

ICD

JULY 1974

HIGH FIDELITY

JULY 1974 75¢

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The Gershwin
Boom — Recent
Books and Discs
Appraised

THE

Can You Outwit Those Summer Power Cuts?

ENERGY

Is There a Vinyl Shortage?

CRISIS

There Be Fewer and Poorer Records?

THE

ENERGY

HF3ARUSS7**NORRZ7 F FEB 77
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7 NORMANDY CT
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channel wattages. Strapping is useful if you are making a gradual conversion to 4-channel and have not yet acquired rear speakers. And in cases where you need extremely high levels of stereo, or don't like the synthesized 4-channel effects from a particular stereo disc or tape.

In addition to all the knobs and buttons you'd expect to find on any receiver of this caliber, the 514 has a sophisticated and highly useful "joy-stick" balance control similar to the *pan pot* used in professional recording studios. The joystick is much simpler to use than the two or four knobs found on most other 4-channel receivers, yet it permits extremely precise adjustments of the acoustical field to suit music, personal preference, room acoustics, or seating arrangements. A visual display using four lamps indicates the relative power of each channel.

An elaborate tone control and filter system, centering on studio-style slide potentiometers, provides further fine tuning of the audio environment. As you might expect, there are separate bass and treble controls for front and rear, but Fisher adds a midrange

presence control, with maximum effect at about 1.5k Hz. It's just about the most useful and potent control you could add to a component, and can dramatically highlight a vocal performance against an instrumental background.

What's inside.

Fisher has spared no effort to utilize the latest high-technology devices and manufacturing techniques in the 514. The FM tuner section incorporates dual-gate MOS/FETs, lumped selectivity circuitry, and a ladder-type ceramic filter to provide the highest possible signal-to-noise ratio, inter-

ference rejection, sensitivity, selectivity, and immunity to overload. A Phase Locked Loop multiplex decoder insures high separation and low distortion through temperature changes and extensive use.

To maintain a pure signal, particularly in the tricky high-power strapping mode, the power amplifier circuits are of conservative design, using oversized components and massive heat sinks that insure stability and long life.

It comes from a fine family.

In addition to the 514, we're very proud of our new Studio Standard models 414 (\$649.95) and 314 (\$549.95). They have a bit less power and not as many controls, but the music is every bit as good.

A present from Fisher.

With every Studio Standard "14" Series receiver you get a free \$5 value 4-channel record produced by Enoch Light and Project 3 especially for Fisher. One side is encoded by the CD-4 process, the other by SQ. Selections include compositions by the Beatles, Rogers and Hammerstein, and Cole Porter.

For more information, write to Fisher Radio, Dept. HF-7, 11-40 45th Road, Long Island City, N.Y. 11101.



Important specifications of the Fisher '14' series Studio-Standard receivers.

	514	414	314
Price:	\$749.95	\$649.95	\$549.95
Power, stereo, total continuous power (rms) into 8 ohms, 20 Hz to 20,000 Hz, all channels driven:	180 Watts	88 Watts	76 Watts
Power, 4-channel, total continuous power (rms) into 8 ohms, 20 Hz to 20,000 Hz, all channels driven:	128 Watts	88 Watts	60 Watts
Total harmonic distortion at rated output, 8 ohms, 20 Hz to 20,000 Hz:	0.5%	0.5%	0.5%
IIF-FM usable sensitivity:	1.8 uV	1.8 uV	1.8 uV
FM mono harmonic distortion, 400 Hz, 100% modulation:	0.2%	0.2%	0.2%
Capture ratio (IIF at 1 mV):	1.2 dB	1.2 dB	1.2 dB
Alternate channel selectivity (IIF method):	60 dB	60 dB	60 dB

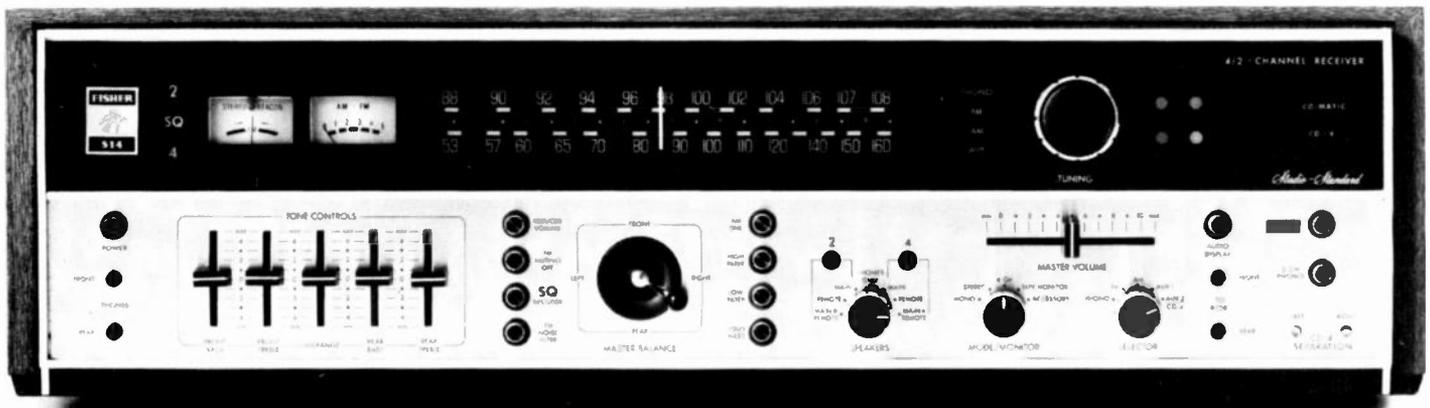
The Fisher

We invented high-fidelity

CIRCLE 20 ON READER-SERVICE CARD



Fisher
The American Audio Company



The new Stereo/4-channel Fisher 514.



Every Fisher receiver is designed for people who love to play music; but the new Fisher Studio Standard 514 goes a step further. It's designed for the active audiophiles who get their kicks out of playing *with* the music, the people who can't even wait to get a new component out of the box and up on the shelf before trying it out. These are people who listen with their hands as much as their ears, and while others are snapping their fingers and stamping their feet, they're flicking switches, pushing plugs, and twirling knobs.

If you are as concerned with

what goes on inside the box as you are concerned with what comes out, if you're still shifting speakers and splicing wires long after the party's over, chances are you just won't be satisfied by anything less than the Fisher 514.

We left out nothing.

Both to keep up our reputation of having the latest and the most, and to make sure that you can listen to as much 4-channel as possible, the 514 has a new CD-4 discrete disc de-modulator as well as an  SQ matrix decoder.

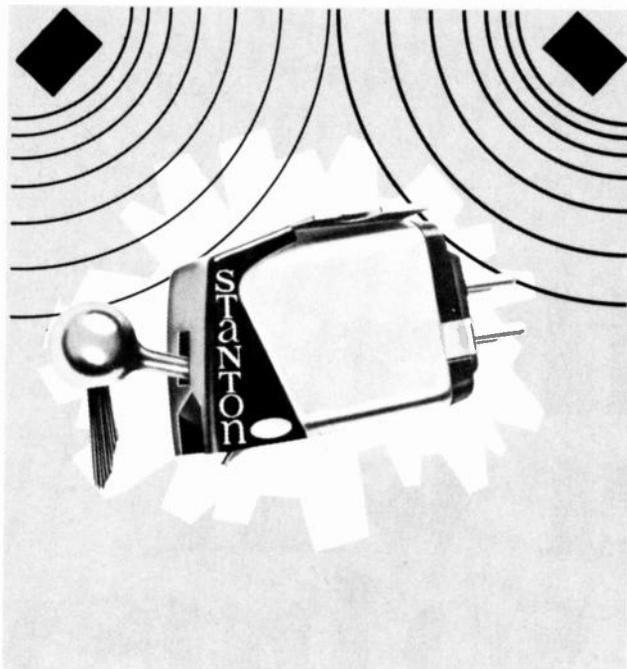
CD-4 has the potential for greater channel separation than SQ. This means that the musicians and studio people can do trickier stuff, and that listeners can wander around the room and still hear everything in its proper position.

SQ is a cinch to broadcast on FM while CD-4 is just about impossible right now; SQ is used on many more records than CD-4, and the decoding circuit doubles as a 4-channel synthesizer for stereo recordings. With the Fisher 514 you do not have to make the difficult choice between CD-4 and SQ; we give you both.

Although primarily designed as the control center for an elaborate 4-channel sound system, the 514 uses an exotic Fisher-invented "strapping" technique to combine front and rear amplifiers for stereo use, with a significant increase in power over what you would expect by just adding up the per-

**No other
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or make you
so happy.**

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in STEREO- The Stanton 681EE

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Many record critics do their auditioning with Stanton 681EE. Recording engineers have long used the Stanton 681A to check recording channel calibration. The 681EE provides that logical continuation of the Stanton Calibration Concept. High compliance and low tracking force assure minimum record wear. Its low-mass, moving magnetic system produces virtually straightline frequency response across the entire audio spectrum. Its built-in longhair brush keeps the stylus dust-free, and protects record grooves, thus reducing noise and wear. Each 681EE is individually calibrated, and the results of these calibration tests are included with each cartridge.

The Stanton 681EE—used by recording engineers, broadcasters, critics and audio professionals—the cartridge that sounds like the record sounds, always.



in DISCRETE 4-CHANNEL- The Stanton 780/4DQ



QUADRAHEDRAL

A totally revolutionary stylus design concept proves to be the best solution for discrete playback. It's the Quadrahedral—all tests and in-use demonstrations authenticate the value of the discovery. Stanton has this new stylus in its four channel cartridge.

This is the first American designed and manufactured stylus developed for discrete four-channel records. It was especially engineered for the Stanton 780/4DQ cartridge which is already the first choice of professional record reviewers, anxious to evaluate the new discrete 4-channel discs coming on the market.

The performance of the stylus (and cartridge) fulfills all the extensive demands and sophisticated requirements necessary for playback and review of all the material recorded on discrete discs. And while performing brilliantly, it is actually very kind to records in terms of wear. Stanton's own engineers, whose professional products are the standards of the industry, tested and proved its characteristics, and report that it functions with total reliability in every measurable aspect.

This new cartridge, the 780/4DQ is available at your franchised Stanton dealer.



For further information, write: Stanton Magnetics, Inc. Terminal Drive, Plainview, N.Y. 11803.

CIRCLE 31 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

July 1974

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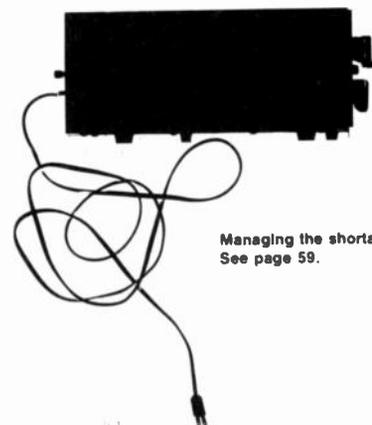
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Anticipating the 1976 Bicentennial

In two years this month the U.S. will be 200 years old. Many communities and organizations have already put bicentennial plans into motion; many others have not even formulated them. Of those that have, most are envisioning projects of a historical nature, generally in conjunction with local historical societies. The senior program officer in charge of Festival U.S.A., the arts section of the congressionally chartered American Revolution Bicentennial Administration (the other two sections are Heritage, dealing with the historical, and Horizons, which is encouraging the setting of goals for the future), has informed me that in our own Commonwealth of Massachusetts, not one community has yet requested funds for an arts project. (That's communities—the Boston Ballet Company, for instance, did receive an ARBA grant to remount *Fall River Legend*, and I'll mention the Boston Symphony Orchestra in a moment.)

While two years may seem far off, it is really a short period to accomplish anything significant. As an example, way back in May 1973 pianist Jerome Rose proposed what might be the most ambitious music project of all: a televised festival of over two dozen American symphony orchestras. The estimated pricetag would be at least \$4.5 million. The proposal, having been armed with a letter of encouragement from ARBA, is presently in the lap of the National Endowment for the Arts. The NEA was asked to get the financial ball rolling with \$500,000, which over a period of four fiscal years (Rose anticipates ten monthly broadcasts for three seasons) would come to a relatively easy \$125,000 per year. With an NEA go-ahead, the Corporation for Public Broadcasting would be asked for a second \$500,000, the remaining \$3.5 million to come from a major corporation (Exxon has expressed the greatest interest). But the Endowment has been procrastinating, in part for the bureaucratic reason that the project would cross over two of its departments, the Music and the Media. To inaugurate the series during the 1975-76 season, producer Curtis Davis would have needed an NEA decision by this past spring. Needless to say, if there is to be a Festival of American Orchestras, it cannot now begin until at least 1976-77.

Although ARBA is limited in the amount of direct funds it can allocate to individual projects, its Medals and Coins Committee, through a joint selling venture with the U.S. Mint, was able to come up with \$3 million. Of this, \$2 million went to state bicentennial committees (that's \$40,000 each, or enough for Truman Capote to throw a party; Congress has since voted to provide \$200,000 for each state), \$200,000 apiece to the National Science Foundation, the National Endowment for the Humanities, and the NEA, and most of the rest to individual organizations.

With its allocation, the NEA has come up with an absolutely splendid venture. Thirteen major orchestras have already been granted funds to commission one bicentennial work each, and a proposal under consideration would let eighteen smaller orchestras decide jointly upon two more commissions. Each orchestra will then perform each piece, resulting in thirty-one of the nation's best orchestras performing fifteen new American works in at least 320 performances.

Not all the commissions are definite yet, but here is the lineup of the thirteen major orchestras with their probable bicentennial composers: Boston (John Cage), Chicago (George Crumb), Cincinnati (Ned Rorem), Cleveland (William Schuman), Detroit (Morton Gould), Los Angeles (Morton Subotnick), Minnesota (Michael Colgrass), National (Gunther Schuller), New York (Elliott Carter), Philadelphia (Aaron Copland), Pittsburgh (George Rochberg), St. Louis (Jacob Druckman), and San Francisco (Lorin Rush).

Now what are *you* doing to stimulate your local bicentennial committee into some worthy musical endeavor? I'm going right out and joining mine.

Next month we will have a "SPECIAL TAPE RECORDING ISSUE" that will tell you **WHAT YOU CAN DO WITH SPECIAL-PURPOSE TAPE RECORDERS. THE BEST WAY TO RECORD TV SOUND, and HOW TAPE HAS CHANGED OUR AUDITORY LIVES**, as well as a real money-maker. **HOW TO WRITE A HIT SONG.**

Leonard Marcus

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Is it live or is it Memorex?



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Memorex sings.



Count listens



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He listened, but didn't look, as we alternated between Ella singing live and Ella recorded on Memorex with **MRX₂ Oxide**.

After switching back and forth a number of times, we asked the Count which was Ella live and which was Ella on Memorex.

His answer: "You gotta be kidding, I can't tell."

Now it just stands to reason that if an expert like Count Basie can't tell the difference between "live" and Memorex, you probably can't either.

But, why not buy a Memorex **MRX₂ Oxide** Cassette and listen for yourself?



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SX824

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The Crown tape equipment line is designed for audio pros who make their living by recording, to whom an equipment failure at a taping session means money out the window. After four years, when many hi-fi models are traded in, Crown decks still produce recordings with truer fidelity than most new hi-fi decks. No wonder Crowns enjoy such high resale value.

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 **CROWN**
CIRCLE 9 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

letters

Automatic vs. Manual (continued)

In the April "Letters" column, reader John Holt registered annoyance at London Records' release of the Beethoven piano concertos in automatic sequence. Having been informed by Ray Minshull of London's English parent company Decca that "we are still advised that in America this is the preferred system. . . . Yours is the first letter from America . . . objecting to this situation," he suggested we solicit readers' opinions. London Records too expressed interest.

At press time, we had received twenty-six replies, of which half favored manual sequencing of all multidisc sets—and all but two of those writers were pretty emphatic. Here's a sampling of what they had to say:

Would those listeners who have sufficient ability to appreciate Ludwig Van (so much so that they would care to hear his works in some semblance of order) be likely to desecrate recordings of his music—albeit mere vinyl—by playing them in the automatic mode? Certainly not! London, here is our edict: Manual sequencing or nothing!

*E. Kent Spottswood
Natick, Mass.*

I concur with Mr. Holt and suggest that Decca's Ray Minshull is ill-advised with regard to the preferred method in the U.S. Automatic sequence was born of the days when lengthy works were recorded on many 78 discs. It was, in those days, an annoying inconvenience to turn over a record every three to five minutes, so phonograph manufacturers started making taller spindles and the automatic changer was a fact. Naturally, the record companies pressed and labeled their discs to suit the new stacking feature.

Even though some turntable manufacturers today still provide an optional tall spindle, I know that I am not alone in my opinion that the automatic changer is an outdated and undesirable feature. I would add that I just do not care for the idea of my records smashing down upon one another, raised rims and centers notwithstanding.

*Charles M. Meeds
San Diego, Calif.*

My turntable is not equipped to change records automatically, and if it were I would not permit it to do so. Dropping a record on top of another one that is turning is a good way to grind dirt into the grooves, even if you keep your records as clean as possible. Automatic sequence is nothing but a nuisance to me.

*Frederick Miller
Philadelphia, Pa.*

Let me cast one vote loud and clear for manual sequencing for all multirecord albums. Although I use an automatic turntable (a Dual 1229), like many audiophiles I use it only in the single-play mode so that I can brush the stylus after each side and use a Dust Bug.

To me the sequencing problem is but one aspect of a larger one: There are two separate record markets the purists and the general public. I count myself as a purist, but I don't condemn the general public for differing from

my tastes. I do condemn the record companies for failing to recognize the legitimate concerns of the purists and not releasing their classical records in premium editions with the latest technological advances incorporated and without the various sonic gimmicks so common today. Such premium editions would of course cost somewhat more and should be manually sequenced where multirecord albums are involved.

*David R. Schryer
Newport News, Va.*

While only six writers voted for universal automatic sequencing, they were if anything even more vociferous. To wit:

The difference in effort required for the owner of a manual turntable to change a record in automatic sequence compared to manual sequence is virtually nil. This is particularly true in multiple-record sets such as operas. I do not think it is too great a sacrifice for these "purists" to allow those of us with automatic turntables to have records in automatic sequence.

*Kyle Baker
Stanford, Calif.*

There is no question about my preference for automatic-sequence sets (particularly opera and symphony) over manual. In fact, I will not purchase Philips or DG sets for that reason.

The pseudo-sophisticates who preach the manual doctrine are few in number. I simply don't have time to get up and down every few minutes to change a record. If London ever discards automatic sequence, it loses one customer with over a hundred of their sets.

*B. H. Culley
Los Angeles, Calif.*

What gives? The English, Germans, etc., bust themselves making automatic turntables—some of the best—and then have only manually sequenced record albums. They should put their heads together and figure out why they sell so many automatic changers in the U.S.A.

*J. J. Hughes
Los Angeles, Calif.*

Finally, seven writers argued in various ways for some flexibility (as, in fact, did Mr. Holt to begin with). For example:

I could comment that consistency is the hobgoblin of little minds.

It is of course ridiculous to issue a series of individual works such as the Beethoven concertos, symphonies, quartets, or the like in automatic sequence, unless it is assumed that the listeners are interested in them as a form of background Muzak. Please note that London's admirable series of the Haydn symphonies on Stereo Treasury is in manual sequence.

On the other hand, Deutsche Grammophon has issued Rossini's *Cenerentola* and Weber's *Oberon* [and, for that matter, all its operas for some years] in manual sequence, which in works of this kind is most irritating. The same applies to all imported Philips and Telefunken recordings, so far as I am aware.

In the case of the European-oriented labels, the philosophy is probably that on the Continent purchasers have never been "changer-oriented" as they are here (though the majority of automatic turntables are of European



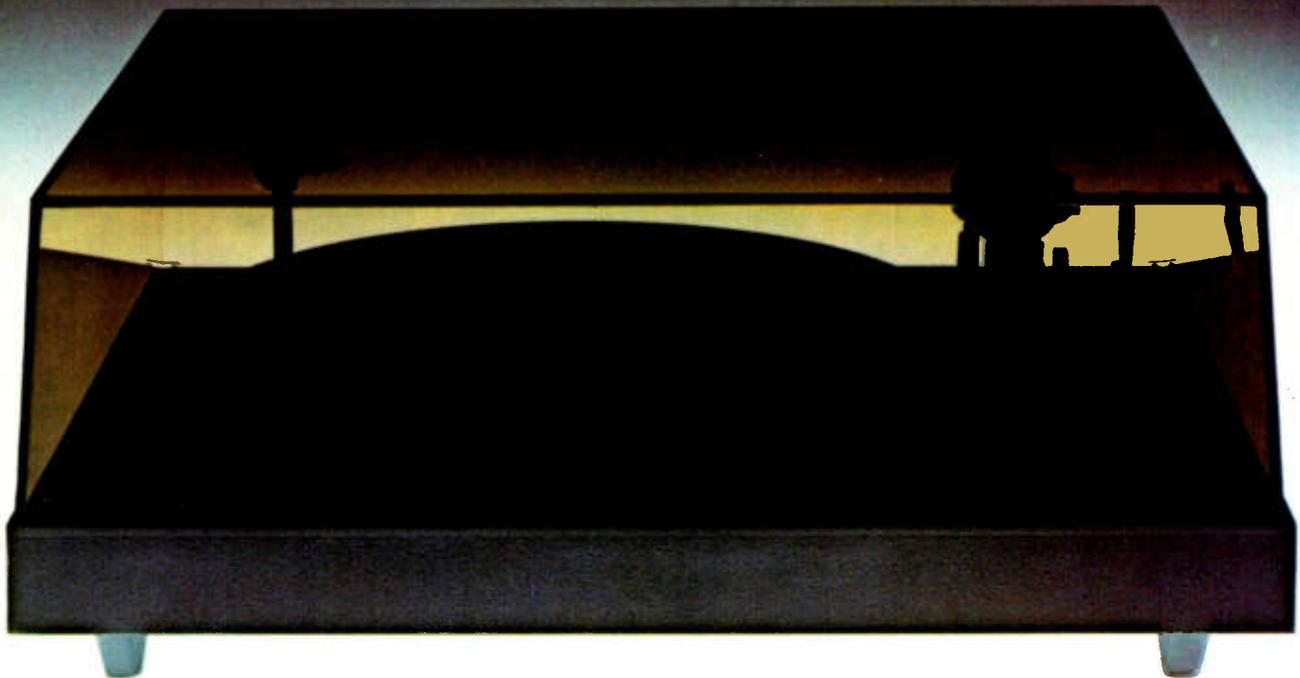
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They are simple. They are pure. They offer a blend of features and capabilities that surpass anything you can buy today.

You will discover in them the design superiorities of a fine manual combined with the best qualities of an automatic. They are a new breed. They are the first programmed turntables. They will be on display within weeks at a B·I·C dealer near you.

If you are considering the purchase of a turntable you will find the B·I·C 980 and 960 well worth waiting for. For the full color brochure announcing and describing the new B·I·C turntables, write to British Industries Co., Westbury, L.I., N.Y. 11590.

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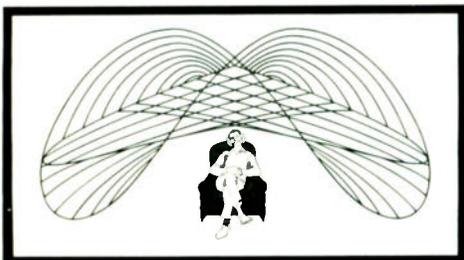


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to do things to your favorite recordings that, until now, only a recording engineer could do at the original recording session.

Slip on the new Koss Phase 2 Stereophone and flip the Phase Switch to +1. As you rotate the Panoramic Source Controls^{T.M.} on each ear cup, you'll be drawn

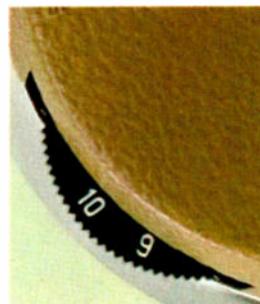
closer and closer, like a zoom lens on a camera, to the center of the performing musicians. At the fully advanced position of both controls, you'll feel as though you're brushing shoulders with the performers. Indeed, the delicate, intimate sounds of breathing, fingers against strings, even brushes trailing over cymbals, become so clearly defined that you'll feel you're actually one of the performers. And by adjusting one control separately from the other, you'll be able to move from one side of the performing group to the other.

Now flip the Phase Switch to the +2 position. As you advance the Panoramic Source Controls, you'll hear a dramatic

expansion of the center channel on your recordings. You'll feel totally surrounded by the performing musicians. And as you rotate one Panoramic Source Control separately from the other, you'll feel as though you're sitting on the piano bench one minute and in the middle of the violin section the next.

All in all, Phase 2 will make listening to your favorite recordings a whole new experience. A panorama of new perspectives that creates a new intimacy and depth in your listening experience.

Ask your Audio Specialist to let you hear Koss Phase 2 Stereophones. And write for our free, full-color catalog, c/o Virginia Lamm. You'll find Phase 2 a whole new phase in personal listening.



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CIRCLE 39 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

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The finest stereo receiver the world has ever known.

We recognize the awesome responsibility of making such a statement. Nevertheless, as the leader in high fidelity, we have fulfilled this responsibility in every way.

Pioneer's new SX-1010 AM-FM stereo receiver eclipses any unit that has come before it. It has an unprecedented power output of 100+100 watts RMS (8 ohms, both channels driven) at incredibly low 0.1% distortion, throughout the entire audible spectrum from 20 Hz to 20,000 Hz. Power is maintained smoothly and continuously with direct-coupled circuitry driven by dual power supplies.

To bring in stations effortlessly, clearly and with maximum channel separation, the SX-1010 incorporates an FM tuner section with overwhelming capabilities. The combination of MOS FETs, ceramic filters

and phase lock loop IC circuitry produces remarkable specifications like 90dB selectivity, 1.7uV sensitivity and 1 dB capture ratio.

Versatility is the hallmark of every Pioneer component. The SX-1010 accommodates 2 turntables, 2 tape decks, 2 headsets, 3 pairs of speakers, a stereo mic and an auxiliary. It also has Dolby and 4-channel connectors. There's even tape-to-tape duplication while listening simultaneously to another program source. This is another innovative Pioneer exclusive.

The SX-1010 is actually a master control system with its fantastic array of controls and features. It includes pushbuttons that simplify function selection and make them easy to see with illuminated readouts on the super wide tuning dial. FM and audio

muting, hi/low filters, dual tuning meters, loudness contour, a dial dimmer control and a fail-safe speaker protector circuit. Never before used on a receiver are the twin stepped bass and treble tone controls that custom tailor listening to more than 3,000 variations. A tone defeat switch provides flat response instantly throughout the audio spectrum.

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manufacture). Frankly I would hope that DG and Philips would turn out some automatic pressings for the American market where it makes sense—for example, Berlioz' *Les Troyens*. But, please, *not* the Beethoven concertos.

Lincoln Lauterstein
Rockport, Mass.

Being a fan of operas, I prefer these in automatic sequence—a matter of continuity and convenience. I also prefer the longer orchestral works (e.g., four-sided symphonies) in automatic sequence. The sets of shorter works are better in manual sequence *unless* there are works that overlap more than two sides. For example, the four Brahms symphonies on four records should be in manual sequence; but when fitted onto three records, as in several sets, they should be in automatic sequence, since one is obligated to play three sides consecutively.

In any case, I wish the manufacturer *and* your review would make clear the arrangement of items in a boxed set.

Leslie G. Smith
Champaign, Ill.

Obviously we haven't settled this age-old controversy, but perhaps there is at least room for compromise. And maybe nonstandardization isn't such a bad thing: In most cases buyers who feel strongly enough can find a set sequenced as they prefer. Which brings us to Mr. Smith's plea. Beginning this month, reviews of sets containing works that overlap one disc side or separate works that have a prescribed order will indicate automatic or manual sequencing in the heading.

Repairing Old Radios

About collectible radios ["Radios, Too, Are Collectible," April 1974]: I will be glad to volunteer my help to anyone stumped by an old radio. I began repairing radios in 1925, when the Radiola III and the WD-11 vacuum tube were in vogue and continued as a radio repairman (now called "electronic technician") until the beginning of World War II. So I've delved into all sorts of radio equipment, from dry-battery-operated one- and two-tubers to Capehart radio/phonographs and the famous REL FM receiver.

I'll answer any letters concerned with reactivating old radios and offer suggestions on problems, but the letters must be specific as to the make and model involved and the nature and extent of the trouble. Collectors who need schematic diagrams of pre-1946 radios should consult their local public libraries for *Rider Troubleshooting Manuals*, which were published yearly from about 1930 to the late '40s by John F. Rider. Newer radios are covered by the Howard W. Sams *Photofact* folders; the Sams organization publishes an annual cumulative index of all models covered.

If audio-video editor Robert Long really wants "to make old radios tune in old radio programs," he'll need to find a source for a reversible IC clock chip and a time-tunnel diode.

Harry E. Fairman
68 Pondview Dr.
Suffern, N.Y. 10901

Mr. Long replies: The idea of tuning in old radio programs on old radios is not as esoteric as



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CIRCLE 11 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

Mr. Fairman makes it sound. I plan to use AM broadcaster modules, connected to the output of a tape recorder.

Nostalgia

Gene Lees's "Guy Lombardo—The Melody Lingers On" [April 1974] could not have mentioned all the "sweet" contemporaries, but the omission of Jan Garber is serious because he was Victor's and Bluebird's answer to Lombardo after Brunswick-Perfect and then Decca got Guy. Art Kassel and Dick Jurgens were of a lower league. And Wayne King could play other than waltzes, as evidenced at the Chicago Fair of 1933, despite his radio style for cosmetics.

I can't agree that there has been little

change in Lombardo. I spent an evening at a theater and was most impressed by the perfect balance of his 1930s band: the same came through in his movie, *The Sweetest Music This Side of Heaven*. And I can still call up 78s. But I have heard the band twice recently, and I find the tone thinner, as more and more mutes have been added. Moreover, it is distressing to hear 95 per cent similarity of program in two performances in the same city a year apart.

It is as if the band, fearful of a geriatric image, tries too self-consciously to update itself. Don't aficionados want to hear precisely what they remember, or think they remember?

William C. Kessel
Hamburg, N.Y.

The only conclusion I can reach from Murray

Kempton's pointless article "Nostalgia for the Big Bad Thirties" [April 1974] is that he is in training as a historian should George Orwell's 1984 occur.

From his article, I'm not sure Mr. Kempton was in the same U.S. I was in in the Thirties. I was in college and, subsequently, the music business. Just to point out a few cases:

The Duke Ellington Orchestra unfortunately was not one of the elegant items such as Astaire, Rogers, and the Rainbow Room. Only at the very end of the Thirties did the Duke get the recognition he deserved. The band was so far ahead of its time that its popularity was far behind many other orchestras, both black and white.

"Brother, Can You Spare a Dime" was more Rudy Vallee's number than Bing Crosby's. Bing just happened to make a very poor-selling record of the number.

While Mr. Kempton may have looked at evangelists of the time as "jokes," many millions of people didn't, or Aimee Semple McPherson and others would not have been able to build some of the giant organizations they accomplished.

In the Thirties when Basie came east, "the truly heartfelt response" was not to all fourteen members. It was primarily to Joe Jones and to Herschel Evans on tenor sax, which made Lester Young at best a mere shadow to this man's ability.

I'm sure there are few of us who reached maturity during the Thirties who will recognize Mr. Kempton's very loose theories of the way it was. His facts are as wrong as the jukebox on the cover of the April issue. It happens to be Wurlitzer's 1946 model, completely different from the Wurlitzers of the Thirties. I know, because I helped design the jukebox you show and introduced it in March 1946.

It's always nice to have articles by people who were *there*, like John S. Wilson ["Pop Record Reissues"].

Malcolm F. Bell
Ann Arbor, Mich.

Question 11 of your "How Clear Is Your Nostalgia" quiz (April 1974 HF) associates the song "If I Could Tell You" with the "Bell Telephone Hour." I listened many times to this program and the one that preceded it on Sunday nights, "The Voice of Firestone," and I am willing to lay a wager that the song was the theme of the Firestone program.

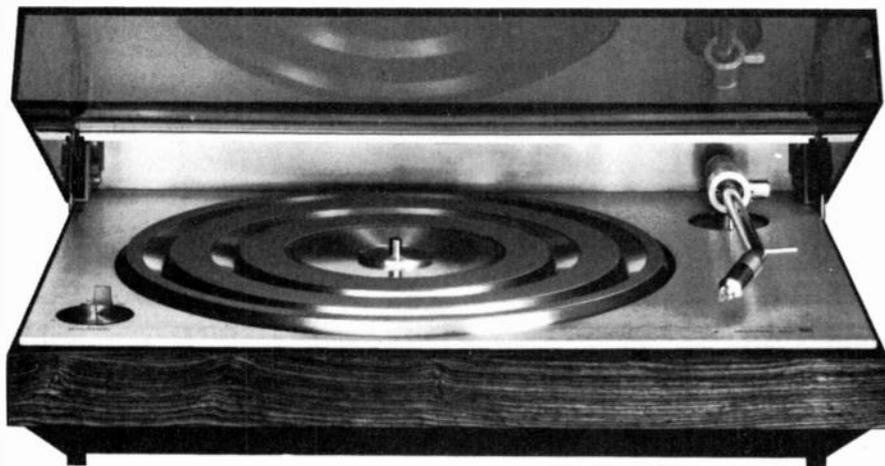
Further, the reason that the song was the Firestone theme music was that it was written by Ida Bell Firestone, wife of the chief executive of the sponsor.

Now, how clear is my nostalgia?

Howard W. Miller
Toledo, O.

Better than ours in this case. Our thanks to the many readers who caught this error, and this match was disallowed in determining the winners of the quiz.

Many thanks for Peter G. Davis' excellent survey of the better classical reissues [April 1974]. But to save readers' fears that Seraphim flirts with pseudo-stereo (the Schnabel/Fournier Beethoven-sonata set was listed as "rechanneled"), I would like to make clear that all mono reissues on Seraphim are mastered as faithfully as possible to reproduce the original sound. I suspect that the error was picked up



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from Schwann-2, which has since been corrected.

George Sponhaltz
Artists and Repertoire Dept.
Angel Records
Los Angeles, Calif.

Mr. Sponhaltz's suspicion is correct; we should certainly have spotted the unlikelyhood of a "rechanneled" Seraphim issue.

One error appears in both the text and the separate record listings of Mr. Davis' excellent and informative article: RCA Victrola VIC 1511 is a recording of Beethoven's *Emperor Concerto*, not the Third Concerto as stated. Schnabel made this excellent recording with the Chicago Symphony under Frederick

Stock in July 1942, and it is one of the most intense and exciting *Emperors* around, despite a few technical flaws on Schnabel's part.

Bruce Sternfield
Iowa City, Iowa

In these times, when music seems to have fallen on hard times all over the country and many children are exposed little or not at all to musical experiences, the historical recording has a special niche, aside from substantial financial savings in times of soaring inflation. I do not mean to denigrate young artists, since the old truism is still true that every generation has to discover (or rediscover) its "own" Bach, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Verdi, Wagner, et al. But surely today's young artists can learn their lesson from their predecessors, without

whom there would be no music or musical tradition.

My plea is for HIGH FIDELITY readers to join and support the various societies, here and abroad, dedicated to our musical heritage—for example, the International Piano Library and the Bruno Walter and Arturo Toscanini Societies. Their contributions will enable these organizations to continue issuing recordings never before released as well as to keep alive the historical lesson, without which music may "live" in a vacuum.

Needless to say, a superior-sounding recording is not necessarily a superior performance; often it is quite the contrary! Thanks for your efforts to help keep a living past before us.

Hans A. Illing
Los Angeles, Calif.

Mr. Imbrie, Meet Mr. Sessions

That is a very good photograph of Roger Sessions that HIGH FIDELITY included over the caption "Andrew Imbrie—Making a quick but strong impression," accompanying the review of Imbrie's *Dandelion Wine* on page 84 of the May 1974 issue.

Donald J. Ott
Ardley, N.Y.

Time ages us all, and I realize it poignantly on seeing the photo in HIGH FIDELITY of Andrew Imbrie, who seems to have aged so much. You know there is a silly old saying that very often pets grow to resemble their masters. Without suggesting that Imbrie was ever a pet, I do know that he was a devoted student of Roger Sessions and I had the strange feeling that somehow he is growing to resemble his mentor—particularly since he has raised his mustache and lost much of his hair. Alas, how *tempus fugit*.

Oliver Daniel
New York, N.Y.

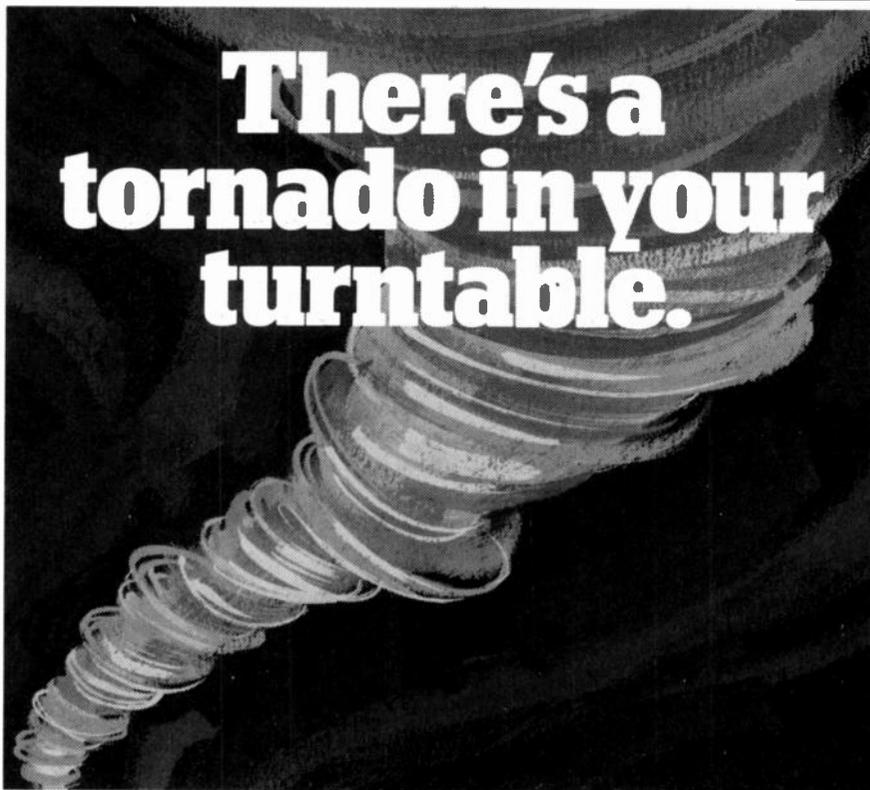
Our apologies to both composers. It's encouraging that so many readers recognized Mr. Sessions!

Music and the Law (continued)

As examples of eminent composers with legal training, Craig Pinkus ["Letters," April 1974] cited Handel, Schumann, Tchaikovsky, Sibelius, and Stravinsky—and might have added Telemann.

It is noteworthy that many music critics pursued legal studies and even received law degrees. From the eighteenth century there come to mind Johann Mattheson, Johann Adolph Scheibe, Johann Nicolaus Forkel, Bernhard Anselm Weber, and Sir John Hawkins. The nineteenth century provides George Hogarth, Henry T. Smart, Adolph Marx, Heinrich Heine, Eduard Hanslick, Max Kalbeck, François Castil-Blaze, Joseph Louis d'Ortigue, Adolphe Jullien, Maurice Kuffenrath, and Filippo Filippi, along with the two foremost Russian critics, Alexander Serov and Vladimir Stassov. Later figures include Julius Korngold, Ferdinand Pfohl, Max Chop, Max Graf, Paul Stefan, Alfred Einstein, Eugen Schmitz, and Camille Bellaigue. And from our own country we have had Richard Grant White, Henry Krehbiel, and Philip Hale.

Far from seconding the claim that law and musical sensitivity are incompatible, we might better echo editor James Jeffrey Roche: "The



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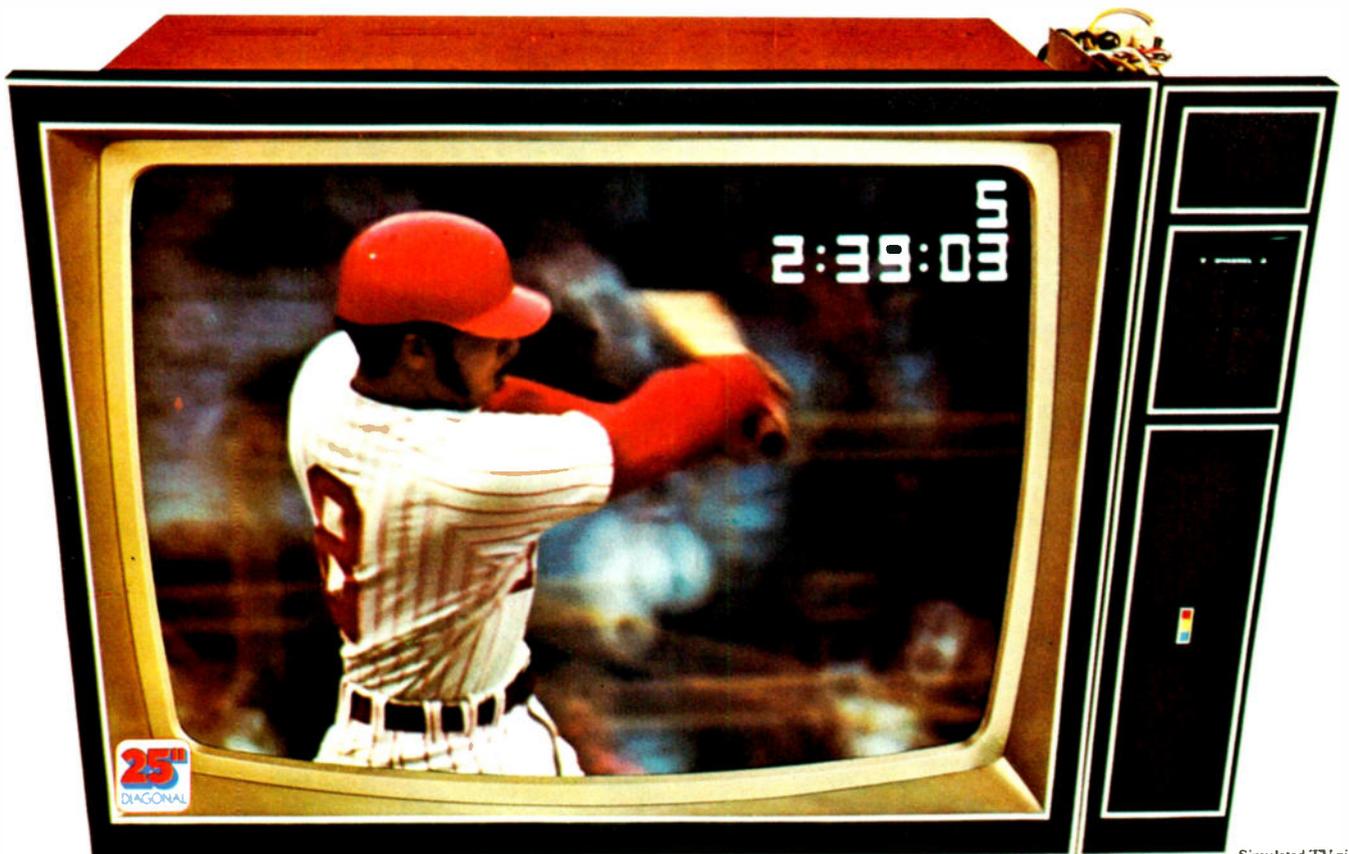


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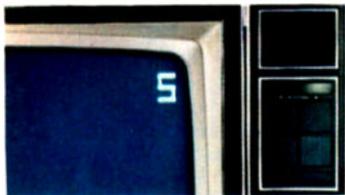
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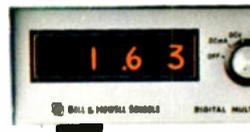
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net of law is spread so wide /No sinner from its sweep may hide." Or should we say "singer"?

Caldwell Titcomb
Department of Music
Brandeis University
Waltham, Mass.

Divas Present and Past

I was amazed to see, in letters by Lawrence King and Thomas Wilson [April 1974], somewhat of a putdown of Montserrat Caballé.

Having heard a vast number of great singers during and since the days of Reithberg, Stignani, Melchoir, Flagstad, etc., both in person and on disc (and many earlier singers only on recordings, which I prize highly), perhaps I am also entitled to an opinion regarding Ca-

ballé. Last year I had the pleasure of hearing her in *Norma*, both at the Met and at the Teatro San Carlo, Naples. I have heard her twice in recital in San Francisco and on a number of Met broadcasts.

When I heard her magnificent singing in this season's Met *Vespri siciliani*, I realized again that we have today a sublime artist of incomparable vocal technique, beauty of phrasing, and agility in coloratura, a voice able to cope with the lyric-*spinto* repertoire and to give color in the manner suitable to the dramatic situation, and with the heart to back it up. I am reminded of such singers as Claudia Muzio and Hina Spani. The two quite different arias Caballe sang in *Vespri* Act III [Verdi's Acts IV and V] make it plain to me why she was first choice for RCA's new recording, and it is a pity she wasn't able to do

it. I am thrilled that we have a voice of such greatness today.

William Knorp
Sausalito, Calif.

Congratulations on your timely Callas discography [March 1974]! It was very illuminating on Callas—and on David Hamilton's prejudices.

Why the slur on Lily Pons? If she is in the "songbird" tradition, a legitimate tradition exemplified by Sontag, Lind, Patti, Sembrich, Melba, Tetrazzini, Galli-Curci, then Callas can be said to be in the "guttural" tradition. There is a postwar school of singers who, while sometimes dramatically capable and even quite gifted in that respect, are also endowed with harsh, unattractive voices, but who persist in singing in repertoire beyond their vocal means. Windgassen, Protti, Cioni, Filippeschi, and Rossi-Lemeni are a few examples of an all too large group.

A commercially recorded Lucia with Pons in her prime, say around 1930 with Schipa, Pinza, and De Luca, would shame every other recording of that opera. Her underground performance of *Lakmé* with Pinza gives an idea of how effective a "songbird" can be.

James Camner
Audubon, N.J.

Just for the record, what Mr. Hamilton said was: "Since Lucia was the opera of the [bel canto] group that Americans knew best (thanks to Lily Pons's annual broadcasts from the Met), the Callas interpretation was to us perhaps her most striking revelation—my God, Lucia was a woman, not a bird!" That distinction is what most of the bel canto revival spurred by Callas has been about. It's abundantly clear from contemporary evidence that Bellini and Donizetti didn't consider their operas vehicles for chirping. As for Lakmé, well. . . .

The April letters from Lawrence King and Thomas Wilson were interesting and will, I hope, attract the attention of producers at RCA, London, Angel, and DG. The list of current singers overlooked by these companies is appalling.

Why must we have another *Bohème* with Freni, who had already recorded a more successful Mimi when Teresa Stratas and Ileana Cotrubas, both acclaimed as Mimi, will probably never record the role? Instead of a second *Tosca* with Price, why can't we have either Kabaivanska or Galvany, both of whom have achieved personal triumphs in that opera? If, as Mr. King suggested in his letter, a new *Andrea Chénier* with Bergonzi is in order, why shouldn't the excellent young stars Gilda Cruz-Romo and Matteo Manuguerra co-star with him, instead of Price and Cappuccilli, who have already recorded plenty of important roles?

Every opera lover has a few favorite artists who have not recorded commercially. Perhaps if these devotees would make their complaints known to our leading producers, we would begin to hear more of artists like Jose Carreras and Patricia Wise in place of insults like Franco Corelli and Anna Moffo.

Peter Russell
Wethersfield, Conn.

Rachmaninoff by Chaliapin

It may interest your readers to know that the portrait of Sergei Rachmaninoff on page 112

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HIGH FIDELITY February, 1974

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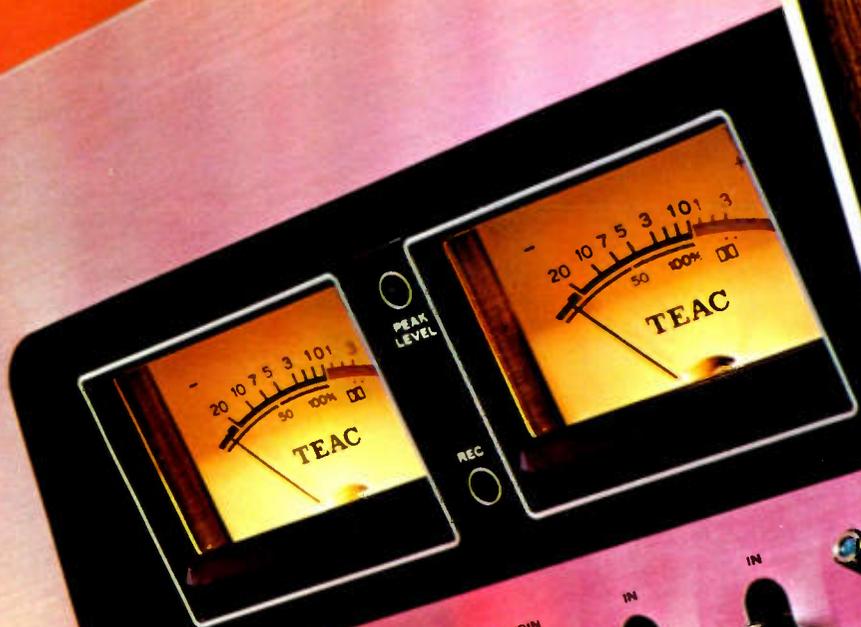
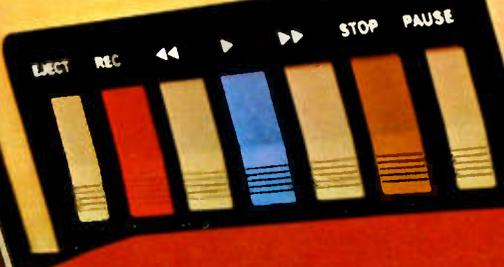
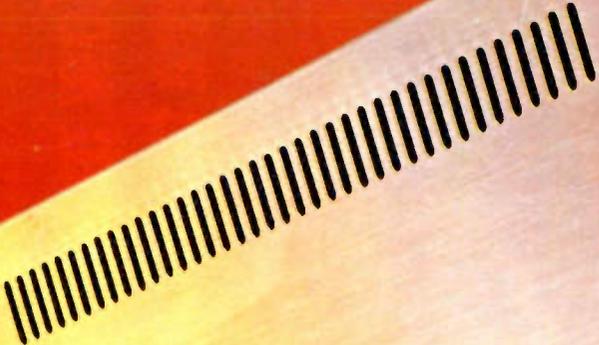
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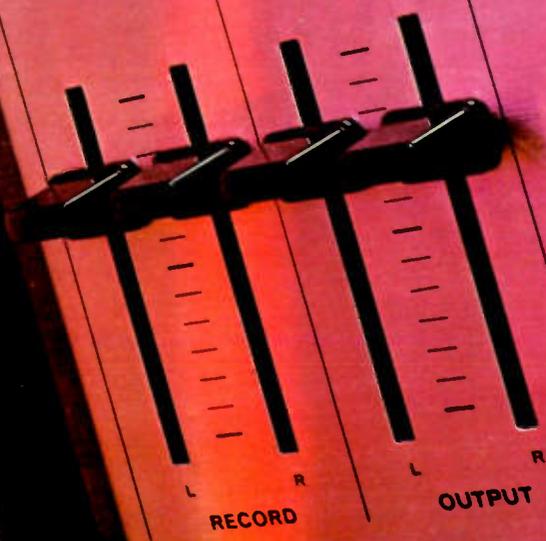
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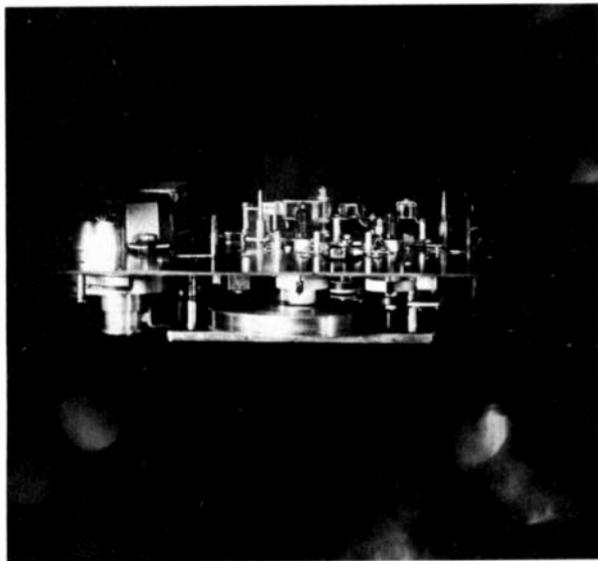


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of the April issue is the work of Boris Chaliapin, son of the great Russian basso. Those wishing to see it in its entirety are referred to the October 10, 1940, issue of *MUSICAL AMERICA*.

Richard J. Veit
Waco, Tex.

Pat Williams' Threshold

In his February 1974 "Lees Side," Gene Lees wrote about a record by Pat Williams in which Mr. Williams gave generous credit to his sidemen. To account partially for the abilities of one of those musicians, Jim Hughart, the article stated that his father was a former principal bassist of the Minneapolis Symphony.

I was for many years a member of the bass section of that justly renowned orchestra, but never its principal bassist. I would like to correct that error, which has caused me embarrassment before my friends and colleagues.

Frederick Hughart
San Diego, Calif.

Our apologies to Mr. Hughart—and also to readers who tried to buy the album, "Pat Williams: Threshold," after reading the February "Lees Side." Capitol Records delayed its release. It did, however, appear in March.

