STEREO EQUIPMENT · RECORDS · MUSIC JULY 1967 60¢

HIGH FIDELITY

ICD

FM

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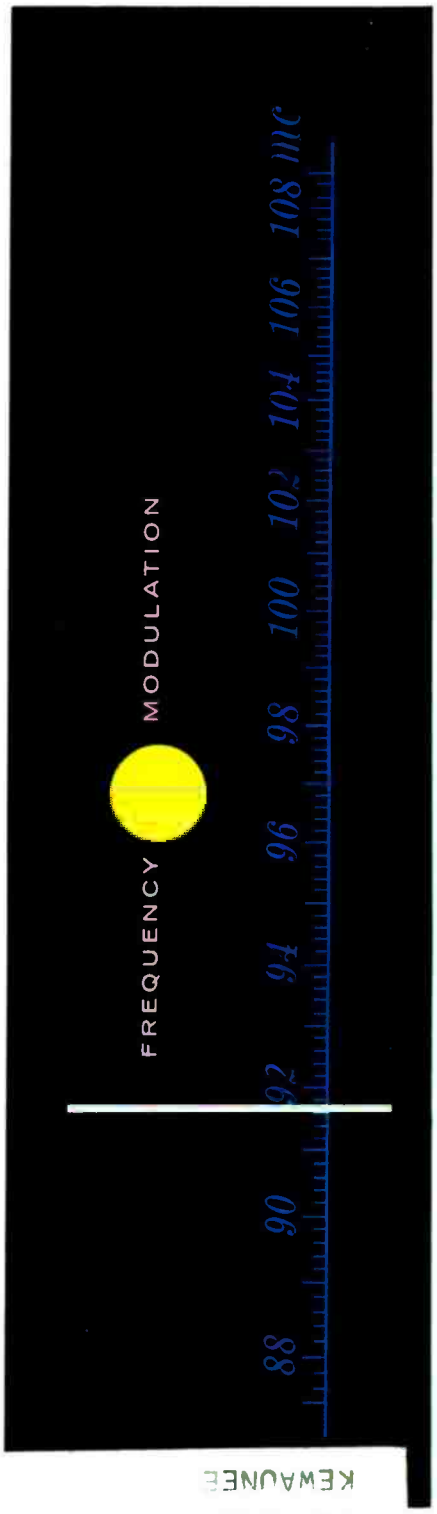
FM'S CRISIS AND ITS EFFECT ON PROGRAMS

PIANO ROLLS: FAITHFUL OR FRAUDULENT??



FM

inning answers:

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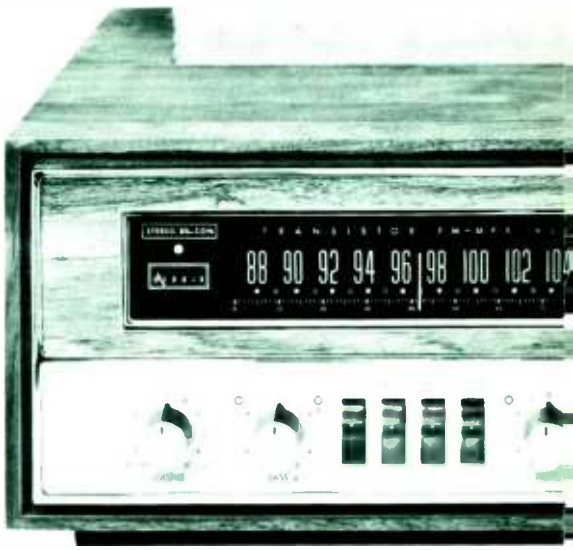
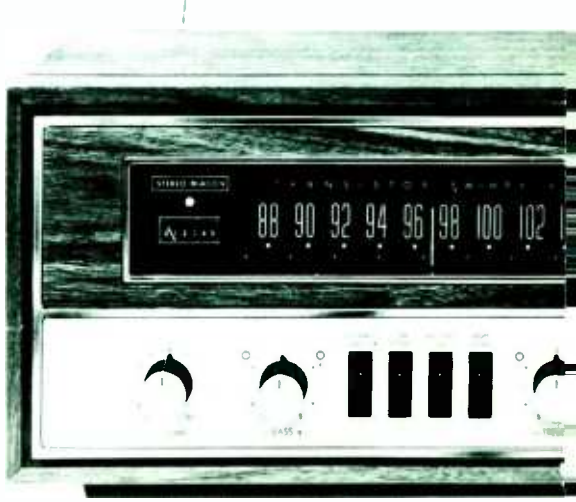
CIRCLE 25 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

