura arias by Bellini and Donizetti with the Vienna Volksoper Orchestra and Akademie Chorus under Jussi Jales. Westminster/Ampex has released this recital in all three formats (reel WTC 7143, $7.95; 8-track cartridge WTRC 87143, $6.95; and reel WTRE 57143, $5.95). I have heard only the cassette edition which probably does less justice to the seemingly so-so orchestral playing than the open-reel version. But it certainly proves that Miss Sills' extraordinary executant skills have scarcely been exaggerated.

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