Gloria Swanson's Singing Career

In her review of Ben Bagley's "Frank Loesser Revisited" [May 1974], Morgan Ames errs in stating that the album marks Gloria Swanson's singing debut. Miss Swanson has been singing professionally ever since her first talking film, *The Trespasser* (1929), and has made numerous recordings. Two of them are included in recent albums, RCA's "Stars of the Silver Screen" (LPV 538) and Monmouth-Evergreen's "Nostalgia Trip to the Stars" (MES 7030).

Warren G. Harris
New York, N.Y.

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liked what they heard, too, and appreciated the whole Sherwood idea of performance-per-dollar. One thing led to another, and pretty soon the name "Sherwood" was being dropped along with some famous other ones. "You've got to check out Sherwood, before you buy anything," listeners said. Then high fidelity publications and consumer reporting services began to test and evaluate Sherwood gear. "Best buy . . . best buy . . . best buy . . ." came the reviews. "Silky." "Left nothing to be desired." "State of the art performance."

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behind the scenes

Choirmaster Philip Ledger leads his choristers in the *Chichester Psalms* amid the medieval splendor of the King's College Chapel.



Bernstein Joins the King's Tradition

CAMBRIDGE, ENGLAND

In a church where the choral tradition stretches directly back to the days of Henry VI 500 years ago, you do not alter traditions in a hurry. Yet there, between the carved medieval choir stalls of King's College Chapel, thirty-two choristers were passionately singing the music of Leonard Bernstein—and very beautiful it sounded. King's College has just taken on a new choirmaster, custodian of the King's tradition. David Willcocks, choirmaster for nearly twenty years, has been appointed principal of the Royal College of Music in London, and in his place has come one of the most vigorous of the musicians of a younger generation, Philip Ledger.

The choice was apt. Ledger has had practical experience not only with cathedral choirs (he was choirmaster at Chelmsford), but in the academic world too, as the first head of the music department at the new University of East Anglia in Norwich. One might add that he is also an experienced recording artist—an asset of some importance in this of all posts.

It was a shrewd decision by Ledger and EMI to make the first record under the new dispensation something quite distinct from the general run of King's

repertory. Only a few weeks earlier he had conducted the Cambridge University Musical Society's amateur student singers and players in the full-orchestra version of Bernstein's *Chichester Psalms*, but with the relatively tiny band of King's choristers it was naturally decided to use the composer's alternative version with organ accompaniment plus percussion and harp.

This tied in very well with Ledger's ideas for a coupling. For some years now he has been associated with the Aldeburgh Festival and the music of Benjamin Britten. Last year, for a Festival performance of the cantata *Rejoice in the Lamb* at Blythburgh Church near Aldeburgh, Britten wrote an extra percussion part to reinforce the organ accompaniment, which he felt needed rather more attack. In collaboration with the English Chamber Orchestra's percussion player David Corkhill, he devised some fascinating effects, which incidentally he developed also for the score of his latest opera, *Death in Venice*.

When I arrived, countertenor James Bowman was recording his small but vital solo in *Rejoice in the Lamb*: "For the mouse is a creature of great personal valor," set to a jaunty rocking accompaniment. The day's session was officially devoted to Bernstein, but when that essential passage was completed producer Christopher Bishop suggested

a retake of the second half of the Britten, just to cover one or two moments that had been doubtful earlier. How right he was. Instead of stopping Ledger and the choir when the basic passage had been redone, Bishop let them continue to the end, and the result was an account that not only took care of detail errors, but had extra propulsion.

Percussionist Corkhill—with his set of four timpani, his tam-tam (strategically placed for backhands worthy of Wimbledon tennis), and his suspended cymbal—had taken up his position in the gateway under the enormous choir screen. Everyone had to clamber over his equipment to get to the choir at all. That screen, more than a dozen feet wide, holds the great organ, and the engineers, though long used to recording at King's College Chapel, still have problems in setting their microphones for that king of instruments. Chris Parker, the EMI engineer in charge, had to take the greatest care when moving the principal microphones, as they were set on enormous metal poles forty feet high and they waved around the moment anyone touched them. Because of the vibration it is impossible to have microphones on the actual choir screen; they have to be freestanding.

Singing in Hebrew. "Bernstein!" shouted Ledger when the Britten piece was finished, taking off his blue jersey as though American music would make him sweat. The *Chichester Psalms* was originally written for an English cathedral, but it is still very close to Bernstein's characteristic idiom. As the texts are in the original Hebrew, EMI had taken care to consult a Hebrew specialist from the university to make sure pronunciations were right. The aspirated "kh" was one sound the choir had to practice, and like children in school the trebles were promptly making expectorant noises so enthusiastically that Ledger had to become the old schoolmaster. But then such is the discipline of King's, they sang like angels the moment they were required to.

They started with the middle movement, the setting of the *Twenty-third Psalm* interrupted by No. 2 ("Why do the heathen rage?" or, in Handelian terms, "Why do the nations?"). James Bowman relished his long solo and was applauded by the choristers after his last take. The choir's contribution requires sharply incisive rhythms, and with their intensive training in Anglican chanting the choirmen found nothing to daunt them in that.

The other contributor to the proceedings was Osian Ellis, the most famous harp player from Wales in five centuries—but here taking no chances: With no one to see him, and with a very hard, clattery stone surface beneath his feet, he

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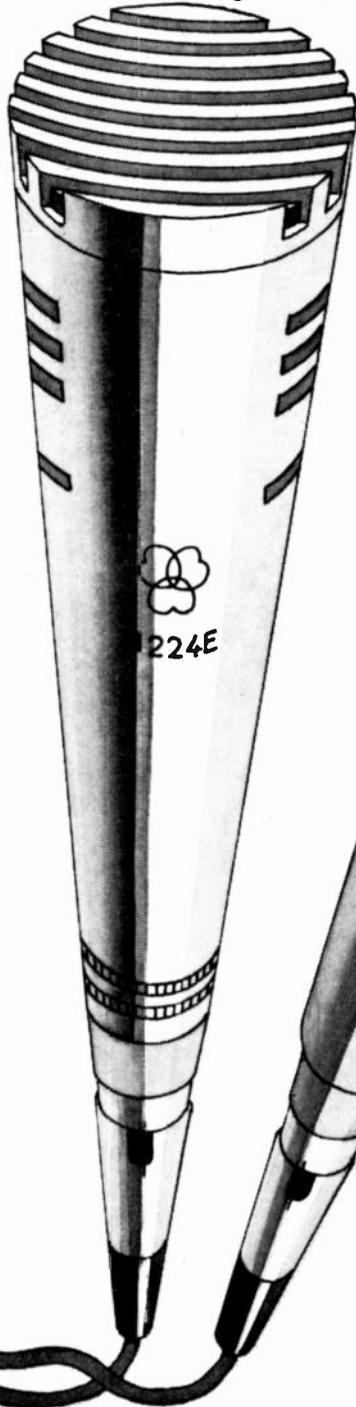
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CIRCLE 2 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

had taken the precaution of wearing his carpet slippers, deftly heeling and toeing from one pedal to another on velvet paws.

As the two major works are rather short measure for a full LP, Ledger also recorded Britten's two settings of the Te Deum.

That's Right: Bruhns. On my day trip to Cambridge I was sorry not to have time to visit a chapel only twenty yards from King's, next door at Clare College. There, believe it or not, EMI's rival Decca/London was working on an organ record over exactly the same three days' schedule. The soloist was Gillian Weir, whose last record—of Couperin's organ Masses—was made in France.

This time the music was again seventeenth-century organ music, but even rarer—by the Danish composer Nikolaus Bruhns. Some at the record company were a little dubious at first, wondering whether Bruhns might be a misprint for Brahms. The disc will appear, like the Couperin one, on the Argo label.

EDWARD GREENFIELD

LONDON

Previn, Stokowski, and Serebrier: From Beethoven to Ives and Shostakovich

André Previn, ever active in the recording studio, has been doing chamber music as well as his usual orchestral work with the London Symphony. The chamber music was Shostakovich's piano trio, which he did with violinist Yong Uck Kim and cellist Ralph Kirschbaum. Among the orchestral sessions, I managed to attend one for Prokofiev's Fifth Symphony, which Previn had just conducted in Amsterdam in his debut with the Concertgebouw, an orchestra he was talking about in superlatives.

Not that he felt in any way dissatisfied with his own LSO. EMI's Prokofiev sessions had had to be delayed a couple of months as a result of the fuel crisis. Recording studios, like other industrial enterprises, were put on a three-day week with electricity available only for limited periods. That undermined the original plan to record the piece concurrently with Festival Hall performances. As it was, the players remained very fluent in Previn's interpretation, though at one point in the slow movement he still felt he needed a word of evocative description for what he wanted. For the violin pianissimo after one big climax he asked the players to make it sound "as though it was being played across a lake or something."

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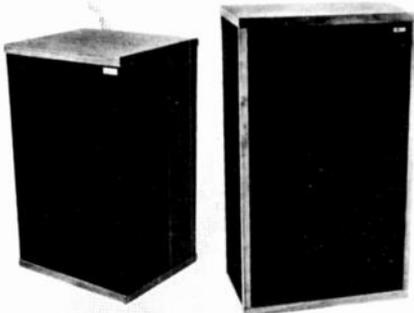
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Stoky Undaunted. Almost as prolific in the studio these days is that youngster Leopold Stokowski, undeterred by the passing of his ninety-second birthday in the thick of a sequence of sessions. In this case, too, co-ordination of live performance and recording was hampered: RCA's sessions with the LSO came a full month after the concert. No one would have guessed it: Stoky dispatched the whole Beethoven Third Symphony—which, amazingly, he had never recorded before—in two three-hour sessions at Walthamstow Assembly Rooms.

He was persuaded to restore the repeats in the scherzo that he had cut at the Royal Albert Hall, but there was no question of his relaxing the tempo in the Funeral March. "I didn't want it to drag," he said afterward, explaining the final timing of a bare thirteen minutes.

Having completed the symphony in two sessions, it looked as though he would have most of the final session free, but you can never predict anything with Stokowski. He repeated the *Coriolan* Overture—the planned filler for the *Eroica*—no fewer than a dozen times, each time significantly modifying the interpretation, to the amazement of the players.

Mozart and Ives. Other RCA projects included a disc of Mozart concert arias by Margaret Price (with James Lockhart and the English Chamber Orchestra) and the Ives Fourth Symphony with Jose Serebrier conducting the New Philharmonia Orchestra (which has now done two of the symphony's three recordings, having recorded it with Harold Farberman for Vanguard).

Arriving at Kingsway Hall for the Ives, I was disconcerted to find myself in the spotlight the moment I went through the door. Normally you slip into a dark corner under the gallery, but this time they had extra floodlights to help the subsection of the orchestra consisting of two violins and harp.

With hair as thick and luxuriant as a privet hedge, Serebrier was an impressive figure controlling music-making on every side, answering queries authoritatively when players questioned details of their parts—not surprisingly turning up a few errors here and there. At least he had a colleague to help him with the chorus: choirmaster John Alldis, who directed his handpicked band of professional singers in the Ivesian spiritual.

Serebrier was one of the three associate conductors when Stokowski premiered (and subsequently recorded) the work in New York in April 1963. Knowing the problems from practical experience, he insisted on seven sectional rehearsals before the main sessions even began. He will be conducting the NPO in the work next October. E.G.

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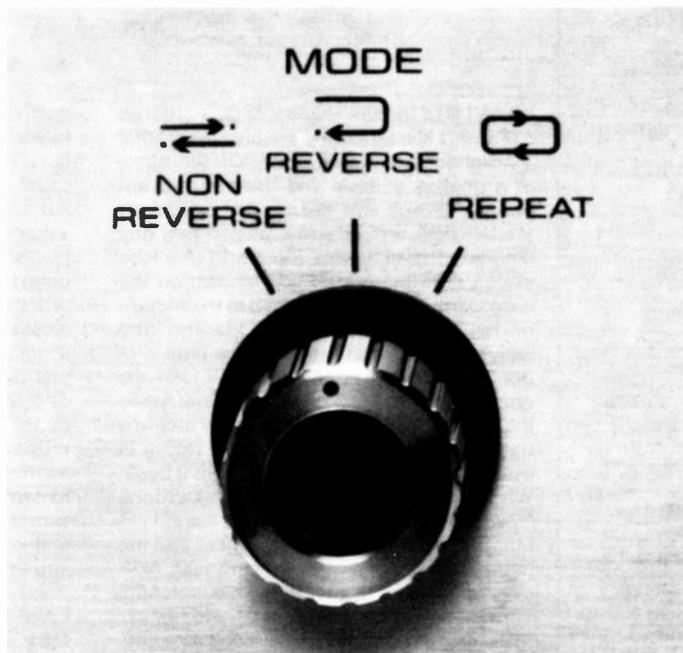
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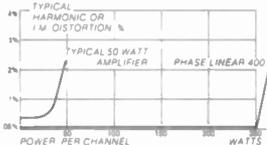
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CIRCLE 30 ON READER-SERVICE CARD



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When I was in Washington, D.C., I ordered a Marantz Model 4100 Console Quadradial 4 Amplifier from ADR Audio. On the basis of a display sample and literature, it appeared to suit my needs. But when my Model 4100 arrived (promptly) it had one less quadriphonic aux input and one less stereo tape input than was shown on the back panel of the sample and in the picture on the literature. I wrote to Marantz and was told that I had received the final production version of the Model 4100—the only version that has been available. Since the production version doesn't suit my needs, Marantz suggested that I return it, but the dealer says he will not take it back. What do I do now?—Howard T. LePiors, Howell, Mich.

Marantz was quite right to suggest that the unit be returned, and we're surprised ADR did not agree to so obvious a solution. Though ADR presumably made up neither the prototype sample you saw there nor the literature, it did—however unintentionally—contribute to your misapprehensions. In fact, we're surprised this sort of problem does not arise more often than it does. Manufacturers often find it necessary to display pre-production samples and use them for the photographs that must be included in sales literature in paving the way for their new models. Of course the changes often are relatively minor, or at least are seldom critical for individual users. Since (as a deleted portion of your letter makes plain) you plan to make unusually heavy use of the amp's input and output connections, the change is critical in this case. Fortunately Marantz seems intent on your being satisfied, and we trust it can make appropriate arrangements with ADR.

Please answer this question for me: Why does a company like RCA issue quadriphonic versions of several old Henry Mancini recordings but not necessarily of the new ones? I didn't purchase the Stereo-8 versions of some of his recordings because I expected Q-8 versions, but there really is no way of being sure the company ever will see fit to release them. So after investing in quadriphonic equipment I may also end up paying still more for a double inventory of tapes—the stereo versions to be sure I have them and the quadriphonic versions when they finally appear.—Matthew Sultan Jr., Brook Park, Ohio.

We're sure you could find—and will continue to find—instances of this sort in the catalogues of all companies offering quadriphonic recordings. Once a company has committed itself to the medium, it generally feels the pressure of two objectives: to plan

new recording sessions so that they will make the most of quadriphonics and to build up a catalogue of quad recordings to satisfy the demand that the company presumably believes is there—otherwise it wouldn't have gone into quad in the first place. New recordings take time and won't build the catalogue very fast, so the general practice is to thumb through the files of existing recordings, looking for surefire sellers that can be remixed. If a recording you want didn't turn on the stereo buyers, or if it doesn't seem like a good bet for quadriphonic remix for some technical or musical reason, it may be passed over. Just as in the early days of stereo, commercial expedients seem to have much more to do with what is issued in what form than pat statements of corporate policy would presuppose.

I was given a reel of TDK Super Dynamic tape to use in making an extra-good recording of some wide-range classical music at 7½ ips. I usually use Scotch 150 at 3¾. My Sony TC-252 doesn't have any sort of bias control. What can I do to optimize the TC-252 for the TDK tape; or should I forget it and go back to 150?—Josh Genser, El Cerrito, Calif.

My Teac A-1200U does not have a bias switch. Recently I was given a case of Scotch Low-Noise Dynarange type 212. Can I use this on my machine, or does the deck need to be rebiased? And if it is rebiased, will that affect the playback of my old tapes, all recorded at the original bias?—David Green, Brooklyn, N.Y.

Scotch 150 requires less bias than TDK SD for optimum performance; Dynarange 212 is designed for use with the same bias as 150 but might profit slightly from a hair more. Bias affects recording characteristics only—not playback. It's hard to say what differences in performance either of you actually will hear. Underbiasing tends to produce a peak at the extreme top of the range (and recorders often are underbiased intentionally to make them sound a little brighter and more "wide range" than they would with theoretically correct bias). Overbiasing tends to cause self-erasure at high frequencies—in other words a loss in the extreme highs. For example, if the Sony already is a little underbiased for Scotch 150, it could sound slightly harsh at 3¾ ips with TDK because of high-frequency peaking; if the machine is slightly overbiased for 150, the TDK may sound better. But we would expect less audible difference at 7½ ips. The peak—if there is one—is raised an octave by the speed change, carrying it be-

Continued on page 36

Before and after July 15th

BEFORE



It's now clear that audio components will cost a lot more this fall than they did last year. Prices of many parts for these components have risen from 5 to 50% in the last few weeks alone.

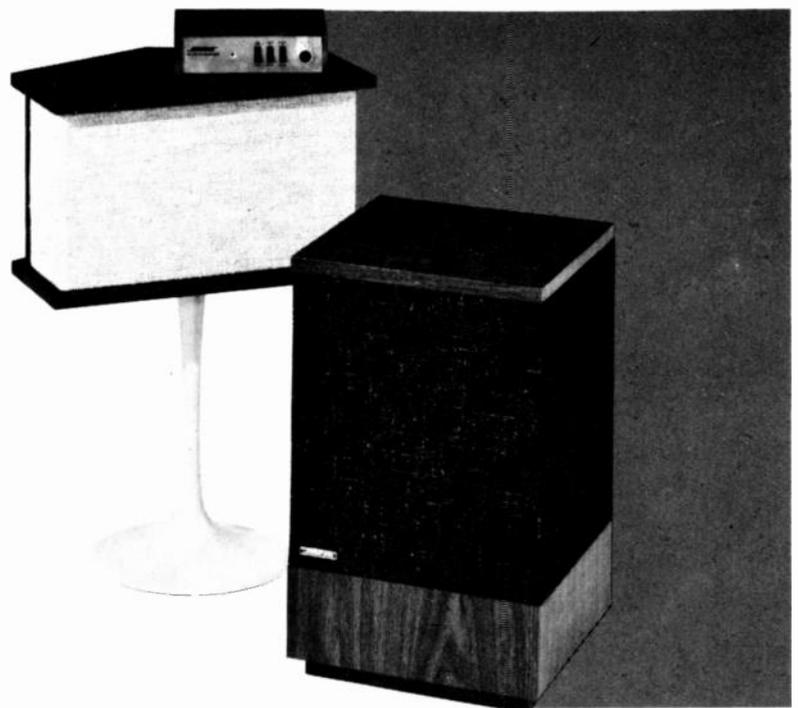
We recently computed our new total parts' cost and it is clear that BOSE Direct/Reflecting® speakers must go up in price. However, we are happy that we can at least give you several weeks' notice from the time this page goes into print. Our prices will hold until July 15, 1974.

AFTER

With BOSE products there will be no compromise in quality regardless of parts' prices or shortages. Thus, you may find the speakers hard to get, but when you get them you are assured of the same care in design, production, and testing that uniquely has characterized them to consumers throughout the world. We hope that you will take the opportunity to hear what this means by auditioning the BOSE 901® in side-by-side comparison to any other speakers regardless of size or price. And then listen to how many of the audible benefits of the 901 are present in the 501 at about half the price.

For those interested in the technology behind the BOSE Direct/Reflecting® speakers, reprints of the paper "Sound Recording and Reproduction," published in TECHNOLOGY REVIEW (MIT), Vol. 75, No. 7, June '73, are available from BOSE Corporation for fifty cents per copy.

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JULY 1974

31

AKAI takes a giant step backward and forward.

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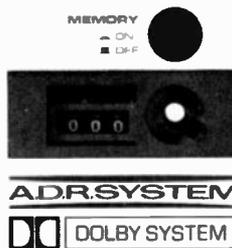
Just flip the magic switch and you never need to flip the tape. This is the stereo cassette wizard that thinks for itself. Record back and forth with automatic stop.

Playback can be one-way, both ways or continuous. Now you can tape an entire record collection, your favorite station or a live performance without missing a beat. The GXC-75D does it all for you, with incredibly faithful reproduction.

It has Dolby* noise reduction, AKAI's exclusive ADRS (Automatic Distortion Reduction System) and over-level suppressor.



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*Dolby is the trademark of the Dolby Laboratories, Inc.

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How to go quad without going broke.

It's easy to go quad inexpensively with some brands. Provided you don't mind sacrificing a little quality. Or you can sacrifice a lot of cash and get one of those brands that give you a lot more quality than you may ever need.

But if you're like most of us, you'd really rather just find a quad receiver that offers good quality and a good price. A quad receiver like one of those Sylvania receivers shown above. Their most important specs are shown below. Why not try one on your budget for size?

\$329.95* 4 x 7.5 watts continuous (RMS) power into 8 ohms from 30Hz to 20kHz at less than 1% total harmonic distortion. 2 x 15 watts continuous (RMS) power in special stereo bridge mode. IM distortion at rated continuous output is less than 1%. Frequency response is 20Hz-20kHz at tape input ± 1.5 db. An exceptional FM sensitivity of 2.3 μ v. Plus many features. Model RQ 3745.

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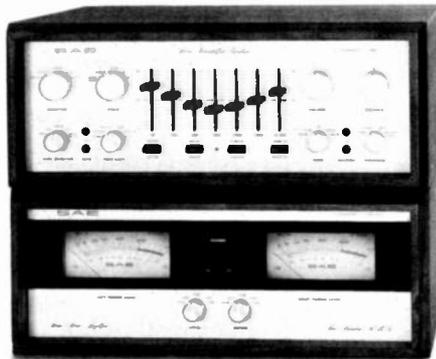
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CIRCLE 45 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

Continued from page 30

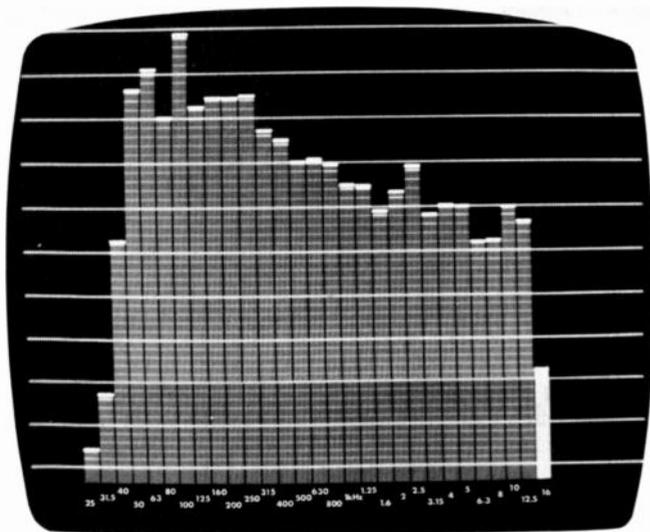
yond the range of most musical sounds and perhaps beyond the range of your hearing and your tape head as well. You can make your own tests, of course. Pick music that has both a wide frequency range and a wide dynamic range, and record both very loud passages (to check for high-level frequency response and overload) and very soft ones (to check for low-level frequency response and noise) on both of the tapes you want to check. Then cue up the disc and tape to each other so that you can make a direct comparison of the sound. If you find that peaks are distorted on a tape, do it over at a somewhat lower level. When you get through you should have a good idea whether—and how—the change in tape will influence the sound of the copy.

I own a Garrard Zero-100 changer equipped with a Shure M-91ED cartridge. Though I haven't read or heard a bad word about the changer, I can feel the friction in the arm when I move it and when I play records the groove sometimes pulls the stylus toward the inside of the record until the stylus skips back to the previous groove. Is it my fault? Can the four joints in the parallelogram be lubricated?—Richard Kinkead, Delray Beach, Fla.

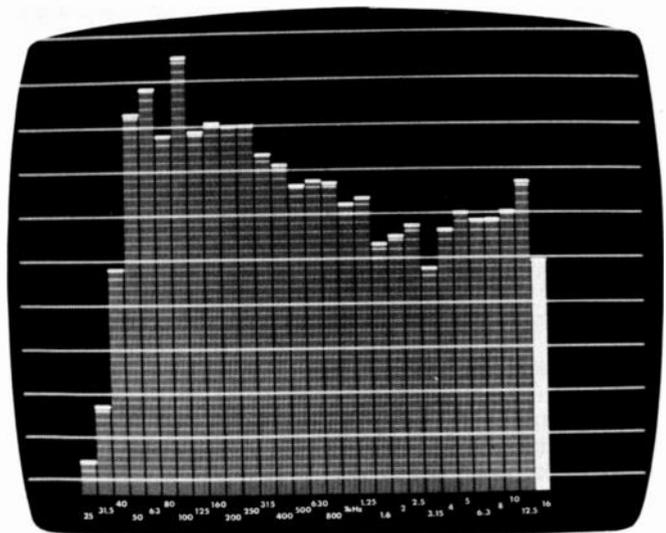
As we have noted before in this column and pointed out in our test report (HF, September 1971), the arm friction laterally is somewhat higher than in most top-quality changers. But we have experienced nothing like your problem with the unit and would not expect it even if you are trying to track the M-91ED below its tracking-force rating. From your description of stylus displacement, however, it appears that bearing friction is the problem as you suggest. If you have not kept the unit adequately protected from dust, it could be your fault; and cleaning of these bearing points would appear to be in order before lubrication. We'd suggest that the unit be turned over to a servicing agency.

It is about time that the Great Scotch Tape Ripoff is exposed. It doesn't take a mathematical genius to know that in the new Scotch open-reel tapes 90 minutes—or 45 minutes per side—at 7½ ips is not 1,800 ft., but rather 1,687.5 ft.: 112.5 ft. or 3 minutes per side shorter than the standard 1,800-ft. tapes. My gorge rises at this shabby Watergate Minnesota trick! I would very much like to buy American-made products, but this deceptive practice is symptomatic of why most dollars for quality high fidelity equipment and supplies are going abroad.—Elaine Levi, Beverly Hills, Calif.

Regular readers already are aware of 3M's open-reel tape lengths ("News and Views," November 1973)—and of the relatively delicate plastic boxes that these new lengths come in ("Too Hot," July 1973). But on further checking we find that only Scotch 207 had a real problem in this respect. Its Posi-Trak backing made it too thick for 1,800 ft. to fit on a 7-in. reel. The Posi-Trak thickness has been reduced, and 3M has returned to specifying lengths (in both feet and meters) on the packages. And if you check current production, you'll find that all tapes (including 207) come in the full 1,200- and 1,800-ft. lengths (plus or minus 5 ft.).



Compare this one minute test of frequency response from "Theme from Shaft" on "Scotch" low noise tape . . .



with this frequency response on new "Scotch" Special Classic Series tape. White marker bar above indicates one-third octave between 12,500 and 16,000 Hz.

Wollensak sets a new performance record in 8-track frequency response

Adding an 8-track unit to your stereo system is something you may not even be considering. Because you believe 8-track sound can't begin to compare with reel-to-reel or the finest cassette quality.

But now, the new Wollensak 8075 Dolby 8-track recorder deck is out to change your way of thinking.

Example: Compare the one minute test of frequency response on the B & K Analyzer above. On the left, we used "Scotch" low noise tape in the Wollensak 8075. On the right, new "Scotch" Brand Special Classic Series tape in the 8075 brings you higher frequency re-

sponse in the 16,000 Hz range. A frequency response never before reached in 8-track sound that equals the finest cassette quality and approaches reel-to-reel quality.

Here's how: The Wollensak 8075 features an *exclusive* Tape Selector Switch which optimizes the record equalization to take full advantage of "Scotch" Special Classic Series tape. Together with Dolby, you get increased frequency response and greater dynamic range.

By setting the Tape Selector Switch in the "Regular" position, you can also use standard 8-track tape and still get

superior frequency response.

This new Wollensak 8075 is the first 8-track recorder to bring you the Dolby Noise Reduction System.* And it even decodes FM Dolby radio broadcasts for noise-free listening.

Other features? A Digital Time Counter keeps track of the recording and playback time. Its automatic eject system protects recorded tapes from accidental erasure while recording. Handsome styling, separate horizontal level controls, large dual illuminated VU meters, fast forward control, end-of-tape sensing, record cue, single play or repeat capabilities plus other features make this the finest 8-track you can add to your system.

Nobody knows more about sound-on-tape or has more experience in tape recording than 3M Company. Find out why at your nearest Wollensak dealer. Or write: 3M, Dept. HF-74, St. Paul, MN 55101.



technical elegance from Wollensak.



* A TM OF DOLBY LABORATORIES, INC.

Ugarit's Greatest Hit

The time: c. 1400 B.C. The place: Ugarit, a Mediterranean city (in what is now Syria) of the Assyrian empire. The news: We now think we know—sort of—how a song from then and there sounded. (The oldest piece of musical notation previously deciphered is from fourth-century-B.C. Greece.)

A time without music? Unthinkable. Yet it's difficult to talk sensibly about music prior to relatively recent centuries, when satisfactory systems of written musical notation came into use: We just don't rightly know what it sounded like.

Last spring the combined skills of three faculty members at the University of California, Berkeley, transformed an elaborate series of cuneiform symbols—inscribed on pieces of a tablet discovered by Claude F. A. Schaeffer between 1951 and 1955 on the site of Ugarit—

into song. For Anne B. Kilmer, a professor of Assyriology, translating the six long lines that contain the music was a fifteen-year job. The top four lines, with the lyrics, are still not fully translated. The inscription is in Hurrian, a language not readily translatable because so little of it survives.

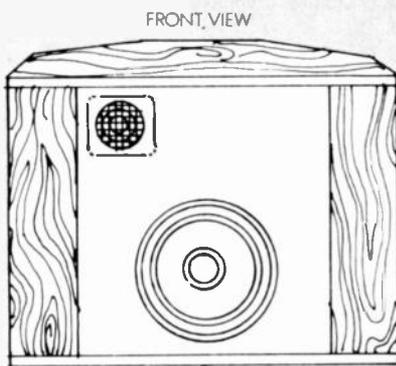
Four other texts were used in the decipherment process. The first two, c. 1000 B.C., involved musical mathematics, and the third, dated about a hundred years later, dealt with modes. A fourth, c. 1800 B.C., published by Oxford University Assyriologist Oliver Gurney and musicologist David Wulston, was a set of instructions for tuning a harp dealing, incidentally, with the problem of the tritone. (Even then it seems to have been the *diabolus in musica*.)

The system for writing music in the Ugarit tablet was

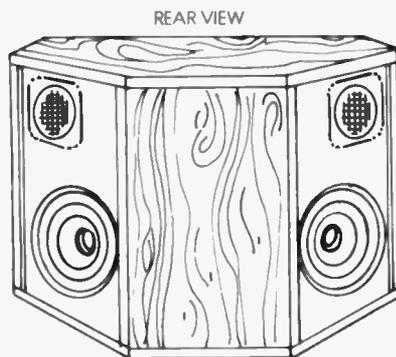
The Hurrian inscription on the top four lines of this copy of the clay tablet contains the lyrics of the ancient song, the six lines below it, the musical notations. (The four lines at the bottom also are part of the text.) The three cuneiform symbols at the beginning of the music represent the interval D-G, which is followed by the symbol for the number 3. After this is another interval and the number 1. There is some controversy over what these numbers indicate. According to musicologist David Wulston's interpretation, the numbers direct the player to select that many notes from the preceding interval and play them successively. But Professor Anne Kilmer contends that this theory does not work with large numbers: The notation representing the interval E-G, is followed by the angled wedge indicating the number 10. (The five syllables ending the lyrics, if repeated twice, are equivalent to this notation.) Now what ten notes, Professor Kilmer wonders, does one select between E and G? She believes that the instructions instead require a musician to play or sing one note of the interval (in this case, the E) and another to play or sing the other note (in this case, the G) simultaneously as many times as specified by the following number (in this case, 10). If she is correct, it means this earliest known written music is polyphonic!

Introducing the KLH Model Twenty-Eight:

A logical new approach to omnireflective sound.



The KLH Model Twenty-Eight is, in effect, three complete loudspeaker systems in one. As you can see, it is almost triangular in shape. Each side has its own high frequency driver and woofer.



This geometric array of speakers combined with a versatile "Acoustic Projection" control system accounts for the Twenty-Eight's unique performance characteristics.

The Twenty-Eight radiates *full spectrum* sound in *three* directions, forming a near perfect *cylindrical wavefront*. This means you can sit anywhere in a room and hear absolutely balanced sound with full dispersion at all frequencies.

And with the Twenty-Eight, you have remarkable control over the sound you hear. By using the "Acoustic Projection" switch, you can actually change your listening vantage point from the equivalent of ten or twelve rows back in the orchestra to front-row-center. There are also two high frequency level switches which allow you to perfectly tailor the Twenty-Eight's performance to your room's acoustics.

The Twenty-Eight also has extremely high power handling capability—actually handles up to 400 watts of short duration musical peaks. And yet it can be driven by any 30 watt RMS per channel amplifier.

The mid-range is very smooth and transparent. And because the three woofers in the system are coupled to work as one, the bass response can best be described as uncanny.

Even the beautiful foam grilles are of a special acoustically transparent material that never gets in the way of the sound.

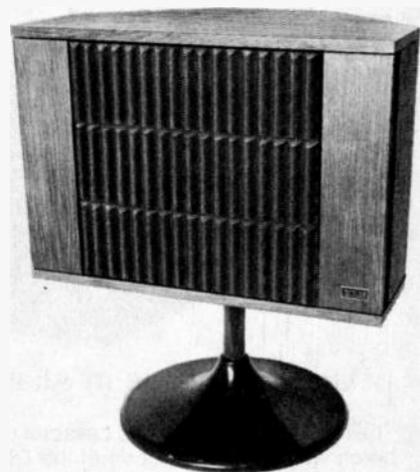
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Hear it soon.

We think you'll understand why we put it on a pedestal.

Suggested retail price: \$299.95† (including pedestal).

For more information, write to KLH Research & Development Corp., 30 Cross St., Cambridge, Mass. 02139.



KLH RESEARCH AND DEVELOPMENT CORP.
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† Slightly higher in the South and West



The Sumerian bas relief above, c. 2400 B. C., shows an eleven-string harp with a base in the form of a bull. In much the same positions as the player and singer are Professors Richard Crocker and Anne Kilmer. Looking on is Professor Robert Brown, who made the model of an ancient harp—surprisingly similar to the one in the sculpture, complete with a rudimentary form of the animal.

to set down the name of one of fourteen different intervals, followed by a number. (See illustration on preceding page.) It was based on the "fall of the middle" scale, which according to the harp-tuning text, is the same as the Greek Lydian mode, C-C (and the same as our major scale!).

The result of Professor Kilmer's labors is a "hypothetical transcription." She says, "We won't really know if these findings are right until another tablet turns up somewhere with another song and we can confirm them." Uncertain or not, her colleague Richard L. Crocker, professor of music history, claims the tran-

scription "has revolutionized the whole concept of the origin of Western music."

To illustrate their findings, Crocker sang the song, accompanying himself on another hypothetical reconstruction, an eleven-string Sumerian lyre built by Professor Robert E. Brown. Musically, the tablet provides only the relative pitches of notes, expressed verbally in terms of intervallic relationships. Crocker arbitrarily put the song in C. For rhythm, he could only assign equal note values—his rendition lasted three minutes.

Candor compels the observation that, on one hearing, the song—which apparently has something to do with the gods and love—leaves us cold. The "tune" is so unprepossessing that it doesn't even provide the excitement of a window to a remote culture. And it seems unlikely that we'll ever have enough evidence to link this limited specimen smoothly to the present. But now we do know conclusively that the Assyrians were singing.

As if there were ever any doubt of it!

equipment in the news



The second LST speaker from AR

If AR's new LST-2 looks a lot like the LST-1 (formerly the LST), it's intentional. The new speaker system was designed as a lower cost version (\$400) employing the same basic principles as the LST. It features a 10-inch acoustic suspension woofer, three 1½-inch hemispherical dome midrange radiators, and three ¾-inch hemispherical dome tweeters. A front panel control allows selection of three response profiles, including one that is reported to be virtually flat from 30 to 20,000 Hz. A minimum of 25 watts is recommended to drive the speaker, which has a solid oiled-walnut cabinet.

CIRCLE 147 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

Unique reverse in Akai's new cassette deck

The top of Akai's extensive cassette deck line has moved up another notch with the introduction of the GXC-75D. Besides built-in Dolby circuitry and Akai's own Automatic Distortion Reduction System, this \$430 unit permits one-way recording or playback, one-cycle forward-and-reverse recording or playback, or continuous playback. (It switches itself out of "continuous recording" to prevent accidental erasure.) Other features include a selector switch for low-noise or chromium dioxide tapes, and a memory rewind counter.

CIRCLE 149 ON READER-SERVICE CARD



CIRCLE 40 ON READER-SERVICE CARD →

The 'Best Buy' Line

S-7050. "The winner in our evaluation." Music World. (36 watts IHF; 10 + 10 RMS [8 Ohms @ 1 KHz]; 3.5 μ v FM Sensitivity [IHF]; 40 dB selectivity)



S7100A. "Best Buy," a leading consumer testing magazine. (22 + 22 watts RMS [8 Ohms @ 1 KHz]; 1.9 μ v Sensitivity [IHF]; 50 dB selectivity)

S7200. "Best Buy," a leading consumer testing magazine. (40 + 40 watts RMS [8 Ohms @ 1 KHz]; 1.8 μ v FM Sensitivity [IHF]; 60 dB selectivity)

S7900A (AM/FM) & S8900A (FM only). "Best Buy," a leading consumer testing publication. (60 + 60 RMS [8 Ohms] 20 - 20,000 Hz; 1.7 μ v sensitivity [IHF]; 65 dB selectivity)

There are certain rewards for producing the best receivers in this business.

One of them is critical acclaim.

And we admit, that when a leading consumers' testing magazine picks three of our receivers as "Best Buys" and

another independent publication rates our S-7050 as the best of the low-priced receivers, to us it's like getting an Oscar.

But nothing is more exciting than being discovered by thousands of new consumers who choose Sherwood over the giants of the industry.

And, this year, as never before, the word is getting around. Sherwood Electronic Laboratories
4300 N. California
Chicago, Illinois 60618

Sherwood
The word is getting around.



Rock Monitor joins ESS/Heil AMT series

ESS has added to its series of speaker systems featuring the Heil Air Motion Transformer. One of the new models, the AMT-3, is called the Rock Monitor; it features extra power-handling capacity (to 600 watts peak, according to ESS) and improved bass sound, compared to the original AMT-1. Its driver complement includes the same Air Motion Transformer as the AMT-1 for the treble and upper midrange, a 6-inch high-compliance cone for the lower midrange and upper bass, and twin 10-inch drivers for the lower bass. Twenty watts of continuous power is recommended in the driving amplifier. The AMT-3 stands just over 3 feet tall and costs \$435.

CIRCLE 145 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

Win Labs offers first turntable

The Lab 10 manual turntable is the first audio unit of Win Laboratories of Goleta, Calif. This precision-made single-speed (33 rpm) unit uses dual synchronous drive motors, which are reportedly stable for line voltage between 70 and 125 volts. Soft silicone rubber wheels transmit drive torque from the motor shafts to the platter without idlers and belts. Rumble is rated at -70 dB. The low-mass tone arm is of hand-polished wood. The damping in the pivot system is said to act as automatic antiskating compensation. The top plate has a white AC pilot light and a red warning light that comes on when the stylus is resting on a stationary disc. The Lab 10 costs \$150.

CIRCLE 146 ON READER-SERVICE CARD



New tuner joins Sansui line

The latest addition to Sansui's broad component line is the TU-7500 stereo FM/AM tuner, which is designed to match either the AU-6500 or the AU-7500 amplifier. A new differential FM demodulator design eliminates SCA components from the signal and assures wideband stereo separation, according to Sansui. A noise suppressor switch is provided to control AM whistle and FM multiplex interference. Sensitivity is rated at 1.9 microvolts, S/N ratio at 70 dB, and THD at 0.3 per cent in mono and 0.5 per cent in stereo. The TU-7500 costs \$259.95.

CIRCLE 148 ON READER-SERVICE CARD



Group 128's 2-ounce electret condenser mike

Group 128, Inc., of Weston, Mass., has its first offering in audio: the Model SD-140 omnidirectional electret condenser mike. It weighs less than 2 ounces. The foam-protected element, mounted at the tip of a pencil-thin 10-inch tube, is said to handle sound pressures up to 140 dB cleanly. Frequency response is specced flat from 50 to 5,000 Hz, within 3 dB from 40 to 16,000 Hz. The miniature battery/meter module can be worn on a belt clip or mounted on a mike stand. The SD-140 costs \$134.50. Other versions based on the same electret element are available.

CIRCLE 151 ON READER-SERVICE CARD



Polk Audio's controlled-dispersion speaker

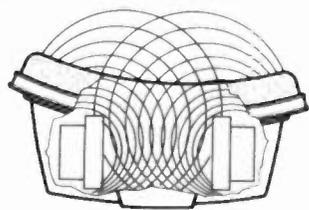
A concept that Polk Audio calls direct controlled dispersion is used in its new Model Nine column speaker, which costs \$165. The unit is 33 inches high and incorporates four 4½-inch extended-range drivers, an 8-inch passive radiator, and a piezoelectric tweeter. These are arranged to give primarily direct radiation of high frequencies and progressively greater indirect radiation of lower frequencies. Frequencies below 100 Hz are produced mainly by the passive radiator. The result is a cross-over-less speaker system that can operate on 6 watts and can handle up to 100 watts, the company says.

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also said in FM Guide's 4-Channel Forecast "Fixler has developed a technique for creating sound directly behind the listener, currently unobtainable with four channel headphones."

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by David Hamilton

Will We Be Ready for the Gershwin Centenary?

The books and recordings issued to celebrate his seventy-fifth birthday may exhaust the reader and listener but hardly the subject

ANNIVERSARIES HAVE THEIR uses. Intellectually, they can give us an opportunity to stop, take stock, reformulate and reevaluate our feelings about past events, works, personalities. Sentimentally, they provide occasions to wallow in the subtle masochism of "things aren't what they used to be," all the while enjoying the benefits of many things that are *not*—thank heaven—what they used to be. Commercially, of course, an anniversary can be a super merchandising gimmick for new or repackaged goods; that is, if the public decides to take an interest in the subject of the anniversary.

To many, 1973 was a Rachmaninoff year, and to very few (in America, at least), it was a Reger year. To most people, it turned out to be a Gershwin year—the seventy-fifth anniversary of George's birth. Commercially and sentimentally, it was a smashing success. Nostalgia for the Twenties and Thirties was already waxing, and nothing so perfectly embodied the cheerful side of those years as the songs, shows, and films of George and Ira. Even

without benefit of a specific occasion, a segment of the entertainment industry was already geared up to exploit this latest turn of the Zeitgeist. Fickle fashion, zigzagging on magpie wings across the past looking for something "new," decreed that *Jugendstil* was out, art deco in, and lo, the books, films, and records have come pouring forth.

All of which is not to impugn the motives of many who participated in the Gershwin celebrations—people who believe in his importance as an American artist, people whose knowledge and research about his life and music have been waiting in the wings for a long time. Suddenly commerce and scholarship could join in a common purpose. That's the American way of doing things, we are told.

Last fall produced a bumper crop of Gershwiniana: two new biographical books and a revision of an older one; two new collections of Gershwin songs; a welcome reissue of Ira Gershwin's collection of his lyrics, with his quietly witty

commentary; and basketsful of records, of which the most important by far are those in which George Gershwin can be heard playing his own music [see box for details]. Where do we stand as a result of this unco-ordinated outpouring? Of course it's been a lot of fun, but how much more do we know about the man and his music?

Let's start with the recordings, an area where undoubted progress has been made: More of Gershwin's own playing can be heard today than at any time since his death, and it gives a very special kind of pleasure. Monmouth-Evergreen has brought out the London recordings of George accompanying the Astaires in songs from *Lady Be Good* and playing his improvisations on songs from *Tip-Toes* and *Funny Face*, picked up from the splendid series of historical pop-music reissues that Chris Ellis of EMI has been putting together for the World Record Club label in England. The improvisations, in particular, give us a taste of the famous Gershwin party style (according to S. N. Behrman, George's mother "cautioned him against playing too much at parties. With engaging candor Gershwin admitted that there might be some truth in this, but . . . add[ed]: 'You see, the trouble is, when I don't play, I don't have a good time!' ").

Each track usually contains three variations on the refrain of a song (and once through the verse), the subtly invented rhythms of the figurations playing cat-and-mouse with the rock-solid meter, the choice of chords continually throwing the tunes into fresh perspectives. At a few points, these improvisations more or less coincide with the transcriptions published in *George Gershwin's Song Book* (1932), but those are almost all restricted to a single variation, carefully chosen and polished from among the dozens of experiments that came tripping off those amazing fingertips. (Happily, 1973 also brought us, at last, a virtuosic and stylish recording of the *Song Book* transcriptions, by William Bolcom, on Nonesuch H 71284.)

The existence of those studio recordings was known, of course, even if they weren't readily available. The year's real find has been the first publication of some unique live-performance material on the curious Mark 56 label. Heretofore, the only examples of Gershwin playing "serious" Gershwin have been the two (abridged) recordings of *Rhapsody in Blue* with Paul Whiteman (the second, electrical one—often reissued—is currently on RCA Victor LPV 555, a Whiteman collection) and, if you want to be pedantic, a few bars on the celesta in Nathaniel Shilkret's old 78 version of *An American in Paris*. Now, although we must thread our way through some inept labeling and filter out assorted surface scratch and distortion, we can get a remarkably clear idea of how the composer played the Second Rhapsody, about half of the piano concerto, and a fair bit of the *Variations on "I Got Rhythm."*

The source material is air checks, including two

of Gershwin's own 1934 programs, fifteen minutes each of talking, playing, and orchestral selections (not to mention the commercials for Feen-a-mint!). A cut from a Rudy Vallee show includes the last movement of the concerto, albeit slightly abridged and severely rescored for small orchestra. The second half of the slow movement is here too, in a fine, subtle performance of unspecified origin. And the Second Rhapsody is represented by a recording of the private run-through Gershwin arranged for his own instruction just after the piece was finished—more a document than a performance, perhaps (the pickup orchestra sounds more than a little precarious), but undeniably fascinating. It's too bad that a whole side is wasted on the piano rolls of the *Rhapsody in Blue*, played back on a poor piano at an improbably fast speed; although more complete than the Whiteman version, this has to be a gross misrepresentation.

Another Mark 56 disc, more professionally produced, includes an earlier Vallee show on which Gershwin plays, more or less literally, some of the *Song Book* transcriptions: "Fascinating Rhythm," "Liza" (a composite of the two published choruses), and "I Got Rhythm" (the second chorus only), plus a very fast Second Prelude (the quarter note at about MM 120 instead of the 88 indicated in the score!). Interlarded is some stilted, script-bound banter with Vallee (and an almost exact quote from the preface to the *Song Book*). All of this is in amazingly good sound for its vintage.

Likewise the *Porgy* excerpts, part of a tryout session that William Paley of CBS arranged several months before the premiere so that Gershwin could check out his scoring. Not surprisingly, the orchestra has its rough moments, but the music really "goes." At the start, we hear Gershwin saying that he will skip the piano solo (the "Jasbo Brown" music, recorded in Bolcom's collection), but he does play the end of it, singing the choral parts himself, and then goes on into the transition (never since recorded) leading to "Summertime." Both Clara's famous lullaby and Serena's lament were sung in the Decca "original cast" set by Anne Brown, so these transcriptions let us hear, for the first time on records, the original singers of the two parts; Ruby Elzy's security and intensity are particularly memorable. (The disc is filled out with three piano-roll dubbings, almost certainly played too fast; one can hear, however, that Gershwin sure didn't stick to the printed notes when playing his and Walter Donaldson's "Rialto Ripples"!).

Discoveries of this kind will probably not end here; for example, the Library of Congress recently received transcriptions of another Rudy Vallee show on which Gershwin appeared, and the way such things are turning up nowadays, almost anything could happen. And there are still ten sides of studio recordings awaiting reissue—divided among three different companies, so it is too much to hope



that a compact, economical single record will appear to make our lives simple. EMI has the three preludes, plus a solo version of the Andante from the *Rhapsody in Blue*; Columbia has four improvisations on songs from *Oh, Kay!*; and RCA has the acoustic *Rhapsody* recording, which would make an interesting comparison with the later one.

Then there are the piano rolls that Gershwin cut in his song-plugger years. The Kimball/Simon biography includes a "rollography," and apparently there is a prospect that all of them will be assembled and transcribed onto discs in the near future. At least one such collection has appeared (Klavier KS 122), containing songs by Gershwin, Kern, and Walter Donaldson. These sound like good dubbings, are well recorded, and are fun to hear; if not quite as vital as the live recordings, they cast additional light on Gershwin's keyboard style. (The second Mark 56 record duplicates the roll of "Tee-Oodle-Um-Bum-Bo," timing out at 2:03; the Klavier version takes 2:20—which gives you some idea of the problems involved in playing back piano rolls.) More like these would be most welcome.

There have been many other recordings in the past year, of course. The two Monmouth-Evergreen discs already mentioned also contain selections from *Lady Be Good* and *Funny Face* by the original London casts: delightful work by the Astaires; some decidedly stiff, often adenoidal contributions from their British colleagues. The London cast of *Tip-Toes* can be heard on Monmouth-Evergreen MES 7052, again displaying a transatlantic dichotomy of style, although minus the Astaires. Gertrude Lawrence's songs from *Oh, Kay!* are on the same label (MES 7043), ever so sweet—and ever so slightly under the note, but no matter.

Astaire is the model for the style, of course, and Columbia's recent reissue of songs from his films (SG 32472), including ten Gershwin numbers, is indispensable. (The nostalgia entrepreneurs have moved in on Astaire as well, coming up with one great book, Arlene Croce's *The Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers Book* [Dutton, \$9.95], and one elephant, about 99 and 44/100 per cent white, Stanley Green's and Burt Goldblatt's *Starring Fred Astaire* [Dodd, Mead, \$22.50]. The latter covers Astaire's entire career but is a routine compilation of plots, pictures, and reviews. Miss Croce has done real research, chosen better, if fewer, pictures—and she's one of the most stimulating, original writers on films and dancing we have. The one is merely a very poor interim substitute for the films themselves, the other a book that will make you look at them with fresh and sharper perceptions next time.)

While we are on the subject of recordings, I've had much pleasure from three other Monmouth-Evergreen projects: MES 7034, containing Lee Wiley's famous 1939 collection of songs backed by some rather distinguished jazzmen; MES 7060, on which Frances Gershwin (sister of George and Ira) sings, in a small but true voice and in a flavorful style, a selection of songs familiar and unfamiliar; and MES 7061, a very fresh choice of material sung and played with great gusto by the gifted team of Ronny Whyte and Travis Hudson. A minor but interesting addition to the "serious" Gershwin on records is the very early *Lullaby*, in a new Juilliard Quartet collection (Columbia M 32596).

What the Gershwin year did *not* bring us, to my great regret, was even a single addition to the meager list of complete recorded show scores. If the Germans can do it for Lehár and Kálmán, why can't we do the same for Gershwin (not to mention Kern, Rodgers and Hart, Berlin, Porter, Youmans and Arlen)?

More than two decades ago, Goddard Lieberson produced a rather good if slightly abridged *Porgy and Bess* (Odyssey 32 36 0018), and that still remains the high-water mark of enterprise in this direction. Lieberson's productions of *Oh, Kay!* and *Girl Crazy* (the latter now available again on Columbia Special Products COS 2560) were hardly in the same league; the new orchestrations, which didn't sound bad then, now exude a definite period of aroma—the period being the 1950s, not the 1920s. Nor should such projects reassign songs in the interest of "star" casting, as does *Girl Crazy* for Mary Martin. About the TV-derived *Of Thee I Sing*, the less said the better. I really can't believe that a complete, authentic, stylishly performed recording of this great score would not sell at least as well as the next five recordings of *Scheherazade* put together, but we shall probably have to wait still longer than that to get it.

In the meantime, we can sing and play the songs ourselves, which is a wonderful way to appreciate their invention and subtlety, as well as great fun.

Two new albums of printed music came out last year, both considerable bargains by comparison with single sheet-music prices. Chappell's *The Best of George Gershwin* is devoted primarily to songs from *Porgy and Bess* and the films, many of them not in any other album; they are reprinted from the original publications and intelligently laid out.

The more impressive, more expensive *Gershwin Years in Song*, comprising fifty-five songs, the piano transcriptions from the *Song Book*, and some pages of commentary on the concert works, is nonetheless a considerable disappointment, because with a little thought and effort it could have been much better. For some unknown reason, a number of extra verse and refrain texts have been omitted—in the case of "Embraceable You," for instance, Verse 2 and Refrains 2 and 3 are replaced by Spanish and French translations!

Worse still, Quadrangle's editors clearly don't play the piano, or else they have resident page turners: Nearly all the *Song Book* transcriptions are just two pages long, and every one of them has been split by a page turn in the middle! Once again, we are given the corrupted version of these pieces, with the superfluous "expression marks" added by an editor after Gershwin's death. It would have been interesting, too, to include all of the original songs on which the transcriptions are based, yet "Nobody but You" and "Do It Again" have been omitted.

Simon and Schuster's *George and Ira Gershwin Song Book* is still in print, offering forty songs (four of them not in the Quadrangle book) with more verses, plus a bit of commentary by Ira. And the transcriptions are separately available from New World Music, under the title *Gershwin at the Keyboard: the corrupted version*, but with no unnecessary page turns.

The three books that appeared almost simultaneously last fall all have their uses. Frankly, the most enjoyable is the Kimball/Simon, a handsome cornucopia of pictures, reminiscences by friends, song lyrics, and documentary material (letters, diary excerpts, and the like). It is a partisan, celebratory volume rather than an analytical, critical biography; not all aspects of Gershwin's life and personality are touched upon, but what we do find here is authentic, fresh, and involving. Kimball and Simon are very retiring authors, and they let their story be told, wherever possible, by the people who were there. I wish there weren't so many uncaptioned pictures, and the lack of an index—or even a detailed table of contents—is absolutely infuriating. For the fact-minded, however, there are several valuable appendices: a chronology of shows with a list of songs written for them, whether used or not; an alphabetical list of song titles; a discography of original-cast recordings and studio re-creations; the aforementioned "rollography"; and a brief bibliography.