Here are the w





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CIRCLE 38 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

HIGH FIDELITY VOL. 17 NO. 7 JULY 1967

MUSIC AND MUSICIANS

AUDIO AND VIDEO

RECORDINGS

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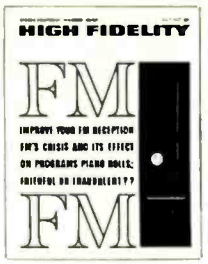

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COLUMBIA STEREO TAPE CLUB

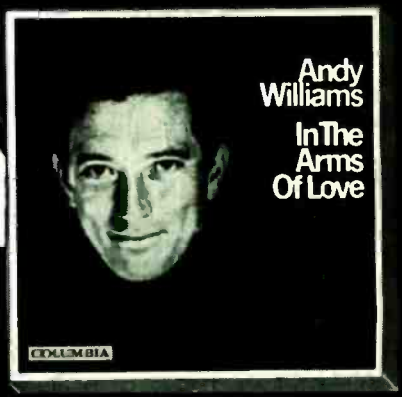
3335. RAY CONNIFF. This special Twin-Pack contains two complete Ray Conniff albums: Somewhere My Love and Ray Conniff's World of Hits . . . yet counts as only one selection! 23 favorites including Downtown, King of The Road, More, Try To Remember, Moon River, Shadow of Your Smile, etc.

3767-3768. HOROWITZ In Concert. All the excitement of his most recent Carnegie Hall recitals. This double-album Twin-Pack counts as two selections.

3628. EUGENE ORMANDY AND THE PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA — Greatest Hits. Blue Danube Waltz, Stars and Stripes Forever, Finlandia, Sabre Dance, more.

2430. HERB ALPERT AND THE TIJUANA BRASS—Whipped Cream. A Taste Of Honey, Lemon Tree, Love Potion #9, Peanuts, etc.

2634. LEONARD BERNSTEIN AND THE NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC. Two complete albums on one tape! Included are three all-time American favorites: Grofe's Grand Canyon Suite, and Gershwin's Rhapsody In Blue and An American In Paris. This Twin-Pack counts as only one selection!



2758. ANDY WILLIAMS — In The Arms of Love. Andy Sings Pretty Butterfly, The Very Thought Of You, Remember, All Through The Night, Here's That Rainy Day, 12 in all.

3707. Also: If I Had You, Just Friends, Home, S'posin', etc.

3416: A recording to match the brilliance of the Phila. Orch.

1281. "Superb...best recording." Washington Post

2728. Also: The Impossible Dream, Give Her Love, etc.

1037. "The most adventurous musical ever made." —Life

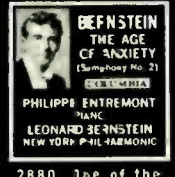
1001. Tonight, Love Is A Many-Splendored Thing, 9 more

2639. "The best musical score of '65." —Am. Record Guide

2470. "Dynamic, pulsating outer movements." —Wash. Star

2881. "Full of flavor, vitality and warmth." —Billboard

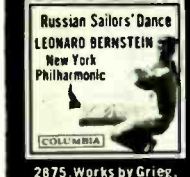
1296. Six favorites by Ravel, Debussy, Ibert, Chabrier



2880. One of the most powerful works in modern music.

2640. "The Mormon Choir sings like one voice." Eve. Bulletin

2471. "It is a brilliant composition." —St. Louis Globe



2875. Works by Grieg, Tchaikovsky, Dvorak, Copland, etc.

1096. "Electrifying performance . . . overwhelming." HiFi Rev.

3764-3765. Twin-Pack counts as two selections

646. Also: Love Is a Bore, My Lord And Master, Autumn, etc.

2887. "The most fun since Tom Swift" —Wash. Sun. Star

3769. Also: Love For Sale, I Get A Kick Out Of You, etc.

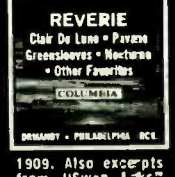
2386. Also: Once Upon a Time, Don't Wait Too Long, etc.

1321. "Beautifully performed." — Am. Record Guide

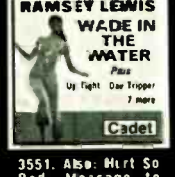
2405. "Exciting, sensuous romanticism." —N. Y. Times

3618. Plus: Ghost Riders in the Sky, Gay Ranchero, etc.

3595-3596-3597. Counts as three selections. The complete opera in a masterful new recording conducted by Bernstein.