Charles Schwartz's new book and the revised Jablonski/Stewart follow a conventional narrative arrangement, and both are extensively illustrated,

on a sub-coffee-table-book scale. Jablonski and Stewart, like Kimball and Simon, are not disposed to dig into obscure corners of Gershwin's life, nor do they attempt serious critical evaluation of the music, but they have had access to the family archives and there is interesting material interwoven in their pleasantly journalistic text. Their list of works must yield to the fuller one in Kimball/Simon, but the "informal discography" compiled with the help of Kay Swift, a close personal and musical friend of the composer, makes valuable points and includes important information about historical recordings. Also interesting is Stewart's description of the Gershwin archives.

Schwartz takes a more independent line, both biographical and musical. He has gathered a number of stories that you won't find in the other books, mostly uncredited as to source; the Gershwin family has long been quietly, but firmly, protective of the memory of its most famous member, and clearly some people don't want to offend the survivors, although they are willing to talk "not for attribution." In the circumstances, it's pretty hard to evaluate Schwartz's portrayal of Gershwin as an often rather unpleasant fellow.

But the book is skewed in other directions as well: Much more space is devoted to the concert music than to the songs, as if somehow Gershwin's reputation as a composer really depended on these pieces. Nor is the attention very admiring. The controversy over whether he really orchestrated his own music is brought up again and again, without any real evidence adduced at any point—the constant reiteration proves nothing (except perhaps that the author is trying very hard to plant a doubt in the public mind, even if he can't prove it) and eventually becomes just tiresome. Similarly exasperating is a passage complaining that Gershwin never really practiced the piano, and that he couldn't play any music but his own. So what? He never claimed to be able to play anything else, and most composers would give their eyeteeth to play their own music as well as Gershwin played his; the evidence is on the records. On the credit side, it is only in Schwartz's book that you will find some important facts about the concert works: e.g., that the current published score of the Second Rhapsody is a reorchestration by Robert McBride, not Gershwin's original.

The publisher deserves a big black mark for putting the footnotes inconveniently at the rear of the book—an acceptable procedure for mere source citations, but cumbersome when the notes elucidate or expand upon the text, as many of these do. There is an extensive bibliography, but the works lists and discography are less useful than those in the other books.

For a serious attempt to describe and analyze what goes on in a Gershwin song, you will have to go elsewhere—specifically, to Alec Wilder's recent *American Popular Song* (Oxford, \$15), which has a chapter on Gershwin. Wilder's terminology and

analytical methods are somewhat idiosyncratic, his criteria sometimes naive, and his coverage less than comprehensive, but his book is the first to take this repertory seriously, to deem it worthy of study in the same terms as the song literatures of other countries. For myself, I'd trade ten bushel baskets of those tired American "art songs" that concert singers used to drag out (and about which dissertations will eventually be written) for the songs of Gershwin, Arlen, Berlin, Kern, and company. And I applaud Wilder's book, even though I frequently disagree with him on details, precisely because it insists on the artistic worth of what these men were doing. They may have been working for the marketplace, but they developed an art form of remarkable variety and flexibility, an indigenous American form that is a very real part of our heritage.

I've already suggested a few things that didn't come to pass during the Gershwin year. It may be too early to expect a full-scale, probing biography, but surely, in the fullness of time, that will come. There is no present obstacle, however, to a much more sophisticated study of Gershwin's published music than has yet appeared. Nor do I think it unreasonable to suggest that, at the earliest possible date, a complete and carefully edited edition of the music should be undertaken—and by this I mean particularly the songs and show music. And while Gershwin's concert works will not ultimately constitute the foundation of his reputation, something should be done about making available authentic scores of these, freed from the tamperings of posthumous editors. The Gershwin centenary is still twenty-four years off, but that's not very long to get these things underway. ●

The Gershwin Recordings

Piano Accompaniments. *Lady Be Good*: I'd Rather Charleston; Fascinating Rhythm; Hang on to Me; The Half-of-It-Dearie Blues (with Fred and Adele Astaire, recorded April 19 and 20, 1926). MONMOUTH-EVERGREEN MES 7036, \$6.98 (rechanneled; with other selections from *Lady Be Good* and Astaire solos).

Piano Improvisations. *Tip-Toes*: Looking for a Boy; Sweet and Low-Down; That Certain Feeling; When Do We Dance? (recorded July 6, 1926). *Funny Face*: 'S Wonderful; My One and Only (recorded June 8 and 12, 1928). MONMOUTH-EVERGREEN MES 7037, \$6.98 (rechanneled; with other selections from *Funny Face*).

Gershwin by Gershwin, George Gershwin, piano, with various performers. MARK 56 RECORDS 641, \$11.96 (two discs, mono).

Rhapsody in Blue (piano-solo version, from the Duo-Art piano roll, 1925). Second Rhapsody (with orchestra, rehearsal recording, June 26, 1931). Concerto in F: third movement (with Rudy Vallee's Orchestra, November 9, 1933); part of second movement (with unnamed orchestra, April 7, 1935). I Got Rhythm (with Vallee's Orchestra, November 9, 1933). The Man I Love; I Got Rhythm (with orchestra, February 9, 1934). *Variations on I Got Rhythm* (with orchestra, April 30, 1934). Various orchestral and vocal selections.

George Gershwin Conducts Excerpts from Porgy and Bess. Various performers; George Gershwin, piano and cond. MARK 56 RECORDS 667, \$5.98 (mono).

Porgy and Bess: Introduction and Summertime (Abbie Mitchell, soprano); A Woman Is a Sometime Thing (Edward Matthews, baritone); Act I, Scene 1 finale; My Man's Gone Now (Ruby Elzy, soprano); Bess, You Is My Woman Now (Todd Duncan, baritone; Anne Brown, soprano) (Gershwin, cond.; rehearsal recording, July 19, 1935). Rialto Ripples (piano roll, recorded September 1916). On My Mind the Whole Night Long (piano roll, recorded August 1920). Tee-Oodle-Um-Bum-Bo (piano roll, recorded September 1919). Fascinating Rhythm; Liza; Prelude No. 2; I Got Rhythm (with Vallee's Orchestra, November 10, 1932).

The Gershwin Songs

New York Times, Gershwin Years in Song, New York, Quadrangle, 1973. v + 323 pages, \$17.50.

The Best of George Gershwin, New York, Chappell and Co., 1973. 168 pages, \$5.95 (paperbound).

Ira Gershwin, *Lyrics on Several Occasions*, New York, Viking/Compass, 1973. xviii + 371 pages, \$3.50 (paperbound).

The Gershwin Books

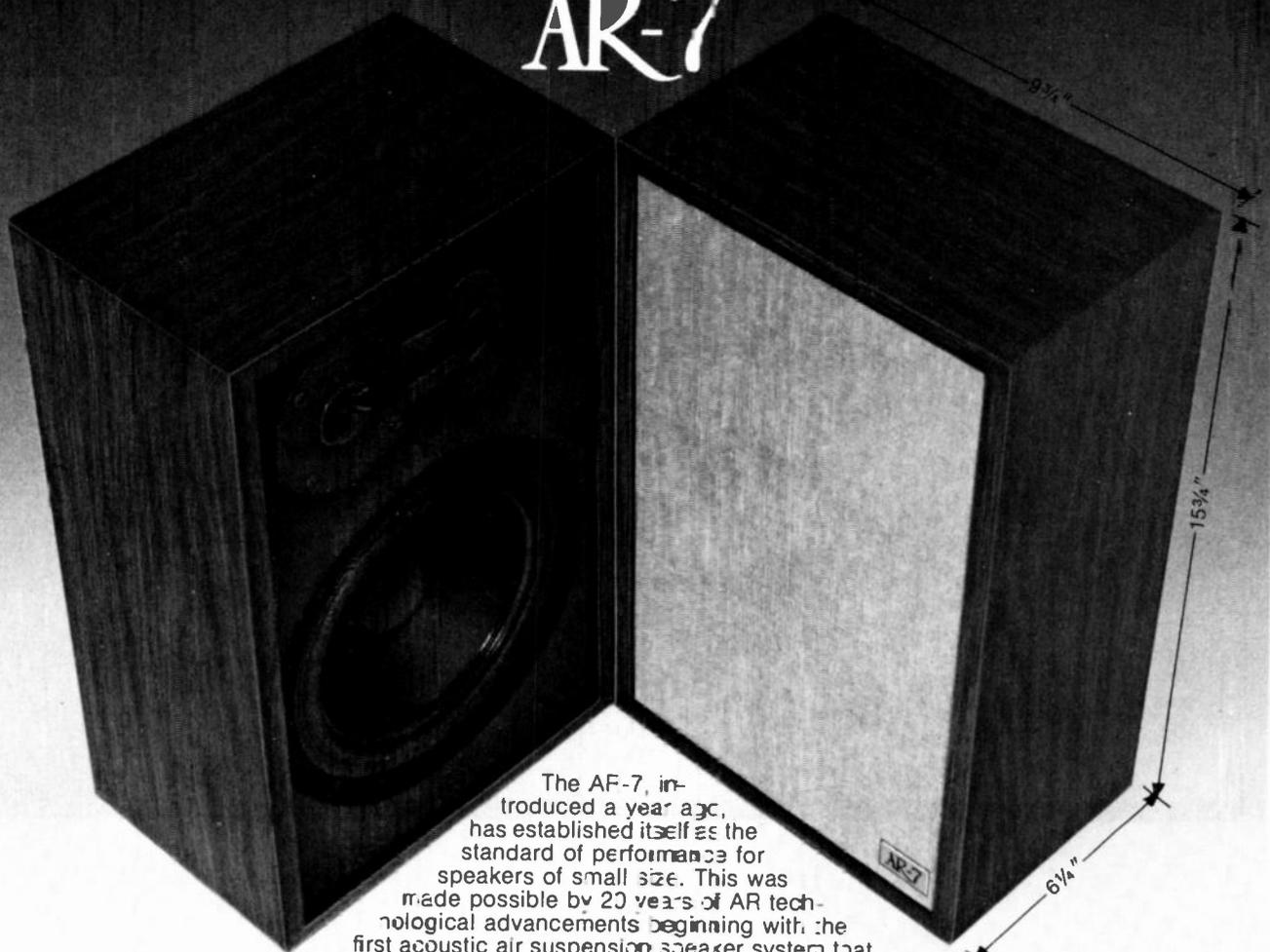
Edward Jablonski and Lawrence D. Stewart, *The Gershwin Years*, revised edition, New York, Doubleday, 1973. 416 pages, \$12.95.

Robert Kimball and Alfred Simon, *The Gershwins*, New York, Atheneum, 1973. xviv + 292 pages, \$25.

Charles Schwartz, *Gershwin: His Life and Music*, New York, Bobbs-Merrill, 1973. xiv + 428 pages, \$15.

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STEREO REVIEW



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High Fidelity, July, 1973 (U.S.A.)

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Hi Times, Summer, 1973 (U.S.A.)

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Electron, July, 1973 (Canada)

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CIRCLE 41 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

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Pioneer's \$650 Multifeatured NAB-Reel Deck

The Equipment: Pioneer Model RT-1020L, a two-speed (7½ and 3¾ ips), quarter-track, open-reel tape deck with stereo recording and quadriphonic playback capability and 10½-inch reel capacity, in metal case with wood ends. Dimensions: main plate, 16 (17¾ inches including wood ends) by 16½ inches; 7¾ inches deep including feet for use in horizontal position; all reels larger than 5 inches require overhang clearance at top and sides. Price: \$649.95. Warranty: one year parts and labor (excluding cabinetry); customer pays shipping to and from service center. Manufacturer: Pioneer Corp., Japan; U.S. distributor: U.S. Pioneer Electronics Corp., 75 Oxford Dr., Moonachie, N.J. 07074.

Comment: Judging from readers' "why don't they make . . ." letters, we'd expect the \$650 RT-1020L and its two brethren to find a ready market. It has perhaps the most impressive array of features we've seen in a tape deck in its price range. First, the brethren. The RT-1050 is a professional model, running at 15 and 7½ ips and supplied with half-track heads in a plug-in mount so they can be replaced with quarter-track heads at will; it costs \$50 more than the other two. The RT-1020H has the same speeds as the 1050 but fixed quarter-track heads and, like the RT-1020L reviewed here, a quadriphonic playback facility. The only difference between it and the RT-1020L is the transport speed—the H (for high-speed) version has 15 and 7½ ips, while the L version has 7½ and 3¾.

Among the desirable features of the RT-1020L are its NAB-reel capacity, its three motors (a hysteresis capstan motor plus two induction reel motors), its two-position recording-equalization and three-position bias

switches, its logic solenoid control system (which includes sequencing logic and anti-click provisions plus a pause control for rapid starts), and of course its 2/4-channel monitor/playback head. One particularly unusual feature is combined with the pause control, which can be used as a logic-override switch. If you punch the "play" button when you're in a fast-wind mode, the logic will introduce a delay between braking and playback to insure that the tape will have stopped before the pinch roller engages, to prevent harm to the tape. If you are in too much of a hurry to wait out that slight pause, you can flip on the pause switch during fast wind, press play, and—as soon as tape motion has stopped—release the pause control. Result: instant start-up.

The deck has feet for both horizontal and vertical use. Those for horizontal use hold the deck far enough above the operating surface to allow room for interconnect cables running to a well at the back—or the bottom, depending on the deck's position. The well has pin-jack pairs for stereo input, front (or stereo) output, and back output; in addition, there is a DIN input/output socket for stereo use and a receptacle for the AC cord.

When the deck is used vertically, reels are held in place by built-in spindle locks. Pioneer supplies a pair of NAB-reel adapters and rubber spacers (to compensate for the metal flanges, which are thinner than those of plastic reels) and an empty NAB take-up reel. Threading is via a guide roller equipped with a small tension arm (with a click-stop at its "open" position to simplify threading), the heads, the capstan, and a longer tension arm that will shut off the transport when it is released by inadequate tension, a broken tape, or the tape end. This mechanical portion of the top plate also

REPORT POLICY

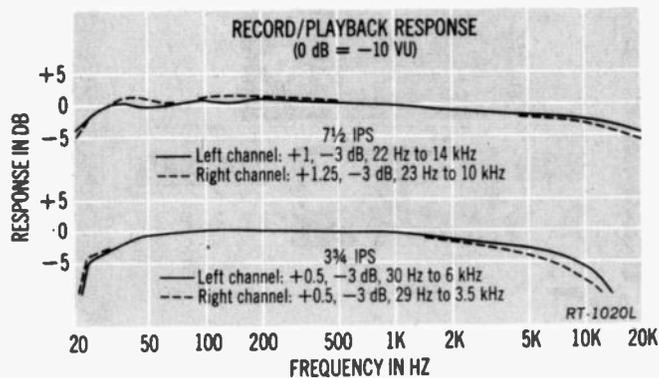
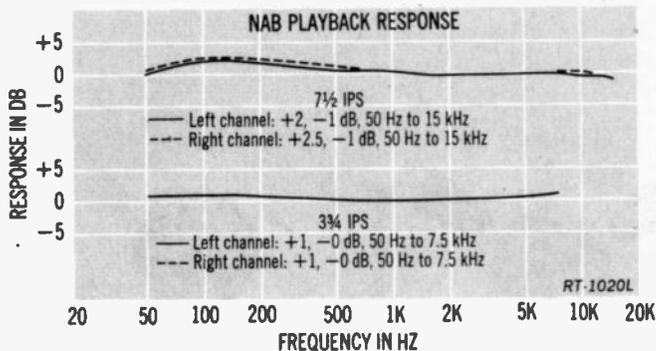
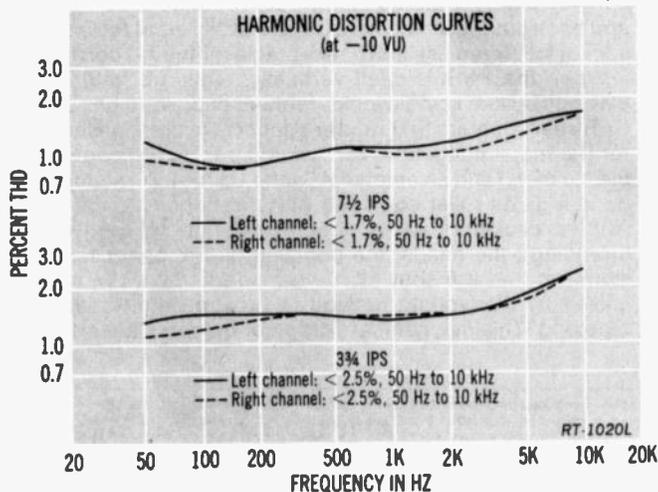
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includes a four-digit counter and the pause control.

We found it all to work well, though we have two minor quibbles. Sometimes we forgot to release the tension-arm portion of the left-hand roller. Though we could hear no audible flutter as a result, flutter prevention is what the device is there for and we'd just as soon see the click-stop omitted so the tension arm can't be defeated. The other quibble concerns the pause control, which duplicates the action of the start and stop buttons except that it will not stop the recording function when you stop the tape of course. This means that it does not make quick start-ups significantly smoother—though they are unusually smooth for a solenoid-controlled home deck with the large reels, and reasonably smooth with 7-inchers. And since the pause control, like the stop button, activates the tape lifters, it cannot be used for cueing a tape to a specific transient for physical editing of the tape. (Users who want to do physical editing can thread the tape on the wrong side of the capstan and put the deck into the play mode—a method we have suggested before for other brands whose tape lifters can't be defeated.)

The lower (electronics) portion of the top (front) plate includes separate (mixing) level controls for mike and line inputs, each with friction-ganged elements for the two channels. There are phone jacks for the two mike inputs plus a stereo phone jack for headphones. Push-button switches control speed and tension (10½-inch/small reel sizes); levers are used for recording defeat (separate switches for each channel), mode, and monitoring. There are friction-ganged front and back output level controls and two rotary switches for recording: bias (standard/LH-1/LH-2) and equalization (standard/LH). (LH, of course, stands for "low-noise high-output" tapes.)

Performance measurements were made with a "good standard" tape (Scotch 203); somewhat better results might have been achieved with a more esoteric tape (like, perhaps, Maxell UD). The bias and equalization switching allows for an unusual range of tapes. In fact we note that although the instruction manual gives two options for 203, Pioneer itself tested the deck with Scotch 206 (which is, in theory, interchangeable with 203 except that a hair better performance can be squeezed out of it) using yet another combination. CBS Labs used the LH-1 bias setting and LH equalization setting. Pioneer also recommends the LH-2 bias setting and the standard equalization for 203 and 206; it used



Pioneer RT-1020L Additional Data

Speed accuracy

7½ ips 1.1% fast at 105, 120, & 127 VAC
 3% ips 0.86% fast at 105, 120, & 127 VAC

Wow and flutter (ANSI weighted)

7½ ips playback: 0.03%
 record/play: 0.05%
 3% ips playback: 0.07%
 record/play: 0.10%

Rewind time, 7-in. 1,800-ft. reel 1 min. 28 sec.

Fast-forward time, same reel 1 min. 30 sec.

S/N ratio (re NAB 0 VU)

playback L ch: 57 dB R ch: 57 dB
 record/play L ch: 50 dB R ch: 50 dB

Erasure (400 Hz at normal level) 70 dB

Crosstalk (at 400 Hz)

record left, play right 63 dB
 record right, play left 63 dB

Sensitivity (re NAB 0 VU)

line input L ch: 54 mV R ch: 66 mV
 mike input L ch: 0.28 mV R ch: 0.31 mV

Meter action (re NAB 0 VU)

L ch: exact R ch: 0.5 dB high

IM distortion (record/play, -10 UV)

7½ ips L ch: 1.8% R ch: 1.8%
 3% ips L ch: 2.5% R ch: 2.5%

Maximum output (line, 0 VU)

L ch: 0.30 V R ch: 0.35 V

standard bias and LH equalization for its own checkout.

These alternatives will make some changes in response at the high end. According to Pioneer, there is a difference of about 7 dB at 15 kHz between equalization positions at 7½ ips; the bias positions will progressively reduce 10-kHz response by about 3 dB with most tapes. Obviously, the user is free to juggle these factors at will for the kind of recording curve he wants, and this is one of the beauties of the RT-1020L. At the lab's settings the high end rolls off somewhat, and we tended to use the LH-2 bias and standard equalization for most of our in-the-home tests with the unit. The differences are subtle

to the ear, and performance can be characterized as good either way.

The performance is good in other respects as well. Though it is not record-setting, it is excellent for the price class. However, the extra niceties of the deck—in particular, the solenoid controls, the generous flexibility of bias and equalization switching, and the quadriphonic playback capability—are what set the RT-1020L apart. The features make it an unusually interesting recorder for the price and, to that extent, an excellent value. Not only were we pleased with the recordings it made, but we found it an enjoyable deck to use.

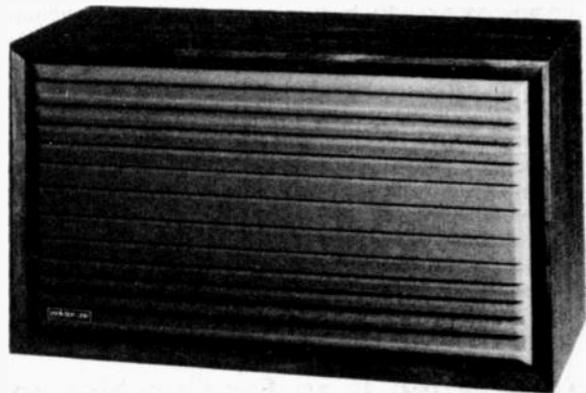
Sherwood Evolves a Smooth-Sounding Bookshelf Speaker System

The Equipment: Sherwood Evolution One, speaker system in walnut enclosure. Dimensions: 25½ by 14 by 10 inches. Warranty: 5 years on parts; 3 years on labor; shipping costs not included. Price: \$99.95. Manufacturer: Sherwood Electronic Laboratories, Inc., 4300 N. California Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60618.

Comment: To the well-populated but ever popular class of "two cubic footers" Sherwood has added a new entry. The Evolution One is a two-way speaker system consisting of a 10-inch woofer crossed over at 1,400 Hz to a small dome-center tweeter. An air-suspension system, the drivers are housed in a completely sealed cabinet finished in walnut veneer; the front baffle is covered with a removable pleated grille that lends a sculptured decor to an otherwise conventional-looking cabinet. Input connections are made at the rear via polarity-coded binding posts. The only control is a toggle switch marked "flat" and "minus 3 dB." An instruction card affixed to the back facilitates correct hookup and installation. In addition, a separate manual enclosed with each system contains useful hints on speaker phasing, wire thicknesses, placement in the room, and so on.

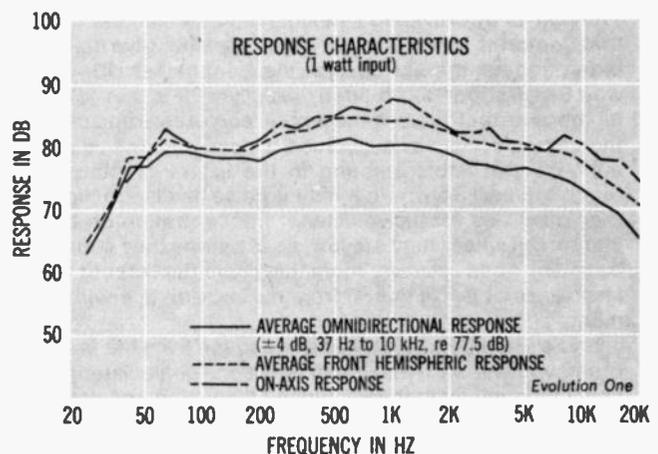
Rated for 8 ohms impedance, the Evolution One is recommended for use with amplifiers that can furnish 20 watts "rms" per channel; it can sustain short power bursts of up to 100 watts "rms," the manual also states. A particularly thoughtful section discusses speaker fusing and offers a fusing kit (four fuses and two fuse-holders for a stereo pair) by mail from Sherwood for \$2.50. We heartily applaud this concern and the offer on the part of the manufacturer; it ties in with an aspect of loud-speaker use that we have been urging for years.

In tests at CBS Labs, the impedance measured at 100 Hz (past the bass rise) was 7 ohms, and the curve has a broad rise-and-dip shape out to 20 kHz, remaining above 8 ohms most of the way. The value of the curve indicates it would be perfectly all right to run two such speakers in parallel from the same amplifier outputs, al-



though the shape of the curve suggests that signal-loading from the driving amplifier will not be quite consistent, with a good portion of the midrange requiring relatively higher power than the low end.

In common with the high-compliance (or "long-throw") type of woofer typically found in air-suspension systems, the Evolution One's efficiency is on the low side. The lab found that 9 watts of input power was needed to produce the standard test output signal of 94 dB at 1 meter on axis. The system, as stated in the literature, handled up to 100 watts of steady-state power before buzzing. The output level at this point was 104 dB, which of course would seem "twice as loud" as 94 dB. With a pulsed power signal of 114.3 watts (228.6 watts peak) the speaker distorted while producing an output level of 107.5 dB. These figures confirm the manufacturer's power recommendations for the Evolution One and indicate that it has a respectable, though not spectacular, dynamic range.



Response plots show a smooth curve across most of the audio band with a marked decline in output level below 40 Hz and a gradual or gentle rolloff upward from about 2,000 Hz. "Normalized" with respect to 77.5 dB (a somewhat lower level than most systems) the response runs within ± 4 dB from 37 Hz to 10 kHz. (Taking the customarily wider dB variation we apply to speakers in this price class, the response extends to beyond 10 kHz of course; pure test tones, in fact, were heard fairly off-axis out to 14.5 kHz, from which point the response dipped to inaudibility.) While this response is smoother than average for a speaker in this price class, its over-all output level is lower than average, and this is most noticeable in the upper midrange. You can, of course, compensate readily by turning up the amplifier volume and treble controls to supply the extra power drive should you prefer a more "forward" kind of sound. We confirmed this in listening tests in a normal-size room of average acoustic properties. With the tweeter level control set to "flat" (no high-end attenuation) and auditioning a wide variety of program material, our listening panel agreed that a better, more agreeable tonal balance could be achieved by boosting the amplifier con-

Sherwood Evolution One Harmonic Distortion*

Output Level (dB)	Frequency			
	80 Hz		300 Hz	
	% 2nd	% 3rd	% 2nd	% 3rd
70	0.20	0.15	0.15	0.27
75	0.15	0.15	0.15	0.45
80	0.25	0.15	0.17	0.62
85	0.55	0.25	0.30	0.80
90	1.1	0.45	0.40	1.1
95	2.3	1.1	1.3	2.1
100			3.1	5.5
104			5.0	9.0

*Distortion data are taken on all tested speakers until distortion exceeds the 10 per cent level or the speaker produces the spurious output known as buzzing, whichever occurs first.

trols. Be that as it may, the panelists also agreed that the low end is exemplary for a \$100 system.

The Evolution One may be positioned vertically or horizontally, and the depth of 10 inches would be suitable for secure placement on most shelves.

CIRCLE 143 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

The Koss "Nonescapist" Headset (Or: When Is an Ear Cup Not an Ear Cup?)

The Equipment: Koss HV-1/LC, a stereo headset with individual earpiece level controls. Cord length: approx. 3 feet coiled, 10 feet extended. Price: \$49.95. Warranty: one year parts and labor. Manufacturer: Koss Corp., 4129 N. Port Washington Ave., Milwaukee, Wis. 53212.

Comment: Many readers still seem to understand only vaguely—if at all—the essential psychological difference between listening with headphones that provide maximum seal in the ear cups and listening with models that merely rest against the ear: what have become known as the open-air type of stereo headset. Briefly, around-the-ear models, which offer high rejection of ambient noise (Koss's own PRO-4AA might be a classic example), allow you to concentrate on the stereo with minimum interference from random conversation, traffic noise, or any of the other intrusive sounds that city dwellers in particular have come to call noise pollution. They do so by providing a flexible or fluid-filled ear cup that conforms to the contour of the ear. The alternative is the against-the-ear design (the Sennheiser HD-414 was the first popular model), usually with a thin foam membrane that covers the entire earpiece, replacing the conventional ear cup. Such a design allows much more of the ambient sound in the listening room to reach the ear. So where ambient noise levels are high, they offer less exclusive listener concentration on the stereo; but where they are low, as of course they should be in any good listening room, they give the listener far less sense of being cut off from his immediate environment.

If you use music as a means of escape from the humdrum, you will want maximum isolation. Some listeners seem fatigued by that very sense of isolation and enjoy the music more when they don't feel closeted with it. Take your choice.



The Koss answer for the latter group is the HV-1 High Velocity Micro-Weight Stereophone, reviewed here in its latest version, which has individual level controls on each earpiece. When you first put the headset on, however, you may wonder why we equate it with the cupless, against-the-ear models. A ring of foam (therefore an ear cup, no?) couples firmly, though not uncomfortably, to each ear. But these "ear cups" inhibit ambient sounds surprisingly little, allowing normal conversation to continue unimpeded.

In terms of frequency range, the sound is easily the best we have yet heard from a low-ambient-seal design. The "cupless ear cup" appears to be the reason, since good coupling generally is hard to get at the frequency extremes with against-the-ear designs. In the bass the HV-1/LC stands up well to about 30 Hz; treble runs to just beyond 15 kHz with little rolloff. Music sounds "free" and well balanced, though in listening to test

tones we did note a growing unevenness in response and some imbalance between earpieces as we tuned the oscillator upward from about 2 kHz. (Such effects can be difficult or impossible to spot in music, as they are with the HV-1/LC, because we have come to accept similar effects in listening rooms.) Distortion at high volume levels seems audibly lower than we have come to expect with this type of headset.

The headset, which weighs 10½ ounces (excluding the cord), is very nicely made. The earpieces can be in-

dividually positioned with click-stop settings at the headband that lock in place when the earpieces press against the ears—but not so firmly that additional adjustment can't be made. The brushed-metal trim is very attractive; the level controls operate smoothly. The coiled cord will extend to about eight feet without undue tug on the headset; a coiled extension cord is available. Altogether a fine choice for the music lover who doesn't want to be utterly alone with his music.

CIRCLE 141 ON READER-SERVICE CARD



A Dazzling Quadraphonic Receiver from JVC

The Equipment: JVC Model 4VR-5456, a quadraphonic receiver with AM/FM tuner section, CD-4 demodulator, two-position matrix decoder, and SEA multiband tone controls, in wood case. Dimensions: 20 by 7½ inches (front panel, including allowance for feet); 14¼ inches deep plus allowance for controls and back-panel connections. Price: \$799.95. Warranty: two years parts and labor. Manufacturer: Victor Co., Japan; U.S. distributor: JVC America, Inc., 50-35 56th Rd., Maspeth, N.Y. 11378.

Comment: No quadraphonic receiver is a "simple machine," and the 4VR-5456 is among the more complex quadraphonic receivers we've worked with. So bear with us while we catalogue its features.

The tuning dial is in the center of the top portion of the front panel. It includes two meters: channel center (FM only) and signal strength (both AM and FM). Above the tuning scale are two ranks of lighting indicators, the upper ones for source and automatic mode switching (AM, FM, phono, aux-1, aux-2, stereo FM, and CD-4—the last two of which light only when the appropriate carriers are sensed by the circuitry), and the bottom ones for manually selected modes (mono, stereo, discrete quadraphonics, matrix-1, and matrix-2). Flanking the tuning dial are two sets of JVC's SEA tone controls, each with five sliders marked for maximum effect at 40, 250, 1,000, 5,000, and 15,000 Hz. The left-hand set controls the two back channels, the right-hand set the two front channels.

Below the tuning dial is a series of the most-used controls. The AC power on/off switch at the left is followed by three rotary switches. The speaker selector has two sets of main, remote, and "both" positions (plus an off position); one set is for regular quadraphonic use, the other straps front and back amplifiers (JVC's so-called BTL mode) for stereo use with increased per-channel power output. The mode switch has positions for mono, stereo, discrete quadraphonics, matrix 1, and matrix 2. Though the front panel gives no further identification of the matrix circuits, the owner's manual suggests matrix 1 for SQ records or for simulating quadraphonics from stereo sources, and the matrix 2 position for other (QS and E-V) matrixed recordings. Of course you can use either position for any purpose on a cut-and-try basis. The third rotary switch is for source: AM, FM, phono (including automatic CD-4 switching), aux 1, and aux 2.

Next come four toggle switches: low filter, high filter, loudness, and "muting" (which reduces output by 20 dB). Then come four small level controls, one for each channel, to be used in balancing the system. Last come two more large knobs, a stepped volume control and the tuning knob. (You have to get used to the fact that it's the tuning knob, not the almost invariable volume control, in the extreme right position; despite the obvious logic of keeping volume and balance together, we sometimes tuned away from a station when we had meant to alter volume level.)

But there's still more to the front panel, whose bottom trim flips down to reveal a whole series of extra features.

At the left are a pair (front and back channels) of stereo headphone jacks, which are live at all times. Next is a socket for JVC's optional (\$39.95) Model 5911 remote volume and joystick quadriphonic balance control, together with an on/off switch for the remote control. Another switch reverses the quadriphonic image front-to-back.

The next three switches are for tape use: monitor 1, monitor 2, and SEA taping. In the normal position of the third switch, the setting of the SEA tone controls does not affect the feed to the recorders. If you want it to do so—to alter the tonal balance of the program material or perhaps filter out noise—you connect the deck to the tape-2 jacks and press this switch. The tape feed then comes (via a pad to reduce levels) from the amplifier's (instead of the preamp's) output. Since the amplifier is busy handling the signal to be recorded, you can't simultaneously monitor the deck's output in this mode of course. Beside these switches are four stereo phone jacks for auxiliary tape-2 connections (front recording, back recording, front playback, back playback). When plugs are inserted into these jacks the back-panel connections for tape 2 are automatically cut out of the circuit.

Farther to the right, below the volume control, is a separation blend control. We found this particularly unusual feature useful in taming excessively "dual-mono" stereo effects in headphone listening. Under the tuning knob are a conventional FM muting button and one to mute the FM section for all but stereo reception.

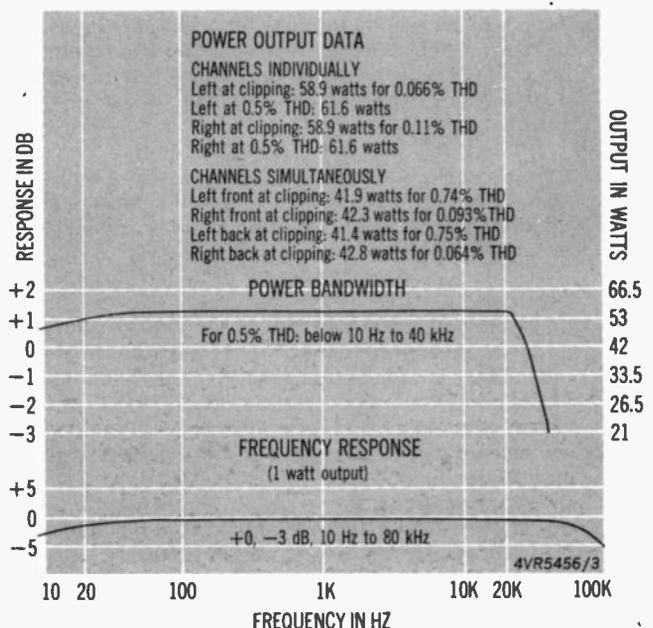
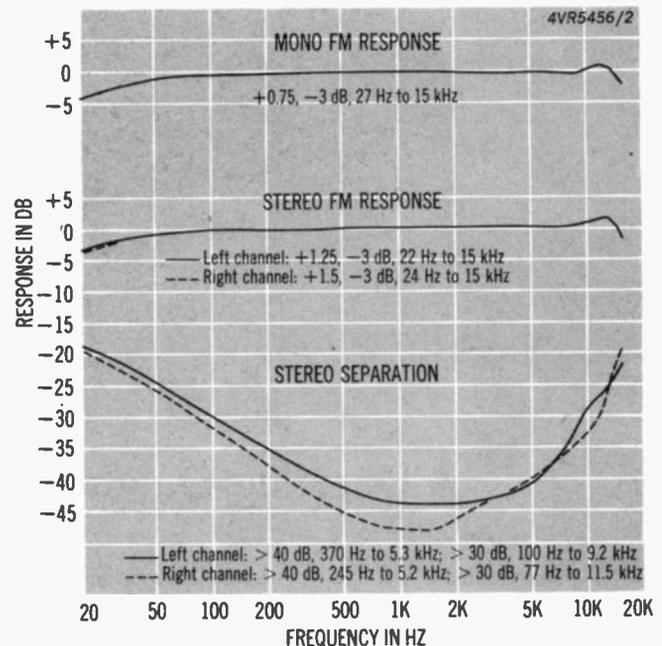
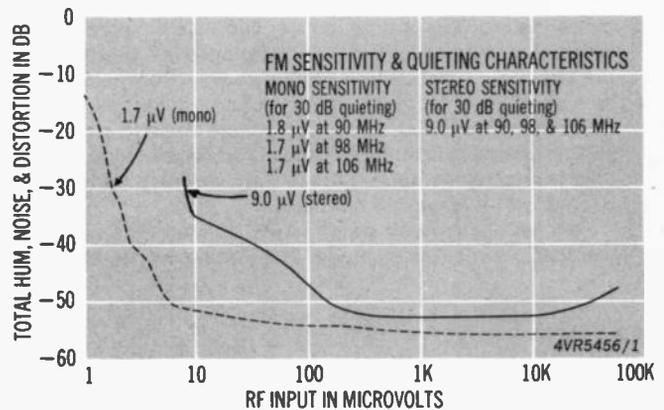
Though the back panel is studded with connections, it is not as complex as it looks. The pin jacks are arranged in logical groups. The pair for the phono input is accompanied by a high/low sensitivity switch. The next group (eight jacks) is for quadriphonic aux-1 and aux-2 inputs. A second group of eight, for tape-1 inputs and outputs, is accompanied by a DIN input/output socket for the front channels, which you might use in hooking up a European stereo deck. The third set of eight jacks is for tape-2 inputs and outputs. A final group of four is used in hooking up a four-channel oscilloscope display unit for visual signal analysis.

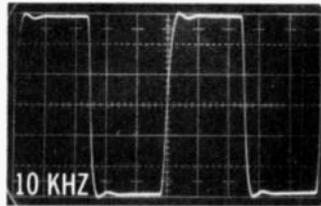
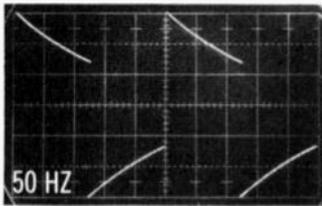
Above the phono inputs are three screwdriver controls (left separation, right separation, and carrier level) for use in conjunction with a CD-4 alignment disc supplied with the receiver. These controls are delivered already aligned for JVC's own 4MD-20X Shibata-stylus phono cartridge. For the ground connection from your turntable, the manual suggests that you use the spring-loaded ground terminal in the antenna connections, which also includes similar terminals for long-wire AM antenna and both 75-ohm and 300-ohm FM lead-ins.

Also on the back panel are five pin jacks for use should a discrete-quadriphonic FM broadcast method be approved. One feeds the FM detector output to whatever quadriphonic demodulator will be needed; the other four return the demodulator's output signals to the FM portion of the receiver. (Many quadriphonic receivers supply the detector output but expect you to use other—perhaps tape-monitor—inputs to pick up the demodulated signals.) A switch nearby bypasses all of these jacks and is held in the bypass position by a latch that can be removed when the demodulator is available.

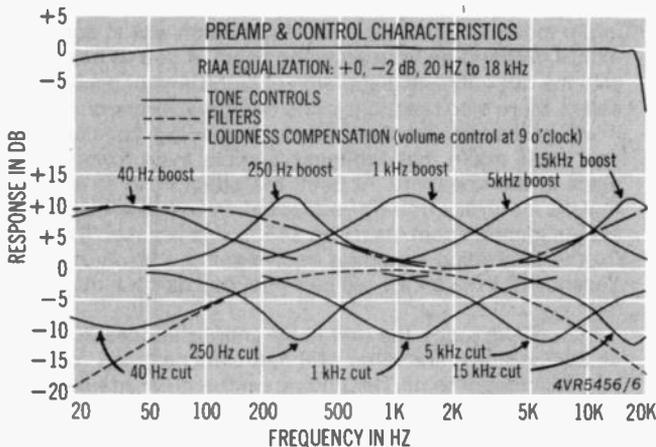
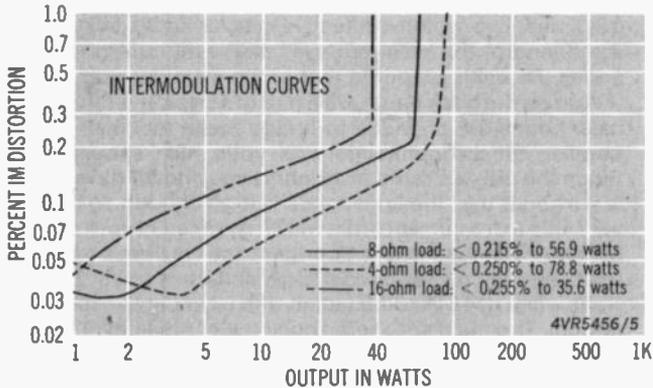
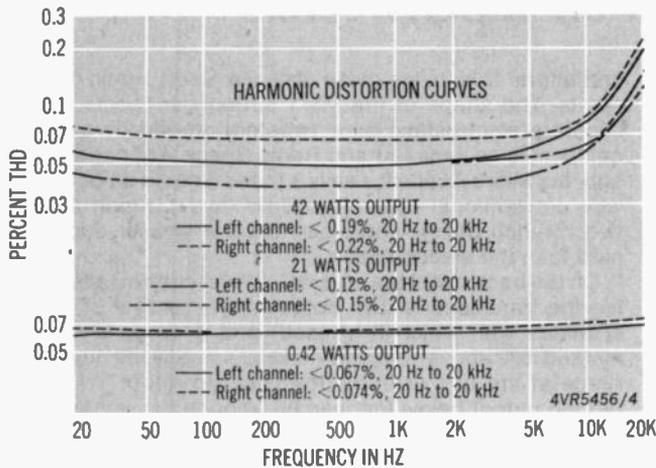
There are two convenience AC outlets on the back panel, one of them switched by the front-panel AC control. Spring-loaded clip connectors, for use with bare wire leads, are supplied for two quadriphonic sets of loudspeakers.

A receiver with this many knobs, jacks, switches, and





Square-wave response



features is almost suspect these days, because we have seen all too many models that use such appurtenances to "dress up" an otherwise mediocre design. But this receiver is no less impressive in performance than it is in control options. JVC states full (20-to-20,000-Hz) output data only for the quadriphonic mode, so CBS Labs measured the amplifier section "unstrapped." Our tests with the unit do confirm, however, that available power per channel is approximately doubled when the front channels are used in the BTL mode. The rating without BTL is 42 watts per channel at less than 0.5 per cent THD, 20 Hz to 20 kHz. The test sample meets this spec nicely. With the channels individually driven, power is closer to 60 watts per channel. And distortion (both harmonic and intermodulation) remains very low even below 1 watt.

There is a slight deep-bass rolloff in the FM response curves and even less in the RIAA curve; while both should ideally be flat, we can't fault the receiver on either ground and would in fact consider it better than average. But there is another striking similarity between FM and RIAA response curves: the sharp cutoff at the top end. That in the FM section avoids interference with the 19-kHz pilot tone; that in the phono response avoids interference with the 30-kHz carrier in playing CD-4 discs and is to be expected in a receiver with a built-in CD-4 demodulator.

The tuner section does a good job of quieting. In stereo, residual noise and distortion are more than 50 dB below peak signals levels for all inputs from 250 to 10,000 microvolts. That 50 dB figure often is taken as minimum quieting for really fine performance, and many receivers and even tuners can't meet this figure in stereo. In mono the 4VR-5456 meets it for all antenna inputs greater than about 6 microvolts. Minimum usable (30-dB) sensitivity is good (9 microvolts) in stereo, excellent (1.7 microvolts) in mono.

JVC 4VR-5456 Receiver Additional Data

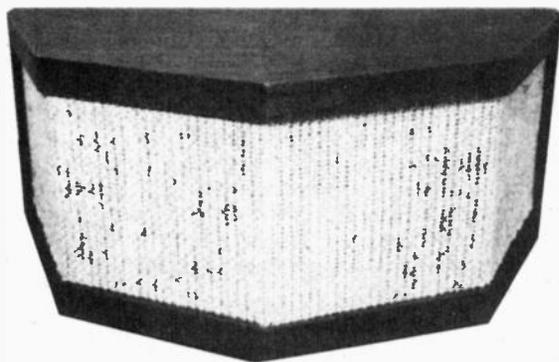
Tuner Section			
Capture ratio	1.1 dB		
Alternate-channel selectivity	78 dB		
S/N ratio	68.5 dB		
THD	Mono	L ch	R ch
80 Hz	0.15%	0.24%	0.74%
1 kHz	0.16%	0.22%	0.22%
10 kHz	0.33%	2.7%	1.2%
IM distortion	0.9%		
19-kHz pilot	-65 dB		
38-kHz subcarrier	-67 dB		
Amplifier Section			
Damping factor	62		
Input characteristics (for 42 watts output)			
	Sensitivity	S/N ratio	
phono (low)	3.15 mV	68 dB	
phono (high)	1.57 mV	62 dB	
aux 1 & 2	138 mV	83 dB	
tape 1	137 mV	82.5 dB	
tape 2	100.5 mV	82.5 dB	

The 4VR-5456 strikes us as an uncompromisingly *quadriphonic* receiver (the BTL feature aside, perhaps), as opposed to a stereo/quad hybrid. JVC has avoided all sorts of common compromises—admixture of stereo and quadriphonic inputs, pushbuttons to select add-on features that might have been built in, and so-so performance hidden behind a welter of quadriphonic gewgaws. Such compromises may keep costs down,

though they seldom simplify or in any way improve the equipment from the user's point of view. In fact the underlying plan of the 4VR-5456 is basically simple. The added (vs. compromised) features are what make it relatively complex; the SEA controls, in particular, add materially to the flexibility and the complexity of the unit. All told, an impressive piece of equipment.

CIRCLE 144 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

Micro Acoustics' Add-on Supertweeters



The Equipment: Microstatic MS-1, a four-driver high-frequency accessory transducer in walnut enclosure. Dimensions: 9½ by 3¼ inches (back panel); 5¼ inches maximum depth. Price: \$117 per pair. Warranty: five years parts and labor; shipping paid one way. Manufacturer: Micro Acoustics Corp., 8 Westchester Plaza, Elmsford, N.Y. 10523.

Comment: As our speaker reports in recent years have documented, there seems to be a change taking place in designers' ideas about loudspeaker frequency response. Whereas it once was a truism of sorts that "you couldn't make a loudspeaker flat at the top end because nobody would want to listen to it," flat frequency response often is a declared aim today. Or, as one engineer put it, "uniform power transfer into the room at all frequencies within the design bandwidth is desirable."

Leaving theory to the theorists, it is noticeable that a typical bookshelf speaker of the Seventies does deliver more at the top end and consequently sounds brighter than its counterpart of a decade or more ago. Whether that is good or bad is considered a matter of taste. Micro Acoustics has set out to allow listeners whose tastes run in that direction to "update" models whose top ends now seem on the dull side.

Another design aim of the MS-1 is wide dispersion of high frequencies. The angling of the four drivers is said to have been very carefully chosen to deliver near-even dispersion over almost a full 180 degrees horizontally at all frequencies within the MS-1's operating range; that is, from about 3.5 to beyond 20 kHz. It is not our purpose to repeat the pros and cons of the wide-dispersion argument. Suffice it to say that some designers try for the broadest possible angular distribution of high frequencies, while others believe that dispersion ideally should be broad enough to cover only the listening area—that further "spill" of the highs tends to blur, instead of reinforce, the stereo image.

The name "Microstatic" derives from the company's

first efforts to achieve these aims via electrostatic elements. The shape of the MS-1 strongly suggests the separate electrostatic supertweeters offered by such companies as JansZen and Radio Shack a generation ago, but Micro Acoustics says it found it could do better with conventional dynamic drivers (two 1¼-inch and two 1½-inch units), which also allow a smaller enclosure than the electrostatics.

On the back panel are an over-all level control (affecting the transducer's own output only—not that of the speakers with which it is used) and a range switch marked for "above" 3.5 and 7.0 kHz. Actually the output range of the unit extends downward to about 1 kHz, though output below the marked frequencies is not as prominent and generally will be negligible by contrast to that from the speakers. The range switch, then, serves to reduce output from the MS-1 in the range between about 3.5 and 7.0 kHz and, to a lesser extent, in the ranges immediately above and below these frequencies. The switch is effective in tailoring the MS-1 to the needs of the main speaker; the level control balances the unit's output to that of the main speaker.

Also on the back panel are a pair of screwdriver terminals. Leads are provided to bridge these terminals (in parallel) off the connections of your main speakers. Since the MS-1 is rated at 16 ohms you should have no fears about this; the impedance is high enough so that very little extra current drain will be required of your amplifier. And since the MS-1 contains four drivers it has a relatively high power-handling capacity. It is rated at 60 watts when used in combination with a typical bookshelf system. The main speakers should be of medium to low efficiency if proper balance is to be achieved; even with such speakers we generally had to keep the unit's level control near full to achieve adequate balance.

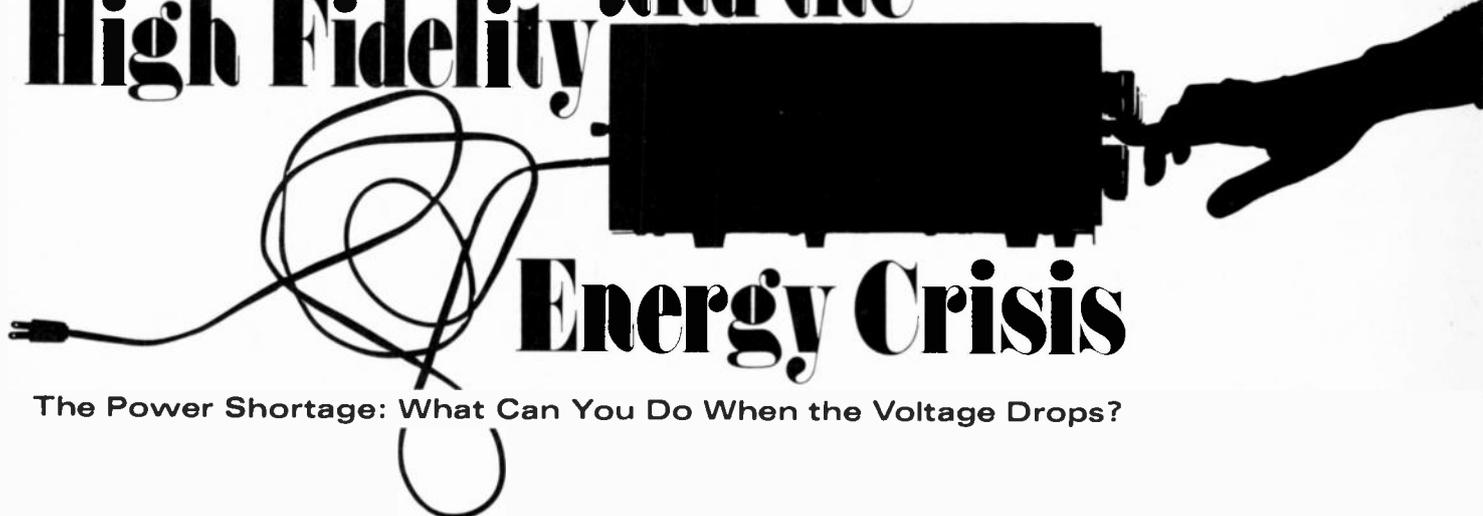
The success of the MS-1 obviously will depend on the speakers you use it with and the changes you're seeking to make in their characteristics, which will, to some extent, depend on your listening room. If you're happy with the quantity and dispersion of highs in your present setup, there's no reason to consider this accessory. But it will add extra liveliness to dull-sounding speakers, and it will make that liveliness audible even from the sides of the speakers. At best, the effect is so striking that it's much like trading your speakers in for new models. Assuming speakers in the \$150 price bracket, \$117 for the upgrading would be equivalent to a trade-in allowance of \$183 on the old pair—not bad as such things go.

In sum, we judge the unit to be entirely successful in its design aims; the value of those aims can vary from very significant to nil, depending on the main speakers and the characteristics of the listening room.

CIRCLE 142 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

by Edward J. Foster

High Fidelity and the Energy Crisis



The Power Shortage: What Can You Do When the Voltage Drops?

FUEL SHORTAGE, BROWNOUT, energy crisis, voltage reduction—the new lexicon of the American scene. Amplifiers, tuners, turntables, tape recorders—the audiophile litany. All use energy, but how much? Will it become un-American to turn up the volume? Will the voltage reduction damage your equipment? Is there anything you can do about it, or should you postpone listening?

Now that the air-conditioning season is upon us again, we're reminded that typical power companies vary their line voltage. To some extent, the line voltage goes up and down locally depending upon the amount of power being drawn in the area. The more power consumed, the more the line voltage drops. In periods of peak power consumption, extra generating capacity is fired up or extra power is purchased from other companies through an interconnecting "grid." But with increasing frequency the news broadcasts warn that Con Ed (the utility company supplying power to much of the New York City area), for example, is reducing voltage by 5 per cent. Either the company just doesn't have the generating capacity, or it's trying to conserve fuel. This is a useful reduction, from its point of view. A voltage decrease of 5 per cent can save as much as 10 per cent of the power consumed. Enforced conservation!

To find out what happens in a typical household, I ran a chart recorder for forty-eight consecutive hours, monitoring the line voltage in my home. The equipment sampled the voltage once a second and recorded the measurement. It wasn't an unusual time of the year—neither the Christmas season, nor the summer months when air-conditioners gorge

themselves on power; it was just a typical late-winter period in New England, when we were well into the fuel crisis. I picked a Sunday and Monday to see if there was a substantial difference between the weekend and the workweek.

The analysis of several yards of chart paper is condensed on page 60. The voltage continually fluctuated. The center curve indicates the approximate average level at any particular time. The upper curve shows the maximum level reached in a one-hour period around that time, and the lower curve shows the minimum level maintained. Very brief excursions outside of this range (say, for a second or so) were ignored.

The results weren't bad. The local kilowatt factory maintained an average voltage of about 115 volts ± 5 per cent, following a consistent pattern from one day to the next. I found it interesting that the lowest average line voltage occurred at six each evening. As might be expected, the voltage peaked about midnight, when television sets and lights go off. Surprisingly, the second high point in the day came about three in the afternoon. I'm not sure why. Perhaps that's when extra power comes on stream. Mornings tended to be average to slightly below average.

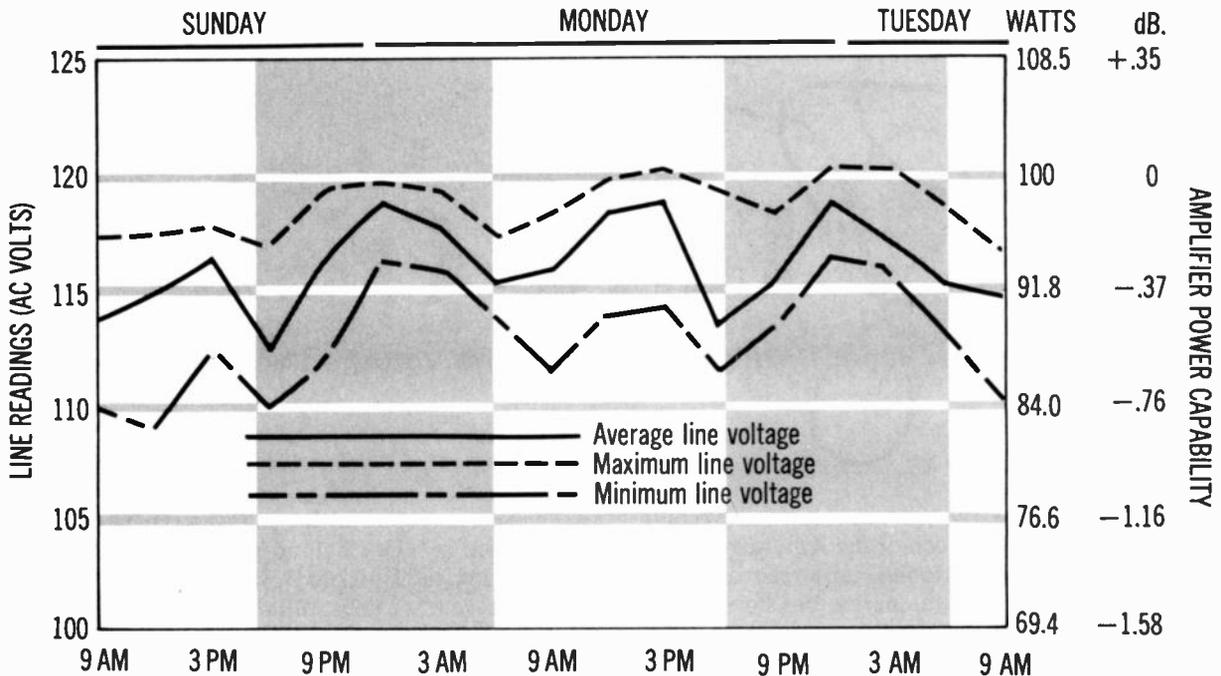
Amplifiers in the Brownout

The amplifier is the heart of your stereo system,

Vice president of technology at the By-Word Corp., Mr. Foster is a frequent HF contributor.

Line Voltage Fluctuations

A Record of 48 Hours at the Author's Home



and its power capability is directly affected by line voltage. Look at the above graph's "watts" scale. This scale shows you the approximate power capability of a hypothetical 100-watt amplifier at the different line voltages shown at the left. Normally, amplifiers are rated for power at a 120-volt line. All amplifier tests reported in HIGH FIDELITY are measured at this level.

From the graph, you will see that an amplifier capable of 100 watts when operated from a 120-volt source can deliver only about 92 watts at 115 volts and 84 watts when it gets 110 volts. Thus, that 100-watt amp could show its mettle in my house only on rare occasions, around midnight and three o'clock. On the average, its capability would be more like 92 watts, and sometimes in the mornings it would put out only about 80 to 85 watts. I chose a 100-watt unit for this project for ease in scaling. If you have half that—a 50-watt amp—just multiply the figures on the right of the graph by 0.5. For a 30-watt amp, multiply by 0.3.

Now, you probably have read that some amplifiers have better power supply regulation than others. The implication is that the units with better power supply regulation maintain their supply

voltage and so can deliver a more constant output. Let's clear up a possible misunderstanding. There are two kinds of power supply regulation: load regulation and line regulation.

Almost universally, when an amplifier manufacturer touts his product's "regulation," he is referring to *load regulation*. That is, he has used a beefed-up transformer, large filter capacitors, and low-impedance rectifiers. You can draw full power from the supply without the supply voltage dropping, providing you're supplying power to it as fast as you're removing it. As a result, the average power capability (frequently, if erroneously, called rms power) of an amplifier with such a load-regulated power supply is very close to the music-power rating. Stated another way, good load regulation means that an amplifier can deliver sizable amounts of power to the load without compromise to its ability to meet its ratings.

But *line regulation*, which interests us here, is an entirely different matter. The beefiest power transformer, filter capacitors, and rectifiers will not maintain the power supply voltage when the company drops the line voltage. It takes an electronically regulated power supply—or what is known as

a constant-voltage transformer—to do that, and such devices are rarely if ever used in power amps. So you can expect the power capability of even the best-regulated amplifier to drop when the line voltage does.

How important is that? Not very important at all, in my opinion! We must make a distinction between the power actually delivered to the loudspeakers and the power capability of the amplifier. A 100-watt amplifier does not deliver 100 watts to the loudspeaker except, perhaps, on rare occasions at the climax of a crescendo. Even then, it may not deliver a full 100 watts. It depends on the efficiency of the loudspeakers, the acoustics of the room, and the type of music and volume level you like. Even with fairly inefficient speakers, playing in a fairly dead room, most listeners would consider the sound levels developed at 25 watts to be “good and loud.” Normally the amplifier delivers only a few watts to the speakers. The drop in line voltage affects the power capability of the amplifier—the amount of power it can deliver before gross clipping distortion occurs. It does not change the few watts you’re normally using. The 100-watt unit may be capable of only 84 watts at 110 volts, but *unless you’re calling for more than 84 watts*, you’ll never know it.

What is the likelihood that you’ll notice the drop in capability? Very, very slight. Again, going to Fig. 1, the difference between 84 watts and 100 watts is only about $\frac{3}{4}$ dB. It is generally conceded that 1 dB corresponds to the minimum discernible change in sound level. Thus, the drop in line voltage from 120 volts to 110 volts means that clipping distortion will occur at a barely discernible lower level. And that’s the worst case. If you have an amplifier with more power capability than you need, there will be no effect with the 10-volt drop simply because you aren’t calling for more than 84 per cent of the amp’s rated capability.

As far as the other amplifier parameters are concerned—frequency response, equalization, gain, signal-to-noise—a 10-volt line drop will have no measurable effect on any decently designed circuit. And most high fidelity amplifiers *are* decently designed. So your power amplifier will most likely survive the brownout with no noticeable ill effects.

Tuners at Low Voltage

A good tuner, too, should be able to take reasonable voltage drops in stride. Some of the better tuners employ electronic regulation of the power supply voltages in critical sections, so they are impervious to line drops down to about 105 volts. The low power drain of a tuner makes electronic regulation relatively inexpensive and feasible.

Below some voltage levels, however, the regulator will cease functioning. Usually this point is at 105 volts or less. It is a little difficult to predict what, if anything, will result from line voltage fluctuations on unregulated tuners. If varactor, or “electronic,” tuning is used, there might be some station drift since this type of tuning is voltage controlled. It’s possible that stereo separation could be degraded. But, in general, the adverse effects should be minimal if discernible at all.

The Effect on Turntable Motors

Turntable motor drives come in three basic varieties, and the susceptibility to line voltage fluctuations depends on the type you buy. You’ll find an index of turntables’ immunity to lowered voltages in HIGH FIDELITY’s test reports; units whose speed varies least when line voltage is switched from 120 to 105 VAC will be least affected by power-company cutbacks.

The least expensive turntable motor regularly used in high fidelity systems is the four-pole induction unit. There are two-pole induction motors, but most are used only on very cheap turntables in packaged systems. Any induction motor operates at a speed determined by the load on it and the line voltage. The lower the voltage, the slower the motor turns. Obviously then, induction motors will be affected by brownouts: The pitch of the music will drift from time to time during the day, and voltage changes of shorter duration can produce noticeable warbles or wow. Since your ear is extremely sensitive to wow, even if not to absolute pitch, I’d rate induction motors as the least desirable type.

Hysteresis motors have been acclaimed as the ideal solution to the constant-speed problem. A true hysteresis motor runs in synchronism with the power line *frequency*, which is carefully controlled at 60 Hz even during the brownout. (It’s not to help you, dear audiophile; it’s so the power companies can share the energy via the grid.) The *average* speed of the motor is independent of line voltage over a reasonable range of levels.

It would seem that hysteresis motors would be a fine choice for a turntable drive, and indeed they are probably the most popular type in the medium-to-high-grade systems. There are two flaws that are frequently overlooked, however. At some level of loading and low line voltage, the hysteresis motor ceases to act as a hysteresis motor and operates more like an induction motor. Otherwise, it could never start itself.

In fact, some manufacturers tout their motors as being a combination induction/synchronous type. While coming up to speed the motor exhibits the high torque of the induction type and so brings the

turntable up to speed rapidly. When approaching full speed, the motor locks to the line frequency and operates synchronously, albeit at a reduced torque. The available torque, or power to drive the turntable, is dependent on line voltage, even if the speed is not. Such a motor, and for that matter any synchronous motor, can be pulled out of synchronism if the line voltage drops to the point where the available torque is insufficient for the system.

A second eccentricity of hysteresis motors—one that comes to the fore especially in times of brownout—is not picked up in lab tests. Whenever the line voltage (or load) changes, the hysteresis motor jerks ahead or backwards a fraction of a turn to take the new situation into account. If the line voltage suddenly drops, the motor sort of skips a beat and then resynchronizes to the line. It all happens very fast and may never get through to the turntable if the drive system provides good isolation between the turntable and the motor. (Good isolation generally means a high-speed motor, massive turntable, and a high-compliance belt-drive system.) Should the isolation be inadequate, however, these instantaneous speed changes can put burbles into the music. And the line voltage frequently is more erratic during periods of low voltage.

Most AC motors will run hotter at low line voltages than at nominal voltage as they labor to supply the required power. Good turntable drive designs usually operate well within the motor's ratings and are called on to deliver only relatively small amounts of power anyway. Nonetheless it might be wise to ascertain from the manufacturer the minimum line voltage that is safe for the motor. In this respect, refrigerator, freezer, air-conditioner, and washing-machine motors are much more likely to burn out in brownouts than your turntable motor is.

The last type of motor drive for turntables—and the best from the point of view of stable operation despite power-line variations—consists of the servo-controlled systems found on the best of the new equipment. These systems essentially operate independently of both line voltage and line frequency. Several designs are available. Some use an internal oscillator and power amp to generate a local source of AC. Others use a DC motor and a servo-loop control to maintain constant speed. While all of them ultimately draw power from the line, the speed is independent of line voltage until it drops so low that the internal electronics ceases to function properly.

The Tape Recorder

Tape recorders use the same types of motors as turntables, and what I have just said applies equally to tape equipment. Again, the motor that is

not driven directly from the line (the servo or DC type) should give best performance. Since the drive systems of tape recorders generally have lower inertia in relation to the frictional losses, you are more likely to hear the burbles that sudden changes in line voltage cause in hysteresis motors. A three-motor deck should give better performance in this respect than a single-motor recorder since the capstan motor (which determines the tape speed) does not have to supply power to the take-up reel. Thus, none of the energy stored in the flywheel inertia has to go towards winding the tape; all of it is available to iron out burbles in motor speed.

As far as the recorder's electronics go, performance at reduced line voltage depends largely on design. If the power-supply voltage to the bias oscillator is not regulated against line changes, the amount of bias will vary directly with the line voltage. Whereas you are not likely to hear a 1-dB change in power amp capability, a 1-dB change in bias level can have an audible effect in the high frequency response of the recorder. Much depends upon the tape used and the recording head characteristics, but—especially at cassette speeds (1½ ips)—a 1-dB drop in bias can boost the high-end response by 2 or 3 dB. There will also be a corresponding increase in low frequency distortion. On open-reel decks operating at 7½ ips, the bias setting is less critical and a 1-dB bias change will have little effect on response.

Lest you get overly concerned, let me say that the bias requirements for different brands of tape (even of the same generic type) frequently differ by more than 1 dB. So the audible effect of a 10-volt line drop may be no worse than changing tape brands and not having the bias setting changed accordingly. Remember that the bias phenomenon just mentioned takes place only when you're recording. During playback the line voltage will have little effect on the electronics until it drops so low that the circuitry ceases to function. Of course motor-speed fluctuations can happen either when recording or playing back.

What to Do About the Brownout

Is there anything you can do to maintain peak equipment performance during a brownout? Yes there is, but it shouldn't be necessary except in the worst situations. Earlier I mentioned constant voltage transformers. They deliver a relatively constant (± 1 per cent) output automatically over reasonably wide (± 15 per cent) input voltage ranges. The problem with many of them is that they do not deliver a sinusoidal output. The higher harmonics (14 per cent or more) that are contained in their output are likely to cause increased heating in your equipment's motors and transformers. In my opinion the improvement to be gained is so small that it is not

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The 4400 brute receiver, like all Marantz products, is backed by a full, three year guarantee.⁵ See it at your Marantz dealer.



Why Do Records Have to Be Black Anyway?



WHY ARE RECORDS black? They're made out of pure vinyl, aren't they? Vinyl in its pure form, after all, is transparent and colorless.

While it's possible to make records that are translucent, green, yellow, or red, or that even have photographs in them, more than 99 per cent of the discs pressed in the U.S. last year were black, thanks to the addition of minute quantities of carbon black to the granules of pure vinyl before pressing. The additives, engineers like RCA's W. Rex Isom discovered long ago, help the records sound better and last longer. These "impurities" don't amount to much—about 4 per cent of a 95-gram Dynaflex record.

Polyvinyl chloride, the main ingredient, is supplied to record-pressing plants in pellets. The manufacturer mixes the pellets with a premeasured amount of dye and perhaps one or two mystery ingredients according to a secret formula. The mixture is heated and formed into biscuits. In older plants that still use manual presses, an operator slaps a pre-cut black patty onto a steam-heated press and squeezes it between two metal stampers, one representing each side of the finished record. The combination of intense heat and pressure causes the mixture to flow, to conform to the tiny impressions on the stampers. When the operator opens the press, there's a steaming hot, shiny black record inside. Automatic presses do the same thing in seconds.

But why use black or any other dye? Because pure vinyl is a granular substance, and the surface of the pressed record becomes granular once it has cooled. Isom compares that surface to a cement sidewalk or wall—seemingly smooth when viewed from a distance but containing pockmarks, holes, and grains when examined carefully. What carbon black does is fill in these gaps, make the surface smoother. It also hides the trace amounts of other impurities in the vinyl mix and results in a quieter record.

Carbon black has one major advantage over other dyes. It contains graphite, a lubricant that helps the stylus slide smoothly along the groove. But carbon black, like PVC, comes from petroleum. Manufacturers produce the dye by burning heavy oil in an insufficiently ventilated drum, then scraping the carbon deposits from the inside. In the old days when oil was inexpensive and nobody worried very much about emitting huge clouds of black smoke into the atmosphere, carbon black was not only the most satisfac-

Robert Angus is executive editor of Audio Times, a trade newspaper, and audio editor of Penthouse.

tory, but also the cheapest dye record makers could use. But beginning in 1971, chemical manufacturers were required to help clean up the air by taking out most of the impurities before permitting any smoke to escape. That was expensive, and it forced some of the smaller producers out of business. Those that remained charged more for their product.

O.K., if carbon black isn't available, why not switch to one of the other dyes—ruby red, emerald green, or turquoise? For one thing, because they won't sell. Veteran independent record producer Joseph Abend estimates that a hit album pressed in red vinyl would sell from 10 to 20 per cent fewer copies than the same album pressed in black. "The public thinks of colored records as toys or gimmicks. They don't take them seriously," he says.

A better reason for staying with carbon, according to Isom, is that the records sound better and last longer. All things being equal, he claims, a nonblack record will show the same deterioration after 100 plays as the black one after 200. In terms of surface noise during average production runs, the nonblack record will be 3 to 5 dB noisier—although because runs of colored records usually are much smaller and involve more care during pressing, the individual attention each record receives could offset this advantage. Carbon black has nothing to do with record hardness or toughness, Isom adds. Its life-giving properties derive entirely from its ability to form a smoother surface and to provide a groove lubricant.

In terms of the cost of raw materials, it makes little difference to disc makers whether a pressing is red, black, or green. But if they expect to produce colored records that are indeed clear, they've got to shut down a normal production line, clean the presses and other equipment thoroughly, and take more care in handling. When they're finished, they have to clean the presses again before resuming production of black records. "Down time"—time when expensive equipment isn't in use—is a dirty term in the record business. It must be paid for, which explains why pressing plants usually charge their customers more for colored records.

Actually, use of black in the recording of sound antedates sound recordings themselves. In 1856, twenty-one years before Edison's invention, Edouard-Léon Scott de Martinville proposed inscribing a lampblack cylinder with a hog bristle to record sound visually. And black continues to be preferred, for as sales figures show, to the record buyer black is beautiful.

ROBERT ANGUS

HOW MUCH POWER DO YOU USE?

If you want to know just how much energy your stereo system is eating up each time you turn it on, your best guide is to consult your owner's manuals or the serial number plates on each component. Often you'll find a power-consumption rating in watts (or in volt-amps, which for present purposes may be taken as the same thing). Add them all up and you've got the total wattage requirements of your system.

In practice, it may not be that easy, however. Aside from the fact that complete power-consumption ratings are not given for all components, those for power amps offer a problem of interpretation. They *should* be stated as a range (e.g.: 20 to 120 watts) in which the smaller number represents the power drain with the amp idling (no input signal) and the larger the power drain with the amp driven to rated output.

But how hard do you drive your amp? Obviously, somewhere in between; but the spread can be wide. When you're playing background music the drain may only be a hair above that at idling. With the continuously loud levels of rock it might average as much as half the maximum figure (though at those levels it's a moot point which would get burnt up first—your speakers or your neighbors).

Assuming that you can't find useful ratings for your components, here is a rough guide of typical values, culled from our files. The first number given represents average ballpark requirements; then, in parentheses, we show the approximate range over

which typical values may fall. To derive a figure for a receiver, you would have to add those for the tuner, preamp, and amp sections.

Keep two things in mind. First, these figures are based on solid-state equipment; tubed electronics generally may draw several times the current just to heat the tubes. Second, aside from power amps, most of the electronics use an appreciable proportion of their input power for such things as pilot lamps; a component that lights up like Times Square can draw appreciably more current than one with only a pilot light.

EQUIPMENT	POWER REQUIREMENTS
Amplifiers	25 (15-60) watts idling; some 2 (1.5-3.5) times the total continuous power rating at rated output.
Tuners	25 (10-35) watts.
Preamps, Dolby units, active equalizers, etc.	2 (1-5) watts.
Open-reel tape decks	100 (40-160) watts.
Cassette or cartridge decks	20 (10-50) watts.
Turntables	15 (5-20) watts.

worth the risk of damage. If you do consider purchasing one, be sure to get a "sinusoidal type," which has less than 3 per cent harmonic distortion. But be prepared to pay for it. A 500-volt-amp unit goes for over \$100. Check first with your audio equipment manufacturer for his advice.

As we have seen, a line reduction to 110 volts should result in little audible change in your system. Down at 105 volts or lower you may start getting into trouble with the turntable and/or tape recorder. One clue—though not a foolproof one—to extremely low voltage is excessive shrinking of your TV picture. A better way of finding out what your line voltage is doing is to monitor it with a meter. A multipurpose meter will do the trick, but there are special line-voltage meters available with an expanded scale from about 100 to 140 volts. These are much easier to use and more accurate than the conventional multipurpose meter. They're not expensive either. The RCA Power Line Monitor sells for about \$25; Procon has one for \$12.95.

If you find that your line voltage is perennially low, you might consider an adjustable autotransformer, sometimes called a Variac. It does not automatically adjust the voltage. You must set it to what

you want. But it produces only negligible harmonic distortion in the AC frequency, and it is a lot cheaper than an automatic unit. A 500-volt-amp unit sells for less than \$22 at Radio Shack. You can get more than a 15 per cent voltage boost from one of these. If you do get one, monitor the line voltage at its output and set it for about 115 volts. Don't push for 120 volts; if you do so during a low-voltage period, output voltage may get dangerously high when the input rises again. Don't go by the dial calibration either. Use a meter. The dial calibration is accurate only if the input is 120 volts, and if you have that much voltage, you don't need the autotransformer to start with!

So unless brownouts become more severe, use your stereo system and enjoy it. You're not likely to experience any audible problems, and you're not likely to damage anything in it. Your system really doesn't consume much power—less than a few light bulbs (see box, above). Keep in mind that the power actually drawn by some equipment (amplifiers, for instance) depends on the way you use it. If it's a choice of driving or of staying home and listening, you'll probably use up far less of our resources at the gain control than behind the wheel. ●

The Vinyl Shortage:

by Gene Lees

Does It Mean Poorer and Fewer Records?



BY THE EARLY 1960s, conservationists—including many scientists—were genuinely alarmed. The population of the world, they warned, was growing at a dangerous rate; consumption of the planet's resources was proceeding apace and indeed ahead of population growth. The end, they insisted, was predictable. During the foreseeable future our resources would be gone.

In an America accustomed to thinking in terms of boom, of growing rich on sudden Texas gushers and on vast primordial forests that had taken centuries to grow and that now simply stood there in dark dignity waiting for the ax and the chainsaw, little of this had any impact. Shortages, after all, are what they have in Europe. And in Asia. Not in this country.

But the resources proved not only finite, but more limited than we had supposed, and we are now entering an era that only a few years ago was envisioned mainly by the more melancholy science-fiction writers. The shortages are here, and they are felt in almost every aspect of daily life. What man raised on western movies, with their vast herds of longhorns, could consider a beef shortage? What hot-rod enthusiast could imagine his amusement curtailed by a gasoline shortage? And what record collector, even as little as a year ago, knew that his latest treasured album ultimately had come from a hole in some wasteland of Arabian sand?

We know now. The material out of which that record is made is polyvinyl chloride—PVC for short—and it is made from petroleum. Not only is there a shortage of PVC, there's also a growing problem in getting the chlorine used in its processing. And in getting the carbon black to color the discs [see article on page 68]. As if that weren't enough, a paper shortage is affecting the cost of making not only album covers, but even the corrugated boxes in which records are shipped. [Not to mention the magazines in which records are reviewed.—Ed.]

What all this is going to mean to the record buyer in the long run nobody in the industry seems to know. What it means in the short run is higher prices (already put into effect by many companies)

and a decrease in the variety of albums released. An industry that seemed to think its growth was going to proceed in an exponential curve has suddenly become very nervous. Nobody *admits* to being nervous, but a detectable stiff-upper-lip-ism has permeated the trade.

In point of fact, people in the field to whom I've spoken have been more than a little evasive. One executive of a major label told me he thought that the petroleum shortage was essentially phony and would fade away in a few months, and that the PVC shortage was similarly a false one. But a former high executive of Shell Oil who spent his life in the petroleum business—a man whose track record is one of realism rather than of vested sympathy toward the industry—assured me that there most certainly is a severe worldwide petroleum shortage and that oil experts, as the industry's ubiquitous ads are only now informing the public, had warned governments of it as much as ten years ago, only to be ignored by politicians, who reflexively avoid giving voters bad news. And, he insisted, that shortage is going to worsen.

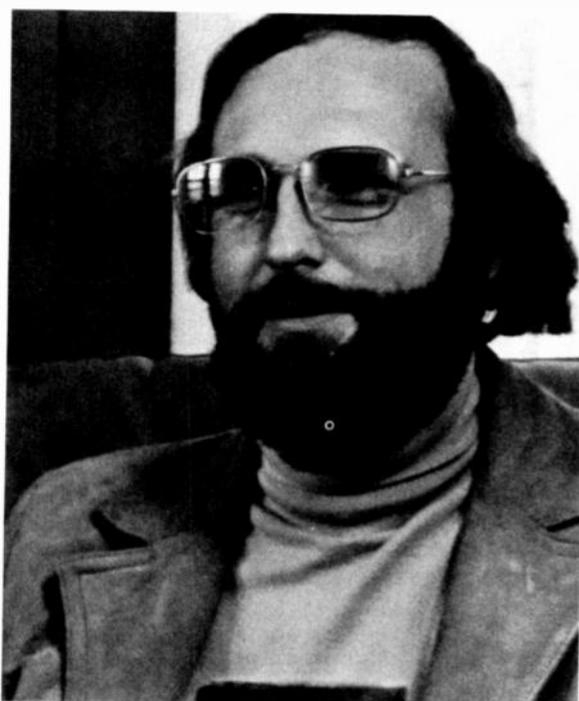
Where you really hear about the PVC shortage is at the pressing-plant level. Viewlex-Monarch Corporation is a Los Angeles company that presses records and makes album covers for A & M, Bud-dah, Atlantic, Ranwood, Daybreak, and Stax, among others. The plant manager, Charles Reid, told me, "We're working at a reduced level. We figure we're getting between 65 and 70 per cent of the PVC we actually want. There have been times when it's been less. We've been using the extender material, and that helps a little."

"Extender" is a substance that stretches the quantity of PVC, just as those new soya substances increase the quantity of your hamburger. But it makes records more brittle, and plants using it find they are having to scrap more of the discs. Of course the scrap can be ground up and used again, but every time you recycle vinyl, the quality of the record surface decreases. And extender reduces quality somewhat to begin with.

Bruce Maier—who, as president of Discwasher, Inc., has been analyzing commercially available

records as part of the company's ongoing work with record-cleaning solutions—has still more disturbing tales to tell. While some companies punch out and discard the label area of records they plan to reclaim, some do not. He has found bits of ground-up labels and wire (presumably from wire brushes used to scour labels from the scrapped pressings) in records picked at random off a local dealer's shelves.

In addition, he finds claylike residues (call them "dirt" and you're probably specifying their origin if not their chemical nature), hairs, and miscellaneous high concentrations of metallic compounds. A portion of these compounds may intentionally be included to dissipate the static electricity generated by certain pressing techniques: Maier



Bruce Maier—Hairs, wires, and ground-up labels found in your records are symptoms of the shortage of vinyl.

says such thinking is like "driving with one foot on the gas and the other on the brake." One other shortcoming: PVC that is notably short on vinyl acetate, an ingredient that contributes markedly to a smooth, ungranular surface in the finished pressing. All of these findings attest to expedients that work against the quality of the finished product.

It will be no surprise to HIGH FIDELITY readers that Maier also finds much evidence of hastily made pressings—surely a symptom of the same squeeze that includes materials scarcities and rising costs. He, like many a reader, believes that better records would find more buyers; but by all indications, the truly fine disc is an endangered species, even for the music lover who's willing to pay extra for the joy of a really quiet surface.

Maier adds that in his opinion the panic psychology these expedients seem to suggest is unwarranted. His talks with prime producers of PVC indicate that severe shortages are temporary and that within the year supplies should be adequate for any user willing to spend slightly more (perhaps about a penny per disc for the raw compound) than heretofore.

At the time of this writing (the end of March) most pressing plants expected increases in supplies—perhaps as much as 10 per cent—in the coming weeks. And some hoped their supplies would be up to normal by midsummer. But few of them echoed Maier's optimism for the long run. "I don't think anybody can make long-range predictions," Reid said.

The president of another large pressing company reached into his desk drawer, drew out a letter, and slid it across the desk to me. "Read that," he said.

It was a letter from the B. F. Goodrich Company, his supplier of PVC. "Can you tell me what that means?" he asked after I had read it twice. I couldn't; the writing was a magnificent example of upper corporate obscurantism. It seemed to say that Goodrich would continue to be able to meet the company's needs. Then again, it might not. There might be a price increase; then again, there might not.

"Now you know as much about the PVC situation as I do," the man said, shaking his head.

There are certain areas in which you can get a statistical fix on the situation. *Billboard* magazine, the record industry's trade paper, gets just about every record that is released, for review purposes. Normally, the publication receives from 50 to 85 albums a week. During the week of last March 18 it got 36 albums. "That's at the level of Christmas week, when the industry releases next to nothing," one of the magazine's staff members said.

Some people think the shortage may eventually prove beneficial. Said Keith Holzman of Nonesuch and Elektra Records in New York, "It means we have to be more careful about what we're doing and about proper ordering procedures. But recently we were able to get out our largest order in our history—Bob Dylan, Carly Simon, and Joni Mitchell—without any trouble."

What he means is that sloppy inventory control—roughly translated, "Let's press 200,000, maybe it will sell"—is a thing of the past. The hooker of course is that the industry may, and probably will, concentrate on its surefire, guaranteed-sale acts and abandon whatever adventurousness it still has. In fact, this already seems to be happening.

Eliot Tiegel, *Billboard's* managing editor and a careful watcher of the industry, says there are any number of imitations of Joni Mitchell being recorded; but good performers are frequently being passed over. Tiegel says one would have thought that the industry would look for more "different"



Ralph J. Gleason—"The majors will decide what the configuration is . . . they have the investment in hardware."

performers, but the proportion of imitation that has so long been a curse seems to remain the same. And this has led to the fear that an acutely conformist business may become more so.

On the other hand, Tiegel thinks that the shortage may lead to a more realistic attitude. There was a time when any four guys with guitars could pick up a record contract by walking down Sixth Avenue in New York or Sunset Boulevard in Hollywood looking hungry. Those days are apparently gone. The industry has become more cautious about whom it signs up; but in ignoring the mediocre, it also may be ignoring the gifted.

Ralph J. Gleason, vice president of Fantasy Records in San Francisco, is less cynical. "It's not going to mean that the industry won't record new artists," he claims. "What it *is* going to mean is that they aren't going to press up huge quantities of records and then wait to see what happens." This, most people in the business agree, would be a good thing: the industry has been appallingly profligate with plastic.

There has been a good deal of talk about turning to the 10-inch LP in order to save plastic. In the early days of the LP, 10-inch pop records contained eight songs; 12-inch LPs contained twelve. But the industry has cut back to—on the average—ten songs to a 12-inch LP. With today's improved technology, including more sensitive cutting techniques, it is quite feasible to press current pop LPs on a 10-inch disc.

Gleason doesn't think this will happen, nor do many other people in the trade. "The whole pattern of the industry is against it," he says. "The industry

might go to another configuration—tape or something else. . . . The majors will decide what the configuration is, because they have the investment in hardware."

And the majors don't think a switch to another configuration is in the immediate future.

When you talk to the majors—Columbia and RCA particularly—the situation becomes no clearer. By and large, their technical people are so committed to convincing you that *their* quadriphonic system is the right one (blessed by technology, acoustics, and the gods) that it's hard to get them to discuss the PVC shortage.

Benjamin Bauer, vice president of CBS Laboratories, doesn't think there will be a change of configuration. "A disc record," he says, "is blessed with a large amount of safety factor. You can have occasional overloads of signal with, for example, a piece that is longer than average, and you're still all right. This is one of the reasons the disc has remained so popular. Your noise level is low enough so that your overload factor is adequate."

"There is no question that the industry could go to a smaller disc, with all sorts of compression techniques," he adds. "But you lose your safety factor." The 16 $\frac{3}{4}$ -rpm record, for which many turntables are still equipped, is "a thing of the past." The sound of some of those records, Bauer says, was splendid, "but you removed the safety factor." In other words, scratch the record even slightly, and you've got trouble.

And, he claims, "the record industry uses just a



Benjamin Bauer—"Vinyl has almost ideal properties for recording. . . . And now that the Arabs' oil embargo has been lifted, there should be no problem in getting enough. . . ."



Peter Munves—Record companies are being much more selective now, but "if it's a good record and there's a reason for it to be on the market, I'll fight to put it out."

minute amount of vinyl compared with what goes into making sewer pipes and garden hoses. Now that the Arabs' oil embargo has been lifted, there should be no problem in getting enough vinyl for records, anyway. There simply isn't enough of a saving in vinyl to justify the confusing inventory problem you'd have with a 12-inch LP for longer works and a 10-inch LP for shorter ones."

What about the possibility that quality discs might be made from a non-oil-based material? Efforts are currently under way to find such a substance. But, as Bauer points out, "vinyl has almost ideal properties for recording." And the potential substitutes so far are much more expensive. Nor is the tape cassette a likely candidate to replace the disc; production of tape is, by comparison, slow and costly.

Another possibility would be the widespread application of the DBX system ("News and Views," April 1974), which by offering a startling reduction of disc noise would permit putting all the music of an LP on a 7-inch record. That would save at least half the vinyl in a 12-inch record—not even considering any reduction in thickness! But the decoder costs \$200, and only two 12-inch LPs utilizing the system are currently on the market.

Conversion to such a system would take an act of statesmanship from an industry that has not been noteworthy for altruism or even for sensible cooperation. Many of its technical people tend to poo-hoo the possibilities. One of them pointed out that it wasn't the industry, but the public, that selected

the 12-inch LP over the 10-inch. People gradually stopped buying the 10-inch record. But there were probably two reasons for that: The 12-inch LP was the better bargain; and the double system presented a nuisance in filing.

What we're talking about now is a 7-inch LP, and it seems almost a certainty that it would have immense appeal to the buyer, fed up with the problem of finding ever more shelf space to accommodate his collection and with the transportation cost when he moves from one city to another. But we can forget about the 7-inch LP for the present. The majors, as Gleason points out, have the investment in hardware, and *they* don't want it.

The bulk of the output of the two billion-dollar record industry is pop music. This, it should be remembered, is what most of the PVC is used for. What will the shortage do to the recording of more serious musical forms, such as jazz and classical music? There was an increase in the quantity of jazz released in 1973—560 albums, compared with 479 in 1972. What 1974 will bring is anybody's guess. Almost certainly, the same tight criterion will be applied to classical LPs and jazz as to pop music: Will it sell?

Says Peter Munves, director of marketing for RCA Red Seal: "I'm being more selective. I was going to have to be more selective anyway. It pays to sell more of less rather than less of more. The industry was buckshotting. If it's a good record and there's a reason for it to be on the market, I'll fight to put it out.

"I don't believe that there really is a vinyl shortage or even an oil shortage. When the price goes up, there will be no shortage. But the increase will be passed on to the consumer."

And suddenly, at this point, all lines of thought cross. Oil has been underpriced, which is one of the reasons why our society hasn't pushed ahead with development of other energy sources. It isn't, according to this reasoning, that atomic, geothermal, and solar energy are too expensive; it's just that fossil fuel has been too cheap. When its price goes high enough, the other—and cleaner—energy sources will be "cheap" and will be developed.

Meanwhile, we have been shockingly wasteful of our resources. The former Shell Oil executive expresses a somewhat startling point of view: "We are going to have to turn to other sources of energy because oil is simply too valuable a commodity to burn."

We need it now for other things—for sewer pipes and garden hoses. And for LP records. The prognosis for the record buyer: higher prices; fewer choices; perhaps even premium-priced series guaranteed to be free of warps, extraneous substances, and substandard vinyl.

As the Shell executive puts it, "The world is never going to be the same as it was, and I'm not sure that's a bad thing." ●

the new releases

The Juilliard's awe-inspiring recording permits in-depth exploration of the Third String Quartet—and a fresh outlook on the Second.



The Unique Imagination of Elliott Carter

by David Hamilton

IN HIS THIRD String Quartet, Elliott Carter calls upon all the aural skills that listeners have been developing as they have come to terms with his earlier music. This may sound forbidding; it is, instead, exciting, involving, and extending, for the new work engages the attention of ears, brain, and heart on many levels. Few recent works will reward an earnest response more fully than this one.

Completed at the end of 1971 and first performed in New York on January 23, 1973, the Third Quartet plays out a scenario not unexpected to those familiar with Carter's work over the previous two decades (especially with the two earlier quartets), yet still different from its predecessors in both spatial and temporal dimensions. "Scenario" is not my word, for the composer has often spoken of his scores in such terms: "auditory scenarios, for performers to act out with their instruments, dramatizing the players as individuals and as participants in the ensemble." Whereas the Second Quartet presents the players as distinct individuals in a four-cornered conversation, the Third characterizes them as two duos (violin and cello; violin and viola), each pair engaged in essentially independent activity, explicitly interacting only near the end of the piece. Rather like two simultaneous

conversations *à deux*, in fact—and if you've ever found yourself trying to eavesdrop on such a situation at a party, you will have some idea of what is involved in listening to Carter's quartet—with the very significant difference that the course of these conversations, their interactions, interruptions, and collisions en route are all very carefully planned.

When I reviewed the first performance last year, I speculated that the repeated hearings allowed by a recording would offer fascinating opportunities to concentrate on one "conversation" at a time, of hearing each one filtered through the other. This is, marvelously, what one can do with Columbia's recording, for it makes a very clear separation of the instruments (violin/viola at the left, violin/cello on the right)—much clearer than in the concert hall, in fact, for on-stage the simple technical difficulties of maintaining ensemble prevent the two duos from sitting at all far apart. Naturally, a recording misses the sheer physical impact of a live performance, where one feels the intensity of the players' concentration in even more direct and vivid ways; in compensation, it provides an analytic clarity, plus leisure to focus on individual facets of the score. Next time I hear the

Third Quartet in concert, the experience will be all the richer because of the insight I have gained from the recording.

The course of the Third Quartet's "argument" recalls in some ways that of Carter's immediately preceding work, the *Concerto for Orchestra* (Columbia M 30112), where four "movements," assigned to distinct instrumental groups, faded in and out, contrasting and competing in a progression not unrelated to some uses of the montage technique in film. Each of the two duos in the new score has its own material: four "movements" for the right-hand pair (*Furioso*, *Leggerissimo*, *Andante espressivo*, and *Pizzicato giocoso*), six for the pair on the left (*Maestoso*, *Grazioso*, *Pizzicato giusto meccanico*, *Scorrevole*, *Largo tranquillo*, and *Appassionato*).

The succession of presentation is not that simple, for in each duo earlier material recurs (although not in note-for-note fashion), and the totality is so arranged that by the end each "movement" for either duo has been heard simultaneously with every "movement" for the other one. Furthermore, each duo pauses now and then, permitting nearly every "movement" to be heard alone at some point, even if only briefly. (A chart setting out the order of events is given in the liner notes—but be warned that the spatial position of the duos as recorded is the reverse of that shown in the chart.)

You should not get the idea that within each duo all is unanimity and concord, for each pair engages in its own internal discussion. At the beginning of the piece, violin and viola, on the left, are dealing in relatively sustained double and triple stops, but each of them moves to a different beat. The simultaneous *furioso* material in the other pair, more expository and rapid in character, is also internally differentiated by cross rhythms. Sometimes a single member of one of the duos will precipitate the transition to new material, its companion following along quickly thereafter; at other times, one pair will gradually wind down and fade out, leaving the others to continue alone with whatever they were doing.

Over-all, the combined "conversations" yield a general shape, with a scherzolike character moving to the fore soon after the beginning (especially when the two pizzicato movements overlap), then gradually yielding to a "slow-movement" effect. The busier initial pace leads to a direct confrontational interchange and a terse, dense chordal passage (all the instruments playing triple stops), followed by a coda with "flashback" elements.

It takes a while to sort all this out with the ears, to distinguish the disparate rates of motion in the different instruments. This requires experience and application, but certainly no kind of factual knowledge or technical expertise. In fact, the printed score, now available from Associated Music Publishers, is often a hindrance; our notational system, devised to cope with relatively homogeneous movement in simple metrical subdivisions of two and three, does not bend easily to more complex uses. However, things that look fearsome on the page make perfect sense to the ear.

The real rhythms that the individual instruments play are often very simple—frequently notes of equal length; the complexity arises because one instrument's equal notes are moving at a very different rate from those of the others. Gradually one learns to listen with, as it were, four ears, just as one learns to hear the separate layers of melody in a fugue, and the result is a totally new kind of

experience (a tension of "time warps," one might say) such as no other music offers.

As I've suggested before, the best way to get at Carter's music is to follow his own development of these time-bending techniques—and with this goes the corollary that, as one stretches one's ears to accommodate the newer music, the older pieces take on new visages. This is particularly true of the Second Quartet, which here receives its third recording (actually the second, for it was made before the Composers Quartet version on Nonesuch and has been waiting for this long-planned coupling ever since 1969); the driving climactic accelerando becomes more and more an expressive experience, less a knotty aural problem.

I cannot say enough in admiration of the Juilliard Quartet for its performances of these works. The difficulties must have seemed insuperable at first, and one imagines that at times only its faith in Carter's imagination and craftsmanship sustained the artists. The Third Quartet comes close to being unplayable in concert, so intense is the concentration required (and so wearing on the fingertips is the extended and elaborate pizzicato writing). For other purely practical reasons it also turned out to be almost unrecordable: Page turns that pass unnoticed in the concert hall become unnervingly obtrusive in a recording, and the long spans of virtually uninterrupted playing that are demanded here inevitably require fast, noisy turns. Only by carefully breaking up the "takes" could these be avoided (a few have crept through), and so a complete run-through proved impossible in the studio.

Nevertheless, the tension of the piece is admirably sustained here. At the private run-through just before the premiere, cellist Claus Adam remarked that, in order to play the Third Quartet, the Juilliard had had to unlearn all the ensemble habits acquired in twenty-five years; they had to learn, instead, to keep together while playing music that is never exactly together.

Were someone to ask me why he should make the effort to grasp this music, I think I might well point to the many performing artists who have made the still greater effort of learning to play it. No law says that the Juilliard Quartet could not go on playing Beethoven, Schubert, and Bartók forever, without enlarging its repertory in this particularly strenuous way. The musicians find it worthwhile to do so, however, for Carter's music says something that nobody else has said before, enlarging our receptivity and our experience in profound and moving ways. The middle of an Elliott Carter piece is, figuratively and literally, about the most exciting place to be in music today, and I'm grateful to Columbia and the Juilliard Quartet for making it possible, via this splendid recording, for us to be there—and, of course, to the composer for imagining that place and showing us what it's like.

[How it sounded in quadriphony. Only as we went to press did the four-channel version arrive at the HIGH FIDELITY office. Carter asks the four individual performers playing simultaneously in his Second Quartet to sit farther apart than usual on-stage "so that each is definitely separated from the others in space as well as in character." The present recording separates the four quite successfully, with the violins in front and the viola and cello, left and right respectively, in the rear. Al-

though there is some wandering of the instruments in the quad version, it still is easier to hear them as individuals through the spacious SQ spread.

The Third Quartet is a different matter, possibly because the listener is supposed to hear the players as two duos and there is one violin in each. Producer Jay David Saks reports that, in the quadriphonic mix of the Third Quartet, the violin/cello duo is in front, left and right respectively, and the violin/viola duo in the rear, left and right. You couldn't prove it by me. When, in the Third's format, the instruments are plagued by the SQ wanderlust, the duo conception falls apart. It is distracting, if you are trying to eavesdrop on one "conversation," to have the violin of the other duo suddenly appear between the participants, or to hear the cello, in the midst of his chat in front, wander off to the side—or even pop up at the rear.

I strongly suggest listening to the Third Quartet in stereo, which as Mr. Hamilton indicates, very clearly separates the two duos. While your best bet is to buy the SQ version for the Second Quartet and the stereo version for the Third, if you are limited to one, get the stereo. Don't assume that you can have the best of both quartets by buying the four-channel version and simply playing the Third in stereo, because in its SQ mix, both violins will end up on the left, viola and cello on the right. (Why, Columbia? If you had separated the duos left-and-right instead of front-and-rear, you would have avoided this dilemma.)

LEONARD MARCUS]

CARTER: Quartets for Strings, Nos. 2 and 3. Juilliard Quartet. [Richard Killough (in No. 2) and Jay David Saks (in No. 3), prod.] COLUMBIA M 32738, \$5.98. Quadriphonic: MQ 32738 (SQ-encoded disc), \$6.98; MAQ 32738 (Q-8 cartridge), \$7.98.



Colin Davis (back to camera) and his cast—Van Allan, Freni, Te Kanawa, Burrows, Arroyo, Wixell, and Ganzarolli—build a climax during the *Don Giovanni* sessions.

Colin Davis' Passionate, Joyous *Don Giovanni*

Philips' new recording combines dramatic inevitability, ample wit, classical balance—and the most consistent cast yet.

by Dale Harris

ACCORDING TO Søren Kierkegaard (in *Either/Or*), *Don Giovanni* is more than the protagonist of the opera that bears his name. He is an embodiment of the life principle: "His passion sets the passion of all the others in motion; his passion resounds everywhere. . . . He is, so to speak, the common denominator."

One reason Colin Davis is so fine a conductor of *Don Giovanni* is that he accords proper importance to the passionate nature of Mozart's music. Another, related reason is that from the taut and somber account of the overture onward, he makes every number sound inevitable.

By the time we arrive at the supper scene, we have encountered a comprehensive vision, a total experience—one in which the force of sensuality has asserted itself so dangerously and destructively that the moral balance must be righted.

In this performance *Don Giovanni's* fate is awesome. We are aware not only of the power of justice, but also of its necessity. Because of Davis' discriminations in the matter of orchestral weight, balance, color, phrasing, rhythm, and tempo, we are deeply affected. We feel the inescapability and rightness of *Don Giovanni's* doom.

At every important point there is perfect consonance between the developing music drama and the conductor's judgment.

It follows inescapably that lightheartedness is not scanted. Davis never forgets that, though *Don Giovanni* is *dramma*, it is also *giocosso*. This is not a performance in late-nineteenth-century Romantic style, somber, ponderous, unrelievedly tragic. In Davis' hands the buffo finale is just as inevitable as the fearful damnation that precedes it. The joyously enunciated moral—in effect, that the wage of sin is death—is the only fitting end for a work that begins with Leporello grumbling in the dark.

Once the curtain has risen, Davis starts the opera off in suitably mock-heroic fashion. He accords appropriate emphasis to the satirical nimbleness of Leporello's tongue when ridiculing Elvira in "*Madamina*." He stresses the sheer fun of Leporello's imitation of his master when serenading the hapless Elvira.

Equally important, Davis never forgets that the eighteenth-century classical sensibility was imbued with the love of grace, harmony, and delight. Like Chardin or Alexander Pope, Mozart could encompass all existence without once abandoning elegance. Sensuous beauty was the medium through which Mozart's genius found its natural expression. Writing to his father about *Entführung* in 1781 he said, "... the passions, whether violent or no, must never be expressed so strongly as to disgust, and music, even in the most frightful situations, must never offend the ear, but is even then to give pleasure and consequently must always remain musical."

This concern for what is musical, in Mozart's sense, informs Davis' work. In "*Là ci darem*," the change from two-four to six-eight as Don Giovanni breaks down Zerlina's resistance is marvelously seductive; the music sways with a real sense of physical pleasure. In "*Vedrai, carino*," the gentle balm Zerlina promises her husband is echoed by trilled figures in the violins played here with beguiling delicacy. Even in Elvira's "*In quali eccessi*," at the point where anger gives way to solicitude the conductor makes sure that the violins and violas breathe out their melancholy phrases with rapt tenderness.

Davis' achievement is all the more striking when one surveys the competition. Renowned, even great, conductors fail to tap the sources of this score's endless fascination. Among currently available stereo recordings, Böhm (DG), though not without considerable merit, too often becomes prosaic. Klemperer (Angel) for my taste is turgid, too unremittingly heavy. Bonyngé (London) is fascinating, but often eccentric in tempo (the allegro assai of "*In quali eccessi*" emerges as *lento*, and the all-important recitatives are *leaden*). Krips (also London) is sound, straightforward, lightweight. Only Giulini (Angel) is as compelling as Davis—perhaps not so appreciative of Mozart's delicacy, but full of life, geniality, and ripeness.

Davis' good judgment extends to his casting. Unique among these recordings, his lineup has no serious weaknesses. Ingvar Wixell's Don is thoroughly convincing; persuasive enough in the recitatives, mostly splendid in extended lyrical passages. There are times, especially in the recitatives, when his pronounced quick vibrato threatens to become excessive, but in the main he controls it with skill. "*Là ci darem*" and the Serenade are enticingly smooth. He rises powerfully to the dire encounter with destiny.

Martina Arroyo sings very beautifully and with a more equalized scale than she has hitherto revealed on records. Her large, dark voice has a tendency to "speak" slowly, to enter a fraction behind the beat. But on the whole hers is a fine Anna, cleanly sung (apart from the conclusion to "*Non mi dir*" and some of the scale passages in the sextet), intelligent, musical, perhaps a little too reserved.

Kiri Te Kanawa has been criticized for skimming over the surface of Elvira's music. Now that she has had more stage experience in the role, it is indeed possible that she might bring greater meaning to the text. Here she slides too easily over consonants. At times—witness the way she launches the sextet—she also pecks at the notes. But the greater part of her contribution to this set is outstanding. "*In quali eccessi*" and "*Non ti fidar, o misera*" being cases in point. What she lacks, and this was true of her Met performances this season, is a solid middle and lower-middle register.

Mirella Freni is a captivating Zerlina, much better here than on the Klemperer recording, where she sounds ill at ease. Apart from a few overdone portamentos and one or two moments when she deliberately sings on the flat side of the note (presumably to depict winsomeness), she is simply wonderful.

Stuart Burrows sings Ottavio with great distinction. His style is admirable, his breath control is impressive, and he has no trouble with the runs in "*Il mio tesoro*." His use of the *voix mixte* for the high Gs of "*Dalla sua pace*"—at the Met this season he resorted to falsetto—is very successful. I only wish I didn't find the tone so disconcertingly white and detect the faintest trace of a whine.

Wladimiro Ganzarolli produces a dry sound and runs into difficulties at the top, but his Leporello is vividly characterized, especially in the recitatives. Luigi Roni is a firm, awesome-sounding Commendatore, and Richard Van Allan a satisfactory Maçetto.

John Constable's harpsichord continuo is full of inventiveness and point. The Covent Garden orchestra plays very well. Philips' recording is spacious and clear, though once or twice there is a tendency for voices to disappear in the ensembles. Philips' pressings, as always, are exemplary.

The only questionable feature of this enterprise is the general omission of appoggiaturas, which pertain not merely to musical grammar, but also to the drama. Freni, that sensitive and musical artist, instinctively uses them just before "*Batti, batti*" and "*Vedrai, carino*." The effect she thereby produces is of standing poised at the entrance to her arias: What follows serves to fulfill the expectations aroused by the recitatives.

Richard Bonyngé's *Don Giovanni* is illuminating in respect to such matters, appoggiaturas being employed not only in the recitatives, but throughout. The dramatic emphasis in phrases like Donna Anna's "*Or sai chi l'onore*" (gloriously sung, in any case, by Sutherland) is revelatory. Also, Bonyngé uses embellishments. In my opinion, music like the second part of "*Dalla sua pace*" can only benefit from the use of melodic decoration.

Another feature of Bonyngé's performance is the inclusion, unique among current sets, of the Zerlina/Leporello duet in Act II, added for the first Vienna production in order to capitalize on the popularity of Leporello's role—a farcical number of inferior musical quality

but nevertheless fascinating to hear. (It was also included in the deleted Leinsdorf/RCA set.)

There are six stereo *Don Giovanni*s on the market now. Three of them seem to me to belong in any serious collection: the Davis, Giulini, and for its musicological interest, Bonyngé. Davis' is the most consistently cast. Giulini's sensuous energy covers a multitude of vocal and stylistic sins: Schwarzkopf's aggressiveness, Wächter's lack of legato, Sciutti's vocal debility. These count for less than the glorious totality of the entire performance.

All the complete sets supply text and translation.

MOZART: Don Giovanni.

Don Giovanni	Ingvar Wixell (b)	Donna Elvira	Kiri Te Kanawa (s)
Donna Anna	Martina Arroyo (s)	Leporello	Wladimiro Ganzaroli (bs-b)
Commendatore	Luigi Roni (bs)	Zerlina	Mirella Freni (s)
Don Ottavio	Stuart Burrows (t)	Masetto	Richard Van Allan (bs)

John Constable, harpsichord; Chorus and Orchestra of the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, Colin Davis, cond. [Erik Smith, prod.] PHILIPS 6707 022, \$27.92 (four discs, manual sequence).

Comparisons:

Wächter, Giulini/Philharmonia Orch.	Ang. SDL 3605
Bacquier, Bonyngé/English Chamber Orch.	Lon. OSA 1434
Siepi, Krips/Vienna Philharmonic	Lon. OSA 1401
Ghiaurov, Klemperer/New Philharmonia Orch.	Ang. SDL 3700
Fischer-Dieskau, Böhm/Prague National Theater	DG 2711 006



Pablo Casals (1876–1973)

Columbia's second retrospective set catches Casals past his best as a cellist but before his best as a conductor.

by Harris Goldsmith

AS THIS is written, plans are underway for the first Casals Festival without Casals. The great cellist, conductor, composer, and humanitarian died last October just a few months short of his ninety-seventh birthday. In a way that is hard to describe, Casals is also a remote presence in this memorial tribute culled from Columbia's stockpile of recordings made at the Prades and Perpignan Festivals between 1950 and 1952. There was far more vibrancy, a much greater sense of occasion in the five-disc anthology (M5 30069) that Columbia issued while "The Musician of the Century" was still in our midst.