1909. Also excerpts from "Swan Lake" and "Peer Gynt" Suite



3551. Also: Hurt So Bad, Message to Michael etc

3735. Also: England Swings, Color My World, 12 in all

2652. "...a flair for eye-ance which makes for excitement." —H. Rec.

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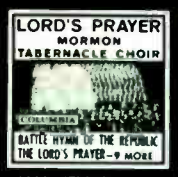
2672. "The best musical of the season."—CBS News

3443. Also: I Wish You Love, Free Again, Le Mur, Martina, etc.

1083. "Abundance of pulsing rhythms." — St. Louis Globe-Dem.

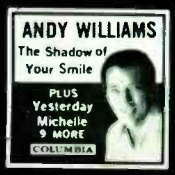


1090. "This is an extraordinary chorus." —New York Times

2244. Thirteen dazzling showpieces — played with fire

2267. "Stunning, with staggering articulation."—High Fidelity

3832. Plus: Cinnamon And Clove, Bim-Bom, Night And Day, etc.



2460. Also: Try To Remember, A Taste Of Honey, etc.

2605. "Some of his funniest material." —Billboard

3675. "Stunning musical. Brilliantly conceived."—N.Y. Times

3798. Also: Summer Wind, Guantanamera, Cabaret, etc.

3679. Also: Strangers In The Night, Sunny, etc.

1477. "Their finest performances." High Fidelity

3855. Plus: Free Again, Nice 'N' Easy, Girl Talk, etc.

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MANY OF THE OUTSTANDING 4-track stereo tapes you see displayed on these two pages have been given superlative reviews right here in the editorial pages of *High Fidelity!* And by joining the Columbia Stereo Tape Club now, you may have ANY FIVE of them — sold regularly by the Club for up to $49.75 — ALL FIVE FREE! And as a new member, you'll also get a FREE self-threading take-up reel!

TO RECEIVE YOUR 5 PRE-RECORDED STEREO TAPES FREE — simply write in the numbers of the 5 tapes you wish in the coupon below. Then choose another tape as your first selection, for which you will be billed $7.95, plus postage and handling. At the same time, be sure to indicate the type of music in which you are mainly interested: Classical or Popular.

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

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LETTERS

Who's Got the Holcman Collection?

SIR:

I would like to call attention to certain errors of fact in the article on the International Piano Library ["Notes from Our Correspondents—New York," April 1967]. The IPL did not acquire *all* the Jan Holcman holdings as implied in the article, but only the tapes and study acetates made from disc originals, plus Mr. Holcman's books, scores, and research charts.

With the help of a foundation grant, the Rodgers and Hammerstein Archives of Recorded Sound at the New York Public Library's Library and Museum of the Performing Arts at Lincoln Center actually acquired Mr. Holcman's library of 4,000 discs. These records are available to qualified researchers for audition at the Rodgers and Hammerstein Archives. While the IPL did acquire the original tape of Hofmann's Chopin Piano Concerto No. 2 performance, the Rodgers and Hammerstein Archives owns the acetates of the Casimir Hall recital of April 7, 1938.

In conclusion it should be noted that the IPL and the Rodgers and Hammerstein Archives are working in close collaboration to assure both the preservation and availability for audition of Mr. Holcman's remarkable recorded repository of pianistic art.

David Hall, Director
Rodgers and Hammerstein
Archives of Recorded Sound
New York, N.Y.

The Artist's High Priest

SIR:

I was touched by Claudio Arrau's article ["A Performer Looks at Psychoanalysis," February 1967] and his deeply compassionate understanding of the performing artist's crucial and exacting initiations. I was struck by the choice of dancing and psychoanalysis as two mandatory elements in his ideal music school —the one active and extrovert, the other passive and introspective, both engaged in smoothing the long and complex way from the seed to the flower. Ultimately, of course, the artist is responsible only to himself, and triumphs or succumbs according to goals and standards known only to himself.

The fact that despite his winning the Liszt Prize twice running did not prevent the young and brilliant Claudio Arrau from being obsessed with death gives us the measure of the formidable

Continued on page 12

Which three Duals won't you buy?

To some of you, buying a Dual automatic turntable may pose somewhat of a problem. Not that it was our intention to create one.

We simply wanted to make Dual precision engineering available to everyone, in every price range and for every application.

But we outdid ourselves.

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

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

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

But don't get angry with us.

After all, by making it a little more difficult for you to choose one, we've at least made it possible for you to own one.

A Dual.