Part of the problem, ironically, must be attributed to Casals' very longevity. It is sobering to realize that these

twenty-odd-year-old recordings, for all their seniority, document the work of a septuagenarian, already nearing the end of an illustrious career—as a cellist, at any rate—and already obviously past his prime. For all the eloquence and remarkable technical security, his tone was already deteriorating and much of the ardor—superbly documented in his vintage 78 recordings—had cooled into a sort of irascible sobriety.

If 1950–52 was too late to capture Casals in his prime as a cellist, it was too *early* for his best work as a conductor. Although he was conducting way back in his Barcelona days, all the evidence I have heard leads me to conclude that his work flowered into true greatness only

after advancing age had halted his public cello playing. His many performances from the Sixties and Seventies have an ever increasing authority heard only intermittently in the performances of the Twenties through Fifties, when the cello was still his chief musical outlet. I feel that Columbia would have paid far greater homage (and, granted, far greater costs) had it instead issued for the first time some of the truly incomparable orchestral performances—e.g., Beethoven's *Choral Fantasia* with Rudolf Serkin, Mendelssohn's *Hebrides Overture*, symphonies by Haydn and Beethoven—taped at the Marlboro and San Juan festivals. As the current wave of nostalgia for Casals fades, it becomes increasingly unlikely that any of these treasures (and I use that term carefully) will ever see commercial light of day.

The first disc brings together for the first time the Casals/Paul Baumgartner performances of the three Bach gamba sonatas (previously the slowish tempos necessitated three disc sides). The sound is uneven—brightest in the First Sonata—but more consistently forward and vibrant than before. For all these historic performances' documentary value, Casals' waywardly Romantic approach works less successfully here than in the six solo-cello suites (Angel CB 3786). Casals plays like a soloist, in the worst sense. His overbearing musical personality, his willful rubato (in the last movement of the Second Sonata and most of the Third), and the horrible microphone imbalance pretty well obscure the fact that these are three-voice compositions with the ratio stacked by Bach two to one in favor of the keyboard instrument.

The more successful of the two Bach double concertos on the second disc is that for violin (Isaac Stern) and oboe (Marcel Tabuteau). The conception is, to be sure, a very Romantic one, with rich, highly inflected sonority and legato phrasing (was it Stravinsky who said Casals had devoted his life to playing Bach like Brahms?), but Tabuteau's patrician style keeps it from getting out of hand. Stern too is in pristine form, although even at his best I don't find him a very interesting artist; his silky tone, beautifully produced as it is here, nevertheless lacks light and shade and tends toward monotony. Casals' conducting is more curvaceous than sometimes was the case, and the whole reading has been caught in bright, immediate sonics. The soloists seem to be hugging the microphone in the slow movement.

The less said about the overside two-violin concerto, the better. Its sound is much raspier, as if the treble had been peaked to add a modicum of brightness. The performance itself is, to my mind, execrable. The solo playing is coarse and sentimentalized. The Largo *ma non tanto* in particular reaches absurd heights (depths?) of heart-on-sleeve gesticulation. This ill-advised reissue does a distinct disservice to Messrs. Stern, Alexander Schneider, and Casals.

Three Mozart concertos are included, but alas the best Casals-conducted Mozart performances from the Prades/Perpignan years—the superbly detailed and characterized Symphony No. 29 and the poignantly sad Piano Concerto No. 27 with Mieczyslaw Horowitz—are not here. Instead we get the disastrously overrated account of the K. 364 Sinfonia Concertante and interesting but seriously flawed performances of the Piano Concertos Nos. 9 and 22.

Everyone concerned sounds out of sorts in K. 364. Casals gets the opening ritornello off to a soggy start. His pacing is characteristically solid, uncharacteristically lackluster, and not terribly well characterized—very sur-

prising indeed. The ensemble is scruffy and out of tune, with some very tentative-sounding attacks and patches of sluggish rhythm. Stern plays blandly and uninterestingly, and William Primrose is well below form, playing with a slow, throbbing, dull vibrato. The sound quality is distressingly drab.

In the K. 271 Concerto, Dame Myra Hess is decorous to a fault, always holding the rhythm back, never rushing. The main theme of the rondo, an example of pure motoric writing, is neutralized into flabby dowdiness. Casals errs in the opposite direction: He sounds brusque, peasantlike, and out of sorts with whatever courtly elegance is to be found in the work. The slow movement, however, is movingly done, and in the menuetto section of the finale I like the sharply focused backdrop of pizzicatos.

Casals' muscle is better applied to the big sonorities of K. 482, a work of solidity and granitic thrust. The sound too is brighter than the norm for these recordings, with woodwinds—so important in this score—well forward. Rudolf Serkin's approach is too small-scaled for my taste, but I like this K. 482 better than most. (I have heard only one truly satisfactory account: a transcription of a 1945 New York Philharmonic performance by Landowska and Rodzinski.)

The Schumann D minor Trio is given a good but not great account by Schneider, Horszowski, and Casals. The performance is well worked out and technically accurate but acutely disappointing next to the 1928 Thibaud/Casals/Cortot version. The opening movement, surely one of the most tumultuous, febrile utterances in all music, gets a sober, measured reading lacking urgency and neurotic energy. The scherzo is much more vivacious; its trio section is beautifully delineated. The slow movement is thoughtful and aristocratic, but the last movement again lacks thrust. I would have preferred the same artists' wonderful account of the Schubert E flat Trio.

Best for last, however: The Brahms Op. 18 Sextet is truly glorious. Stern, Schneider, Milton Katims, Milton Thomas, Casals, and Madeline Foley give this youthful work an incomparably well-organized interpretation. It is classical rather than Romantic in that it has shape and firmly delineated rhythm rather than self-indulgent extremes of tempos and accent. There is plenty of excitement, however, and in the variation movement there is even some rapt pianissimo playing—by no means common with the hearty Casals. The beginning of the finale is perhaps a bit overpointed, but this is by far my favorite recording of the piece, and the competition is by no means sparse! Always one of the best of the Casals festival recordings, this still sounds bright and faithfully present.

B **HOMAGE TO PABLO CASALS.** Pablo Casals, cello; various soloists; Prades and Perpignan Festival Orchestras, Pablo Casals, cond. COLUMBIA MSX 32768, \$19.98 (five discs, mono, manual sequence) [from various originals, recorded 1950–52].

R **BEETHOVEN:** Sonatas for Viola da Gamba and Keyboard: No. 1, in G, S. 1027; No. 2, in D, S. 1028; No. 3, in G minor, S. 1029 (Casals, cello; Paul Baumgartner, piano). Concertos: for Violin, Oboe, and Orchestra, in C minor, S. 1060 (Isaac Stern, violin; Marcel Tabuteau, oboe; Prades); for Two Violins and Orchestra, in D minor, S. 1043 (Stern and Alexander Schneider, violins; Prades). **MOZART:** Sinfonia Concertante for Violin, Viola, and Orchestra, in E flat, K. 364 (Stern; William Primrose, viola; Perpignan). Concertos for Piano and Orchestra: No. 9, in E flat, K. 271 (Myra Hess, piano; Perpignan); No. 22, in E flat, K. 482 (Rudolf Serkin, piano; Perpignan). **SCHUMANN:** Trio for Violin, Cello, and Piano, No. 1, in D minor, Op. 63 (Schneider; Casals; Mieczyslaw Horowitz, piano). **BRAMS:** Sextet for Strings, No. 1, in B flat, Op. 18 (Stern and Schneider, violins; Milton Katims and Milton Thomas, violas; Casals and Madeline Foley, cellos).

speaking of records

“So beautiful . . . a simple little flower”

Pablo Casals remembered by Thomas Frost

I KNEW HIM exactly ten years—the last ten years of his life. Our first and last meetings took place in the splendor of the Vermont summer in the gently rolling green hills that harbor the Marlboro Music Festival. He communicated his love for music and humanity more passionately and convincingly than anyone I have ever met.

Although Pablo Casals was already a living legend, I felt great comfort rather than anxiety when I first met him: His unshakable faith, his simplicity, his steadfastness of purpose somehow transmitted themselves. There was nothing of the exalted monarch about him, yet he had a kingly bearing. His face—particularly his eyes—and his speech radiated the resolute conviction and irresistible persuasiveness of a great prophet. He could have been the world's greatest faith healer, a super guru, or president of a great nation. Had he been a general, men would have followed him unquestioningly into battle. But Casals was destined to enrich the world with his music and his morals.

The occasion of our first meeting in 1963, when Casals was eighty-six, was the recording of two live performances at the Marlboro Festival. The repertoire was Beethoven's Symphony No. 8 and Mendelssohn's *Italian* Symphony.

Festival director Rudolf Serkin, having heard some of Casals' orchestral rehearsals, had called Columbia with great excitement, urging us to capture on records what he felt were extraordinary interpretations. However, sitting in our offices in New York, it was difficult for us to appreciate what Serkin was talking about. Furthermore, there were already several versions of each symphony in the Columbia catalogue. We telephoned our regrets.

That was not the end of it, however. Serkin informed us with undaunted determination that the Marlboro Festival would underwrite these recordings and that he would like to hire our production team. I arrived in Marlboro that summer somewhat skeptical—and left with some of the most glorious tapes! Columbia promptly bought them, and a record was soon issued.

What could Casals do with these all too familiar masterpieces? He breathed new life into them and imbued them with youthful ardor and vitality, with the freshness and spontaneity of a first performance. The rhythmic vigor of the Beethoven reminded me at times of Toscanini. And in the *Italian* one could discern the lovely, lyrical Romanticism of Casals the cellist. How grateful I am to Ser-

kin for his role in the preservation of these extraordinary performances.

Over the years, I learned a great deal about Casals the man and the musician by observing rehearsals and performances, producing his recordings, and spending time with him and his beloved Martita. Don Pablo was much more than a musical genius. He passionately loved all of humanity and never ceased to marvel at the wonders of nature. He loved freedom and spoke out against tyranny. Because he did not let himself get old, tired, or indifferent, he never stopped learning and growing. And he loved to work. Casals applied all of these qualities to his music-making. Even after many decades of playing or conducting a particular work he would study the score anew, searching for fresh meaning, appreciating every new discovery. This invariably came through to his audiences, and as a result they felt stimulated and excited by his performances.

His rehearsals were fascinating. His attempts to elicit from the musicians the sounds running through his head often resulted in many repetitions of a phrase. He would sing expressively to them, and if they were unable to match his phrasing he would say, “Not notes, one after the other! Every note must have a different sonority. Variety! Never the same phrase twice.” He often began an instruction with “the music demands”; plainly he felt that he was imposing not merely his own wishes, but those of the composer.

Not all of the young musicians at Marlboro were Casals worshippers. Many, in fact, were annoyed by the constant repetition during rehearsals, although they would never show it in front of the maestro. Some were critical of his anti-intellectual approach. Casals was a complete musician: He played cello and piano, conducted, and composed. But he was not what we would call an intellectual. He let his emotions and musical instinct guide him. “Don't think. Feel!” he once told a cello student.

This approach is, of course, anathema to most young musicians today. Some of them felt that his Bach was too Romantic and stylistically incorrect. But all of them always played their hearts out for him. Sometimes too much so. I remember almost walking out during a performance of Bach's *Brandenburg* Concerto No. 3. The strings were so overzealous that they produced a constantly scratching sound that annoyed me greatly. (I was, however, in the minority. The audience gave the usual standing ovation.)

The last time I saw him was July 11, 1973. My children and I had spent a week at Marl-

boro, and the day we were due to leave we went to say good-by to Don Pablo and Martita.

My thirteen-year-old son, David, had played piano for Casals during previous summers, and now his turn came again. When David had finished his Beethoven, Haydn, Chopin, and Paganini-Liszt, Casals took a few puffs on his pipe, looked at him intensely, and declared, “You have the gift,” and pointing at himself, continued, “like I have the gift. It was given to you. You didn't create it. It was given to you by what I call God-Nature or Nature-God. Be thankful. Don't be proud. When you have been given this gift, you must work to develop it—you have a responsibility.”

Casals then asked my eleven-year-old daughter, Beth, how her violin playing was coming along. She answered “fine,” and he said, “I want to hear you play the next time you come to visit. I played the violin also, when I was a young boy—the violin and the piano—and in public. Then one day I saw a cello, and I told my father, ‘I want to play cello’ . . . and I did!”

He turned again to David and said, “You played for me, and you have given me joy. Now I will play for you.” He motioned to Martita to bring his cello and, after carefully tuning it, the ninety-six-year-old Casals played the Sarabande from the Bach C minor Cello Suite. Every time the music became particularly expressive he would look straight into David's eyes to see if he had reacted to it; it was a moment I will never forget.

At the end of our visit the old maestro talked about beauty and nature: “We are all different. Every child is different; there are no two the same. There are no two leaves alike in the whole world. That is the miracle of nature—always variety. Look at this finger. There is no other finger like this in the whole world, and there will never be another like this one.”

“We must tell our children that they are unique, that they are a miracle of nature. There is so much beauty, so much beauty in the world, and so many people don't see it.”

Pointing out the windows, he continued, “Look at that tree. There is no other in the world like this one. So beautiful, so beautiful. A simple little flower. You know, where I live in Puerto Rico there grow little flowers all around the house, and sometimes I look at one and I cry. So beautiful, so simple. And I call, ‘Marta, come here and look at this flower; it is so beautiful.’”

Tears in his eyes, Casals nodded his head and stared into the distance. The children and I thanked him for a lovely visit, and someone said, “Good-by until next summer.”

Mr. Frost is director of the Masterworks division of Columbia Records.



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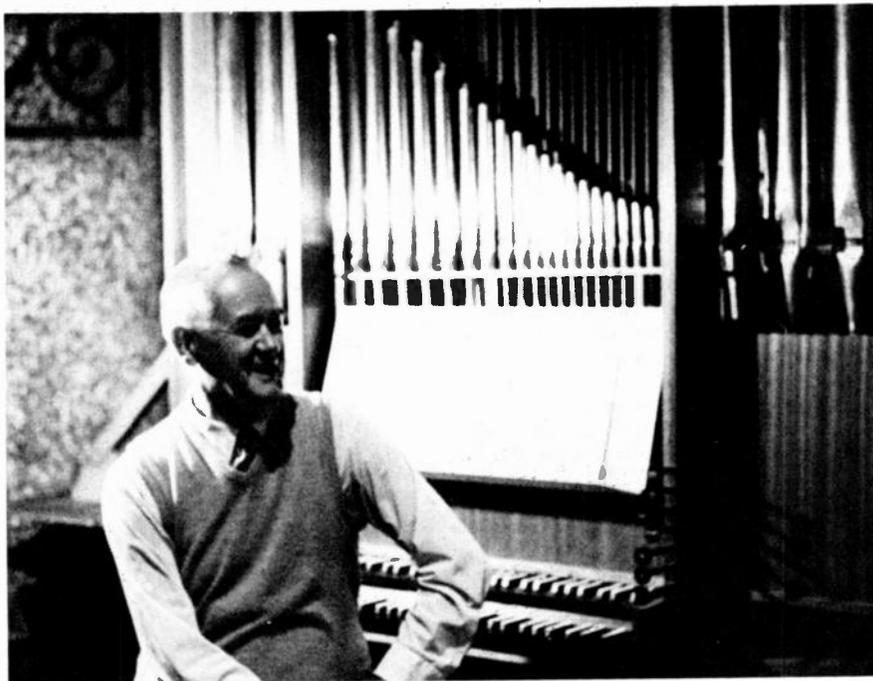
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E. Power Biggs—more Bach organ favorites with grace, wit, and lift.

BACH, C. P. E.: Concerto for Two Harpsichords and Orchestra, in F—See J. S. Bach: Concerto for Harpsichord, No. 1.

BACH: Bach Organ Favorites, Vol. 6. E. Power Biggs, organ (Flentrop organ at the Busch-Reisinger Museum, Cambridge, Mass.). [Andrew Kazdin, prod.] COLUMBIA M 32791, \$5.98. Tape: ● MA 32791, \$6.98; ●● MT 32791, \$6.98. Quadriphonic: MQ 32791 (SQ-encoded disc), \$6.98; MAQ 32791 (Q-8 cartridge), \$7.98.

Concertos: in G, after Johann Ernst, S. 592; in A minor, after Vivaldi, S. 593. Trio Sonatas: No. 1, in E flat, S. 525; No. 5, in C, S. 529.

Collectors of Biggs's "Bach Organ Favorites" series need only be told that Vol. 6 is now available and that it is in all respects equal to the best of the earlier volumes. Biggs's Bach playing is always graceful, witty, and agreeably lilting, and this new production is no exception.

This record is also a partial sequel to his excellent earlier two-disc pedal-harpsichord recording of all six trio sonatas and these two concertos (Columbia M2S 764, or separately as MS 7124 and MS 7125; released in 1968).

For the trio sonatas Bach asks only for an instrument with two keyboards and pedals, leaving a choice of organ, pedal harpsichord, or pedal clavichord. Scholars over the years have felt impelled to declare themselves in favor of one instrument or another, but Biggs (rightly, I believe) feels Bach made no such firm distinction in his own mind. Thus, to illustrate his convictions, the artist has given us pedal-harpsichord and organ versions of at least some of these cheerfully bubbling and transparent masterpieces. (I hope Columbia will follow up with a disc containing organ versions of the other four trio sonatas.)

Biggs's organ performances here are remarkably similar to his earlier pedal-harpsichord performances. He does, however, point out in his jacket notes that tempos of fast movements can be taken somewhat quicker on the harpsichord, while, paradoxically, slow

movements sound better at a slower tempo on the harpsichord than on the organ. In some cases his performances bear this out; in others the tempos match up almost exactly. In general, Biggs chooses moderate tempos that work very well on both instruments; only the first movement of the E flat Trio Sonata (No. 1) seems to me very much too slow. The last movement of this sonata, however, is much more high spirited—one of the best performances on the record.

During his Weimar years Bach made numerous organ and harpsichord transcriptions of the newly fashionable Italian-style string concertos—particularly Vivaldi's. It was his way of absorbing the essentials of the new style, and it had a decisive influence on his own compositional style thereafter. It is well to remember, though, that these concertos were composed by Vivaldi (from *L'Estro armonico*, Op. 3) and Bach's friend Prince Johann Ernst. Bach's transcriptions altered the originals only very slightly.

The organ here, as in all the previous releases in the "Bach Organ Favorites" series, is the Flentrop tracker organ in the Busch-Reisinger Museum at Harvard: a wonderfully refined and articulate instrument, nicely recorded. The pedal harpsichord on the earlier records is a John Challis instrument, not so nicely recorded. This fact alone leads me to recommend the organ version over the harpsichord version, since the performances are so similar. Still, it's very interesting to be able to compare the two versions.

Having surveyed the trio-sonata discography in some detail in my November 1973 review of the Chorzempa set, I will note only that the Biggs, Newman (Columbia), and Richter (DG) recordings remain my favorites.

C.F.G.
 [The quadriphonic version is discussed in this month's "4-Channel Discs/Tapes."]

BACH: Clavierübung, Part III, S. 552 and 669–89. Boston Archdiocesan Boys Choir, Theodore Marier, cond.; Anthony Newman,

organ (Rieger organ, All Souls Unitarian Church, Washington, D.C.). [John Corigliano and Jay David Saks, prod.] COLUMBIA M2 32497, \$11.98 (two discs, automatic sequence). Quadriphonic: M2Q 32497, \$13.98 (two SQ-encoded discs); QMA 32497, \$15.98 (two Q-8 cartridges).

This is certainly my nominee to date for Best Recording of the Decade. The music, Part III of the *Clavierübung*, is among Bach's most mature, most sublime, most nearly perfect masterpieces; the performance on one of the world's finest new organs is superb and well-recorded; and a unique, brilliantly conceived manner of presentation puts the music in an authentic perspective unlike any other recorded version.

Part III of the *Clavierübung* (nicknamed rather inappropriately the German or Lutheran Organ Mass) was published in 1739. It consists of a collection of twenty-one chorale preludes based on tunes connected with Luther's Catechism; these and four "duettos" are framed by the great E flat major Prelude and Fugue. The chorales begin with the German versions of the threefold Kyrie and the Gloria, followed by Luther's songs on the Ten Commandments, the Creed, the Lord's Prayer, Baptism, Penitence, and Communion.

As Luther compiled a Greater and Lesser Catechism, so Bach provided two settings of each of the ten tunes—a larger version for organ with pedals and a smaller for organ (or

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harpichord?) without pedals—except for the Gloria, which has one large and two small settings. Newman plays the entire collection (omitting the unrelated duets, however) in the order of the original publication, grouping in pairs those arrangements based on the same tune rather than separating the ten large settings from the eleven small settings.

As with many of Bach's late works, the intellectual content here is high, the emotional level intense, and the musical means often uncompromising, making severe demands on the listener's powers of concentration. Of course, the separate pieces weren't meant to be heard consecutively, as they are now usually performed and recorded. In spite of my great admiration and love of these works, I am seldom inclined to listen to the entire collection without interruption. Therefore, Newman's decision to separate the individual numbers with sung versions of the chorale tunes and their antecedents changes the over-all effect of the collection radically, making this the first recording that I care to listen to complete at one sitting.

Helmuth Rilling did a similar thing with his recording of the *Orgelbüchlein* (Nonesuch HD 73015), interspersing sung versions of the chorales in Bach's four-part harmonizations. Newman's organization is somewhat more elaborate. The choir of men and boys sings the chorale tunes in Bach's four-part harmonizations before each of the large settings, but in unison before each of the small settings. Furthermore, the separate parts of the large Kyrie are preceded first by the Gregorian Kyrie from Mass II, then by the troped version of the chant with added German words, and finally by Bach's four-part harmonization of the chorale tune that was formed from the Gregorian melody. The large setting of the Gloria is similarly preceded by the Gregorian chant (from Mass I), its troped version, and Bach's four-part harmonization of the derived chorale tune.

The well-trained choir sings with beautiful tone and the worst German pronunciation I've ever heard. Their handling of the several pieces of Gregorian chant (in Latin), though, is ravishingly beautiful.

Even if Newman's performances were ordinary, the choral interpolations would be enough to recommend this recording over all the competition. His performances are *not* ordinary, but are in fact the finest of his recorded career.

Newman has always been a controversial player, inspiring either great admiration or anger from his critics (never any reaction in between) for his vigorous and energetic, often very fast playing; for his frequently added embellishments and rhythmic alterations; and especially for his rubatos, which either illuminate the structure of a piece or sound jerky, depending on your point of view. In the last year or so his playing has undergone a subtle yet very real change, however. It is noticeable not only on this record, but on the several that were released in close succession recently, especially Book I of the *Well-Tempered Clavier* and *Bhajej* . . . the so-called rock record, which includes several Bach organ works. All the familiar ingredients of Newman's style are still there, but the corners have been slightly rounded off, the rubatos fit the lines more naturally—less jerky, if you will—there's more expansiveness, a willingness to take deeper breaths and relax occasionally, more of a

J. S. BACH



tendency to finish a piece or major section with a gentle ritard instead of a bump.

In short, he has added calmness to his playing without sacrificing any of the energy and excitement or intellectual insight that are his hallmarks. The result of these changes, I believe, will be to make his playing more accessible to those people who hitherto have not cared for it, while earning even more admiration from his fans. Indeed, several acquaintances have, in fact, switched into his camp after hearing this record or the *WTC*.

His performances are still liberally spiced with audacities, though, that will continue to offend the more hidebound traditionalists and delight and amaze the rest of us. Who else would have dared to play the smaller "*Dies sind die heil'gen zehn Gebot*" at such a fast tempo and on the *en chamade* trumpets 16', 8', and 4'? But not until you hear it do you realize how similar the piece is to that genre of Spanish and Portuguese battle pieces that are played thus. I don't believe anyone has ever played the large "*Jesus Christus unser Heiland*" at such an incredibly fast tempo before, but only at this speed does the unadorned chorale (written in long notes) come up to a proper singing tempo. In fact, Newman's conception of every one of these pieces starts (as Bach's thinking must have) with the chorale tune itself as basis. The tune is nearly always prominent, with the other voices surrounding it, and one always has the impression that it is the chorale tune that is uppermost in Newman's mind as he is playing.

Newman has annotated the jacket himself, giving excellent brief analyses of each piece as well as some historical background. Texts and translations of all the chorales, chants, and German tropes are included as well.

Incredibly, nowhere on the jacket or records will you be told anything of the organ

used here, a new, four-manual tracker instrument of sixty stops in All Souls Unitarian Church, Washington, D.C., built by the Rieger Organ Company of Austria and designed by Josef von Glatter-Götz. To my taste, it is the finest organ in America and one of the finest in the world, old or new. Glatter-Götz has designed the ideal instrument for baroque, Romantic, or modern organ works with an incredibly wide range of available tonal color, and he has voiced it in an aggressive, yet rich and full manner that virtually commands your undivided attention.

This is no instrument to play that churchly Muzak, formerly fashionable, or to provide musical glue to hold a poorly designed church service together. It's a superb musical instrument for a player like Newman, who is adventurous and inventive enough to make full use of the standard as well as unusual and "exotic" stops available. I, for one, would like to see Newman record the complete Bach on this magnificent organ.

C.F.G.

BACH, J. S.: Concerto for Harpsichord and Orchestra, No. 1, in D minor, S. 1052. **BACH, C. P. E.:** Concerto for Two Harpsichords and Orchestra, in F, Wq. 46. Gustav Leonhardt, harpsichord; Alan Curtis, harpsichord (in the C. P. E. Bach); Collegium Aureum. BASF KHB 29367, \$5.98.

Gustav Leonhardt is one of the most skilled, most learned, most satisfying of harpsichordists active today. Particularly his rhythmic flexibility and sensitive use of rubato to clarify musical structure and phrasing make his performances enlightening as well as entertaining. These and his many other fine qualities are, of course, evident in abundance in these two concertos. The Collegium Aureum



C. P. H. E. BACH

(whose players use old instruments) can also be counted on to serve up stylish and clean accompaniments. These performances, then, leave little to be desired.

A few years ago Telefunken released a five-record box (SCA 25, each disc also available separately) of all J. S. Bach's concertos for one, two, three, and four harpsichords. Curiously, Leonhardt was the soloist (with the Leonhardt Consort) in every concerto except No. 1, which was played by Herbert Tachezi with Harnoncourt and the Concentus Musicus. Now here is Leonhardt's performance of that one concerto—albeit with different string players—to complete the set. Unfortunately, this BASF record won't match up very well, primarily because the recording of the harpsichord here is so bad. The instrument itself (not identified on the record jacket) is probably a good one, but it has been recorded so weakly and thinly that it sounds more like Schroder's toy piano. The extraordinarily clean and incisive string playing on the Telefunken records is also more attractive than the less polished Collegium Aureum. The Telefunken set is still my first choice, though Kipnis' four-record set of all the concertos involving a single harpsichord (Columbia M4 30540) is attractive.

Though Carl Philipp Emanuel Bach wrote at least fifty-two first-rate clavier concertos, artists and record companies keep coming back to the same small handful. There have been about a half-dozen recordings of this F major Double Concerto, for instance, and Leonhardt's performance of it (with Alan Curtis) is superb. However, this same performance remains available (for now, at least) for about half the BASF price on Victrola VICS 1343, coupled with one of the same composer's cello concertos. Again, the harpsichords are recorded in such a strange and unnatural manner that I am forced to recom-

mend instead George Malcolm's reading on London (STS 15075), which is actually not a bad second choice; and the recording there is very good. C.F.G.

BACH: Sonatas for Viola da Gamba and Keyboard (3); Concertos: for Violin, Oboe, and Orchestra; for Two Violins and Orchestra. For a feature review of a recording of these works, see page 77.

BACH: "Spaced-Out Bach." Joseph Payne, harpsichord. [Nathaniel Johnson, prod.] RCA RED SEAL ARL 1-0439, \$5.98.

The Art of Fugue, S. 1080, Nos. 9 and 16. *Cantata No. 29: Sinfonia. Chromatic Fantasy and Fugue*, in D minor, S. 903. *Fugues: à la gigue*, S. 577; in G minor ("Great"), S. 542; in G minor ("Little"), S. 578. *Trio Sonata No. 5*, in C, S. 529. *Allegro. Well-Tempered Clavier, Book I: Prelude and Fugue No. 1*, in C, S. 846.

Because of its obnoxiously freaky cover, typical of RCA's current low-taste attempts to sell classical music to lowbrows, this record was almost consigned to the HF dustbin before it reached me. It turns out to be not so freaky after all, and, if we can trust the sincerity of Joseph Payne's annotations, it represents an honest "experimental effort to elucidate some features of invertible counterpoint through the distinct spatial separation of the voices, in a fashion that only the medium of recording makes possible."

To be precise, Payne has recorded and overdubbed each voice of these harpsichord and organ pieces separately, using one harpsichord with different registrations, and the final product has been mixed so that the voices are spread out separately between the two speakers. The music has not been seriously tampered with, and there seems to have been little, if any, electronic manipulation of the sound itself. In fact, except for one bungled

splice in the "Little" G minor Fugue, the engineering is superb, if rather unreal.

The sound, then, in the strictly contrapuntal works is exactly the same as we would hear in a concert hall with four harpsichords and four harpsichordists spread across the stage, each player responsible for one voice of a fugue. In the C major Prelude from the *Well-Tempered Clavier* and the *Chromatic Fantasy*, which are not contrapuntal, we simply hear a kaleidoscopic variety of registration changes and echo effects—far too many, in fact, since these pieces are fragmented into incoherence.

The *Sinfonia* from *Cantata No. 29* is a somewhat different case. Bach's orchestration is basically three-tiered: an organ solo, which consists of an uninterrupted string of sixteenth notes from beginning to end; the string section (with oboes doubling the violin parts throughout); and three trumpets and drums. Payne plays virtually every note in the score, in effect re-orchestrating it for a wide variety of harpsichord sounds, again with the separate instrumental groups distinctly separated spatially between the speakers.

Ever since Mozart arranged some fugues from the *WTC* for string quartet, there have been countless attempts to orchestrate Bach's keyboard music (and that's really what Payne is doing here, using various harpsichord sounds instead of various instruments) and always for the same reason: to render the several contrapuntal voices clearly distinguishable, so we can follow their linear progress. But doesn't this idea stem from a basic misconception of what counterpoint is all about?

A contrapuntist writes melodic lines for the sole purpose of combining them, not separating them. The fascination comes from hearing an ingenious combination, not from hearing an ingenious melody. In the same way, we admire a mosaic for the total effect, not for the beauty of individual stones. Actually, Bach's melodic lines are not nearly so independent and interesting in their own right as is popularly imagined: Very few of them are capable of standing alone, since they were designed to work only in specific combinations.

Contrary to his stated intention, then, Payne's attempts seem to me to make the listener's job harder, not easier. It's simply not possible for the human mind to follow the detailed progress of four melodic lines independently and simultaneously. One's attention either jumps frantically from one voice to another, or it attempts to hear them in conjunction—a task made more difficult by their spatial and timbral separation.

Payne's earlier records (for Vox) of Telemann, Scarlatti, Soler, and excerpts from the *Fitzwilliam Virginal Book* revealed him to be a first-class musician, well-versed in the styles of early keyboard music, and a superb technician. I find his Bach playing on this record far less interesting (quite aside from the technical manipulations of the recording engineers). Tempos are for the most part lively but almost totally uninflected. Perhaps because of the difficulties inherent in the overdubbing process, Payne plays most of these pieces as if there were an ever-present metronome ticking by his music rack. The recording process worked to his advantage in allowing him to add some interesting ornamentation and intricate phrasing that would not otherwise be possible, but the opportunity was occasionally abused (in the trio sonata, the "Jig" Fugue, and the "Great" G minor Fugue) to provide

"gimmicky" playing to match the recording. I must confess I enjoyed Payne's version of the cantata sinfonia quite a lot—it bubbles along very cheerfully with wonderful spirit. But his other attempts to spoon-feed Bach to the masses aren't very successful, and particularly the *WTC* prelude and *Chromatic Fantasy* are reduced to silly or utterly meaningless sound effects by his echo-effect recording.

C.F.G.

BACH: Transcriptions for Harp. Nicanor Zabaleta, harp. [Rudolf Werner, prod.] DEUTSCHE GRAMMOPHON 2530 333, \$7.98.

French Suite No. 3, in B minor, S. 814. Partitas: for Keyboard, in A. S. 832; for Solo Violin, No. 2, in D minor, S. 1004.

Bach transcriptions can be found in every size, shape, color, and description, and harp performances of his keyboard music are actually among the more logical, easily accomplished, and usual variations. But a harp transcription of a solo-violin partita is rather unusual and seems at first much less logical. Harpists can play the keyboard music virtually without altering a note, but a single melody line on the

harp would not really be satisfactory. Some rather drastic alterations and additions would seem to be called for.

Bach's solo-violin (and cello) music, however, is seldom simply a single melody line. He seems to have conceived much of this music in harmonic or contrapuntal terms—chordal underpinning for the melody or fugal textures abound. Not even Bach, of course, could ask a violinist to keep three or four voices of a fugue going or provide a complete continuo accompaniment for himself, so he merely suggests these textures by scattering chords or fugal entries throughout a piece, depending on our ears to make explicit what is, in fact, implicit in the music. So the arranger's task is not so great as we thought: He need only "fill in the blanks," so to speak, that the composer was forced to leave because of the technical "limitations" of the violin. (Bach even provided some examples by arranging the fugue from the First Solo-Violin Sonata for organ, S. 539, and for lute, S. 1000.)

The proof is here for all to hear in Zabaleta's excellent performance on this record of the D minor Violin Partita—the one with the great *Chaconne*. The result is as natural-

sounding as if Bach wrote it this way himself.

That last is perhaps too strong a statement: Bach expected a number of things that no harpist—not even one of Zabaleta's high level of technical perfection and fine musical taste—can supply. Ornamentation, for instance, is an essential part of any baroque keyboard piece, and this can't be done successfully and idiomatically on the harp. Zabaleta simply omits most of the printed trills, mordents, etc., and supplies none that are not printed. Also, a harp can't begin to duplicate the very intricate bowing and phrasing that was written into the violin piece.

So, even though the textural filling out of the violin partita was skillfully done and is interesting to hear, the record doesn't really provide us with any new insights into Bach. It will be of interest more to harp buffs than to Bach fans.

C.F.G.

BARTÓK: Dance Suite; Fourteen Bagatelles, Op. 6. Robert Silverman, piano. [Garth Edwards, prod.] ORION ORS 74152, \$5.98.

The Fourteen Bagatelles, Op. 6, is one of the



A Utopian Disc for Delians

by Abram Chipman

A COUPLING of the choral works *Sea Drift* and *A Song of the High Hills*—both among Delius' most exalted masterpieces—has been a utopian dream of mine for years. I have to pinch myself to believe that this new Angel disc exists, for never did I dare hope the job could be done this well in the Seventies.

Sea Drift is set to the first part of Walt Whitman's *Out of the Cradle Endlessly Rocking*. A young boy becomes entranced watching the futile vigil of a he-bird whose mate has disappeared forever. As the music churns with the pitiless violence of the ocean surrounding the desolate figure, as it stabs relentlessly while the bereaved one hallucinates the return of his beloved, we are caught up in the quintessential experience of separation and loss. Flashes of yearning sweetness pierce ever so cruelly through the yawning emptiness of despair, in both the poetry and the music. Finally, sanity is restored by the two utterances that alone can resolve grief: remembrance ("oh past, oh happy life . . .") and acceptance of finality ("we two together no more!"). As in the great D minor interlude at the end of *Wozzeck*, the lost chromatic wandering is radiantly banished when these words occur to a modulating coda that still gives me goose-pimples after some twenty years of acquaintance with the piece!

A Song of the High Hills is no less magical. Set for a wordless chorus and orchestra, with brief solo parts, it easily attains a loftiness and rarified mysticism that Strauss and Liszt scarcely approached in their tonal essays on matters mountainous. At times, the remote exoticism turns almost Hebraic in its imploring intensity! Where Delius juxtaposes sustained high harmonies against an undulating bass line, he seems to take up where Berlioz left off in the coloristic exploitation of wide pitch

spans. This is ecstatically Dionysian music, yet of the most restrained sensibility.

Slowly but firmly, I am coming to feel that Sir Charles Groves is the one conductor truly fit to take up the Delius mantle unfilled since Beecham's death more than a decade ago. He respects the structural integrity of Delius' writing, avoiding Barbirolli's bathos and the episodic confusion that was the bane of Meredith Davies' *Village Romeo and Juliet* last year. There is the sweep of Sir Thomas' readings—with a steadiness of tempo that may be disconcerting to some Delians—but a clarity that can be heard only as a blessing. Both of Beecham's *Sea Drift* recordings, surgingly powerful though they were, failed to penetrate the often opaque texture of the scoring. Groves and the EMI team have served this up with a crystalline transparency that nowhere sacrifices atmosphere.

John Noble was an inspired choice for the baritone solo, for he brings to the part the dignity and solidity of John Brownlee (on the prewar shellacs) rather than the effusive mannerism of Bruce Boyce (on Sir Thomas' LP remake). Angel's recording of *Song of the High Hills* is equally fortunate, the grooves yielding up that bloom and sense of space that Beecham's quarter-century-old version (last reissued on HMV ALP 1889) was too constricted and monochromatic to provide.

This record, I need hardly stress, is the stuff of which basic libraries are made.

DELIUS: *Sea Drift*; *A Song of the High Hills*. John Noble, baritone (in *Sea Drift*); Miriam Bowen, soprano, Peter Bingham, tenor (in *Song*); Liverpool Philharmonic Chorus; Royal Liverpool Philharmonic Orchestra, Charles Groves, cond. [Christopher Bishop, prod.] ANGEL S 37011, \$5.98.

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key works in Bartók's early compositional development. Written in 1908 when the composer was twenty-seven, the bagatelles experiment with various techniques that were later to become essential components of his mature style. There are, for example, pieces in which the two hands play in different modes, others in which the chromaticism carries the music to the edges of atonality, and still others that are based on simple folk tunes.

The works vary greatly in length, ranging from less than a minute to the fairly extended compass of No. 14 (which Bartók also used in an orchestral version to form the second of the *Two Portraits* for orchestra). They also vary in interest, but taken as a group Op. 6 is—along with the First String Quartet, completed in the same year—the most important document of an essential period in Bartók's musical growth.

The *Dance Suite*, written some fifteen years later, is one of the composer's most polished compositions. It has a pronounced folk character, although no actual folk tunes are employed, and was an immediate success with audiences in its original orchestral version. Not surprisingly, Bartók made a piano version of the piece (brought out in 1925 by his publisher, Universal Edition), presumably for use at his own piano concerts. The work pales considerably, it seems to me, in this version, although I don't doubt that my reaction is colored by long-standing familiarity with the orchestral setting.

This is the first recording I have encountered of the piano version of the *Dance Suite*, but it is slated to appear in Hungaroton's complete edition of Bartók's works. And as this is also the only current domestic single-disc version of the bagatelles, the recording should be of particular interest to Bartók followers. Pianist Robert Silverman shapes both pieces in a musically intelligent manner, although I do have occasional quibbles over details: e.g., the lack of attention to the bass line at the opening of Op. 6, No. 11, and the failure to distinguish clearly the triplet sixteenths that occur toward the end of the first *Poco più mosso* section of No. 12.

The sound is adequate, and John Downey's liner notes are a model of what such things should be.

R.P.M.

BEETHOVEN: Piano Works. Andrea Anderson Swem, piano. ORION ORS 74145, \$5.98.

Two Preludes, Op. 39; Fantasy in G minor, Op. 77; Polonaise in C, Op. 89; Rondo in A, WoO. 49; Minuet in E flat, WoO. 82; Prelude in F minor, WoO. 166; Six Minuets, WoO. 167.

Here is a record with the curious title "The Unknown Beethoven," bearing the astonishing subtitle "little-known masterpieces for the piano."

Well, now! Unknown masterpieces by the most celebrated composer in the entire history of music, whose every major and minor work is played and recorded? Are we so close to the bottom of the barrel, or are there really some unknown *masterpieces* of Beethoven? The notes would certainly make one think so, and they are calculated to arouse expectations. They call the release "a true Beethoven program . . . it is all there, the technically as well as musically dazzling, the tensions, the thematic arguments . . . the meadowlark lyricism," and so forth. Surely, our readers would want to know about Beethoven the unknown meadowlark, so we had better look into the



Radu Lupu

Inspired but controversial Beethoven.

matter, but of course the proof is in the pudding—or is it the padding?

Among the "unknown" numbers we immediately detect two familiar old-timers—and they are scarcely masterpieces. The Fantasy in G minor, Op. 77 (1809), modeled on C. P. E. Bach's similar pieces, interests mostly as a written example of Beethoven's famous improvisations. The Polonaise, Op. 89, is a hastily put-together medley for the Empress of Russia's visit to the Vienna Congress in 1814. It used to be a popular recital piece, but it certainly looks pale compared to its neighbor, the great E minor Sonata, Op. 90.

As to the rest, they are culled from the hundreds of trifles, some authentic, others spurious, that fill page after page in the back of the Kinsky-Halm catalogue. That some of these have opus numbers should not fool us. Beethoven repeatedly fished out of his footlocker compositions from his early youth, gave them misleading opus numbers that denoted a much later time of composition, and sold them to a publisher. Without his magic name these odds and ends would not even be noticed, let alone performed.

The "Two Preludes in C," composed in 1789, Beethoven palmed off in 1803 as Op. 39 in a package deal that also contained the Serenade, Op. 41 (*recte*: a transcription of Op. 25, which itself was updated from 1795), as well as the Clarinet Trio, Op. 11. By the way, those preludes were never called "in C"; they wander over all twelve major keys, palpably a lesson in modulation.

The Minuet in E flat is a very early work, probably from the time when the fifteen-year-old Beethoven was presented to the public as "agé de 13 ans." The Rondo in A was actually published in 1784. The Prelude in F minor and the Six Minuets are mislabeled in the notes, and the minuets are probably spurious.

Obviously, all these are student works in which it is *not* "all there"—indeed, practically nothing is there, and it was a waste of the talents of the capable young pianist to have learned and recorded them. Andrea Anderson Swem plays well and has a nice tone; it will be interesting to hear her in some real masterpieces.

If Orion wants to continue with its unknown Beethoven, I recommend the vocal works from the Kinsky grab bag. Among them are such enticing titles as "Elegy on the death of a poodle," "To a suckling," and "I beg you, write me down the scale of E flat." Who knows, they may turn out to be hits. P.H.L.

BEETHOVEN: Sonatas for Piano: No. 7, in D, Op. 10, No. 3; No. 23, in F minor, Op. 57 (*Appassionata*). Vladimir Ashkenazy, piano. LONDON CS 6821, \$5.98.

BEETHOVEN: Sonatas for Piano: No. 6, in F, Op. 10, No. 2; No. 23, in F minor, Op. 57 (*Appassionata*). Emil Gilels, piano. [Gunther Breest, prod.] DEUTSCHE GRAMMOPHON 2530 406, \$7.98.

B **BEETHOVEN: Sonata for Piano, No. 23, in F minor, Op. 57 (*Appassionata*).** **R** **HAYDN: Sonata for Piano, No. 20, in C minor.** Sviatoslav Richter, piano. [Nathan Shtilman, prod.] WESTMINSTER GOLD WGM 8256, \$2.98 (mono) [from MK 1550, 1960].

BEETHOVEN: Sonatas for Piano: No. 8, in C minor, Op. 13 (*Pathétique*); No. 14, in C sharp minor, Op. 27, No. 2 (*Moonlight*); No. 21, in C, Op. 53 (*Waldstein*). Radu Lupu, piano. LONDON CS 6806, \$5.98.

All four of these discs offer distinguished pianism, but considered purely as a Beethoven stylist Ashkenazy walks away with the honors. His work here documents his continuing growth as an interpreter of stature. He brings plenty of fire and poetry to both of these sonatas and also a degree of flexible spontaneity suggestive of a communicative concert hall performance rather than of an antiseptic recording session.

For all that, the local color never obscures the clear progress of the music. These are, in the best sense, "traditional" readings, with an unflinching sense for organic structure, appropriately fiery inflection, and very idiomatic sonority (broad, not too sensual, and always with a kind of hard focused core that reminds us that, for all his much touted revolutionary innovation, Beethoven was very much a classical composer).

The problematic first movement of Op. 10, No. 3 begins auspiciously with a tempo that gives the *feeling* of a true Presto but never crowds phrases or otherwise rushes the musical argument off its feet. It is a super performance—immensely exciting, creative, and erudite: full of impetuosity and blazing drama. The even more problematic *Largo e mesto* (slow and sad) movement—the emotional centerpiece of the sonata—is taken very slowly, but the line doesn't die. Ashkenazy sets up a living, quivering organism. His ending of the first section is very flexible and yielding, and the bell tones at the start of the F major interlude are full of desolate inspiration. This is an interpretation on the highest level.

The Menuetto is a bit slow, but once again the grasp of an over-all pulse is firm and unequivocal. The trio goes with finely sprung rhythm and bounding energy. The quizzical rondo is lyrical and fanciful. Ashkenazy makes a lot of the tenuto at the beginning, but thereafter all is direct and clearheaded. There is enlivening playing at every turn.

Ashkenazy's *Appassionata* begins broadly but right from the outset gives forth an impelling urgency. There are, to be sure, many Ro-

mantic touches—e.g., a great deal of nuanced tone painting and a tendency to linger at pauses—but this first movement is all of a piece, not a disjunct patchwork of thunderous explosions and diminished-seventh chords. The variations are broadly paced but always with requisite forward motion. Again there are many fanciful touches, but they never impede the line or burden the ground plan. There is a tremendous transition, and it is followed by a highly rhetorical, dashing account of the finale, at a tempo that is neither too fast nor overly deliberate.

This record augurs well for Ashkenazy's promised integral edition of the Beethoven sonatas. London's sound is a bit bass-heavy and overresonant but more than adequate.

There could be no greater contrast than Gilels' studious dissection of the *Appassionata*. I find it hard to imagine whatever he had in mind when he made this recording. His playing sounds terribly constrained, artificial, and devoid of even a semblance of emotional life. The notes are painstakingly assembled into neat patterns, but there is absolutely no organic growth in the way one phrase relates to the next, no eloquence or vocal quality in the quaint, hard, tinkly sounds—some loud, some soft. The tempos are terribly slow and academically foursquare.

To be sure, Gilels' fingerwork is admirable: He uses little pedal in the finale and obtains a sharp ostinato. But even there, there is little scintillation.

Op. 10, No. 2 is somewhat better. Gilels evidently seeks to transform this sarcastic little sonata into a "big" piece. He takes double repeats in both first and third movements, opts for sane, even tranquilized tempos, and zealously purges every humorous detail from his frowning exposition. At least there is some commendable forthrightness and an unusual attention to inner-voice detail. What, however, happens at bar 145 in the Allegretto? The left hand changes harmony a beat early: some obscure variant, or a simple misreading? DG's realistic pickup underscores Gilels' hard, flinty sonority.

Richter's *Appassionata* is very wild and, to me, too full of disruptive tempo changes and wild, woolly exhibitionism. If you must have this exceptional artist's controversial interpretation, it is heard to best advantage, I think, in the more disciplined, impactive sounding studio-made version taped during Richter's first visit to New York in the fall of 1960 (Victrola VICS 1427). This Moscow version, from a recital in June of that same year, is certainly preferable in both sound quality and performance to the long-deleted Columbia version taken from the pianist's Carnegie Hall debut. And Richter's magnificent performance of one of Haydn's greatest sonatas is ample reason for acquiring this budget-price reissue.

The Westminster Gold pressing, thankfully in ungimmicked mono, is a substantial improvement over the Russian MK original—brighter, with less tubby sound and much better surfaces. The labels on my copy were reversed, however.

Radu Lupu's new disc gives definite proof of this talented artist's continuing growth. His earlier, debut disc of Beethoven (the Third Concerto and Thirty-two Variations in C minor, CS 6715) displayed rhapsodic, imaginative poetry but a distinctly anarchic over-all view of the music. Much of the color and self-indulgence remain, but now there is, at least

some of the time, a granitic toughness that binds the playing together.

The *Pathétique* Sonata fares best. The first movement begins with a super-dreamy, Romantic introduction, with practically each phrase going at a different tempo. There are thunderous fortés and whispered pianissimos. The main allegro goes rather moderately, and Lupu, superior executant that he is, takes care that the left-hand broken octaves "beat" accurately against the right-hand chords. (You would be surprised at how many interpreters are casual about this important detail!)

The mordents in the second theme are gracefully and elegantly articulated, the long rests in the coda meticulously counted out. Throughout, the piano has a rich vibrant, almost plush quality—a combination of the per-

former's ear and the recordist's expertise. The Adagio is very rhetorical, almost excessively so, with singing tone, enormous breadth, and an almost Schubertian lyricism. Lupu's rondo is more allegretto than allegro. It strikes me as a mite precious and exaggerated, but on the whole this sonata is very well played indeed.

The lily-gilding *Moonlight* harks back to Queen Victoria. Not even Paderewski made more of the sentimental puffery surrounding this piece. The Adagio is sensuous, coloristic, and hefty in the bass; it is also full of little hesitations every time the sixteenth notes follow the accompanimental triplets. For all that, there is a thoughtful, imaginative quality that almost makes me willing to accept the playing on its own terms. The Allegretto is not unduly slow, but there are too many ritenutos and

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even some arbitrary anticipation of the left hand. The voicing, though, is rather exceptional.

The third movement gets a violent, theatrical rendering. Lupu refrains from using too much pedal, and as a result the hurtling ostinato passagework emerges clearly. The dynamic range is extremely wide—outsized, one is tempted to say—and there is a marked tendency to make too much of the cadential allargandos.

This is an interesting *Moonlight*, but not one I would care to live with. If you want a highly subjective version of this popular piece, I would recommend Arrau (Philips 6599 308), who manages to maintain a firmer structural grasp.

The *Waldstein* is even more questionable. Lupu's playing is less self-serving than in the *Moonlight*, but in so tough and motoric a work even a little softening of the contours does a lot of damage. Lupu plays fastidiously, but his ideas seem out of context.

The opening Allegro lacks much of its modifying *con brio*. The pianist evidently wishes to underplay most of the movement and save his thunder for the coda. I like the whispered, *misterioso* character of the very beginning (how difficult it is to get those repeated bass chords to sound really soft, as Lupu somehow manages!), but surely there is more proudness and angularity in the choralelike second theme. The Adagio molto is inwardly played, with excellent attention to part writing and inner-voice sforzandos, but once again I miss a certain heroic, exultant quality. This oughtn't to sound like a Schubert impromptu.

Lupu seems to take a middle-ground approach in his dealing with Beethoven's controversial long pedal indications in the rondo: He produces some haze, but I suspect he is thinning out the sound by shaking his foot slightly. Some of the thunderous sections sound a bit dainty, and there are a few arbitrary octave amplifications in the bass. Lupu would not seem to be playing the octaves in the coda glissando as specified by the composer.

However much one may disagree with Lupu's conceptions, he is in many respects an inspired artist—and anything but a routine one. London has given him gorgeous, full-throated sound. H.G.

BIZET: Symphony in C. **PROKOFIEV:** Symphony No. 1, in D, Op. 25 (*Classical*). Academy of St. Martin-in-the-Fields, Neville Marriner, cond. [Michael Bremner, prod.] ARGO ZRG 719, \$5.95.

Comparison—same coupling:
Bernstein/N.Y. Phil. Col. MS 7159
Comparisons—Bizet:
Beecham/ORTF Nat. Orch. Sera. S. 60192
Martinon/Chicago Sym. Victr. VICS 1628
Martinon/ORTF Nat. Orch. DG 2530 186
Comparisons—Prokofiev:
Martinon/ORTF Nat. Orch. Vox SVBX 5123
Kurtz/Philharmonia Sera. S. 60172
Ormandy/Philadelphia Col. MS 6545

Neville Marriner is an imaginative and very musical conductor, but sometimes his imagination leads him astray. I think it does in much of this record, though those partial to "originality" and "temperament" may disagree.

The orchestra itself is superb. Marriner has produced a real ensemble with the Academy, possibly a bit shy of strings for the Prokofiev but fully adequate for the Bizet, which is played with wonderful vitality and verve. The recording is also very good—clean and clear



Chopin
His sonatas creatively performed.

despite some resonance. This is altogether a fine example of the great orchestral playing that has made London a pre-eminent center in recent years.

Many of Marriner's ideas in the Bizet are interesting, though there are details in the score that others would not emphasize as much as he does. But for me he tries to make too much of an essentially simple and straightforward score. I find this particularly annoying in the middle section of the slow movement, where he overworks the admittedly Berliozian quality of the melody, distorting its line with excessive expression.

The old Beecham version is still my favorite recording of this symphony, though the sound shows its age. Both of Martinon's versions are excellent and better recorded than Beecham's; the Chicago performance on Victrola is better played than the more expensive ORTF one.

As indicated, I find the Academy rather underdressed for the Prokofiev, which despite its backward-looking style still calls for a full string section. Even more vitiating here is Marriner's unexpected lack of rhythmic sense: He not only fails to articulate the very difficult opening flourish but elsewhere comes up with phrasings that are downright awkward and not justified by the score. Here, as in the Bizet, I think he is trying too hard to imprint his individuality on the music.

Bernstein's performance, with the same appropriate coupling, is much better: occasionally rough but full of life. I have previously expressed my liking for the *Classical* recordings of Martinon (in his fine set of the first four Prokofiev symphonies), biting and "classical"; Kurtz, suitably lively; and Ormandy, opulent but brilliantly played. P.H.

BRAMMS: Piano Works—See Schumann: Bunte Blätter.

BRAMMS: Sextet for Strings, No. 1. For a feature review of a recording of this work, see page 77.

CARTER: Quartets for Strings, Nos. 2 and 3. For a feature review of a recording of these works, see page 73.

CASTELNUOVO-TEDESCO: Le Danze del Re David; Cipressi—See Rózsa: Sonata for Piano.

CHOPIN: Sonatas for Piano: No. 2, in B flat minor, Op. 35 (*Funeral March*); No. 3, in B minor, Op. 58. Murray Perahia, piano. [Paul Myers, prod.] COLUMBIA M 32780, \$5.98.

These are very much *performances*. I have heard Perahia play both of these sonatas many times, and the wonderful thing about this record is that the two performances are spontaneous, creative, and quite unlike any of those I have heard from him. His general outlook is on the one hand more lyrically inflected and tinged with introspection, and at the same time wilder, more heroic, more full of rhapsodic gesture.

Perahia's style is often prone to reverse accents, and once or twice—in the second theme of Op. 35's first movement, for example—the tendency verges on mannerism. However, his almost conversational eruptions in the development section of the B minor Sonata's opening are remarkably heroic and large spanning.

I also like the way these performances often turn a more deliberate than usual tempo to striking dramatic advantage. The scherzo movements of both sonatas are cases in point: That of Op. 35 generates a sinister kind of drive, while the filigree of that of Op. 58—so often a nonsensical *moto perpetuo*—takes on a measured robustness and an impressive stature that I, for one, have never dreamed of there. Similarly effective is the "wind over the grave" finale of Op. 35, which Perahia takes with little sustaining pedal and a commanding angular delineation. Always admirable is Perahia's amazing contrapuntal definition, cushioned poise, and unwillingness to treat even a single phrase perfunctorily. Incidentally, he observes the first-movement repeat in Op. 35 but not in Op. 58.

Perahia's liner notes are for the most part clearly expressed, perceptive, and without pretense. Two statements, however, give me pause. He speaks of "the abandonment of the first-movement recapitulation in both sonatas"; surely he means the recapitulation of the *first themes*, for the second ideas are fully restated in each instance. Second, I am slightly surprised to find that Perahia (like so many unsophisticated music lovers!) regards the *Funeral March* as "structurally and emotionally the heart of the [Second] Sonata." His performance would seem to plead a superb argument for the equality of all four (well, three and a half) movements.

Though a bit glassy on top, the reproduction is admirable: full of airy spaciousness and with a kind of concert hall distance not often found on modern piano discs. H.G.

COUPERIN, L.: Harpsichord Works. Blandine Verlet, harpsichord (built by Jean-Henry Hemsch, 1754). TELEFUNKEN SAWT 9605, \$5.98.

Suites: in D minor; in C; in F. La Piémontaise. Pavane in F sharp minor.

Comparisons:
Fuller None. H 71265
Leonhardt Victr. VICS 1370

Louis Couperin appears to have been the first important musician in a musical family dynasty that rivals that of the Bachs of Thu-

Manufacturers often talk and write about performance specifications, particularly their wide frequency range, as an indication of their equipment's quality. But how does this relate to "listening quality"? Speaker manufacturers publish nearly identical specifications—but these are of interest only as theoretical abstractions, since no one can significantly relate them to "listening quality."

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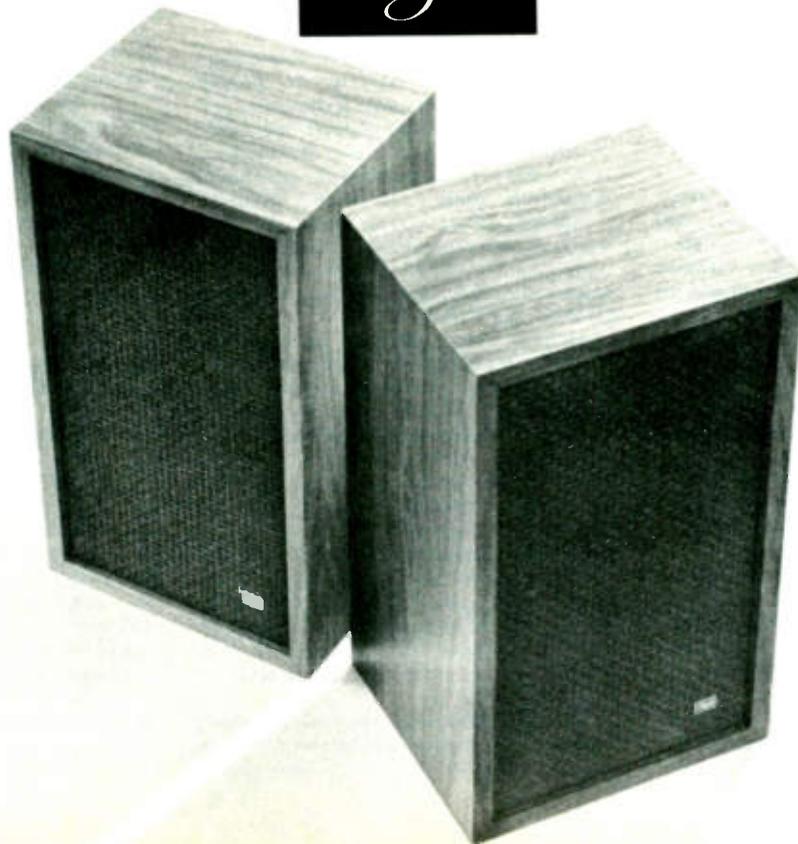
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ringia. Louis (along with his two brothers, François I and Charles) was "discovered" in the provinces by the father of French *clavecinistes*, Jacques Champion de Chambonnières, taken to Paris, and introduced at court. Soon afterwards in 1653 he became organist of St. Gervais, where he remained until his death at the age of thirty-five in 1661. The post passed to his brother Charles, then to Charles' son François *le Grand*, and remained successively in the hands of one Couperin after another until 1826.

Louis' harpsichord and organ music has long been overshadowed by his more famous nephew, François *le Grand*, but in recent years it has been heard more frequently. Especially impressive are his large chaconnes and passacaglias and the F sharp minor Pavane, pieces that are often dark in color, dissonant in texture, and highly dramatic. Wilfrid Mellers says of the pavane: "... its chromatic alterations give it a remarkable pathos. The classical stability of its proportions, together with the sensuous, melodically derived augmented intervals of the incidental harmonies, might even be compared with the elegiac late nocturnes of Fauré." This is grandly expressive music of the finest variety, and we are fortunate indeed that there are now several first-rate recordings of some of the best pieces.

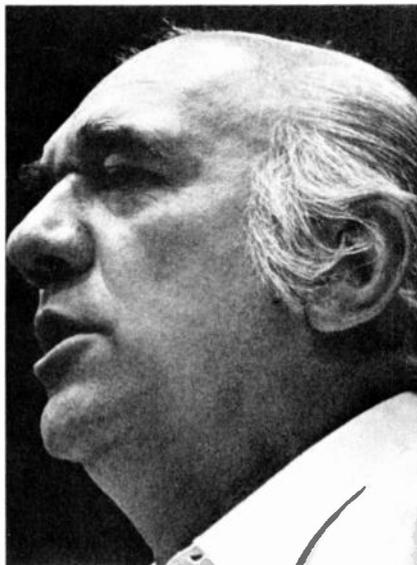
This excellent new Telefunken release is, to the best of my knowledge, the first disc to be made available here devoted entirely to Uncle Louis' harpsichord music, and it contains a generous selection of twenty-two pieces, grouped into three suites with two additional, independent pieces. (The manuscripts containing Couperin's music aren't arranged strictly into "suites"; rather, the performer is free to assemble his own suite by selecting pieces in the same key from among the various preludes, dance movements, and free pieces.)

The most fascinating pieces here are the three "unmeasured preludes" that open the three suites. The *prélude non mesuré*, a uniquely seventeenth-century French form, apparently arose from the lutenist's and gambist's elegant custom of shaping tuning triads into an essentially chordal little piece whose rhythm was utterly free. Couperin seems to be the first to adapt the style to the harpsichord, notating the pieces only in whole notes and leaving all matters of rhythm and tempo to the performer.

Also included are the great F sharp minor Pavane mentioned above, two chaconnes, and a passacaglia, but virtually every piece here is remarkable in its own right, and Blandine Verlet has arranged them carefully to provide a wide variety of contrasting types.

Verlet's performances are admirably flexible, rather nicely ornamented, and well proportioned. The playing is tasteful, and the style authentic. I am also very fond of Leonhardt's exquisitely subtle and idiomatic recording of one suite and the *Tombeau de M. Blancrocher* on a Victrola disc coupled with works of D'Anglebert. (None of Leonhardt's selections are duplicated on this Telefunken disc.)

But the finest performances of all are those given by Albert Fuller on a Nonesuch disc (coupled with pieces by Couperin's nephew François). Fuller's readings are the most rhythmically flexible yet most incisive and most vigorous, his ornaments flow out of the melodic lines most naturally, and above all he communicates the "spirit" of these works most convincingly. Unfortunately, he offers a



Gabriel Bacquier
An opera deserving wide performance.

selection of only nine pieces, five of which are duplicated on the Telefunken disc and one (the *Tombeau*) on the Victrola.

With reluctance, my recommendation is still to acquire all three of these excellent recordings. If you want only a sampler, then by all means begin with Fuller's. C.F.G.

DANIEL-LESUR: Andrea del Sarto: excerpts.

Andrea	Gabriel Bacquier (b)
Lucrece	Andrée Esposito (ms)
Spinette	Danièle Perriers (s)
Cordiani	Alan Vanzo (t)
Lionel	Jacques Mars (bs)
Damien	Henri Gui (b)

ORTF Combined Choruses; Orchestre National de l'ORTF, Manuel Rosenthal, cond. [Charles Duvellé, prod.] INÉDITS ORTF 995 037, \$6.98.

If this disc deserves singling out from a number of excellent releases in the "Inédits ORTF" series, it is because it contains a perfect example of the kind of opera that should be getting performances all over the world and instead has been kept within the confines of the country where it was written. Indeed, I would not hesitate to rank *Andrea del Sarto*, which was first produced in Marseilles in 1969, on the same level with the best of the operas written since Berg, including those by Britten, Poulenc, and Prokofiev.

To begin with, *Andrea del Sarto's* libretto, shaped by the composer himself and based on Musset's bitterly ironic nineteenth-century drama dealing with the tragic life of the famous Florentine painter, has all the elements of the classic opera setting: It is a costume piece; its protagonist belongs to the fatal mythology of the suffering artist; there is a love triangle involving Andrea's wife and his prize pupil; there is a murder, a duel, and, ultimately, a suicide. All of these elements, which could easily become hackneyed, maintain the full depth of their dramatic and literary potential; Daniel-Lesur's libretto carefully preserves the essential language and structure of the Musset original.

Musically, *Andrea del Sarto* stems strongly from both the Debussy and Mussorgsky traditions, in which the vocal line is built around

the inflection and dramatic implications of the spoken language while the orchestra supplies the harmonic and instrumental atmosphere that is greatly responsible for the emotional impact of the music. The orchestra likewise supplies motives, such as the tense and haunting six-note theme heard almost at the outset of the introduction to the second tableau, which have little specific meaning but which continue to pop up in an almost fatalistic manner that gives a noncausal emotional and dramatic unity to the opera. One of the best modern examples of this style can be heard in Poulenc's *La Voix humaine*. But whereas Poulenc and Debussy in particular tend to write in a constant flow characterized by frequent twice-repeated motives, Daniel-Lesur composes in a somewhat more dissonant idiom marked by frequent ostinatos and barer, more open harmonies. His transparent and extraordinarily orchestrated accompaniment also frequently follows the vocal line more closely than Poulenc's or Debussy's. If certain sections, such as the end of the second tableau, involve the singers in a near-recitative style, others make full use of the whole range of the grand-opera vocabulary. And rarely have I heard a more hair-raising musico-dramatic translation of tragedy than the final chorus.

On this disc, which includes the entire second tableau and excerpts from the other three, the outstanding voice belongs to mezzo-soprano Andrée Esposito, who sings the role of Lucrece, Andrea's wife. She is able to maintain the extraordinary fullness of her voice throughout her entire range while executing certain difficult passages with an almost coloratura ease. I was likewise impressed by Danièle Perriers, who teams up with Mlle. Esposito in the second-tableau duet to produce some of the most chilling moments on the disc. Gabriel Bacquier, the best-known of these singers in this country, struck me as somewhat strained, although dramatically his is an excellent performance. Manuel Rosenthal and the excellent ORTF orchestra brilliantly provide a flowing, taut, and emotionally charged accompaniment; and orchestra, soloists, and chorus benefit from some of the best sound I have heard on an opera recording.

All the enthusiasm in the world will not convince the major American opera houses that they should depart from their repertoires of sacred chestnuts. But the ORTF people might at least be coaxed into giving us a complete recording of *Andrea del Sarto*. Incidentally, the overture, not included on this disc, was available at one time on a Soviet disc.

R.S.B.

DAQUIN: Book of Noels: Twelve Carols for Organ. E. Power Biggs, organ (Flentrop organ in the Busch-Reisinger Museum, Harvard). COLUMBIA M 32735, \$5.98 [from MS 6167, 1959].

Louis-Claude Daquin's book of twelve *Noels*—sets of variations on Christmas folk-tunes popular in eighteenth-century France—is a collection of some of the most charming, gay, and festive or serious and tender organ music from the French baroque. Biggs's performances may not be quite as idiomatically true as a native Frenchman's, a fact that lessens my admiration for them not one iota since he captures the mood, character, and spirit of these delightful pieces beautifully. Similarly,

Biggs's Flentrop organ at Harvard University is not specifically designed for French baroque organ music, but it is nevertheless an exceptionally fine instrument, and Biggs handles it with great aplomb.

Though this recording was made fifteen years ago, the sound quality is near perfect and indistinguishable from Columbia's most recent recordings of the same instrument. The recording has been missing from the catalogues since 1971, and we are very fortunate to have it available again in a new pressing, especially since there exist no other recordings of the complete set of these immensely attractive pieces. C.F.G.

DELIUS: *Sea Drift; A Song of the High Hills.* For a review of a recording of these works, see page 84.

DVOŘÁK: *Quartet for Strings, No. 6; Quintet for Strings, No. 3.* For a review of a recording of these works, see page 92.

HAYDN: *Sinfonia Concertante for Violin, Cello, Oboe, Bassoon, and Orchestra, in B flat, H. I:105; Symphony No. 90, in C.* Rainer Küchl, violin; Robert Scheiwein, cello; Karl Mayrhofer, oboe; Dietmar Zeman, bassoon (in the *sinfonia concertante*); Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra, Karl Böhm, cond. [Werner Mayer, prod.] DEUTSCHE GRAMMOPHON 2530 398, \$7.98.

After the demise of the concerto grosso, the new *symphonie* (or *sinfonia concertante*, a blend of the symphony with the concerto, was very popular from about 1760 and far into the nineteenth century. The variety is great, from a couple of violins to a quartet of strings or winds with orchestra. The "*concertante quartets*" of Spohr also belong in this genre, as do Beethoven's triple concerto, Brahms's double, and Schumann's for four horns.

While this large literature is scarcely known beyond the examples just cited, to which we should add Mozart's *concertante* works, we often encounter the *symphonie concertante* in symphonies proper. Haydn has passages, even whole movements, in this vein in a number of his symphonies: *Le Midi, Le Soir, La Chasse* come to mind.

The work recorded here, written for London, where it was very successful, comes from Haydn's greatest period. It is a handsome piece composed (1792) with consummate skill, as Haydn combines concerto and symphony with ease, wit, and virtuosity.

The "concertino" consists of two pairs—oboe with bassoon, and violin with cello—but unlike in the older Mannheim *concertante*, the soloists are nicely integrated into the whole and seem to step from the orchestra. The picture is very colorful, for while one instrument will play the theme, the others chip in with all sorts of subsidiary motifs or imitations.

At times, as in the fine Andante, the concertizing is divided between the regrouped pairs—violin with bassoon, oboe with cello—while in the spirited finale everyone excels in a lively give and take. Here the violin decidedly leads; Haydn no doubt wanted to give his faithful impresario Salomon, who was a good fiddler, a grateful role. The four soloists are excellent.

Symphony No. 90 is one of the neglected ones. Framed by its more popular sisters, No. 88 in G and the *Oxford* (No. 92), it was unjustly eclipsed, for this is a fine work. A pen-

sive introduction is followed by an energetic Allegro, with one of those seamless bridge sections where one could not insert the blade of a knife between the tones until Haydn deigns to stop at the dominant. The development is masterly. After a deceptive recapitulation, he cuts loose with some close points of imitation, setting everything and everybody in brisk motion. The Andante is a set of variations on a beautiful theme; its part writing has the finesse of chamber music. The Minuet is a robust dance. The finale romps with zest toward a capital joke at the end: Haydn seems to have finished the movement, and one is tempted to start for the turntable to shut it off, but after a long pause there suddenly erupts a whirlwind coda with all the symphonic trimmings possible.

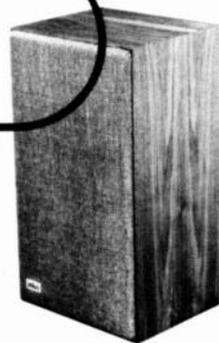
Both performances are top drawer. Böhm keeps admirable balance, the winds are never covered, rhythm and tempo are astringent, and the sound is bright and clear. A delightful recording, this, of delightful music. P.H.L.

B HAYDN: *Symphonies, Vol. 8.* Philharmonia Hungarica, Antal Dorati, cond. [James Mallinson, prod.] LONDON STEREO TREASURY STS 15310/5, \$17.88 (SIX DISCS).

Symphonies: No. 1, in D; No. 2, in C; No. 3, in G; No. 4, in D; No. 5, in A; No. 6, in D (*Le Matin*); No. 7, in C (*Le Midi*); No. 8, in G (*Le Soir*); No. 9, in C; No. 10, in D; No. 11, in E flat; No. 12, in E; No. 13, in D; No. 14, in A; No. 15, in D; No. 16, in B flat; No. 17, in F; No. 18, in G; No. 19, in D.

Of Haydn's 107 symphonies (all but one of which are performable), we now lack only fif-

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teen in the Dorati edition: the final dozen (93–104) from the London period, which are, of course, the composer's best-known and most-recorded works, and the unnumbered symphonies A, B, and (a four-bar fragment) C. Symphonies A and B are in a two-disc supplementary volume already released in England, with the original version of No. 63, the revised version of No. 22, and several variant movements. The "London" group will presumably comprise the final volume of the series, which has already earned its place as one of the major events in recent phonographic history.

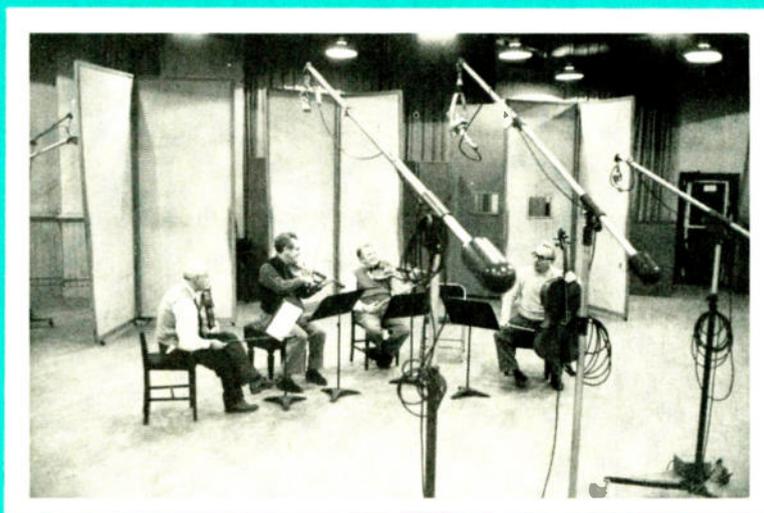
The nineteen recorded here were composed between 1759 and 1763. Moreover, since the traditional numbering of the Haydn symphonies is frequently quite faulty, they are by

no means all the symphonies he composed in these four years. Vol. 7 (Nos. 20–35) contains overlapping material from this important early period.

This is music of a decade of transition, filled with echoes of (and regard for) the baroque past, filled too with the distinctive elements of the preclassical style and intimations of Haydn's fully developed works in the classic manner that were to follow in the 1770s. The great music here is the symphonies commonly numbered 6, 7, and 8 (although they really belong later in the chronology, probably as Nos. 14, 15, and 16) and called *Le Matin*, *Le Midi*, and *Le Soir*. Haydn's essays on morning, noon, and night are probably the greatest orchestral music written in the dozen years following the death of Bach and, indeed, unsur-

passed in the 1760s except for Haydn's own later thoughts. In their mixture of the symphony with devices of the opera and the baroque concerto, in their splendid solo passages (beautifully played by Dorati's principals), they are a product of pure inspiration.

The other sixteen works are no less beautifully played and, surely, no less appealing to the dedicated Haydn collector, who has not been offered recordings of this stature since the death of Max Goberman. But the Goberman recordings reveal their age in comparison with Dorati's, which are superbly engineered. So those who want the latest and best of everything will take this volume and love it, and those who want the Haydn highlights (but aren't equal to 107 symphonies) are well advised to stay with Goberman or Odyssey, con-



A Posthumous Farewell from the Budapest

by Robert C. Marsh

FOR THIRTY-FIVE YEARS, the Budapest Quartet represented the highest standard of chamber music performance regularly known to American audiences, and the group's long-term affiliation with Columbia produced a body of recordings that were enormously influential in establishing an audience for chamber music and standards for judging this repertory.

For all practical purposes, the Budapest died with its violist, Boris Kroyt, in 1969. Its last records were made, as producer Shepard recalls, "almost nine years ago." Many took for granted that we would hear no more from this source, but here is a previously unreleased Dvořák Op. 96 Quartet, withheld in 1967 when the Op. 97 Quintet was first issued with the unrealized hope that a few retakes might improve it.

Not, mind, that the performance is in any serious way substandard. Coupled at last with the quintet, this version of the *American* Quartet stirs more than nostalgia. As the last word from the Budapest members, it is a forceful reminder that

even with the proliferation of string quartets today, a phenomenon they encouraged with their artistic impact, there is hardly anyone to touch them.

It is paradoxical that our farewell to the Budapest should involve a quad record from sources in the mid-Sixties, but Columbia was making multichannel masters in those days and such a mixing of voices was possible. The quad version brings us a totally unfamiliar sense of being surrounded by four (or five) players in a resonant space. It's an interesting experience, but I am not sure that it is the most enjoyable way to listen to a small chamber-music group. Thus I recommend the quad disc as an example of the imaginative use of a new technique, but I suspect that most of the time when I play this music I will choose the two-channel version, which is most effectively put together for stereo playback with a good sense of balance and perspective. (Stereo playback of the SQ disc provides a similar, but not identical, effect.)

Both these works are spiritually and artistically tied to the *New World* Symphony. The themes are vigorous and attractive in the familiar manner of Dvořák's Americanism, and the ideas are given generous and imaginative development. The result is two thoroughly attractive examples of chamber music—chamber music, in fact, for people who don't commonly buy chamber music as well as the seasoned collector. The performances, with their warmth of tone, their long, singing lyricism, their rhythmic life, remind us vividly of four musicians to whom many of us will always feel a debt of gratitude for performances that live timelessly in the mind.

DVOŘÁK: Quartet for Strings, No. 6, in F (*American*); Quintet for Strings, No. 3, in E flat, Op. 97. Walter Trampler, viola (in Op. 97); Budapest Quartet. [Thomas Z. Shepard, prod.] COLUMBIA M 32792, \$5.98 [Op. 97: from MS 6952, 1967]. Quadriphonic: MO 32792 (SQ-encoded disc), \$6.98; MAQ (Q-8 cartridge), \$7.98.

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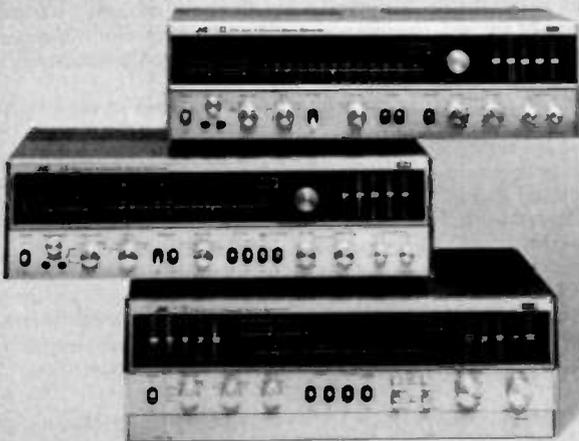


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HAYDN: Trios for Violin, Cello, and Piano, Vols. 4 and 5. Beaux Arts Trio. PHILIPS 6500 521 and 6500 522, \$6.98 each.

Vol. 4: Trios: In A, H. XV: 18; in G minor, H. XV: 19; in E flat, H. XV: 22. Vol. 5: Trios: In B flat, H. XV: 20; in D, H. XV: 24; in G, H. XV: 32.

The Beaux Arts Trio valiantly continues its recording of Haydn's piano trios. Whenever we come across a release such as this we are reminded that of Haydn's immense output we know only a fraction. Of the hundred-odd symphonies perhaps twenty are generally known, of the eighty-odd quartets perhaps a dozen. The piano sonatas fare worse still, and when it comes to the piano trios, I do not think that more than three or four of the forty-five are played, and those from poor nineteenth-century editions.

In the naive way of that century, when most editors were well-intentioned practicing musicians untrained in the difficult art of dealing with manuscripts and with departed styles, these trios were fair game and were liberally retouched. As in so many other instances, it was H. C. Robbins Landon who restored the original texts of these works; his edition served for the present recordings.

Contrary to popular belief, these trios are not youthful works, but date from the 1790s, from Haydn's London sojourns, thus belonging to his most mature period. That this was not unequivocally clear from the music itself is due to their close and rather puzzling observance of an earlier eighteenth-century stylistic peculiarity: Piano trios were considered sonatas for clavier with the *accompaniment* of violin and cello. Haydn must have known Mozart's superb trios; moreover, before departing for his second London trip, he attended toward the end of 1793 an evening concert at Prince Lichnowsky's, where Beethoven performed his own Op. 1 trios—and some of Haydn's trios date from 1794!

Haydn was a progressive and inquisitive composer, experimenting and forging ahead to the very end of his active career. Perhaps the explanation for his conservative attitude in this particular case is that the piano trio and the piano-violin sonata were somewhat outside the mainstream of the classical style. They joined the piano sonata, quartet, and symphony only with Mozart's, Beethoven's, and Schubert's works, which fully established the violin sonata and the trio as major genres.

Their archaic exterior notwithstanding, these are fine works in Haydn's typical lean late style and are well worth knowing. Unfortunately, while the performances are precise and fluent, the Beaux Arts Trio misreads style and tone. It is in the nature of this particular trio writing that the strings just tag along, mostly *colla parte*; the piano not only dominates everywhere, but shows a decided kinship with the concerto style of setting. Menahem Pressler does justice to the virtuoso demands and, especially in the jolly finales, plays with engaging clarity, but the cadences die away and there is a good deal of Romantic swooning. His tone, though never dull, is often a bit shallow, but the piano for which Haydn wrote was the Broadwood, robust enough even for Beethoven.

Isidore Cohen is a first-class chamber musician, but here his violin tone is too sweet and



The Beaux Arts Trio—their worthy Haydn project snagged by style.

subdued, tending to thin out in the higher regions. He does not take advantage of the few opportunities where the violin could lean into the melody. Cellist Bernard Greenhouse, whose role is largely the old continuo reinforcement of the bass line, has a fine ear for balance.

The notes speak of "rococo ornamentation," which may have fooled the Beaux Arts. This is not rococo music: The bold modulations, the sturdy and sophisticated development sections, and the broad adagios often remind one of the young Beethoven. P.H.L.

MESSIAEN: *Poèmes pour Mi*. **TIPPETT:** *Songs for Dov*. Felicity Palmer, soprano; BBC Symphony Orchestra, Pierre Boulez, cond. (in the Messiaen). Robert Tear, tenor; London Sinfonietta, David Atherton, cond. (in the Tippett). [James Walker, prod.] ARGO ZRG 703, \$5.95.

Although I have always found the *Poèmes pour Mi*, Messiaen's song cycle based on religiously oriented poems he wrote to his first wife, one of the most beautiful and profound elaborations of the composer's intense and mystical vision. I was not prepared for the overwhelming experience offered by the orchestral version, completed in 1937, a year after the piano version. In their shift from piano to orchestral accompaniment, the nine *Poèmes* open up into new dimensions one can rarely enter in such depth.

Instead of the sometimes obsessive severity of the piano version, a tonal landscape created by a very Debussyesque orchestra draws the listener into a broader, darker atmosphere in which the original tensions, although still present, have a multidimensional character to them. So diverse and subtle are the various instrumental moods, from the low, brooding strings at the end of "L'Epouse" to the highly dramatic strings and brass of "Les deux guerriers," and so thoroughly is the vocal line given emotional urgency within the orchestral color that it is not difficult to imagine operalike contexts for the episodes of this deeply felt monodrama, even though the work's basic impact is almost liturgical.

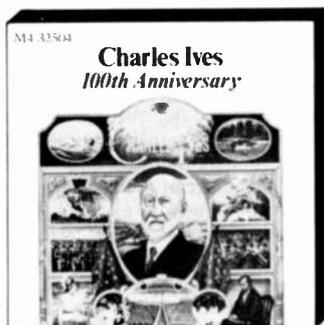
Few composers (or their works) have benefited from such a thoroughly committed per-

formance as Messiaen receives here in the taut, perfectly controlled, and yet searing interpretation by Boulez and the BBC Symphony. In addition to the vibrancy and dynamism Boulez draws out of Messiaen's often deliberately static musical idiom, he balances the separate, independently stressed choirs of the orchestra against each other and against the solo voice to highlight fully the total impression of both unity and diversity that is one of the constants of the composer's work. And Felicity Palmer is, in both richness of voice and identification with the music, by far the best of the three sopranos who have recorded the *Poèmes* (the two previous versions are piano-accompanied). As if this were not enough, the sonic reproduction comes as close to perfection as anything I've heard in some time.

As for the Tippett *Songs for Dov*, which continues the odyssey of the character (a poet/artist prototype) introduced in the opera *The Knot Garden*, I would like to offer a dissenting voice in the midst of the general adulation provoked by recent recordings of Tippett's *Knot Garden* and Third Symphony. Tippett has a number of appealing ideas, most of them centered, for my money, around an aesthetic vision in which the work of art chips away at the wall separating reality from fiction. It is such an aesthetic that justifies at the deepest level the collages—both literary (Shakespeare, Goethe, Pasternak) and musical (Beethoven, Wagner, Mussorgsky)—used in the *Songs for Dov* and elsewhere. One of the most intriguing scenes, in the last of the three songs, has Dov passing by the forest hut occupied but now abandoned by Zhivago and Lara, with an unobtrusive quotation from *Boris Godunov* reinforcing, at one point, the Slavic expansiveness.

But I find Tippett's settings of the English language—a language I feel has generally resisted effective musicalization—to be unpleasantly grating and often frightfully pretentious. At that, the *Songs for Dov*, written in 1970, represent an improvement over *The Knot Garden*; both, however, are dominated by vocal gyrations that may have worked in early madrigals but that sound strained, forced, and, yes, ugly in Tippett's mostly non-tonal contexts. Even worse are his humorless, soul-less attempts to set American slang in

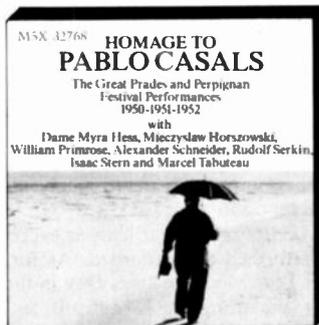
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contexts whose heaviness—even with a super-imposed popular style—makes the language sound as ludicrous as certain divas' attempts to swing in a chic nightclub. And the less said about the bowwows (Caliban's dog), the better.

The most attractive musical elements of the *Songs for Dov* lie in the transparent song forms, which provide a welcome cohesiveness, and some of the instrumental passages, such as the haunting accompaniment (including electronic harpsichord) at the beginning of the first song. But even here, much of what Tippett does impresses me as finely wrought filigree set up in a vacuum.

The orchestral part, at least, is exceedingly well performed and recorded. As for tenor Robert Tear, who also sings *Dov* in the *Knot Garden* recording, it is difficult to know whether his voice is straining or the music makes it sound that way.

Perhaps nobody who has praised Messiaen as I have should dare to call another dramatico-musical composition pretentious. I could go on at some length about why I think Messiaen's musical (and extra-musical) pretensions work while Tippett's don't. But that, as the man says in *Irma la Douce*, is another story. R.S.B.

B MILHAUD: Concerto for Piano and Orchestra, No. 2, Op. 225; Suite *cis-alpine sur des airs populaires piémontais*, Op. 332; *La Muse ménagère*, Op. 245. Grant Johannesen, piano (in the concerto and *La Muse*); Thomas Blees, cello (in *Suite*); Luxemburg Radio Orchestra, Bernard Kontarsky, cond. (in the concerto and *Suite*). TURNABOUT TV-S 34496, \$3.50.

Although Milhaud has written enough music to keep a record company in business for the next decade, he tends to be represented again and again by the same handful of works on disc. It takes a label like Turnabout, which has been coming up with some particularly valuable recordings recently, to release the Second Piano Concerto instead of, say, another First or another *Création du monde*.

If anything, the Second Piano Concerto, finished in 1941, has more depth than the effervescent but somewhat fluffy First. An almost Poulenc-ish toccata, played with marvelous flair by Johannesen, opens the first movement, giving way to a second theme written in a music hall, ragtime style spiced with Milhaud's readily identifiable instrumental combinations and acerbic harmonies. The long, bluesy, rhapsodic second movement, built almost entirely around a lilting, barcarollesque rhythm, is one of the most attractive he has composed, while the third, after an intriguingly herky-jerky opening, introduces the South American patterns (again set in an unmistakable Milhaud idiom) that trademark much of the composer's output.

As recorded here, the Second Piano Concerto becomes a wonderfully spirited interplay between piano and orchestra, with pianist Johannesen and conductor Kontarsky obviously relishing both their collaboration and the music.

In the solo work *La Muse ménagère* (*The Household Muse*), Johannesen gives as good a performance, I suppose, as can be expected. But the work, consisting of fifteen morning-through-evening sketches of the composer's

home life, goes on and on in a basically unvaried style in which simple, uninteresting melodies are heard over simple, repeated accompaniments. I suspect the chamber-orchestra version would provide some necessary variety; in the solo-piano version heard here, the whole thing tends to become quite monotonous, especially toward the end. (A note: *La Douceur des soirées*, the title of the thirteenth piece, implies "The Pleasantness of the Evenings" and not "Giving Parties," as it is ludicrously translated in the liner notes.)

The *Suite cisalpine* has some of the spark and life of the popular *Suite provençale*, with obvious folk material (much of it dancelike) appearing in light-textured settings and with the solo cello (performed only adequately by Thomas Blees) providing an added lyrical depth. But while the *Suite provençale* is episodic in nature, the *Suite cisalpine* develops its materials rather unconvincingly (after the first movement) over three more conventional movements. While it is good to have recordings of this and the *Muse ménagère*, the Second Piano Concerto is the star of the show here. R.S.B.

MOZART: Arias—See Rossini: Arias.

MOZART: Don Giovanni. For a feature review of a recording of this work, see page 75.

MOZART: Sinfonia Concertante for Violin, Viola, and Orchestra; Concertos for Piano and Orchestra, Nos. 9 and 22. For a feature review of a recording of these works, see page 77.

MOZART: Symphonies: No. 38, in D, K. 504 (*Prague*); **No. 41**, in C, K. 551 (*Jupiter*). BBC Symphony Orchestra, Colin Davis, cond. PHILIPS 6500 313, \$6.98.

H **MOZART: Symphony No. 38**, in D, K. 504 (*Prague*); **Concerto for Piano and Orchestra, No. 20**, in D minor, K. 466; **La finta giardiniera**, K. 196; **Overture; La Clemenza di Tito**, K. 621; **Overture**. Bruno Walter, piano (in K. 466); Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra, Bruno Walter, cond. ROCOCO 2065 (mono), \$6.95 [from 78-rpm originals, recorded 1937] (Rococo Records, Box 175, Station K, Toronto 12, Ont., Canada).

Davis is recording a clutch of Mozart symphonies for Philips. This new disc, like the recently reissued London Symphony coupling of Nos. 39 and 40, immediately springs to the upper echelons of the lists for both symphonies.

Davis is not a "feminine" Mozart conductor; both of these performances are marked by a kind of stern austerity that some listeners may find just a little dull. But on their own chaste yet dramatic terms, they are most enjoyable: aristocratic in their refusal to stoop to the slightest sentimentality, elegant in their attention to details of phrasing and balance. (Davis, by the way, takes all repeats in the *Prague*, but not in the *Jupiter*.)

The Bruno Walter disc is rather special. Walter's later Mozart recordings for Columbia are idiosyncratic affairs, however much some of us may love them. Tempos are ele-

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phantinely slow, as if he wished to extract the last sonorous drops from the music. In the slow movements particularly, the weight and solemnity of the performances are mixed with an almost swooning sensuality.

Back in the 1930s, however, Walter's Mozart was a little more conventional, at least in terms of tempo. The performances here (the symphony and concerto were once coupled on a Pathé Great Recordings of the Century disc) have plenty of drama and manliness. Yet the characteristic Walter touches—above all the caressing portamentos and a slight rhythmic insecurity—set these versions apart. The sound is remarkably good, and Walter's piano playing in the concerto is fully accomplished. J.R.

NIELSEN: Symphony No. 2 (The Four Temperaments). New York Philharmonic, Leonard Bernstein, cond. [John McClure, prod.] COLUMBIA M 32779, \$5.98. Quadriphonic: MQ 32779 (SQ-encoded disc), \$6.98; MAQ 32779 (Q-8 cartridge), \$7.98

Nielsen is steadily achieving the reputation he long deserved as one of the most stimulating composers of the early years of this century, and Bernstein's previous recordings of his music have assisted that process mightily.

The Second Symphony, dating from 1902, is somewhat more explicitly programmatic than Nielsen's later works, although after you read the program once you may safely forget it and take the music as it comes. It's dramatic and filled with energy and strong themes. Somehow (don't analyze, enjoy) it hits a very special responsive chord in Bernstein's musical thought: He plays it with such excitement, insight, and unflagging zest for all it has to say that the totality of his conviction seems irresistibly persuasive.

In the stereo mix, this goes on my select list of Bernstein's finest work with the Philharmonic, but in quad, with the addition of strong front-to-back exchanges that bring out the percussion and brass with particularly good effect, this belongs on another shorter, even more select list: the most persuasive records made by the SQ process. The sense of being surrounded by the sound of this large orchestra, especially in material of this inherent force, is thrilling indeed. It is precisely this sort of record that is going to put quad equipment in a lot of homes where it isn't now. R.C.M.

PROKOFIEV: Symphony No. 1—See Bizet: Symphony in C.

B **ROSSINI: Operatic Arias. MOZART:** Arias. Ezio Flagello, bass; Rome Symphony Orchestra, Nicolas Flagello, cond. MUSICAL HERITAGE MHS 1725, \$3.50 [from SCOPE SV 0001, 1963] (Musical Heritage Society, 1991 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023).

ROSSINI: Il Barbiere di Siviglia: A un dottor; La calunnia. L'Italiana in Algeri: Le femmine d'Italia. La Cenerentola: I miei rampolli. MOZART: Le Nozze di Figaro: Non più andrai; Don Giovanni: Madamina Die Zauberflöte: In diesen heil'gen Hallen (sung in Italian) Mentre ti lascio, o figlia, K. 513

Both for sheer voice and for repertory, a most desirable disc. When it was made, it was hoped that the young Flagello would yet develop a dramatic sense to animate his gorgeous bass—rich in the *profundo* depths and secure all the way up through the bright bari-

tone top. The wrong-language *Magic Flute* aria, for example, is imposingly sustained. Alas, the voice instead spread into a bluff, unfocused, merely listenable sound (shades of Rossi-Lemeni).

It is especially rewarding to hear this lovely instrument applied to the buffo material. The likes of Corena and Montarsolo have amply mined the wit of the *Italiana* and *Cenerentola* arias, but this is still *music*. Only in Siepi's Cetra "*Femmine d'Italia*" have I otherwise heard either of these wonderful bravura vehicles make their intended musical effect: Flagello makes a special delight of Magnifico's breathtakingly idiotic dream narrative.

Wretched accompaniments (listen to them as you would early electrical 78s); no printed texts. K.F.

RÓZSA: Sonata for Piano, Op. 20; Kaleidoscope, Op. 19. CASTELNUOVO-TEDESCO: Le Danze del Re David; Cipressi. Albert Dominguez, piano. ORION ORS 74137, \$5.98.

Rózsa's 1948 piano sonata is the kind of piece you would expect to hear more often. Besides its pianistic panache, it has enough energy, drive, and rhythmic pulse to last an audience an entire evening. Working within fairly classical forms, Rózsa probably reaches more exciting climaxes in a brief period than any other composer I can think of.

But one reason for the effectiveness of the Rózsa excitement lies in the nature of the surrounding material, whether in the tranquil, almost Hindemithian opening of the first movement or the Hungarian-folksong quality that sets the second theme of the last movement against the frenetic syncopations that open it. The composer also sets up a harmonic idiom, making strong use of open fourths and fifths but also of some rich polytonal chord structures, that strongly enhances the somewhat percussive, Bartókian piano sonorities that pervade the work.

It is difficult to fault Albert Dominguez's pianism. He has a remarkable command of the keyboard and impresses the listener as being in full control of the music. But I do find his approach to the Rózsa sonata somewhat less gutsy than the deleted Pennario version on Capitol. Dominguez never quite gets beneath the surface of the thematic material, while he coats much of the finale's rhythmic dynamism with a sameness that destroys some of its vitality. But the sonata is an important work to have on disc, and we are not apt to get a more polished performance.

The Rózsa *Kaleidoscope*, which also exists in an orchestral version (once recorded on Westminster), goes through the typical children's-piece cycle, including the inevitable march and berceuse, plus one piece (the zingara) of unabashed Hungariana. Even if they lack the sonata's originality, however, these six miniatures are well written for the piano and afford Dominguez a decent vehicle for his talents, as do the two selections by Mario Castelnuovo-Tedesco. But I must say I did not find the overt Debussy-isms of the latter's *King David Dances* or the more anodyne Romanticism of *Cipressi*, tonally depicting the cypress trees of Florence, particularly original, even if the inspiration was obviously in the right place.

As with most Orion discs that have come my way recently, the sound reproduction is quite good, the quality control occasionally dismal.

R.S.B.

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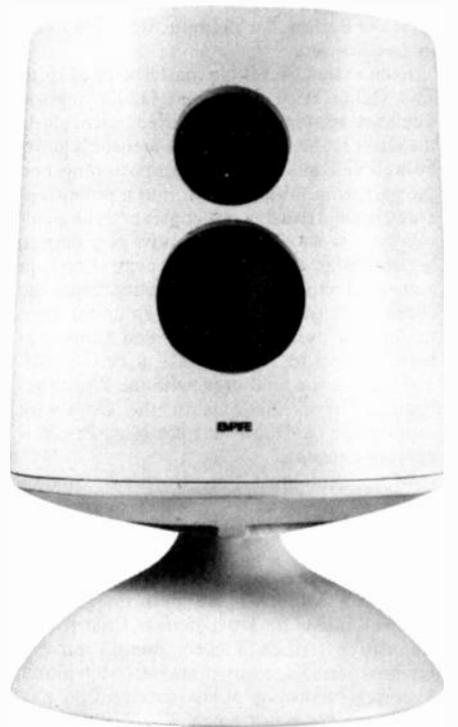
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CIRCLE 16 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

SAINT-SAËNS: Samson et Dalila.

Dalila	Christa Ludwig (ms)
Samson	James King (t)
High Priest	Bernd Weikl (b)
Abimelech	Alexander Malta (bs)
An Old Hebrew	Richard Kogel (bs)
Messenger	Heinrich Weber (t)
First Philistine	Albert Gassner (t)
Second Philistine	Peter Schranner (bs)

Bavarian Radio Chorus and Orchestra, Giuseppe Patané, cond. [Theodor Holzinger and Oskar Waldeck, prod.] EURODISC 86 977, \$20.94 (three SQ-encoded discs, manual sequence).

Comparison: Gorr, Vickers, Prêtre/Paris Opera Ang. SCL 3639

Here is the fourth complete recording of *Samson*, a direct competitor to Angel's 1963 edition. (The other two, an aging 1946 Paris Opera performance currently on Pathé and a Romanian edition on Electrecord, are only curios at best.) Eurodisc's new entry hails from, of all places, Munich. Well, perhaps that's not as strange as it might first appear: The opera was premiered in Weimar under the aegis of Franz Liszt in 1877 and enjoyed considerable popularity throughout Germany before catching on in France during the 1890s. Elsewhere *Samson* has had a spotty performance history, primarily at the Metropolitan, where it still crops up now and then, and in various outdoor arenas in Italy.

There's an odd, almost urbanely impersonal flavor about Saint-Saëns's sole stage success. Although the score is as slick as anything this facile composer ever penned, neither the libretto nor the music fits the conventions of French opera during the transition years between Meyerbeer's gigantic historical spectacles and Massenet's fragrant *belle époque* character studies. *Samson* moves in great blocks: Act I proceeds as a series of oratorio solos and choruses, Act II consists of two large-scale duologues, and Act III is a pair of static *tableaux vivants*. Not very promising material on the surface, and Saint-Saëns did not possess the kind of inner vision and burning creativity that might have raised the opera's three monolithic figures (Dalila, Samson, and the High Priest) to genuine epic proportions—as Berlioz, for example, was able to do in *Les Troyens*.

Even at that, Act II is a masterpiece of sorts. The Dalila/High Priest and Dalila/Samson duets are supremely well crafted, particularly the latter scene, which blends Samson's guilty hesitation, Dalila's sensuous importuning, and the gathering thunderstorm into a potent operatic brew. Heard in this context, "*Mon coeur s'ouvre à ta voix*" is not a soupy pop tune to be sniffed at, but a powerful central arch in a most effectively structured entity. True, the choruses of Act I hold things up unduly, but the broken phrases of the blinded Samson at his treadmill in Act III have a certain eloquence and the final orgy, with the Philistines jiggling merrily underneath the clockwork canon sung by Dalila and the High Priest, is at least amusing.

More than most French operas, *Samson* seems to thrive with "foreign" interpreters, perhaps because the music is so suave and cosmopolitan. In this respect Angel's Paris recording boasts no stylistic advantage over Eurodisc's Munich-based performance, unless one insists on letter-perfect French pronunciation (which Vickers doesn't provide anyhow). In fact, many of the most celebrated historical recordings of the score's purple passages are by non-French singers: the Mill Scene of Caruso and Martinelli, for instance,



Christa Ludwig
A ravishing, broadly scaled Dalila.

or the memorable Homer/Caruso/Journet trio from Act I, or the innumerable "*Mon coeur*" versions from just about every German mezzo who drew breath.

Fausto Cleva's *Samson* was the best thing he ever conducted at the Met, and Eurodisc's Italian conductor, Giuseppe Patané, is equally at home with the work: He easily scores over Angel's native son, Georges Prêtre. Patané goes after a rich, homogeneous orchestral sound and achieves it, possibly obscuring some of the *clarté* of Saint-Saëns's scoring but none of the rhythmic point or melodic contour. Prêtre at first seems to be giving the music more profile, but one quickly wearies of his choppy, imprecise, and overly nervous leadership.

Dalila's music suits Christa Ludwig splendidly. Although recorded in June of 1973, when she was going through a period of poor health, there is absolutely no hint of it here, and the rounded, burnished tone of her voluptuous mezzo is consistently ravishing. Dalila is a broadly scaled, even monumental, figure, and the part gives Ludwig ample room to unfurl her voice unstintingly—the tiny interpretive touches required to bring, say, a Massenet heroine to life are hardly necessary here. Rita Gorr on Angel limns a more sharply pointed personality. She uses her column-of-steel voice with more imperious declamatory fervor, accenting the intriguer rather than the seductress. Both approaches work, and both Gorr and Ludwig are magnificent artists at the peak of their powers.

James King sings a stolid but secure Samson. His Angel rival, Jon Vickers, gives a more interestingly conceived and intellectualized performance—almost too carefully considered in places—and he has a voice of greater natural beauty. But King never lets the side down, and his plain, sturdy vocalizing can be faulted only as being a trifle dull.

Bernd Weikl's baritone threatens to turn soft and lose focus, which rather spoils his otherwise fine High Priest. Ernest Blanc's sinewy timbre is more to the point on the Angel set, and he etches a chilling portrait of this fanatical presence. Eurodisc's two basses, Alexander Malta (Abimelech) and Richard Kogel (the Old Hebrew), have important voices,

easily outdistancing the rather rusty work of Angel's Anton Diakov, who sings both roles.

The sound on the Eurodisc set (I have not heard it in quad) is typically spacious and warm. The rather diffuse, slightly humid sonic ambience is not at all inappropriate to the opera, and it serves to complement the kind of lush orchestral textures that Patané encourages. P.G.D.

SAINT-SAËNS: Symphonies: No. 1, in E flat, Op. 2; No. 2, in A minor, Op. 55. Orchestre National de l'ORTF, Jean Martinon, cond. [René Challan, prod.] ANGEL S 36995, \$5.98.

Saint-Saëns devotees and fans of French Romanticism may think they have the wrong disc in the right jacket when they play these two rarely heard symphonies. For the spirit that pervades these works (the First written when the composer was eighteen, after two earlier attempts at the symphonic genre) is very much that of the early German Romantic symphony, with Schumann, Mendelssohn, Beethoven, and Schubert all making their presences felt in varying degrees.

Mendelssohn, for instance, dominates the First Symphony's opening two movements, not only in many of the rising melodic patterns, but also in the way they are developed and orchestrated. In the second movement (a charming and utterly gracious scherzo-march), a flute duet later repeated by two clarinets is a dead ringer for one of Mendelssohn's commonest tics. The much more virile dynamism of Schumann dominates a large portion of the Second Symphony, in spite of the unorthodox harmonic nature of the introduction's arpeggios and the exciting fugal treatment of this material in the ensuing Allegro appassionata.

In both symphonies, it is the slow movements that offer the most originality, with the Second Symphony's Adagio foreshadowing by a number of years a similar section in the Second Cello Concerto. And in both works, the finales seem by far the least inspired of the four movements, whether in the awkwardly connected *Eroica*-isms in the First or the secondhand Schubert-isms in the Second.

Basically, however, Saint-Saëns's general lightness of touch and his extraordinary gift for maintaining momentum sustain the symphonies, and Martinon has for the most part beautifully stressed these qualities in stirring interpretations that have been excellently, if somewhat distantly, reproduced (in spite of pressing flaws on my copy). Only the Second Symphony has been previously recorded (eons ago, by Walter Goehr and the Netherlands Philharmonic), and as both works are considerably more than curiosity pieces this new Angel release is especially gratifying. R.S.B.

SCHUBERT: Die Winterreise, D. 911. Hermann Prey, baritone; Wolfgang Sawallisch, piano. PHILIPS 6747 033, \$13.96 (two discs, manual sequence).

Comparisons:	
Fischer-Dieskau, Moore	Ang. SB 3640
Fischer-Dieskau, Demus	DG 2707 028
Hotter, Moore	Sera. IC 6051
Hotter, Raucheisen	Hel. 2700 704
Pears, Britten	Lon. OSA 1261

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of the *Schöne Müllerin* poems as well) bring before us a lifetime's poignancy.

We witness the aftermath of rejection, the pain of love's failure, isolation, the bleakness of mortality. The story is implied rather than told: a faithless girl, the young man's solitary journey, his numb despair. Winter is both actual and metaphorical: The wind, snow, frost, and ice designate a hostile universe, the loss of companionship and hope, desolation. Spring is a memory never to be recaptured: Thoughts of a rustling lime tree give way before the reality of cold and separation: the vision fades; the major slips into the minor.

The journey takes the singer from frustration to insight. In the last song he achieves—like King Lear in the storm—a profound intuition of the whole world's pain. He discovers a bond of sympathy with the outcast, a hurdy-gurdy man playing over and over a pathetic wisp of melody in an indifferent world.

There is no possibility of arriving at definitiveness in music of such profundity. There can only be different sorts of illumination. Hermann Prey's performance is in many ways good. He projects feeling and comprehension, a fitting sense of bereavement. He sings with emotional discretion and makes a touching effect in quiet, reflective passages that call for soft, sustained tone. The end of "*Frühlings-traum*" is lovely. So is the final line of "*Rückblick*." He is very good at expressing the weariness of soul in "*Das Wirtshaus*."

Only in a few places does he burst the musical framework with bluster: "*Die Wetterfahne*" turns into rant; "*Der greise Kopf*" is heavy-handed. Whenever Prey reaches for drama, a big sound, the voice loses firmness and the tone spreads. But in general there is little here that is not musically becoming.

Nevertheless, the performance as a whole does not strike deep enough. For most of the cycle, Prey sings in a *mezza voce* that too often sounds merely doleful. The result is a certain vocal monotony that prevents him from differentiating between the moods, the varieties of experience, the insights revealed in *Die Winterreise*. After a while a lack of personality makes itself damagingly felt, and we realize that though Schubert has given voice to a universal sense of pain and loss it can be properly expressed only through individual experience. We must be moved by the singer's musical distinctiveness before we can feel our own connection with the larger fate of mankind. For me it is precisely in individuality that Prey is lacking as a Lieder singer.

Wolfgang Sawallisch plays very sensitively, very smoothly, yet like Prey he remains outside the music's emotional world.

Luckily, several other, more searching performances are readily available. Of the various Fischer-Dieskau versions, I would recommend the current Angel. Here Gerald Moore is at his best: rhythmically vivid, apt, astonishingly beautiful in such tone pictures as the opening to "*Der Lindenbaum*" or "*Irrlicht*." In this set Fischer-Dieskau strikes the happiest balance between interpretive nuances and lyricism. He also sounds vocally fresh. He is much more restrained than in his most recent version, in the recently deleted DG set "*Schubert Songs, Vol. 3*" (2720 059, which also contains his latest *Schöne Müllerin* and *Schwanengesang*), where he often browbeats the music into submission. His earlier DG performance with Jörg Demus is the best recorded of the three stereo versions (I like the



Hermann Prey
Skimming *Die Winterreise's* surface.

refreshingly dry, clear acoustic) and contains marvels of vocalism, like the wondrously smooth-flowing "*Wasserfluth*." But Demus doesn't do much more than skim over the surface of the piano parts, though the actual playing is very beautiful.