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Model 660 Solid State

The world's first fully automatic tape reversing system

*Electronic Sensory Perception—an amazing Sony development. The ESP electronic brain constantly scans and automatically senses the voice or music modulations on your recorded tapes. Within 10 seconds after the sound has ended, the Electronic Sensory Perceptor *automatically reverses the tape direction!* Then, magically, the music resumes—every note flawlessly reproduced. You never touch the tape, you never touch the recorder — Sony ESP reverses the tape automatically. You never again bother about recording electronic reversing signals. Sony ESP tape reverse is activated solely by silence. Sony ESP automatic tape reverse works on your old tapes and on your new tapes. The Sony 660 also records in both directions for making your own 4-track tapes.

And the Sony 660 adds a whole lot more. XL-4 Quadradial Speaker System surrounds you with a virtual curtain of stereophonic sound. 50 watts of pure music power per channel. Two professional V U meters. 3 motors. 2 speeds. Sound on sound. Separate bass and treble controls. FM stereo inputs. Push-button solenoid activation of all mechanical modes. For literature and address of dealer nearest you, write Superscope, Inc., Department 11, Sun Valley, California.

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CIRCLE 45 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

Continued from page 8

adversary he had challenged. Most people would be content to lead blameless lives—so would the artist in fact, except that no human code can assess his guilt: he is a law unto himself. Psychoanalysis may therefore be a certain help in easing the way, but I feel that a High Priest to call forth courage and dedication, to inspire and admonish, to guard the rites and mark the goals, and to disclose that Olympus against which the chosen artist measures himself is at least equally indispensable.

Yehudi Menuhin
London, England

An Artist Done In

SIR:
In his review of Bach's Cantata No. 56 on Nonesuch Records [April 1967], Nathan Broder says that "soloist and orchestra are not always quite together." He is absolutely correct and as soloist in the recording, I would like to explain why this occurred.

The performance was taped in the afternoon of November 2, 1965 by the French company Club Français du Disque—a low-priced label available only through the mails. We made two takes of the first aria: the first take contained a number of ensemble inaccuracies, but the second turned out to be excellent. I did not listen to the final version of the disc, but I naturally assumed that the good take would be used.

My first surprise was spotting this record in a Swiss supermarket—not on the CFD label but on Nonesuch. I was even more surprised to discover that the defective first take had been used in place of the second and improved take.

Jakob Stämpfli
Thun, Switzerland

What Price Candor?

SIR:
Here are a few quotes from Gene Lees in your April issue:

". . . religion has caused more death, anguish, and pestilence than all other prejudices combined."

". . . intelligence isn't exactly common with cops . . ."

Actors are "not basically an intelligent breed to begin with. . . . It seems as if every idiot in Hollywood gets to make a record album nowadays, and the work is usually pretty bad."

"It's as if he considers that the new medium's purpose is his self-expression on subjects that interest him, rather than the compilation of pertinent material . . ."