To hear what the accompaniments can yield one must turn again to Moore, this time with Hans Hotter (in a Seraphim set that also contains *Schwanengesang* and miscellaneous songs), who sings with unforgettable insight and intimacy. Hotter's later *Winterreise*, in stereo and accompanied by Erik Werba (DG 138 778/79), is deleted but worth watching for. His oldest, made in 1942-43 and accompanied by Michael Raucheisen, has been issued in the Heliodor "Historisch" series. This set offers Hotter's smoothest vocalism and some details he has never improved upon. I find myself perpetually startled by the way he rolls the *r*'s of "*knurren*" in the line "*Und die Hunde knurren um den alten Mann*" ("And the dogs snarl around the old man"). Never in my experience has the pathetic figure been more vividly projected than in this set. All of Hotter's performances are necessary acquisitions: Each is a different, irreplaceable revelation. The Peter Pears and Benjamin Britten recording is also worth owning, though in this case mainly for the insights offered by Britten's brilliant playing.

All sets have texts and translations (except the Heliodor, which has texts only). D.S.H.

SCHUMANN: *Bunte Blätter*, Op. 99 (complete). **BRAMMS:** Piano Works, Sviatoslav Richter, piano, MELODIYA/ANGEL SR 40238, \$5.98.

BRAMMS: *Intermezzos*: in A minor, Op. 118, No. 1; in E flat minor, Op. 118, No. 6. *Ballade* in G minor, Op. 118, No. 3

Throughout his life, Schumann, like any self-respecting classical or Romantic composer, wrote his share of "album leaves"—i.e., little pieces, usually dedicated to some lady, as often as not dashed off in a moment of high spirits.

The Op. 99 are rarely performed integrally, and in truth they were not so intended. Unlike

such suites as *Carnaval*, *Papillons*, or *Davidshändlerlänze*, the *Bunte Blätter* are a loosely knit anthology, a convenient tent under which Schumann assembled little sketches for belated publication. To be sure, he arranged a sequence that makes some cumulative sense, but it remains true that these little pieces, composed at different times, can stand alone or in variously devised subgroups. The same can be said of Brahms's sets of unrelated piano pieces.

On records, of course, it can be a matter of convenience to have an unusual set like the *Bunte Blätter* in its entirety. After all, one does not have to listen to it all in one sitting. Richter's recording is the first generally available in this country (Jörg Demus' complete Op. 99 is in Vol. 6 of his Schumann cycle, available by mail from Musical Heritage Society; and Robert Silverman recently recorded twelve of the fourteen *Blätter* on Orion ORS 7146).

Richter makes the best possible case for the music. As pianism, his work is beyond cavil: He has a flawless command of dynamics and line; his articulation is fabulous, his legato pearly and seamless, his treatment of rhythm dynamic and supple. Sometimes the playing is seemingly objective, the flow of music effortless, almost as if the notes were grouping and playing themselves. Nothing, however, could be farther from the truth: Richter's playing—for all its deceptive simplicity and matter-of-factness—is deeply poetic and committed. He makes the most of the music's charm and diversity; it would be hard to imagine a more sympathetic account.

In the Brahms Op. 118, which he does not perform complete, his approach is a little different. There is more rhythmic flexibility in the repeat of the second half of the "A minor" *Intermezzo* (that strange piece that begins in C major and ends in A major!); the central part of the G minor *Ballade* has some engaging gear shifts; the E flat minor *Intermezzo* is full of brooding tragedy and whirling introspection. But again the colors are bright and prismatic, the outlines firm yet plastic, the internal clarity beyond the powers of all but one or two other living pianists.

The sound is resonant but full and clean. Truly a great record. H.G.

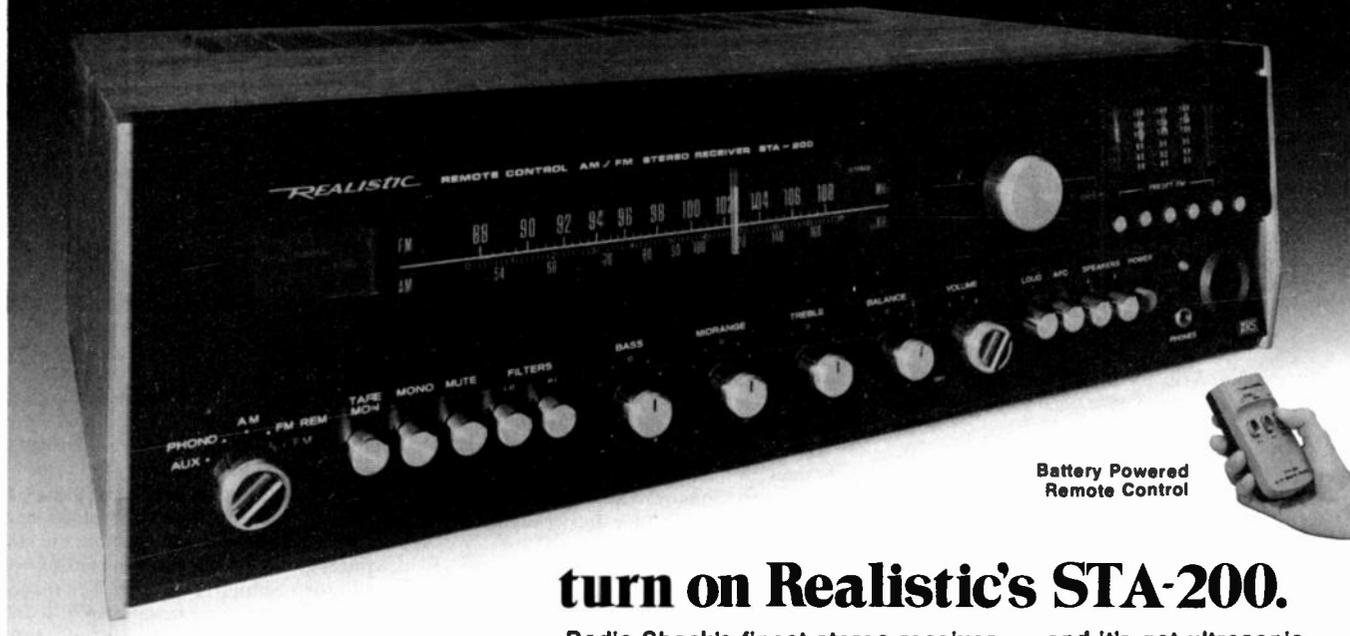
SCHUMANN: *Lieder*. **WOLF:** *Lieder*. Harold Enns, bass-baritone; Peggy Sheffield, piano. ORION ORS 74146, \$5.98.

SCHUMANN: Aus den östlichen Rosen, Jasminenstrauch, Aufträge, Meine Rose, Hochländers Abschied, Erstes Grün, Belsazar, Harfenspieler Lieder: Wer nie sein Brot mit Tränen ass; Wer sich der Einsamkeit ergibt; An die Türen will ich schleichen. **WOLF:** Harfenspieler Lieder (3); Michelangelo Lieder (3).

Harold Enns's program is very attractive. It was a good idea to offer both the Schumann and Wolf settings of three of the Harper's songs from Goethe's *Wilhelm Meister*. To be sure, Schumann's *Harfenspieler Lieder* are not among his most distinguished achievements—the musical ideas tend to peter out or to remain unrealized—but, even so, they have a certain melancholy charm. Wolf's versions, on the other hand, are powerful and disturbing expressions of sorrow. The fundamentally musical impulse of the former group makes a striking contrast with Wolf's attention to shades of verbal meaning.

It is doubtless this essential difference between the two composers that accounts for Enns's greater success with Schumann. At the

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present stage of his career, the young bass-baritone seems more persuasive as a vocalist than as a vocal actor. His voice is warm, secure, and flexible. It sounds most attractive when fully let out. The climax of "Belsazar" is impressive. The extrovert mood of "Hochländer's Abschied" is handsomely expressed. Significantly, the finest passage in his Wolf is the immense climax to which the composer rises at the end of "Wer nie sein Brot mit Tränen." On the whole Enns's *mezza voce* is less pleasurable, the voice tending to lose color at low dynamic levels. But the Schumann side is well done, sensitive, intelligent, yet commendably straightforward.

The *Michelangelo Lieder*, though never less than reliable, lack depth. To recall the scene of utter desolation that Hans Hotter used to create in the opening measures of the second song, "Alles endet was entsteht," is to see immediately what as yet is missing from Enns's performance.

Peggy Sheffield accompanies very skillfully indeed. The recording is good, but the pressing of my copy was noisy. German texts, no translations. D.S.H.

SCHUMANN: Trio for Violin, Cello, and Piano, No. 1. For a feature review of a recording of this work, see page 77.

SHCHEDRIN: *Anna Karenina* (complete ballet). Bolshoi Theater Orchestra, Yuri Simonov, cond. MELODIYA/ANGEL SRB 4126, \$11.98 (two discs, automatic sequence).

In 1972 Maya Plisetskaya, having been a ballerina with the Bolshoi company since 1943, extended her activities into the field of choreography. In collaboration with Natalia Ryzhenko and Vladimir Smirnov-Golovanov she created a full-length balletic version of Tolstoy's *Anna Karenina*, and she herself danced the title role.

The ballet was a great success—in large measure, it would appear, because of its revolutionary style. Dance is among the most conservative of art forms in the U.S.S.R. and, surprising as it sounds, *Anna Karenina* seems to have been the first major Soviet attempt to portray psychological states as well as outward action by means of the regular classical vocabulary. In addition, Plisetskaya's performance as Anna struck everyone as intensely moving.

Last year it was announced that *Anna* was to be featured by a Bolshoi company headed by Plisetskaya that would tour the United States in the late summer and early fall, a visit that now, however, seems unlikely because of repercussions in this country of the continued Soviet embargo on Jewish emigration.

If Angel's issue of the complete ballet was planned with that visit in mind, the outcome is unfortunate. The music makes little impact without reference to the stage action it was designed to support. Nevertheless, those who know the work of Rodion Shchedrin (incidentally, Plisetskaya's husband) only from his *Carmen Ballet* will be relieved to learn that *Anna Karenina* is very different. In *Carmen*, Shchedrin simply took hold of Bizet's opera and reorchestrated great slabs of it for strings and percussion, stitching the numbers together with crude transitions. Like the stage work itself, the music was flashy, not to say tawdry, even with Plisetskaya dancing the leading role.

The present work is much more sober. Oddly enough, it too makes use of an earlier composer, in this case Tchaikovsky. But the score is not simply an arrangement of pre-existing music by Tchaikovsky. What one catches here are echoes of the older composer's oeuvre: fragments of the Fourth and Sixth Symphonies, *The Nutcracker*, *Swan Lake*, and *Onegin*.

The inevitable comparison with Stravinsky's homage to Tchaikovsky in *Baiser de la fée* works, as one might have guessed, to Shchedrin's disadvantage. It is, indeed, difficult to know why the Soviet composer found it expedient to rely so heavily on musical reminiscence, to write what in effect is a large-scale fantasia on Tchaikovskian themes (for, though the score is divided into separate numbers on the record jacket, the music is continuous).

The composer's intention appears to have been to recall the period in which the novelist flourished, but the results sound like high-grade film music—what with Shchedrin's use of a full-scale post-Romantic orchestra, glutinous harmonies, and curious strokes of old-fashioned realism. The latter include a simulated train arriving and departing at the beginning and end of the ballet, and—for the famous episode at the opera in which Anna challenges society by appearing openly with her lover—a direct quotation of the soprano/tenor duet from Bellini's *I Capuletti ed i Montecchi*, though this is overlaid towards the conclusion of the scene with a sinister orchestral motif.

With nothing but our ears to help us, without the memory of Plisetskaya's dancing to make us sympathetic and nostalgic, Shchedrin's music is likely to create only a diffuse impression.

The Bolshoi orchestra plays with great richness of tone. The recording is a trifle over-resonant. There are notes and photographs. D.S.H.

SIBELIUS: Concerto for Violin and Orchestra, in D minor, Op. 47.

TCHAIKOVSKY: Concerto for Violin and Orchestra, in D, Op. 35. Jascha Heifetz, violin; London Philharmonic Orchestra, Thomas Beecham (in the Sibelius) and John Barbirolli (in the Tchaikovsky), cond. SERAPHIM 60221, \$3.49 (mono) [Sibelius: from RCA VICTOR LCT 1113, recorded 1935; Tchaikovsky: from VICTOR 78-rpm original, recorded 1937].

Here's a new log to add to the blazing "obsolete recordings" controversy. For me, incandescent playing such as one hears—loud and clear—on this disc will burn brightly for years to come. Obviously, there is a point where bad sound reproduction can spoil even the greatest musical experience. Equally obviously, that point varies from listener to listener. But these startlingly good transfers provide fresh proof that by the mid-Thirties reproduction had progressed to a pretty advanced level.

I suspect that these dubbings were made from good copies of the shellac sets, rather than from vinyl discs pressed from the original metal parts. There is some surface scratch that might have been eliminated otherwise. No matter: one's ear soon adjusts, and the general presence of the sound is truly remarkable.

The orchestral detail, as a matter of fact, is greater than on most new super-opulent, mul-



Sir Thomas Beecham
Sonically splendid Sibelius from the '30s.

timed recordings, which often lose impact in a mush of "ambiance." Nor is there much diminution of impact: The *tutti*s—particularly those in the Sibelius—belt away full force with biting winds, gruff, powerful string basses, and snarling brasses. Beecham's marvelous ear obviously has a lot to do with this, but the HMV engineers took it all down with startling verisimilitude. Similarly in the Tchaikovsky (beautifully but less sensationally scored), Barbirolli's framework is beautifully caught, with all the little instrumental solos easily recognizable and true to life.

In matters of microphone placement and balance too, these prewar performances are in many ways preferable to Heifetz's later recordings. For once, his searingly incisive tone has been caught at a reasonable distance. It loses none of its purity and slashing incisiveness but gains immeasurably in mellowness and dynamic range. And the ratio of soloist to orchestra is exemplary. This disc is much more than a mere memento; it presents two living musical experiences that are virtually unduplicatable today.

There are many impressive later recordings of the Sibelius: Kyung-Wha Chung's with Previn (London CS 6710), the Perlman/Leinsdorf (RCA LSC 2962), the recently withdrawn Szeryng/Rozhdestvensky for Mercury, and especially Heifetz's own 1959 re-recording with Hendl and the Chicago Symphony (recently reissued on one side of RCA LSC 4010, with an equally superb Heifetz/Munch Prokofiev G minor). But this first-ever recording of the Sibelius is in a class by itself. In the later version, Heifetz pushes a few sections impatiently and has a wee bit of difficulty in some of those treacherous thirds in the last movement. Here, by contrast, everything moves with urgent tautness but never rushes, and the technical command is absolutely, not just virtually, perfect. As in the later reading, Heifetz starts his final downward run in the finale a third higher than written (a change for the better, in my opinion—it sounds more dramatic).

But Heifetz, whether early or late, *owns* this piece: His conception has a heated purity and pristine elegance at every point. In the Adagio, where so many violinists sound sullen and

bloated on the G string. Heifetz produces a tone of lustrous, tensile beauty. His lead-in to the first-movement recapitulation is flexible and never obscures the bassoon solo (c.f. Oistrakh's static, heavy phrasing at the same point). The high leap in the cadenza is attacked with amazing, almost insolent, perfection: the galloping finale of the third movement takes the breath away. Rarely has there been such a complete identification between a performer and a masterpiece.

Heifetz and Tchaikovsky is a more arguable alliance. Some of us have always been annoyed by the violinist's high-powered, tersely contracted approach to certain phrases that would profit from a spaciouly, songfully lyric approach (e.g., the very opening, leading to the main theme of the first movement). Similarly, the scampering finale seems more earthbound than usual simply *because* Heifetz drives it so hard and exerts so much angularity. Be that as it may, I find much less to dislike in this 1937 performance than in either of the more recent Heifetz readings (the long-deleted mono with Süsskind and the Philharmonia, and the stereo with Reiner and the Chicago Symphony, available in numerous RCA couplings). At least here he sounds lyrical some of the time, with a silken suavity that later turned to diamond hardness.

It is also interesting to note that in his first recording Heifetz played all the Auer amendments to the solo part, as did Oistrakh Sr., Kogan, and Elman in *their* first recordings. But whereas the others later reverted to Tchaikovsky's original, Heifetz subsequently strayed even farther from the source: Both his later versions—as well as the 1946 performance in the motion picture *Carnegie Hall*—burden the passage immediately preceding the ritornello at the end of both exposition and recapitulation with gaudy pyrotechnics that even a Heifetz must work hard at. As in the two more recent versions, there is a tiny cut in the first movement just before the development and the usual standard Auer excisions in the third movement.

Even so, the Heifetz/Barbiroli Tchaikovsky is a great performance, and only the recent breathtaking Milstein/Abbado (DG 2530 359) and the Szeryng/Munch (Victrola VICS 1037) offer anything resembling serious competition. This disc is an authentic bargain, and no lover of great string playing should be without it. H.G.

STRAUSS, R.: Also sprach Zarathustra, Op. 30. Michel Schwalbé, violin; Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra, Herbert von Karajan, cond. [Hans Weber, prod.] DEUTSCHE GRAMMOPHON 2530 402, \$7.98.

Comparisons:
Steinberg/Boston Sym
Reiner/Chicago Sym
Lewis/Royal Phil.

DG 2530 160
RCA LSC 2609
Lon. SPC 21053

Karajan's earlier *Zarathustra* (the third to appear in stereo) with the Vienna Philharmonic was released by London in 1959 and remains in print as STS 15083 in the Stereo Treasury series. It was an erratically recorded, indulgently mannered reading that I should have expected the conductor to have superseded long before this. But as things have turned out, Karajan might have been wiser to wait another fifteen years.

Now his idiosyncrasies have become ferociously exaggerated, his Romanticism has degenerated into unabashed schmaltz, and his most apparent feeling for the music has be-

come one of arrogant contempt. On first hearing, I was so enraged by what *he* was doing that I had no open ears at all for sheerly sonic qualities, and it was only after my blood pressure went back to normal and I was able to concentrate on the audio engineering itself that I could grudgingly concede *its* spectacular effectiveness.

However, Henry Lewis' more heartfelt and expansively Romantic version of 1971 is if anything even more sensational stereo-phonically and is almost as magnificently lucid. Steinberg's Boston version, also of 1971, is still my preferred current choice for its balanced combination of eloquently straightforward reading, matchless orchestral playing, and thoroughly satisfactory, if nonspectacular, auditorium-authentic recording.

Of course no Straussian or any historically minded audiophile should miss the forever in-

comparably dramatic Reiner/Chicago version of 1962 and, for that matter, its pioneering predecessor of (believe it or not!) 1954, which I'm delighted to note still remains in print as Victrola VICS 1265. R.D.D.

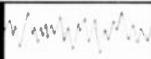
TCHAIKOVSKY: Concerto for Violin and Orchestra—See Sibelius: Concerto for Violin and Orchestra.

TCHAIKOVSKY: The Nutcracker: excerpts; Swan Lake: excerpts; The Sleeping Beauty: excerpts. Philadelphia Orchestra, Eugene Ormandy, cond. [Max Wilcox, prod.] RCA RED SEAL ARL 1-0027, 1-0030, and 1-0169, respectively, \$5.98 each. Tape: ● ARS 1-0027, 1-0030, and 1-0169, \$6.95 each; ●● ARK 1-0027 and 1-0030 (no *Sleep-*



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ing Beauty), \$6.95 each. Quadriphonic: ARD 1-0027, 1-0030, and 1-0169, \$6.98 each. Quadradisc: ART 1-0027, 1-0030, and 1-0169, \$7.95 each Q-8 cartridge.

Each of the full-length ballets from which these single discs are drawn contains enough interesting music to fill a couple of records, so Ormandy's versions become a series of big scenes with emphasis on the large, tuneful numbers everyone knows best and (presumably) wants to hear most. Certainly, as a survey of the most popular material in the three great Tchaikovsky ballets, these records are a commendable choice, especially for those whose commitment is to music rather than to music and dance and who will hence be less bothered by the omissions.

The Ormandy sound is just about perfect for this kind of music: richly superfatted, artfully seasoned with piquant tone colors, and flowing smoothly into the psyche. The appeal of these records is strictly visceral, but the excitement on that level is quite real, and the sheer gorgeousness of the sound must be admired.

In stereo these are characteristically successful Philadelphia records of the genre RCA has been making recently. It is the quad version that in each case proves more stimulating, for here the engineers succeed in making the entire room play and one is simply immersed in swirling melodic lines from a position that seems to approximate the center of the stage. The high degree of directionality possible in CD-4 recording is well realized here, and a sense of spaciousness is managed without the loss of presence I have found in earlier Philadelphia quad releases. Even in quiet passages the texture of the music is clear and well defined, while full orchestral passages can build monumentally to very high sound intensities without the sense of compression and distortion that (even today) most frequently marks the difference between live and recorded music.

If this is an intimation of things to come, the quad period of Philadelphia Orchestra recording promises the same kind of spectacular achievements associated with each successive chapter of its record-making in the past fifty years.

R.C.M.

TIPPETT: Songs for Dov—See Messiaen: Poèmes pour Mi.

H VERDI: Falstaff (sung in German).

Falstaff	Hans Hotter (b)
Dame Quickly	Hedwig Fichtmüller (ms)
Alice Ford	Henny Neumann-Knapp (s)
Ford	Arno Schellenberg (s)
Nannetta	Martina Wulf (b)
Fenton	Philipp Rasp (t)
Meg Page	Else Tegethoff (ms)
Dr. Caius	Peter Markwort (t)
Bardolfo	Wilhelm Ulbricht (1)
Pistola	Gottlieb Zeithammer (bs)

Leipzig Radio Chorus and Orchestra. Hans Weisbach, cond. PREISER 0120046/7, \$13.96 (two discs, mono, manual sequence) [recorded April 9, 1939].

H WAGNER: Die Walküre: Act II, Scene 2; Act III.

Wotan	Wilhelm Rode (b)
Brünnhilde	Gertrud Rüniger (s)
Sieglinde	Elisabeth Friedrich (s)
Gerhilde	Thea Conbruch (s)
Helmwig	Lotte Fischbach (s)
Ortlinde	Rita Weise (s)
Waltraute	Elisabeth Aidor (ms)
Schwertleite	Gerda Heuer (ms)
Siegrune	Charlotte Bónsa-Piratzky (ms)
Grimgerde	Erna Westenberg (ms)
Rosswaise	Margarete Kramer-Bergau (ms)



Gertrud Rüniger
A Brünnhilde well worth discovering.

Königsberg Radio Orchestra, Wolfgang Brückner, cond. PREISER LV 153/4, \$13.96 (two discs, mono, manual sequence) [recorded February 17, 1938].

More than most people, collectors of historic vocal recordings tend to revel in fantasies—oh, to have heard the Met opening-night *Tosca* in 1919 with Farrar, Caruso, and Scotti, or the Vienna Opera premiere that same year of *Die Frau ohne Schatten* with Jeritza, Lehmann, and Mayr. (Of course, such things as the performance of *Don Giovanni* at the Met on January 23, 1908, with Eames, Gadske, Sembrich, Scotti, Bonci, and Chaliapin and with Gustav Mahler on the podium are so mind-boggling that it hardly seems conceivable they could have happened at all.)

Most pre-World War II operatic fantasies are pretty safe on the whole, since we will never have to put them to an audible test. However, it does appear likely that over the coming years, as more and more broadcast material from European radio stations is shaken loose, some of us are going to have to revise our wildest dreams. The Austrian Preiser label has already started me thinking with its recent series of complete performances culled from the airwaves: a *Lohengrin* with Franz Völker and Maria Müller; *Luisa Miller* with Maria Cebotari; a *Figaro* with Cebotari, Margarete Teschemacher, and Paul Schoeffler; and *Teschemacher*, Luise Willer, Helge Roswaenge, and Georg Hann in the Verdi Requiem—disappointing performances by and large. Most of these singers made sufficient commercial recordings to dispel the aura of legendary mystery from their names, but even so the prospect of these tantalizingly cast integral recordings promised something more significant than reality delivered.

Preiser's latest issue, a *Falstaff* recorded in Leipzig in 1939, follows the pattern. Actually the *raison d'être* here is Hans Hotter in the title role. The other singers, save Arno Schellenberg and Else Tegethoff, who did have careers of some small consequence, appear to be local Leipzigers, and they are all unmemorably provincial. The opera is, of course, sung in German, and it stumbles along clumsily in that language without the elegant suavity of Boito's Italian, the pungent alliteration or liquid vowel sounds. Hans Weisbach gets crisp playing from the orchestra, and he seems to have an idiomatic grasp of the score, at least

as far as one can tell from the dim sonics—all the ensembles emerge as an indecipherable garble.

Which leaves us with Hotter, certainly the kind of major artist one wants to hear sing whatever strikes his fancy. I'm glad to have had my curiosity satisfied with regard to his Falstaff, but he really is not suited to the part. Hotter's voice, even here at the age of thirty, was always unpredictable: hollow and asthmatic at one moment, noble and expressively poised at another. This performance catches the typical Hotter timbre at its best, but even at that he simply cannot make it "speak" quickly enough to get over the notes with the kind of supple dexterity a good Falstaff must have.

The effect is heavy and saturnine, musically refined and full of interesting verbal pointing to be sure (just listen to him tick off the strokes of midnight in Act III, a little drama in itself), but the flavor is all wrong. "*Quand'ero paggio*" becomes completely unglued and, even when there is an opportunity to open the voice out a bit in "*Mondo ladro*," the color, weight, and inflection are more appropriate to Sachs's workshop than to the Garter Inn. Hotter was a stupendous artist in his proper *Fach*—the greatest Wotan of his generation—but evidently Falstaff was just not to be one of his roles.

No text, translation, or notes—just an apology for the missing eighty-seven measures (I count sixty-three) at the end of Act III, Scene 1. Notwithstanding the unsuccessful nature of this recording, my fantasies about unavailable Hotter performances continue unabated. In 1955 Leonie Rysanek and Hotter, Hans Knappertsbusch conducting, teamed up for Charpentier's *Louise* in Munich. The mind boggles.

Preiser's two-disc set of *Walküre*, Wotan's narration from Act III and the complete Act III recorded in 1938, is a more special issue, since the two featured singers, Gertrud Rüniger and Wilhelm Rode, are scarcely household names for American collectors. Rode (1887-1959) had a long career beginning in 1909 (Erfurt) and ending in 1945 (Berlin). He never sang in this country, but he was a frequent visitor to opera houses all over Europe, tending to the major Wagner bass-baritone roles, and he recorded frequently.

Rüniger (1899-1965) began her career as a mezzo, gradually working into such dramatic soprano roles as Leonore, Santuzza, Elektra, Ariadne, and the Wagner heroines, which she sang primarily in Vienna. Evidently she was highly admired, but her records are few and far between. Rüniger sang at the Met during the 1936-37 season—Ortrud, Fricka (*Rheingold*), and the *Walküre* and *Götterdämmerung* Brünnhildes—but considering her competition in that Wagner-rich year (Flagstad, Lehmann, Rethberg, and Lawrence) it's small wonder she went virtually unnoticed.

Her Brünnhilde is the only real merit to these discs—no Flagstad perhaps, but far from the "commonplace soprano" dismissed in Irving Kolodin's history of the Met. Rüniger's mezzo origins are plainly heard in Brünnhilde's low-pitched questions to Wotan before his lengthy recital of things past and in the third-act plea, "*War es so schmählich?*" These are beautifully phrased statements, couched in a vulnerable, intimately confiding tone that is quite unusual and affecting compared to the more familiar "public" Brünnhildes of Flagstad and Nilsson. The top of the voice has a good ring and presence, even if the approach and descent often betray a hint of peril. A superb musician and frequently a sub-

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tly communicative interpreter. Rürger is a singer well worth discovering.

Unfortunately Rode must carry the burden here, and he is a sore trial from first note to last. Rode's popularity in Central Europe for twenty-five years is difficult to understand. Certainly the raw vocal material projects powerfully and impressively, but he rarely bothered to pitch his voice squarely on the note and his rhythmic sense was only approximate—a lazy singer and the epitome of Viennese *Schlamperei*: a sampling of his 1924–30 recordings on Preiser LV 17 only confirms the fact. The Valkyries are as awful as their names might suggest, although Elisabeth Friedrich is an attractive Sieglinde for her few lines.

This radio performance also included the third and fourth scenes of Act II—the Sieglinde/Sigmund flight and *Todesverkündigung* Scene—but not the opening “*Ho-jo-to-ho*” or Fricka/Wotan encounter. Preiser promises to include them on a future LP devoted entirely to Rürger: *that* is something to anticipate. The sound is of good late-Thirties commercial quality, far more listenable than the *Falstaff*. P.G.D.

WAGNER: Die Walküre: Act II, Scene 2; Act III—See Verdi: Falstaff.

WOLF: Lieder—See Schumann: Lieder.

recitals and miscellany

BAROQUE MASTERPIECES FOR TRUMPET AND ORGAN, VOL. 2. Edward Tarr, trumpet; George Kent, organ. [Hellmuth Kolbe, prod.] NONESUCH H 71290, \$3.48.

FANTINI: Sonatas: No. 3, in C; No. 8, in C. **FRESCOBALDI:** Toccata per l'elevazione. **KREBS:** Chorale Preludes: Gott der Vater wohn' bei uns; In allen meinen Taten. **PEZEL:** Sonatinas for Two Trumpets and Continuo: Nos. 1, 2, 3, and 6, all in C (with Bengt Ektund, trumpet). **TELEMANN:** Der getreue Musikmeister: Air de trompette, in C. **VIVIANI:** Sonatas: No. 1, in C; No. 2, in C.

Comparisons:
Tarr, Kent (Vol. 1) None, H 71279
Scherbaum, Krumbach (“Tromba Sacra”) DG 136 558

It's rare indeed that a sequel not only fully matches the merits of an outstanding predecessor, but also surpasses it in at least some respects. Yet the present Tarr/Kent program, every bit as superbly played and thrillingly recorded as the Vol. 1 of August 1973, has additional attractions. It boasts a larger percentage of works specifically composed for the trumpet-and-organ combination, while the others are all written for trumpet or trumpets with *continuo*—for which the use of an organ rather than harpsichord is not only legitimate but, in the case of ceremonial works like these, preferable.

The new release's solo-organ selection demonstrates even better than Vol. 1's Purcell *Voluntary* the tonal appeal of the Glatter-Götz instrument in the village church in Arosa, Switzerland. And whether the microphoning

setup has been slightly changed, or the music itself is even more impressive than before, or I've just become more bewitched by that church's warmly lucid acoustical ambience, I no longer find it any less excitingly expansive than that of the obviously larger St. Pauli's Church in Hamburg, where Scherbaum and Krumbach recorded their celebrated “Tromba sacra” program for Deutsche Grammophon.

I'm not sure which, if any, of the pieces here are record firsts. The Frescobaldi toccata and the Telemann *Air* are of course relatively familiar. Viviani's Second Sonata and a different Fantini sonata (“*detta del Vitelli*”) were included in the “Tromba Sacra” program. André has recorded both Viviani sonatas and a batch of six Krebs chorale preludes for Musical Heritage. But all these, to say nothing of the cheerfully vivacious Pezel sonatinas and the now-grave, now-jaunty Fantini sonatas (which are new to me), are so appealing musically and here so superlatively well played and recorded that they can be guaranteed to delight every discriminating listener, no matter how nonspecialist. Moreover, for Tarr's usual good measure, he supplies not only informative notes on the music, but also detailed identifications of the instruments and scores (original and modern) he uses. And all this comes at a bargain price! R.D.D.

EIDÉ NORENA: Recital. Eidé Norena, soprano; various orchestral accompaniments. ROCOCO 5359, \$6.95 (mono) [from 78-rpm originals, recorded in the '20s and '30s] (Rococo Records, Box 175, Station K, Toronto 12, Ont., Canada).

BERG: Nymphes et Silvains. **OLE BULL:** Saeterjentens Søndag. **CAMPRA:** Les Fêtes vénitienes: Cher mon papillon. **FAURÉ:** Après un rêve. **HANDEL:** Atalanta: Care selve. **HAYDN:** Die Schöpfung: Auf starken Fittige. **MOZART:** Die Entführung aus dem Serail: Durch Zärtlichkeit; Don Giovanni: Non mi dir; Die Zauberflöte: Ach, ich fühl's (all in French). **OFFENBACH:** Les Contes d'Hoffmann: Elle a fui. **PUCCHINI:** Turandot: Tanto amore segreto; Tu che di gel sei cinta. **RIMSKY-KORSAKOV:** The Golden Cockerel: Hymn to the Sun (in French). **VERDI:** La Traviata: Sempre libera; Otello: Ave Maria (in French).

The mastery of style and technique revealed by Eidé Norena's records is enough to make one envious of the past. I can think of no lyric soprano before the public today who possesses so many attributes—no one who combines so clear a timbre, so even a scale, so seamless a legato, and so accomplished a florid technique. There is in addition a commanding certainty about Norena's performances that is captivating. To hear the effortless beauty with which she attacks the octave rise to high A in “*Care selve*” is to understand anew the expressive power of bel canto.

In his excellent notes to this LP, Max de Schauensee points out that in the great days of her career Norena was prized principally as a vocalist, since on stage she was placid to the point of blandness. After listening to this recital, one can say that any such limitations of stage personality did not find their way into her records, which are—all of them—instantly communicative.

Quite apart from the ease with which she handles the coloratura in Campra's “*Cher mon papillon*,” she is fully alive to the charm of the music, its ingratiating elegance. In “*Sempre libera*” her sensitivity to rhythm gives the aria a hectic edge that perfectly expresses Violetta's desperate gaiety at this point in the opera. Even at the tempo she takes the piece,

every note is in place: staccatos, trills, runs, top notes. She makes Berg's “*Nymphes et Silvains*” into something beguiling. The *Otello* Ave Maria, though sung in French, is as touching a version as I know: The line, apart from a trace of hardness at the bottom, is ravishingly pure, and at the same time the words are feelingly enunciated.

Norena's command of the French language (and consequently of the French style—you obviously cannot have one without the other) was acquired by diligent study. The clarity and the vivacity of her pronunciation, such as can be heard in “*Après un rêve*” and the “Hymn to the Sun,” endeared her to audiences at the Paris Opera, where she sang from 1925 until just before World War II. That such items here as the Mozart arias are sung in French is attributable to her place in French musical life.

By birth, however, Norena was not French, but Norwegian. Like her fellow countrywoman Kirsten Flagstad, her international career did not commence until she was past forty, the year in Norena's case being 1924. The *Turandot* arias are a souvenir of her great success as Liù at Covent Garden in 1931 under Barbirolli. Her Italian (and her German in the *Schöpfung* selection) is excellent, though she always retained some of the nasality more suitable to French music. This might be accounted a fault, but the performances with their delicately shaded high pianissimos and their chaste line are very beautiful.

Only “*Non mi dir*” does not quite come off. Though it is superbly sung—the final section, with an extra trill and an unwritten high note, is gloriously easy—Norena's timbre sounds too light for this weighty music. It should also be pointed out that the final note of “*Après un rêve*” (unfortunately orchestrally accompanied) is not properly supported.

Most of the 78s on this recital are electrics and date from Norena's late forties. The *Traviata* aria and the Ole Bull song are acoustics and at least ten years earlier than anything else here; they were originally issued under the name of Kaja Eidé. Rococo's transfers are generally satisfactory, though some begin too abruptly and some have acquired a hum. There are no details of the original 78s in the notes. Highly recommended.

Club 99 has also issued a Norena recital, no less desirable than Rococo's. No selections are duplicated, and those dubbings are first-class.

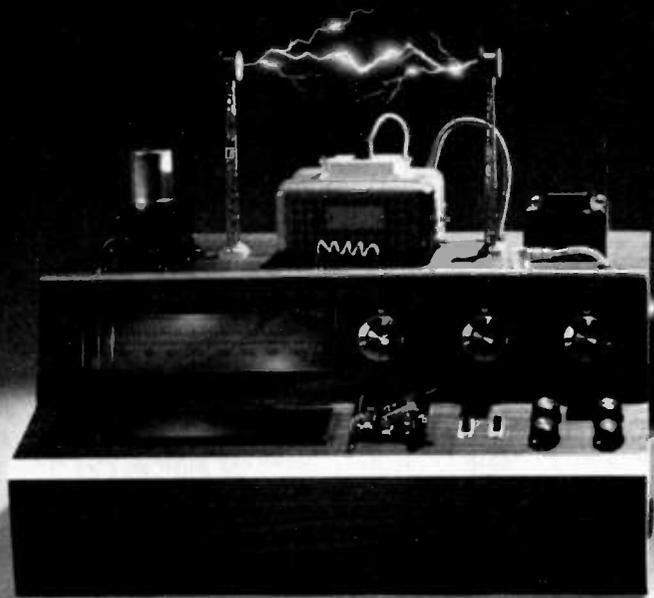
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ROLLIN SMITH: The American Collection. Rollin Smith, organ (Roosevelt organ, 1883, First Congregational Church, Great Barrington, Mass.). REPERTOIRE RECORDING SOCIETY RRS 12, \$3.50 postpaid in the U.S. (Repertoire Recording Society, 1150 41st St., Brooklyn, N.Y. 11218).

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improvement over the tubular-pneumatic action common at the time), and this sixty-stop, four-manual instrument in Massachusetts is among his first full-scale applications of the new technique.

He is also responsible for many other mechanical innovations, especially in wind-chest design and adjustable combination actions. And, to a slightly lesser extent, his tonal design was innovative and progressive at the time. The organ historiographer will be delighted that there is now a first-class recording of this, one of Roosevelt's most important and most characteristic instruments, still essentially intact tonally.

The musician and music listener will not find comparable delight here, though. This instrument and most of those built by Roosevelt's contemporaries and immediate successors are characterized by masses of thick, woolly, unison sound, keen strings, a plethora of novel solo stops, and a complete lack of anything to give them a distinct, clear, articulate speech. What few mixtures and upper mutations Roosevelt did include here are voiced so small as to be inadequate, and the pedal division consists solely of four 16' and two 8' stops (plus an artificial 32' Resultant), rendering it utterly useless for contrapuntal music or any music requiring an independent bass line.

The late-nineteenth/early-twentieth-century American organ, it would seem, is incapable of playing satisfactorily any music but the banal little salon pieces and orchestral transcriptions it was really designed to play. Rollin Smith's recital here consists largely of just those salon pieces that were

staples in the Victorian organist's repertoire and are (thankfully) almost completely forgotten today. He is to be congratulated not only for matching the music to the capabilities of the organ so well, but also for his skillful and idiomatic readings.

I wish the First Congregational Church of Great Barrington luck in its newly inaugurated "Save the Roosevelt" campaign to preserve this historic instrument, but I can't imagine why anyone would want to listen to it every Sunday morning. C.F.G.

JENNIE TOUREL AND LEONARD BERNSTEIN AT CARNEGIE HALL. Jennie Tourel, mezzo-soprano; Leonard Bernstein, piano. [Richard Killough, prod.] COLUMBIA M 32231, \$5.98.

DEBUSSY: Fantoches. **DUPARC:** La Vie antérieure. **LISZT:** Oh! quand je dors. **OFFENBACH:** La Périchole. O mon cher amant; Ah! quel diner. **RACHMANINOFF:** O cease thy singing, maiden fair. **SATIE:** Le Chapelier. **SCHUMANN:** Liederkreis, Op. 39 (complete). **TCHAIKOVSKY:** Wait!; Night.

This ill-advised release does a great disservice to the memory of a talented artist. At the age of sixty-five, in the course of her Farewell Gala, Melba could produce a still ravishing legato in Acts I and III of *Bohème* and the last act of *Otello*. At fifty-nine, Lilli Lehmann could, as her records show, sing a bravura "Märtern aller Arten," "Non mi dir," "Casta diva," and "Sempre libera." At fifty-eight, Jennie Tourel could not sustain the line of "O mon cher amant" from *La Périchole*.

No doubt about it, lovely things can be heard in this recital, part of a live performance of March 2, 1969. Tchaikovsky's "Wait!" has moments of great beauty, as does Rachmaninoff's "O cease thy singing, maiden fair." Liszt's "Oh! quand je dors" is very good. "Frühlingsnacht," the final song of Schumann's Op. 39 *Liederkreis*, shows pleasing vocal command. But in the end these are insufficient compensations for the rest.

The other *Liederkreis* songs are rough sledding: They sound more like songs of determination and true grit than like songs of love and its loss. On this occasion Leonard Bernstein was clearly no help. His accompaniment to "Im Walde" would be enough to put the birds mentioned in the first stanza to speedy, fearful flight.

The "languorous nightingale" of "Fantoches" must long since have dropped dead with shock at hearing Bernstein bang away at Debussy's iridescent accompaniment. In any case, by 1969 Tourel was hardly able to manage lightness and speed, and she delivers "Fantoches" with the force of a sledge hammer. The Debussy song is the low point of the recital, though Satie's beguiling "Le Chapelier" runs a close second; with its vulgar underlining of what should remain delicate and witty, with its dead, flutery high notes and coarse, chesty low notes, it sounds like a parody of Anna Russell.

"Jennie Tourel and Leonard Bernstein at Carnegie Hall" is less a musical experience than an unworthy indulgence in nostalgia. Adelina Patti's records, made when she was sixty-two and sixty-three, are short of breath and, in places, technique. Yet they are priceless documents, the only aural evidence vouchsafed to us of a legendary and significant career. Jennie Tourel was intelligent and conscientious. We do not need to cherish the efforts of her saddening decline. There are plenty of good records by her still in the catalogue.

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gether with texts of all but the Russian items. Proofreading is careless. D.S.H.

SONGS MY MOTHER TAUGHT ME. Joan Sutherland, soprano; New Philharmonia Orchestra, Richard Bonyngne, cond. LONDON OS 26367, \$5.98.

ABT: Der Kukkuk **DELIBES:** Les Filles de Cadix, Le Rossignol **DEL RIEGO:** Homing **DVOŘÁK:** Songs My Mother Taught Me **LA FORGE:** I came with a song **GOUNOD:** Quand tu chantes **GRIEG:** Peer Gynt: Solveig's Song **HAMN:** Si mes vers avaient des ailes **JUNCKERS:** I was dreaming **LISZT:** Oh! quand je dors **MASSENET:** Crépuscule; Oh! si tes fleurs avaient des yeux **MENDELSSOHN:** Auf Flügen des Gesanges. **NELSON:** Mary of Argyll **WORTH:** Midsummer.

This disc should have two sets of purchasers: fans of Miss Sutherland (or, I suppose, of Mr. Bonyngne) and collectors of nineteenth-cen-

tury salon trivia. What we have is a set of songs actually taught to Miss Sutherland by her mother (who, says the soprano, was a wonderful singer who never cared about a career) or at least *like* songs she *might* have taught her if she had only gotten around to it. The songs are presented with lush orchestral backings (arranged by Douglas Gamley), which rather robs them of their simpler charms.

For the general listener and collector, it should be said that few of these ditties will go down in the annals of even great popular song and that Miss Sutherland is not in her best vocal estate. As sometimes happens in live performance when she isn't quite warmed up, her soprano is troubled by excessive vibrato. Still, there are intermittent charms for everybody (and *some* of the material does have some substance), and some people simply thrill to the

prospect of grand ladies being just a bit giddy.

Now if Sutherland would only throw all propriety to the winds and give us some of the naughty ballads her Uncle Tom taught her, we might really have something. J.R.

BARRY TUCKWELL: Horn Concertos. Barry Tuckwell, horn; Academy of St. Martin-in-the-Fields, Neville Marriner, cond. [Christopher Bishop, prod.] ANGEL S 36996, \$5.98.

CHERUBINI: Sonata for Horn and Strings, No. 2, in G. **FÖRSTER:** Concerto in E flat. **MOZART:** Concerto in D. **TELEMANN:** Concerto in D. **WEBER:** Concertino in E minor.

This is lightweight music made fully acceptable by the extraordinary virtuosity and musicianship of Barry Tuckwell, the soloist. When we hear such artistry, which ennobles everything it touches, it becomes understandable why Schumann during his years as critic endorsed and praised literally hundreds of concertos and other works that to us appear totally insignificant.

Telemann's Concerto in D consists of a pleasant Vivace, followed by a drowsy Largo that Tuckwell makes sound dreamy, and a sort of minuet. Cherubini's Second Sonata for Horn and Strings (1802) opens with a *scena*, serious and brooding, the horn playing rhapsodic recitatives of a tragic hue. But the Allegro switches to the buffo vein, and Tuckwell demonstrates that, if need be, he could play on his instrument even the solo part of the Mendelssohn violin concerto!

Christoph Förster (1693-1745) is the senior member of this group. He was one of those indefatigable baroque composers of run-of-the-mill concertos—this is one of them. Whether the concerto listed under the name of Leopold Mozart is or is not by him does not matter; it is what Richard Strauss called "musical push-up exercises," but it provides Tuckwell with a vehicle for his art.

Finally we come to Weber's Horn Concertino in E minor, Op. 45, with full orchestra. It is one of those pleasantly shapeless things that he so readily slapped together, yet there are few moments when our attention wanders. The concerto is really a potpourri of imagined operatic scenes: Here the heroine is dying, there the high priest pronounces sentence, the storm clouds gather—the solo horn all the while impersonating the protagonists. The orchestration is attractive, and while the "concertino" always threatens to go to pieces, Weber somehow escapes disaster, probably because he can always throw in some new color.

When listening to Tuckwell's splendid playing—his marvelous intonation, gorgeous honey-colored tone, and fabulous virtuosity—we must bear in mind that all except the Weber and Cherubini pieces were composed for the highly specialized baroque hornist. Like his colleague, the "clarin" trumpeter, he played a narrow-scaled instrument exclusively in the high register. As a matter of fact, until the middle of the eighteenth century, trumpet and horn parts were interchangeable. This art of clarino playing has long been dead and is difficult to resuscitate even with specially built instruments like the so-called Bach trumpets, yet Tuckwell does it on the modern horn without a single false step.

Play this record and, like Schumann, you will think that you are listening to masterpieces. Neville Marriner and his fine little band furnish their usual impeccable support, and the sound is excellent. P.H.L.



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in brief

B **BACH: Sonatas and Partitas for Solo Violin (6), S. 1001-06.** Ruben Varga, violin. Audio Fidelity FCS 31, \$8.94 (three discs).

There is nothing like a go at the Bach solo-violin sonatas to separate the men from the boys, and on the basis of this recording I'm afraid that Ruben Varga falls short of the extraordinary standards set by some of the major virtuosos. He has the notes underhand but often fails to hold a movement together through cohesive phrasing and meaningful dynamic shaping. He does best in movements of even-valued, on-running note patterns (like the doubles of Partita No. 1) and is least convincing in the intricately rhythmical polyphony that is the major problem Bach poses in these pieces. Even at budget price, Varga is up against the first Szeryng recording (Odyssey 32 36 0013). S.F.

B **BORODIN: Symphonies: No. 2, in B minor (arr. Rimsky-Korsakov and Glazunov); No. 3, in A minor (arr. Glazunov); Prince Igor: Overture (arr. Rimsky-Korsakov and Glazunov).** Orchestre de la Suisse Romande, Ernest Ansermet, cond. London Stereo Treasury STS 15149, \$2.98 [from London LL 1178, 1955, and CS 6126, 1960].

Ever since its initial mono release, Ansermet's has continued to impress me as the best recording of the Second Symphony, much better in every respect than Benzi's (Philips 839 744) and more stylish than Kubelik's (Seraphim S 60106). His is also the only domestically available version of the Third Symphony: this two-movement work, left unfinished and only in sketches by Borodin, is, except for its incomplete state, the equal of its predecessor. The *Prince Igor* Overture has of course been included in a number of orchestral collections, but this is still one of the best, for Ansermet had a keen flair for Russian music. Despite its age, the sound is acceptable, preserving some of the Suisse Romande's best playing on records. P.H.

B **BRAHMS: Symphony No. 4 in E minor, Op. 98.** Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra, Wilhelm Furtwängler, cond. Turnabout TV 4476, \$3.50 (mono) [recorded December 1943].

Unfortunately, Furtwängler's magisterial 1948 concert performance, issued on Electrola, is not available here. (Unicorn has reissued it in England). Turnabout's version, from wartime tapes via a Russian MK disc, is not really comparable. The dark, rich tone of the orchestra is not well reproduced here: shrill strings, gritty climaxes, thunderclap timpani, and wavy wind tone, further marred by an obtrusive AM buzz in the last two movements. The breathless suspension of motion at crucial junctures does not come off as effectively as in 1948—doubtless the recording doesn't help here, nor does the noisy audience. Like some other wartime Furtwängler performances, this one seems overexcitable, pushed rather than self-propelling. The 1948 is the one to have, if possible; perhaps Seraphim could help out? D.H.

KREUTZER: Grand Septet, in E flat. WITT: Septet in F. Consortium Classicum, BASF KMB 20892, \$5.98.

Unfamiliar music in virtually any style can be found by careful excavation, and presumably there will always be someone who wants to hear it. The present record is for those who cannot get enough of the early Romantics. The Kreutzer here is Konradin (1780-1849), not Rodolphe (the "Kreutzer Sonata" Kreutzer). Friedrich Witt's great claim to fame is authorship of one of the more celebrated musical fakes, the *Jena* Symphony long attributed by some scholars to Beethoven. Both these works belong in the category the Germans succinctly describe as *Unterhaltungsmusik*. Their function is entertainment. You really aren't supposed to sit down and listen to them closely, because apart from their melodies and generally good-natured mood there isn't a great deal of content. (Indeed the Witt score is a distinct step below the Kreutzer, which can at moments pass for minor Schubert.) The performances are all one might reasonably expect—bright, lively, and sympathetic, with the Kreutzer marked by some fine horn playing. R.C.M.

MASSENET: Le Cid: Ballet Music; Scènes pittoresques; La Vierge: Le dernier sommeil de la Vierge. City of Birmingham Symphony Orchestra, Louis Frémaux, cond. [Harold L. Powell, prod.] Klavier KS 522, \$5.98.

Massenet's long-weakening toehold on a permanent niche in the symphonic-pops repertory won't be reinforced by Frémaux's vehemently strenuous treatments of the *Cid* and *Scènes* selections, and he can't persuade us—as Beecham could—to suspend disbelief in the *religioso* expressiveness of *The Last Sleep of the Virgin*. Matters aren't helped by the cruelly close microphoning of the Studio 2 recording (English Columbia's answer to English Decca's Phase 4 multichannel techniques), although I suspect that even greater responsibility for the sonic ugliness here rests on the disc-processors' insistence on too high modulation levels. R.D.D.

McKUEEN: The City, Op. 42; I Hear America Singing, Op. 43. Paula Seibel, soprano (in Op. 43); Rod McKuen, narrator; Louisville Orchestra, Jorge Messter, cond. Louisville LS 732, \$5.95.

I suppose one ought to be deft and amusing in condemning this record: McKuen is such an easy target, after all. But this is a *commissioned* recording and, as such, insists on being taken a bit more seriously. Both pieces consist of typical McKuen texts (*I Hear America Dreaming* is based on Whitman's poem of the same name) backed by the most hopeless kind of simplistic movie music. Both texts and music, in fact, suggest some inane kind of travelogue documentary. What were the good people in Louisville thinking of? J.R.

ROREM: Ariel; Gloria. Phyllis Curtin, soprano; Helen Vanni, mezzo (in the Gloria); Joseph Rabbai, clarinet (in Ariel); Ryan Edwards (in Ariel) and Ned Rorem (in the Gloria), piano. [David Jones, prod.] Desto DC 7147, \$5.98.

Ned Rorem has built a respectable career for himself, and there are obviously those who like his music. On the evidence of this disc, however, it is hard to avoid the suspicion that he owes his success as much to his writing and his personal charm as to his skills as a composer. These 1970-71 pieces—admirably performed though they are—consist of safely angular settings of texts that either have been set far better before (the Gloria) or don't benefit from Rorem's music (the five Sylvia Plath poems). It's really no worse than a lot of academic new music, I suppose, and even better than most of it. But it still seems a sad commentary on the gulf between conventionally trained singers and contemporary composers that music of this sort has been so eagerly seized upon by singers in search of "new" repertory. J.R.

STRAUSS, R.: Don Juan, Op. 20; Till Eulenspiegel, Op. 28; Salome, Op. 54: Dance of the Seven Veils. Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra, Herbert von Karajan, cond. [Hans Weber, prod.] Deutsche Grammophon 2530 349, \$7.98.

Karajan's 1961 Vienna Philharmonic versions of these Strauss warhorses are still in print on London discs. Their reviews (which might be capsuled as "beautiful sound, characterless readings") must have stuck in the conductor's memory, for his new readings are frantically high-tensioned in the livelier moments, unabashedly romanticized in the quieter passages. But they are still lacking even a trace of humor. The brilliance of the DG sound often becomes overinsistent. For more traditional approaches, both interpretive and technological, try DG's Böhm alternative (138 866), which also includes Strauss's more pretentious *Festival Prelude*, Op. 61. For more impressively rich and substantial sound, clothing highly individualistic yet dramatically effective readings, try Henry Lewis' Phase-4 coupling of *Don Juan* and *Till* (SPC 21054). R.D.D.

4-channel discs/tapes BY ROBERT LONG

Bach to Basics. Musical humor is a hard thing to sustain—on the part of both the humorist and the long-term listener. What sounds like high jinks the first time around often seems like junk on the third hearing. Only Gerald Hoffnung and Peter Schickele have had the wit and the temerity to keep on turning out recordings of outrageously comical musical melanges. (I count Anna Russell as a comedienne who relies on music material rather than a musicomic as such.) Hoffnung is alas gone, but Schickele survives in the quadriphonic era with the two-record set “The Wurst of P.D.Q. Bach” (Vanguard VSQ 40007/8, \$13.96).

What saves his work from rapid oblivion, as it did that of Spike Jones at his best, is an underpinning of real musicianship. There is some beautiful playing on this set, and some fine singing from the likes of Lorna Haywood and John Ferrante. There also are some pretty cheap jokes, but the average is high—particularly on the last side, which contains the Fugue in C minor (*Fuga Vulgaris*) for calliope four hands, from the *Toot Suite*, and the oratorio *The Seasonings* (both, of course, by the inimitable if fictitious P.D.Q. Bach).

About half of the set was recorded live during concerts; the remainder seems to be patched together from studio recordings. I say “patched together” because the acoustics and the quadriphonics vary all over the lot, some of Schickele’s voice tracks sounding suspiciously as though they may have been made during odd moments in somebody’s living room.

Some of the studio quadriphonics are, however, the most effective. The Schlep-*tet* in E flat major has a lovely presence and makes me ache for *real* chamber music in quad. The live recordings are less successful, at least on equipment without SQ “logic.” Some of the instrumental and vocal sounds shift to the back channels, while the audience sounds seem remote. The effect is not that of placing the listener in the audience as a participant, but of surrounding him somewhat arbitrarily with the sounds of the concert—music and audience alike.

The ability to give the listener the sensation of being present at a live event has always seemed to me one of the strong points of quadriphonics. I’m sorry more was not made of it here. But I’m much sorer that producers have been avoiding what seems an even stronger point—the recording of small groups so that one

hears them from the musician’s vantage point: from within. Having four or five musicians isolated on the stage of a huge concert hall in a sense contradicts the idea of chamber music, and mono and stereo recordings to some extent perpetuate the solecism. Quad could be putting this repertoire back into perspective.

Of Time and Space. It was an organ recording (on one of the Vanguard quad samplers) that first convinced me that four-channel sound could be exciting on purely musical grounds and provide a valid musical dimension that stereo simply cannot touch. The pipe organ, observed in its natural habitat, is nothing if not a spatial instrument. During my college days I spent hours listening to Carl Weinrich play the chapel organ, and when I first heard his Musicraft 78s—and later his (mono) Westminster LPs—they were a great disappointment because the sound was so boxed in.

With quadriphonics the sensation of listening to an organ can approach far closer to the spatial glory of those hours in the chapel. And the sixth volume of E. Power Biggs’s “Bach Organ Favorites” series (Columbia MQ 32791, \$6.98) does so more than any record I’ve yet encountered. It contains two Bach organ transcriptions of concertos by other composers (Vivaldi and Ernst) and the first and fifth trio sonatas. (Remember that they’re composed for three “keyboards”—two manuals and pedal—not three instruments.) All are enjoyable, and the trio sonatas make a fine introspective foil for the showy concertos when the disc is played in toto. If the space around the music isn’t as specifically churchlike as that on the Vanguard sampler, it’s better suited to the finer grain of this music. (Vanguard recorded the D minor Toccata and Fugue.)

Perhaps I shouldn’t presume to comment on Biggs’s registration, since that is a technical field in which opinions tend to run strong and one in which I can’t claim any competence. But I suspect some listeners will love what Biggs does and others hate it for the very same reasons. In the fifth trio sonata in particular he chooses stops with an almost self-consciously antique sound. (The instrument is the Harvard Flentrop, which is constructed in imitation of old European organs.) The exaggerated “chiff” and hootiness of some of the sounds lend delightful texture and detail to the playing

but sometimes distract from the linear interweavings. If you’re used to more modern sounds, you may object; if you enjoy sound for its own sake, I don’t think you will.

Be that as it may, there’s a great deal to savor in the record, and a great deal that would be hobbled by mere two-channel reproduction.

Brothers Everywhere. Four sides of the Clancy Brothers (“The Clancy Brothers’ Greatest Hits,” Vanguard VSQ 40033/34, \$13.96) may be more than enough of a pleasant thing. And for reasons that will be obvious to inveterate televisioners, some of their songs conjure up images of oil tankers steaming toward port. But if you’re susceptible to Irish charms, you’ll find them amiably distributed around your listening room. It all works so comfortably, in fact—rather like an impromptu family sing-along—that you almost come away convinced that this is what quad was created for.

Crumbs for Modernists. Modern “classical” music is a bit of an embarrassment for recording companies and their customers alike. Remembering how Mozart, Beethoven, and Wagner were treated in their lifetimes, we all feel honor-bound to give the modernists a hearing. (Columbia traditionally has been a leader in giving contemporary composers that opportunity.) Yet all too few of us can honestly say we enjoy what we hear. I’m not going to tug at the harp strings of conscience and, like some angel of modernism, tell you that you *ought* to. You do or you don’t.

Columbia found a natural for quadriphonics in Subotnick’s *Touch*. It was conceived in four channels and certainly profits from quadriphonic reproduction. Though *4 Butterflies* (Columbia MQ 32741, \$6.98) seems somewhat less likable to me, it does use the SQ medium to advantage. And being utterly synthetic, it doesn’t strain your credulity in coming at you from all sides.

George Crumb’s *Voice of the Whale* and *Night of the Four Moons* (Columbia MQ 32739, \$6.98) use nonsynthetic (acoustically produced) sounds but often with electronic aids or treated in such unconventional fashion as to sound synthetic. To give you some idea of what’s going on, the whale piece was suggested by actual recordings of the humpback whale and is scored for amplified chamber group; *Moons* is based on fragments of Lorca poetry (sung—and otherwise vocalized—by the redoubtable Jan de Gaetani) with a similarly small chamber group. Musicianship and quadriphonics glitter in both. ■

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MOTT THE HOOPLE: The Hoople. Ariel Bender and Ian Hunter, guitars and vocals; Dale Griffin, drums; Overend Watts, bass and vocals; Morgan Fisher, keyboards; vocal and instrumental accompaniment. The Golden Age of Rock 'n' Roll; Marionette; Alice; Crash Street Kidds; Born Late 58; Trudi's Song; Pearl 'n' Roy (England); Through the Looking Glass; Roll Away the Stone. [Ian Hunter, Dale Griffin and Overend Watts, prod.] CBS 69062, \$5.98.

Mott the Hoople, like Stone the Crows, is one of those British bands whose name is harder to believe than those of most rock bands. But Mott ranks far above most rock bands. Though normally considered a "heavy" or "heavy metal" group, playing loud, amorphous music, it is worthy of more serious attention.

Lyrically, the group creates some fascinating, fun images of slight decadence and punk morality. Its language is direct and does not beat around the bush of obscenity when four-letter words are the only way to make a point.

Bender sings in an upstartish manner reminiscent of Roger Daltrey, and the band's playing is appropriately precocious. Best on this new album is "Marionette," a magnificently surreal shocker done in call-and-response fashion, including what almost counts as a rock version of the chorus of Greek drama.

In short, Mott the Hoople is ludicrously named and deafeningly loud, but it cries out for serious consideration. M.J.



STEELEYE SPAN: Now We Are Six. Peter Knight, mandolin, violin, tenor banjo, acoustic guitar, piano, and vocals; Robert Johnson, electric guitar, acoustic guitar, synthesizer, and vocals; Tim Hart, electric dulcimer, acoustic guitar, banjo, and vocals; Rick Kemp, bass, acoustic guitar, and vocals; Nigel Pegrum, drums, tambourine, oboe, recorder, synthesizer, and flute; St. Eleye Primary School Junior Choir, vocals; Miss Knight, piano accompaniment. Thomas the Rhymer; Two Magicians; Edwin; seven more. [Steeleye Span and Ian Anderson, prod.] CHRYSALIS CHR 1053, \$5.98.

Steeleye Span's material is drawn from traditional folk airs. The music is reproduced with an authentic respect for the past while maintaining a sense of pop modernity. It is to the ensemble's credit that it does make a set of songs (almost all of which are written by "traditional") both an echo and something fresh and daring.

Among the fresh and daring highlights on this disc are a sweet-voiced "Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star" and an irresistible "Now We Are Six," performed by the St. Eleye Primary School Junior Choir, accompanied by a determined Miss Knight on piano. A rousing "The Moonlight Jig," played with enough energy to lure the most restrained from their chairs, is a suitable contrast to the whimsy. The rocked "Seven Hundred Elves" becomes even more exotic because of the beat that has been injected into the tune.

Throughout, Maddy Prior's soprano is attractive and bell-like, and a variety of instruments are manipulated with cunning skill by the other members of the band. The group even uses its full-fledged, days-gone-by approach on a contemporary tune. Phil Spector's golden oldie "To Know Him Is to Love Him." Guest *artiste* David Bowie plays alto sax on this cut, and the result is genuinely amusing.

Precious, yes! Precocious, yes! Steeleye Span is all of that and also makes attractive music that has genuine novelty value. H.E.

HARRIET SCHOCK: Hollywood Town. Harriet Schock, vocals, piano, and songs; Nick DeCaro and David Carr, arr. Standin' in the Way

of the Music; Straight Man; Hold Me; seven more. [Roger Gordon, prod.] 20-TH CENTURY T 437, \$5.98.

The first few notes of this album turned my head because they sounded so much like one of my favorite artists, Judee Sill (and where is Ms. Sill; don't tell me Asylum gave up on her). However, it was only a moment. Harriet Schock is her own kind of artist, and I have to hand it to her for doing as well as she does with a name like that.

All I know of Ms. Schock is what I hear on this album and see on the cover. To get the cover out of the way: It was "designed" by Jack Levy with a photograph by Mike Paladini. They could not have made the artist look colder or tighter. Pretty, yes, but unsmiling, vacant, not home. Didn't anyone notice? Today's audiences have a taste for warm, you know. Graphics does influence sales.

But on to the real goods. Miss Schock may look controlled, but she can sing with great warmth and feeling. Her voice is soft and easy but not weak. Her aura reminds me of Helen Reddy somehow, but she sings better. Her fullest performance is on one of her fullest songs, "Could It Be (You've Learned to Love Me)." While several of her songs are downers, she is best in her positive moments, a happily revealing fact about her work and life.

Ms. Schock is an interesting songwriter. At this point it may be her strongest talent, though she is pleasant enough as a singer. There is a flow and clarity about her songs that allows one to perceive and react to them even on first listening, a major quality that cannot be learned or taught. A case in point is "Let 'em Love." I don't love it, but it does leave a strong and immediate impression.

The first thing that should happen on Ms. Schock's next album is that she should get out of the rhythm section—let another piano player take over so the tracks can cook a little. These put me to sleep. You can figure that when drummer Russ Kunkel and bassist Leland Sklar (as in James Taylor, Carole King, etc.) can get something more than this going underneath a song, something is wrong.

Harriet Schock's first album is an honorable effort. From what I can tell, the future shines down on her like the best days of summer.

M.A.

TERRY MELCHER. Terry Melcher, vocals; rhythm, strings, keyboards, and vocal accompaniment. Roll in My Sweet Baby's Arms; These Days; Dr. Horowitz; eleven more. [Terry Melcher and Bruce Johnston, prod.] REPRIS MS 2185, \$5.98.

Terry Melcher is best known as a producer who has done superior work with both the Byrds and the Beach Boys. Occasionally, Melcher also functions as a singer/songwriter. It was inevitable that one day he would create a

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Mott the Hoople—ludicrously named but worthy of serious consideration.



Melanie—from the middle of the night, her best record in years.

soló album all his own. He has, and the result is a caring disc that does not truly make me care, either about Melcher or about the songs—original compositions, Dylan standards, tunes by other contemporary songwriters—that he has chosen to sing.

Melcher is a multifaceted talent; his work is both earnest and capable. He uses echo chambers and overdubbing with breezy skill. Even his mother, Doris Day, contributes some lilting harmonies. But still "Terry Melcher" does not make one's pulse race.

It seems to me that the producer just might need another producer to guide him if he decides to continue his career in the spotlight rather than behind it. H.E.



MELANIE: Madrugada. Melanie, vocals and guitar; Sal DiTroia and Hugh McCracken, guitars; Alan Schwartzberg, drums; Don Payne, bass; George Devens, percussion. Love to Lose Again; Lover's Cross; Pretty Boy Floyd; Wild Horses; I Think It's Going to Rain Today; Maybe Not for a Lifetime; Holding Out; I Am Being Guided; The Actress; Pine and Feather. [Peter Schekeryk, prod.] NEIGHBORHOOD NRS 48001, \$5.98. Tape: ● M 8151-48001, \$6.98; ●● M 5151-48001, \$6.98.

"Madrugada," a Portuguese word meaning "middle of the night" (when most pop artists, including Melanie, record), is Melanie's best recording since splitting Buddah and setting up her own Neighborhood Records with her husband/producer, Peter Schekeryk. It includes versions of Randy Newman's "I Think It's Going to Rain Today," Woody Guthrie's "Pretty Boy Floyd," and the Rolling Stones's "Wild Horses," along with the usual complement of Melanie originals. Her version of the Newman tune is the LP's best, though her own "Lover's Cross" and "The Actress" also are very good.

The arrangements are, at times, a mite elaborate, but one gets used to them. M.J.

MENTOR WILLIAMS: Feelings. Mentor Wil-

liams, vocals and some songs; rhythm accompaniment; David Briggs and Mike Leech, arr. Sweet Country Red; One-Night Stand; Out of Hand; seven more. [Troy Seals and Mentor Williams, prod.] MCA 404, \$5.98.

Before Mentor Williams, I had never heard the name Mentor, and since then I have wondered how a guy with brothers named John and Paul gets a name like Mentor. There must be a little sparkling star over the Williams boys. Not only have they made righteous successes in the music business (Paul and Mentor, that is; I don't know about John), they have done it on quality work and imaginative self-direction.

While Paul Williams has been in the spotlight longer and more obviously than his brother, chances are that will change. Paul made it first as a songwriter, but Mentor took another tack: He struck a friendship/workshop with Dobie Gray, a superb singer who gave us "The In Crowd" and "On Broadway" some years ago. One thing led to another, and eventually Mentor Williams produced a hit single with Gray. It also happened to be a song written by the producer, "Drift Away." It was a first joint effort, and it came up gold. This was followed by another beautiful song (by Tom Jans), called "Loving Arms." I don't know if it was as big a hit, but it was healthy.

It is a pleasure to witness a well-run career, one that combines "accident," good fortune, hard work, and quality talent. We might suspect that Williams always wanted to be an artist himself. I like him for the fact that he didn't throw himself on the market as just another pretty face—something he probably could have pulled off by pressuring his already successful brother. Instead, he earned his first album as an artist by succeeding as a producer/writer.

So this is a special debut, one that comes with no sense of free ride. Mentor's inclinations are those of a country rock singer. His voice and style are relaxed, laid back. Once in a while he goes for a note or a feeling out of reach, but mostly he leans back and pulls the listener in.

There is something in it, somewhere—I don't know—something I don't buy. But my mind is open. In the meantime, this is a pleas-

ing album, splendidly produced by the artist and Troy Seals (of Seals and Crofts). These are peaceful people. It makes up for nearly everything.

Mentor Williams has all my respect. It's a firm foundation. M.A.

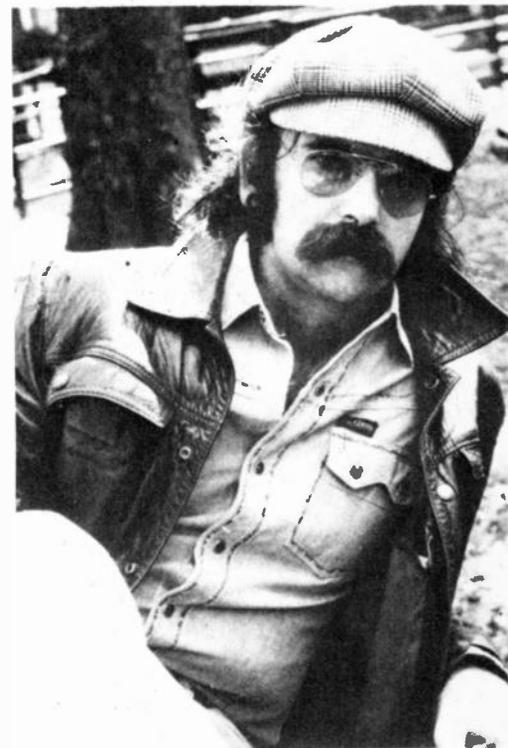


BARRY GOLDBERG. Barry Goldberg, vocals, guitar, keyboards, and songs; rhythm accompaniment; Arif Mardin, arr. Stormy Weather Cowboy; Big City Woman; Shady Hotel; seven more. [Bob Dylan and Jerry Wexler, prod.] ATCO SD 7040, \$5.98.

Barry Goldberg has drifted around the top edge of pop music for years without quite making it. He has formed bands with Steve Miller and Mike Bloomfield, worked with Mitch Ryder and Bob Dylan. But somehow, as his friends went on to fame, Goldberg kept coming up in the backwash. Is it true that the harder one works, the luckier he gets? Or should we go with your bad-karma theory that one is generally helpless against the wind? Over to you, philosophy majors.

In the meantime, Goldberg is getting yet another shot, and never has an artist been backed up more prestigiously. The producers of this set are Jerry Wexler, vice president and lifeline at Atlantic Records, and Bob Dylan, president of music. Considering the pressure to succeed, Goldberg has done well to perform at all. But he is no kid and no beginner, and he comes through like a million dollars—or certainly two-fifty grand.

Dylan, Wexler, and artist Goldberg went to Muscle Shoals to record, using that town's now famous rhythm section, and although Roger Hawkins is not my kind of drummer, the band sounds generally first-rate. The production is smooth, featuring extensive backup vocals and fine sweeteners by Atlantic's big



Barry Goldberg
Working hard; finally getting lucky?

gun, Arif Mardin. Goldberg emerges pleasant, light, unpreachy, musical, even quaint. None are qualities I'd expect from the artist who finally captured Dylan's interest as producer (which reveals a limitation in my thinking, not Dylan's).

The album can be broken up in two sections. Side 1 has a lot of reggae feeling, but it's closer to San Antonio than to Jamaica. "Stormy Weather Cowboy" lilts along, as does "Silver Moon." They are almost mambos. Although "Stormy Weather Cowboy" seems to be getting the single push, a song called "It's Not the Spotlight," by Goldberg and veteran writer Gerry Goffin, is a stronger bet.

The two songs written by Barry and Gail Goldberg are the weak links. The lyrics are of the what-should-we-write-about ilk—corny narrative tales out of high-school bluebooks.

Side 2 is by far the more interesting program, beginning with a powerful version of the Goldberg/Goffin hit song. "I've Got to Use My Imagination." "She Was Such a Lady (and I Was Just a Bum)" is moody and overstated in pure country fashion. Goldberg makes it work through sheer sincerity. "Dusty Country" by Goldberg and Paul Rosenberg lilts along again, sweet and pure, ripe for cover records.

In all, everybody did fine. Dylan brought warmth, Wexler brought money, and Goldberg brought courage. All have skill and talent. I don't know if such a heavy package can win out in the cosmos, but I hope so. M.A.

GENESIS: Trespass. Peter Gabriel, vocals, flute, and accordion; Anthony Phillips, guitar and dulcimer; Anthony Banks, keyboards; Michael Rutherford, bass and cello; John Mayhew, drums. Looking for Someone; White Mountain; Visions of Angels; three more. [John Anthony, prod.] ABC ABCX 816, \$5.98.

This album, recorded a few years ago, has all the flaws of Genesis' current manifestation, both on records and in concert. The band is a competent British rock ensemble, playing a varied bag of heady sounds not unlike its British cousin, Jethro Tull. The lyrics—and Genesis places an accent on them—are pseudo-important and, as all pseudo-important writings are inclined to be, are rather pointless. Seldom is it clear what the band has in mind to say.

I don't mean to suggest that there is anything wrong with having nothing to say, only that one should admit it and then compensate by boogie-ing enough to dance to. Genesis does neither of these things. M.J.

*** CREATION.** Carol Kafi Stallings, Orlando Stallings, Gerry Peterson, Billy Gerst, Jimmy Calhoun, Leon Patillo, Lenny Lee Goldsmith, and Barry Frost, vocals and instrumentals. Joy; Burnin' Out My Youth; I'm in Love; eight more. [Jimmy Douglass and Jimmy Calhoun, prod.] ATCO SD 7041, \$5.98.

Of the several new band records I received this (as every) month, this one, by Creation, was hands down the hottest. The group's bio begins: "The first thing that strikes someone talking to the members of Creation is their straight-ahead attitude toward their music."



Creation—A better-than-average chance to grab the big ring.

This is exactly the quality that comes through their music.

Many new bands leave virtually no impression, since they don't know what impression they want to leave—or even what that concept means. Creation, on the other hand, says: "We want to treat every song as if it were a single." Callous? Commercial? Right, and that's what makes it exciting. Records are business. The better the musical output, the more intense the business level must be. Those who will not deal with this are driftwood that drifts away soon enough. The secret is attitude.

Creation is a band whose members have been around long enough to figure out how to be effective. Various ones have worked with such as Dr. John, Sly, the Pointer Sisters, and Rita Coolidge. (At this very moment, tomorrow's superstars are lying back quietly in the rhythm section of tomorrow's has-beens. That's show biz and politics.)

Creation has a lot covered. Among them the members play a great range of instruments, including violin, reeds, and trumpet. Several are excellent singers, both lead and background ("Spirit"). Four are black and four aren't.

The album is well produced by member Jimmy Calhoun and nonmember Jimmy Douglass. If things go well at the street level—i.e., promotion, distribution, a bit of concerted air play—then Creation should have a better-than-average chance for the big ring. M.A.

CAT STEVENS: Buddha and the Chocolate Box. Cat Stevens, vocals, guitar, and keyboards; Alun Davies, guitar; Gerry Conway, drums; Jean Roussel, keyboards; Bruce Lynch, bass; vocal and instrumental accompaniment. Music; Oh Very Young; Ghost Town; six more. [Paul Samwell-Smith and Cat Stevens, prod.] A&M SP 3623, \$6.98. Tape: ● 8T 3623, \$7.98; ●● CS 3623, \$7.98.

The title of this new collection of Stevens' songs tempts comparison with his previous "Teaser and the Firecat." I like the idea of a flame-colored feline more than I like a choco-

late buddha, which may be what Cat Stevens is.

His songs are lyrically depressing, even suicidal, but his music is jaunty and he sings with a serious tone. How can one sing sad songs in a serious voice to an up-tempo, jaunty beat? The whole thing is distasteful and to be avoided. M.J.

*** ESPERANTO: Danse Macabre.** Glenn Shorrock, Brian Holloway, Brigitte Du Doit, Raymond Vincent, Bruno Libert, Tony Malisan, Gino Malisan, Keith Christmas, Godfrey Salmon, Tony Harris, and Timothy Kraemer, instrumentals and vocals; Raymond Vincent and Bruno Libert, arr. The Journey; The Duel; The Cloister; four more. [Peter Sinfield, prod.] A&M SP 3624, \$6.98.

This group is very far from the ordinary. It is a chamber quartet with keyboards, vocals, and a rock-type rhythm section. The cast is international: Italian, English, American, and Belgian.

There is a lot of talk about combining elements of classical music with contemporaria, but few people go out on limbs for it, and of those who do, few succeed. I'm not at all sure Esperanto succeeds, but it makes a fascinating try.

Sometimes its music resembles old movie scores—*Captain from Castille* or some such. Pianist Bruno Libert keeps sending the group down this path, or so it sounds to me. He is also head arranger. His influence is balanced oddly by Tony and Gino Malisan, the Italian rhythm section. The drummer marches a bit, but not stiffly as the English would. The string players are excellent, not afraid to dig in and play. Esperanto is at its best when the chamber quartet is dominating the sound.

Esperanto experiments freely with rhythm patterns, vocal colors, and electronics. All of which has been sympathetically and expertly produced by Peter Sinfield, who is said to have

come to the project direct from work with "King Crimson, ELP, and PFM." (I don't know what the two sets of initials represent.)

It seems to me that most classical/rock experiments are contributed by rock people with enough chops. I'm glad to see this effort by those of classical background. I only hope they are respected by their peers. Esperanto is a first-rate musical group, and I recommend it highly to the adventurous listener and reader of HIGH FIDELITY, essentially a classically oriented magazine. If you hate it, you'll have something to write in about. And you might love it. M.A.

HISTORY OF BRITISH ROCK. Various performers. Glad All Over; Catch the Wind; A World Without Love; Needles and Pins; Hide Your Love Away; A Groovy Kind of Love; twenty-two more. [Seymour Stein, prod.] SIRE SAS 3702, \$11.96 (two discs).

"All things must pass," somebody wrote. To that must appended: "and be sold later as nostalgia." The rock mill, having expended nearly all the grist to be found in the Fifties, now is turning to the 1960s.

Here we are invited to wallow in the British Invasion, that period (1964-66) when, in the wake of the Beatles, many British bands came to these shores—and quickly disappeared. Most of the artists in this two-disc collection were one-hit wonders, and no wonder! Careers seldom are built on songs titled, for example, "Do Wah Diddy Diddy." Yet there is a happiness and vitality in these songs that has been missing from rock ever since that music turned serious later in the Sixties. Tunes like "A World Without Love" and "Needles and Pins" are a joy to hear once again.

In all, this effort is representative of the British Invasion, though several recent tunes by Rod Stewart, Uriah Heep, and Mungo Jerry really have no place in it. M.J.

theater and film

* **GYPSY.** London cast recording. Music by Jule Styne; lyrics by Stephen Sondheim. Angela Lansbury, et al., vocals; Richard Leonard, cond. *Overture*; *Some People*; *Small World*; eleven more. [Norman Newall, prod.] RCA LBL 1-5004, \$6.98. Tape: ● LBS 1-5004, \$7.95; ●● LBK 1-5004, \$7.95.

Almost fifteen years after *Gypsy* became part of Broadway legend with Ethel Merman in its star part, there's a new production of the musical, this time starring Angela Lansbury as show business' most ravenous stage mother, the fearsome Momma Rose. This disc captures her interpretation in the production that was a recent London triumph and is now touring the U.S. and Canada before it lights on Broadway this fall.

Lansbury is at her best displaying the neurotic, childish, compulsive qualities of the pitiable Rose, musical comedy's answer to Lady Macbeth. Her "Some People" and "Rose's Turn" are packed with the drama and intensity that can be conjured up only by a superb actress. However, neither her live per-

formances nor the recording blunt Merman's achievement, if only because Merman had the enormous vocal power to match the character's *chutzpah*. Nevertheless, Lansbury does admirably in a difficult assignment, and her performance will prove especially effective for those encountering *Gypsy* for the first time.

Those who have already had the *Gypsy* experience may quibble about Lansbury's contribution, but there will be no objections to the Styne/Sondheim score. It proves as vigorous as it was originally. This song-writing is not only melodious, but also direct. *Gypsy*'s characters speak their minds: With stunning directness they reveal their sentimentalities, their sloppiness, their aching needs. There's a great deal of humanity in this glossy horror story. Much of it appears on this disc. H.E.

* **THE GREAT GATSBY.** Original soundtrack recording. Music supervised and conducted by Nelson Riddle. Bill Atherton and Nick Lucas, vocals; Jess Stacey, piano. *What'll I Do*; *The Sheik of Araby*; *Tom and Myrtle*; twenty-one more. [Tom Mack, prod.] PARAMOUNT PAS 2-3001, \$7.98 (two discs).

Nelson Riddle has attempted to re-create the sounds of the Roaring Twenties by utilizing the songs he assumes *The Great Gatsby*'s characters would have been listening to. Undoubtedly, *Gatsby* and *Daisy* were mooning, spooning, and dancing an endless Charleston to "The Sheik of Araby," "Five Foot Two, Eyes of Blue," and "Yes, Sir, That's My Baby," among others. But on disc, these selections sound as if they comprise a bargain package of nostalgia goodies rather than the soundtrack of a major motion picture.

In addition, Riddle has rounded out the score by writing a few of his own leitmotifs. They are merely vulgar.

The film uses Irving Berlin's "What'll I Do" for the titles; Riddle has also rewritten it for a variety of dramatic effects. Berlin, however, shines through. "What'll I Do" is a superb choice, as is Nick Lucas, who sings some of the vocals that he brought to these songs the first time around.

Ultimately, though, this two-record set is just as dull as the film from which it stems. H.E.

* **THE DAY OF THE DOLPHIN.** Original motion-picture soundtrack recording. Composed and conducted by Georges Delerue. Avco AV 11014, \$5.98.

* **THE THREE MUSKETEERS.** Original motion-picture soundtrack recording. Composed and conducted by Michel Legrand. BELL 1310, \$5.98.

Few foreign-based film composers have become as well known in this country as the enormously prolific Michel Legrand and Georges Delerue.

This is partially due to some particularly successful scores for English-language films, such as Ken Russell's *Women in Love* (Delerue) and Norman Jewison's *Thomas Crown Affair* (Legrand). But their reputation also stems in part from the outstanding music they have provided for movies made by their French compatriots. I would place Delerue's score for Godard's *Contempt* among the finest

ever written. And if I find it difficult to get terribly excited over Legrand's gooey pop-opera for Jacques Demy's enormously popular *Umbrellas of Cherbourg*, his music for the same director's *Young Girls of Rochefort* has infinitely more sparkle and one of his best Demy scores is for a marvelous fairy-tale film (*Peau d'âne*) that has yet to be seen on these shores.

One New York critic made a point of noting that Mike Nichols' *Day of the Dolphin*, hardly a New Wave-type film, had a musical score with a strong Godard-Truffaut flavor to it. Certainly Delerue's unabashed Romanticism—occasionally marred by sugary simplicity and some naive melodies and harmonic modulations—has often served as a marvelous foil for the stylization pervading much recent French cinema.

At his best, which he is in many of the cuts here, he attains a tragic poignancy that can be heard, for instance, in the slightly modal title theme—played originally in high, harpsichord octaves that have become, along with the characteristic flute and oboe solos, a Delerue trademark of sorts. Also highly moving are the selections entitled "Return to the Island" and "The Farewell," which often feature the kind of mournful, sustained string accompaniments that pervade the *Contempt* score. Even the less recognizably Delerue moments beautifully sustain a kind of sci-fi suspense atmosphere, and only the neobaroquisms of a cut such as "Reunion" grate a bit.

A much better film than *Day of the Dolphin* (and infinitely funnier), Richard Lester's *Three Musketeers* has a score that is less than vintage Legrand, who tends to do his best writing in a more pop-oriented style. But I must say that his music suits the film to a T, whether in the tautness of the title theme, the breathtaking ebullience of—would you believe—"Dirty Business Amongst the Dirty Laundry," the appropriate pomp and circumstance of the end titles, or the tongue-in-cheek rococoisms of several of the other selections. Although written with Legrand's often impeccable flair, none of the music is very original, alternately recalling Walton, Verdi, and a host of others.

I suspect that the people most attracted by the *Three Musketeers* disc will be those who loved the film, which could create quite a following. *The Day of the Dolphin*, on the other hand, should be a must not only for Delerue fans, but also for those who are interested in one of the more original directions taken by the "classical" film-score idiom. R.S.B.

* **MAME.** Original motion-picture soundtrack recording. Music and lyrics by Jerry Herman; Lucille Ball, Robert Preston, Beatrice Arthur, et al., vocals; Fred Werner, musical supervision. *Main Title* (including *St. Bridget*); *It's Today*; *Open a New Window*; ten more. [Fred Werner, prod.] WARNER BROS. W 2773, \$6.98. Tape: ● L8W 2773, \$7.97; ●● L5W 2773, \$7.97.

This fifth re-creation of the indomitable Mame Dennis (novel, play, film, musical comedy, and now movie musical) finds Lucille Ball trying to erase memories of at least the two most famous Mames, Rosalind Russell and Angela Lansbury. On film, Lucy succeeds whenever she can mate her raucous low comedy to the glittering sophistication of Mame. On record, however, it's a struggle all the way. Ball may be America's most distinguished co-

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medienne, but a vocalist she ain't, even if she can sell a lyric with the effectiveness one expects from the consummate pro.

This soundtrack is fun even if its *Mame* is tone deaf. After all, Jerry Herman's familiar score is filled with sassy, if conventional, rhythms. The *Mame* score is a series of IBM-computerized toe-tappers you just can't resist. In addition, the soundtrack isn't a swollen version of a Broadway musical, in the tradition of many other Warner Bros. film musicals of Broadway hits. (The film version of *Gypsy* comes immediately to mind.) It's lavish and larger than life but not elephantine.

On this outing, Ball is co-starred with a surprisingly restrained Robert Preston, who can be found in the midst of the resounding production number built around the title tune. He also sings a new Herman ditty, "Loving You," a throwaway ballad used in the film to underscore a montage of spectacular scenery.

Jane Connell repeats her stage performance of the virginal nanny Agnes Gooch, and she sings her aria "Gooch's Song" with renewed vigor. However, both film and disc belong to Beatrice Arthur's snooty, alcoholically inclined prima donna, Vera Charles. Her production number "The Man in the Moon" and her "Bosom Buddies" duet with Lucy are uproarious events. Ms. Arthur's icy diction and rumbling baritone are just the thing to give both film and LP the sharp edge they need to offset *Mame's* overdose of sentiment.

One hopes that someday the satirical, astringent, thoroughly brilliant Ms. Arthur will have a chance to play *Mame*. Since *Mame* is a property that refuses to die, Bea will no doubt have her chance. Meanwhile, some enterprising label should immediately record her on her own. H.E.

jazz

* **BOB GREENE:** *The World of Jelly Roll Morton*. Ernie Carson, cornet; Ephraim Resnick, trombone; Herb Hall, clarinet; Bob Greene, piano; Alan Cary, guitar; Milt Hinton, bass; Tommy Benford, drums. *Wolverine Blues*; *Sweet Substitute*; *Kansas City Stomp*; seven more. [Pete Spargo, prod.] RCA RED SEAL ARL 1-0504, \$5.98. Tape: ● ARS 1-0504, \$6.95; ●● ARK 1-0504, \$6.95.

* **BOB GREENE AND THE PERUNA JAZZ BAND:** *Jelly Roll Revisited*. Birger Seehusen, trumpet; Jan Hem Andersen, cornet; Arne Højberg, trombone; Erik Spiermann, clarinet and alto saxophone; Claus Forchhammer, clarinet; Bob Greene, piano; Leif Bjerborg, banjo and guitar; Ole Olsen, bass; Leo Hechmann, sousaphone; Soren Houliind and Lasse Borup, drums. *Smokehouse Blues*; *Black Bottom Stomp*; *Shreveport Stomp*; thirteen more. FAT CAT'S JAZZ 139, \$5.98 (Fat Cat's Jazz, Box 458, Manassas, Va. 22110).

The Jelly Roll Morton revival seems to be well under way, and these two discs can only feed the fire. Bob Greene is a pianist who has been playing Jelly Roll-style for the past twenty-five years and, since 1968, has devoted himself

to a study of Morton's music. Wherever he travels, he sits in with Morton-oriented bands, which is how he happened to record with the Danish Peruna Jazz Band. And after appearing at the Newport Jazz Festival in 1973 with a band patterned on Morton's Red Hot Peppers, Greene brought this group back to New York in February 1974 for a full concert, which is preserved on the RCA record.

His collection with the Peruna Jazz Band, with which he was just a visitor, was made two years before the concert with his own group. The two records make an interesting comparison, particularly in view of the fact that six Morton tunes are repeated on both. Oddly enough, Peruna, which normally plays a variety of material in addition to that by Morton, is much more successful in reproducing the basic sound and attack of the Red Hot Peppers of 1926-30. This is partly due to the recording, which has the mono sound and the consequent tight ensemble effect of the old Peppers discs. The RCA collection, done in glorious technicolor, makes one conscious of each instrument rather than the band as a whole, an effect that obscures the group's proper balance. (This may explain why the band sounded better in the concert hall than it does on the record.)

Recording techniques aside, both discs have very positive merits. The Peruna group is led by a magnificent trombonist, Arne Højberg, and includes two excellent clarinetists—one of whom, Erik Spiermann, is a marvelously hearty descendant of Bob Helms—and a pair of good but occasionally erratic cornetists. Greene's own group is highlighted by a phenomenal cornetist, Ernie Carson, who is normally buried in anonymity in Atlanta. He has an electrifying attack (out of Armstrong) and a brilliant, ringing tone. Ephy Resnick, a trombonist who lives equally anonymously in Broadway-musical pit bands, shows a beautifully burry, rough-toned style. I prefer the sousaphone used by the Peruna to the string bass on the RCA recording (even though it is played with great aplomb by Milt Hinton), while the guitar plink-plonking that turns up on both discs is out of place. But both collections are marvelously spirited.

The RCA set includes warm, brief bits of exposition by Greene, who has just the touch of the aristocrat in his speaking manner that seems appropriate to Mr. Jelly Lord. J.S.W.

* **LES HOOPER BIG BAND:** *Look What They've Done*. Bobby Lewis, George Bean, Russ Iverson, and Art Hoyle, trumpets; Frank Tesinski, Lorin Binford, Bill Dinwiddie, and Ralph Craig, trombones; Kenny Soderblom, Don Shelton, Richi Corpolongo, Roger Pemberton, and Ron Kolber, saxophones; Les Hooper, piano; Jim Atlas, bass; Tom Radtke, drums. *Skin Tone*; *Blue Orleans*; *Circumvent*; six more. CREATIVE WORLD 3002, \$6.50.

Les Hooper's band is a Chicago group, all studio men, presumably (although the notes do not say so) a rehearsal band. It scarcely seems likely that a big band brought together just for a recording session could produce the precision and body and drive that this one has.

But this does not mean that the group is just a collection of good technicians. All of the material, except Melanie's "Look What They've

Done to My Song" and Wayne Shorter's "Pinocchio," was composed and arranged by Hooper, the pianist/leader, who also arranged the Melanie tune. His writing is consistently appealing, and his arranging concept—with its prominent use of a deep, solidly punchy bottom line and light, airy contrast on top—is quite distinctive and personal.

Just how personal it is is shown when the band finally gets around to the one piece to which Hooper made no contribution as composer or arranger: Shorter's "Pinocchio." The arrangement by trombonist Bill Dinwiddie is a competent but run-of-the-mill effort in which the band loses all of its distinctive color and becomes quite anonymous. Hooper writes with a sense of movement that is not always openly or loosely swinging ("Softness," for example, has a gently jiggy-joggy beat) but frequently achieves a rich, solid, gut-driven thrust with a touch of the heavy Kenton foundation—which may have attracted Stan to the band, for he has released this disc on his own Creative World label.

An additional plus in these performances is the superb, beautifully balanced, full-bodied recording by Murray Allen, which gives the band's work a brilliant sense of immediacy and life. J.S.W.

* **OLIVE BROWN AND HER BLUES CHASERS.** Olive Brown, vocals; John Trudell, trumpet and trombone; Ted Buckner, alto saxophone; Mike Montgomery, piano; Bill Bolle, bass; J. C. Heard, drums. *Aggravatin' Papa*; *Sugar*; *That Old Feeling*; seven more. JIM TAYLOR PRESENTS 103, \$5.50 (Jim Taylor Presents, 12311 Gratiot, Detroit, Mich. 48205).

It is unfortunate that the programming of this disc suggests that Olive Brown is leaning on Bessie Smith. She does three of Bessie's numbers and does them quite well. But, as many other singers have shown, singing songs associated with Bessie Smith is a losing game, just as singing songs associated with Billie Holiday is. Nobody is going to sing their songs better than the originals. As it turns out, Miss Brown can stand up very well on her own—see "Deed I Do" and "How Come You Do Me Like You Do."

But the prime attraction of this set is the band that supports her—happily, it gets considerably more space to play on its own than accompanying groups usually do. The real star of the occasion is John Trudell, playing trumpet and trombone: a constant joy both as soloist and ever-so-subtle accompanist. And not far behind is Ted Buckner, the onetime Jimmie Lunceford sideman, who contributes several alto-saxophone solos that have a gorgeously singing flow. The five-piece Blues Chasers is a delightful band and deserves to have a full album of its own. J.S.W.

* **CECIL PAYNE AND DUKE JORDAN:** Brooklyn Brothers. Cecil Payne, baritone saxophone and flute; Duke Jordan, piano; Sam Jones, bass; Al Foster, drums. *Jazz Vendor*; *Cu-Ba*; *No Problem*; five more. MUSE 5015, \$5.98.

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pianists were one-handed followers of Bud Powell, the only young pianist who seemed to have a strong melodic sense (aside from the idiomatic Erroll Garner) was Duke Jordan. Jordan was particularly interesting because, unlike Garner, who was something of a throwback, he was very much a part of his times (so much so that he was the pianist in Charlie Parker's Quintet), and yet he could communicate to listeners who found the one-note pianists boring.

His tune "Jordu" has been a jazz classic for twenty years. But Jordan has played in unaccountable obscurity for the past dozen years, even though recently he has worked—when he worked at all—in New York. This is his first recording in eleven years, and it shows that he has lost none of his appeal. "Jordu" holds up unusually well, and his skill in exploring and coloring a ballad is still superb, as he demonstrates on "I Should Care."

Cecil Payne, the baritone saxophonist who shares billing with him, is very much a contemporary of Jordan's—they both come from Brooklyn, both born in 1922. Like Jordan, Payne came to prominence in the Forties but has managed to stay a little more in the limelight, working primarily with big bands. He has a fine, swaggering attack somewhat in the manner of Gerry Mulligan, although a bit blander than Mulligan's salty approach.

In this quartet setting, Payne is a strong propulsive force who keeps things going between Jordan's piano segments, which swing with an almost innocently happy joy that has been all but forgotten in the process of jazz's intellectualization.

J.S.W.

in brief

JESSE COLIN YOUNG: Light Shine. WARNER BROS. BS 2790, \$5.98. Tape: ● M 82790, \$6.97; ●● M 52790, \$6.95.

From the smiling photo on the cover to the sunny songs and shining singing and the album title, this is a delightful album. Young's musicianship is on the level of Kenny Rankin's. Though the two do not sound alike, they probably like the same kind of music. Young's singing is bright and pure, his guitar playing clean and right. The backup musicians match him with ease and a sense of fun. The project, produced by the artist, may be indulgent by market values, but once in a while it works. I would love to see this album make it. It's superb. Please buy it.

M.A.

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M.J.

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der) up through sessions in 1970. Airplane
aficionados will find these out-takes a must:
others will enjoy for what they are: minor but
nevertheless invigorating performances by
one of the oldest and most distinguished
American rock bands. H.E.

B. W. STEVENSON: Calabasas, RCA APL 1-
0410, \$5.98. Tape: ● APS 1-0410, \$6.95;
●● APK 1-0410, \$6.95.

This singer is one of the nicest things that has
happened to RCA in years, and he sells
records too. Calabasas is a rustic area in
Southern California on the valley side of the
hill as you head out to Malibu. Maybe Steven-
son lives there. I wish I lived next door; I'll bet
the rehearsals are a pleasure to hear. B. W.
Stevenson is at the quality end of pop music
right now and well worth hearing M.A.

ELVIS PRESLEY: Good Times, RCA CPL
1-0475, \$6.98. Tape: ● CPS 1-0475, \$7.95;
●● CPK 1-0475, \$7.95.

This entry features country-and-western-fla-
vored renditions of songs by writers like Tony
Joe White and Danny O'Keefe, writers whom
you wouldn't ordinarily expect to find repre-
sented on an Elvis disc. Nevertheless, this set
does not work up any real excitement until El
tackles "My Boy," a thoroughly effective
Jacques Brel type number. H.E.

ALAN PRICE: Between Today and Yester-
day, WARNER BROS. BS 2783, \$5.98. Tape:
● M 82783, \$6.97; ●● M 52783, \$6.97.

Alan Price was the only thing about Lindsay
Anderson's brilliant film *O Lucky Man!* that
didn't make me want to throw up. Price wrote
and performed the warm and human score. (It
nearly saved things from time to time.) He is
far better known abroad than here. His new
album is self-produced and claims to be au-
tobiographical. All I can say for sure is that it is
heavy, intense, demanding. It's probably ter-
rific, but life is too short. You're on your own.
M.A.

AL STEWART: Past, Present, and Fu-
ture, JANUS JLS 3063, \$5.98.

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length and deal with such abstruse and pro-
vocative topics as the prophecies of the six-
teenth-century seer Nostradamus. Stewart's
lyrics and melodies lack true distinction, but
the composer possesses a real intelligence and
puts that intelligence to honest work. H.E.

TERRY JACKS: Seasons in the Sun, BELL
1307, \$6.98. Tape: ● M 81307, \$7.98; ●● M
51307, \$7.98.

Terry Jacks's kiddie-oriented "romper-rock"
version of the intriguing Brel-McKuen stand-
ard "Seasons in the Sun" has become one of
this year's biggest hits. Now Jacks is automati-
cally a star, even though he has produced an
LP that can only be described as lightweight.
H.E.

THE FOUR TOPS: Meeting of the Minds, ABC
DUNHILL DSD 50166, \$5.98.

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pulsating rhythm-and-blues sound that one
normally expects from a group that's been
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nine years. H.E.

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BY R.D. DARRELL

Truth (and Sense) in Packaging. American pre-eminence in many technical fields has been so long taken for granted that audiophiles may have forgotten (if they ever knew) how innovatively Great Britain and Europe led the way in recording novel and large-scale classical music. But the most discriminating discophiles have become increasingly aware of the consistent physical superiority of imported pressings, and just lately voyaging musicassette connoisseurs report an admirable development in multicassette packaging.

For the time being, DG's Prestige Boxes seem to be available only on the Continent and in Great Britain, but thanks to the thoughtfulness of a marketing official of Polydor International GmbH, I have been sent one of the fifteen current exemplars. This is the celebrated Bernstein/Met *Carmen*, in a three Dolby-B cassette edition, which in comparison with the DG/Ampex two Dolby-B reel edition (R 47043, reviewed here last November) proves to be no less impressive sonically but characterized by slightly lighter-weight lows and slightly brighter highs that make for a frequency spectrum many listeners may prefer to that of the open reels.

Of course it's the novel packaging that's the most noteworthy feature. The usual "jewel-box" containers for the three cassettes are cemented, one above another, to the inside back cover of a "slim-line" vertically hinged box that also has an illustrated and titled front cover, back-cover cast and credit listings, and an inside front-cover pocket holding a trilingual libretto. The over-all dimensions are 9½ inches high, 5½ inches wide, ¾ inches thick. The appearance is strikingly attractive, and the practicality and convenience are obvious. The Prestige Boxes make different shelf-space demands than the plain cardboard boxing multicassette sets have been given up to now, but for most of us that disadvantage will be more than compensated for by the decided convenience of having the libretto or notes booklet in the same package rather than having to file it unhandily elsewhere.

As yet there has been no announcement of the Prestige Boxes being made available by Polydor, Inc., in this country. But every serious cassette collector will surely hope for their early appearance. Too often classical musicassette buyers have been treated like second-class, presumably illiterate, citizens where librettos or notes of any kind are concerned. While Ampex's future li-

bretto policy still remains clouded, it's well to remember that neither Ampex nor Columbia provides any notes at all for cassette "singles" and that RCA provides only severely abbreviated ones.

It certainly should not be necessary to provide notes only—as in the case of Angel cassettes—at a premium price. DG and Philips don't find it so. And it's more than high time for other manufacturers selling music to realize that their potential customers are able and anxious to read as well as listen profitably.

Mozart: En Masse and On-Stage. Mozarteans who hunger for better tape representation of his choral works have been tantalized by the slowness in transferring Philips' celebrated Colin Davis disc series. We got the great Requiem two years ago and the *Coronation* and *Credo* Masses just a year ago, yet there still are no tapings of the Davis *Vesperae*; *Ave ve-nor corpus*; and *Exsultate, jubilate*.

Meanwhile, we can be grateful for the justly named *Great* (although incomplete) Mass in C minor, K. 427, hitherto available only in Fricsay's 1960 cut version on a DG cassette. Davis uses a far superior Robbins Landon score, which is most impressively sung by soloists Donath, Harper, et al., with the London Symphony Chorus and Orchestra (Philips/Ampex L 45235, Dolby-B 7½-ips reel, \$7.95). As with the disc edition of early 1973, the only substantial adverse criticism is that the performance (to some extent) and the recording (even more so) are just *too* impressive—their sonic bigness is exaggerated both by an ultra-reverberant hall and by extremely heavy, dark lows. Engineers and processors seem to have confused Mass with mass. Nevertheless, it's impossible to complain strenuously as one is swept along in the irresistibly powerful flow of this magnificent music.

And another Mozart release from the same company admirably avoids the error made so often in the past in concert as well as recording—that of inflating the sonic size of both orchestra and piano in the concertos Mozart wrote for his own stage appearances. Not only is Alfred Brendel's pianism delectably light, bright, and zestful in Nos. 19 and 23, K. 459 and 488, but he is given the exceptionally fine orchestral collaboration of Neville Marriner and the St. Martin-in-the-Fields ensemble (Philips/Ampex L 45283, Dolby-B 7½-ips reel, \$7.95; also imported Philips cassette, 7300 227, \$6.95). The Brendel/Marriner team shades even Rubinstein and Wallenstein in exuberance and eloquence in the better-known No. 23, while the present lighter-weight but iridescently gleaming No. 19 is sheer joy.

Fiddling by Near- and Far-Eastern Bruch-Sides. Music's one-world, unisex univer-

sality hardly could be more fascinatingly represented than by the pair of Bruch First Violin Concerto tapings I've been comparing recently. One stars the Israeli male soloist Itzhak Perlman with the London Symphony under the German-born American André Previn (Angel 4XS 36963 cassette or 8XS 36963 eight-track cartridge, \$7.98 each). The other stars the Korean female soloist Kyung-Wha Chung with the (British) Royal Philharmonic under the German Rudolf Kempe (London/Ampex M 10266, Dolby-B cassette, \$6.95).

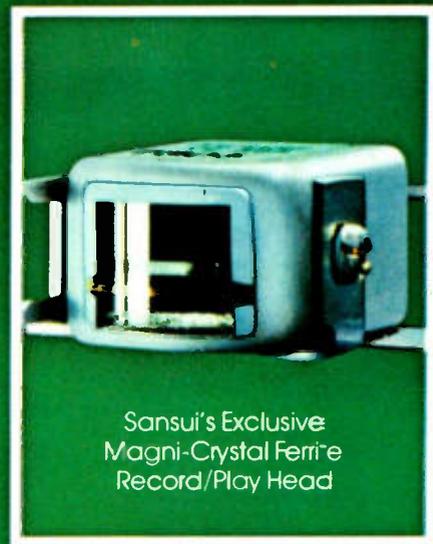
It's the same familiar music in each case, but oh how different, in so many different ways, is it made to sound! Perlman's is the more extrovertedly virtuosic, more vividly recorded version; Chung's is the more restrained yet still Romantic reading in a more darkly rich recording. Who will dare say which is "better"?

In couplings, however, the London release has the edge in an eloquent if almost too serious and not wholly idiomatic version of Bruch's appealing *Scottish Fantasia*, while Angel's override choice is the only too familiar Mendelssohn E minor Concerto in a performance that is at once rather too showy and too suave for my taste.

Nostalgia Tripping. Since the insidious appeal of the familiar always has been paramount in car-borne eight-track cartridge listening, and since the current vogue for nostalgic returns to earlier years need not be confined to pop and film hits of the Fifties or earlier, I've just been succumbing to en-route evocations of the mid-Thirties. The then favorites of many young record aficionados (among them my aspiring composer/conductor friend Benny Herrmann) included Milhaud's *Création du monde*, Stravinsky's *Ragtime*, Weill's *Kleine Dreigroschenmusik*, and Gershwin's brand-new *Variations on "I Got Rhythm."*

Maestro Herrmann and I are a good deal older now, but I find that I'm still probably as much of a sucker as he is for the perhaps simplistic charms of these works, which he has just recorded in a collection somewhat fancily entitled "The Four Faces of Jazz" (London/Ampex M 95077 eight-track cartridge or M 94077 Dolby-B cassette, \$6.95 each; also L 475077 Dolby-B reel, \$7.95). If I could be as objective about the readings here as I am about the London Festival Recording Ensemble's playing and the Phase-4 recording technology, I'd probably have to admit that the interpretations are more lovingly introspective than they are infectiously animated. But I certainly don't need to qualify my admiration for the really first-rate instrumental performances or for the beautifully transparent yet glowingly vivid sonics. ●

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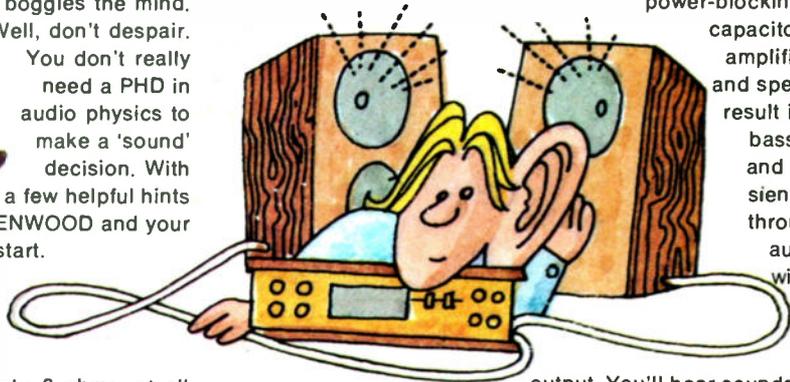
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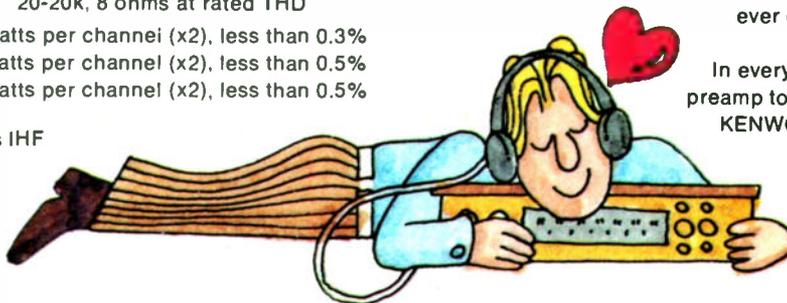
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