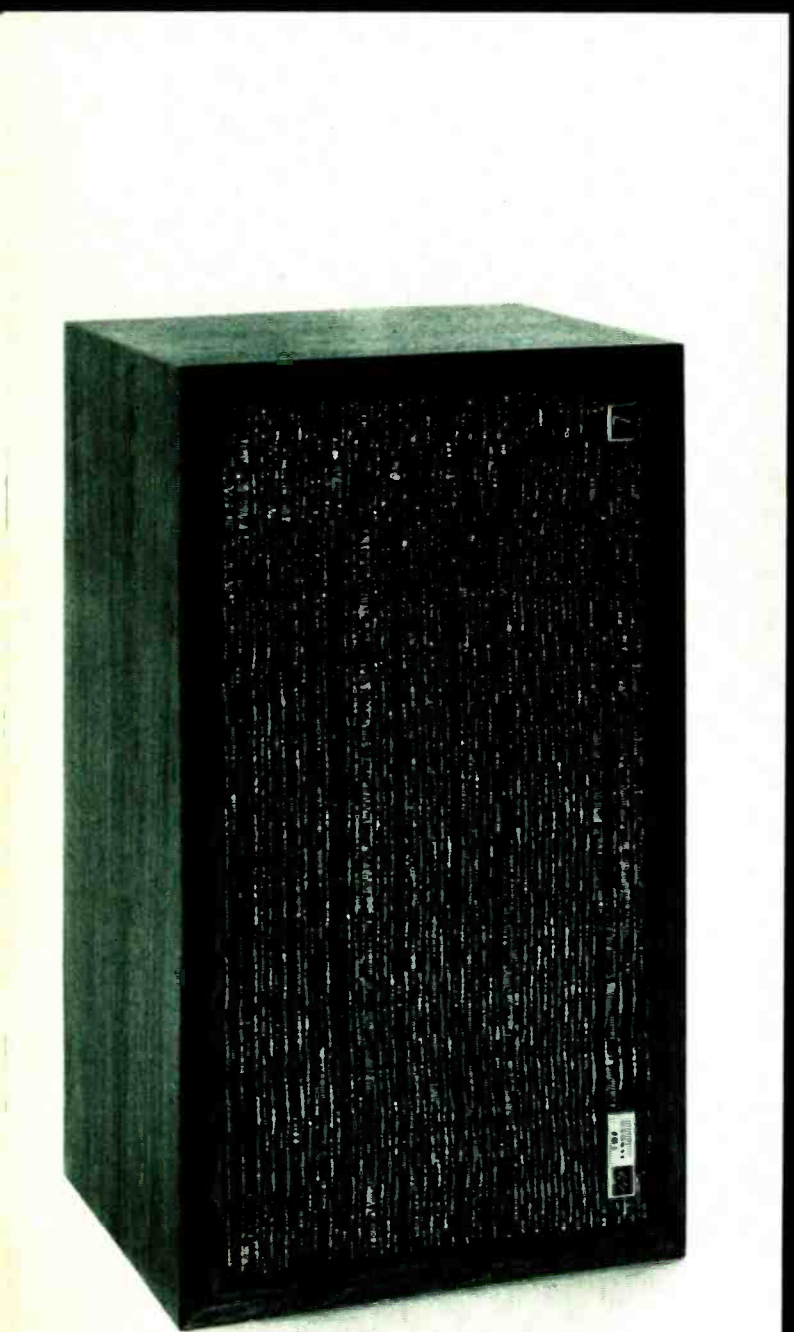
He sure is a smart fellow.

Tony Randall
New York, N.Y.

SIR:
Hurray! Gene Lees's candor is delightful. I would like to say as a professional Catholic—after all, I get paid for being one—that he is certainly entitled to his

Continued on page 14

How to upgrade your system without adding a Fisher amplifier.



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Continued from page 12

opinions. The only serious point of disagreement between us, as expressed in the review of Joe Masters' *Jazz Mass* [April 1967], would be that "religion has caused more death, anguish, and pestilence than all other prejudices combined." The *Book of Revelations* would have us believe that the spread of the Gospel and these human miseries are concomitant. I might add that smart politicians usually con the religious bloke into accomplishing the politicos' plans as developed by smart propagandists.

Rev. James T. Weber
Tucson, Ariz.

Forward Nielsen

SIR:

Thanks and congratulations are due you for Bernard Jacobson's "A Short Guide to the Nielsen Symphonies" [April 1967]. Mr. Jacobson's sympathetic but concise and judicious remarks should be of much value to those who are at last beginning to become aware of this important composer's contributions to music.

Your readers might be interested to know that an organization now exists for the purpose of winning greater public awareness of Carl Nielsen's achievements. The Carl Nielsen Society of America has as its Honorary President Leonard Bernstein, while its Honorary Vice-Presidents include conductors Morton Gould, Jean Martinon, Howard Mitchell, Harry Newstone, Eugene Ormandy, and Max Rudolf. The Society hopes to sponsor various projects in the areas of performances, recordings, and publications, while it also makes available specially prepared printed materials and information. Any inquiries about the Society's activities or about membership would be cordially welcomed.

John W. Barker
Executive Secretary,
The Carl Nielsen Society of America
P.O. Box 5242
Madison, Wis. 53705

Hornblower

SIR:

May I take a pot shot or two at Everett Helm's otherwise most engaging and informed article "New Performances on Old Instruments" [May 1967]? Zinken, to use the German plural form Mr. Helm seemed to prefer, are indeed cornetts (two Ts please) and *not* "curved, double-reed instruments." *Grove's Dictionary* gives a fair article on the subject under "Cornett" with reference from "Zinke." The New York Pro Musica used them under Noah Greenberg's direction and doubtless still does. But Mr. Helm is right about the use of these instruments in their proper music—"gloriously right."

I. M. Blaeser der Zincken
Tacoma Park, Md.

Elusive Authorship

SIR:

Somehow or other I got it into my head that Paul Simon wrote the song *Elusive Butterfly* and attributed it to his authorship ["The Lighter Side," March 1967]. Bob Lind wrote it and it's too good a song for him not to get the credit, even in passing.

Gene Lees
New York, N. Y.

Toscanini Returns

SIR:

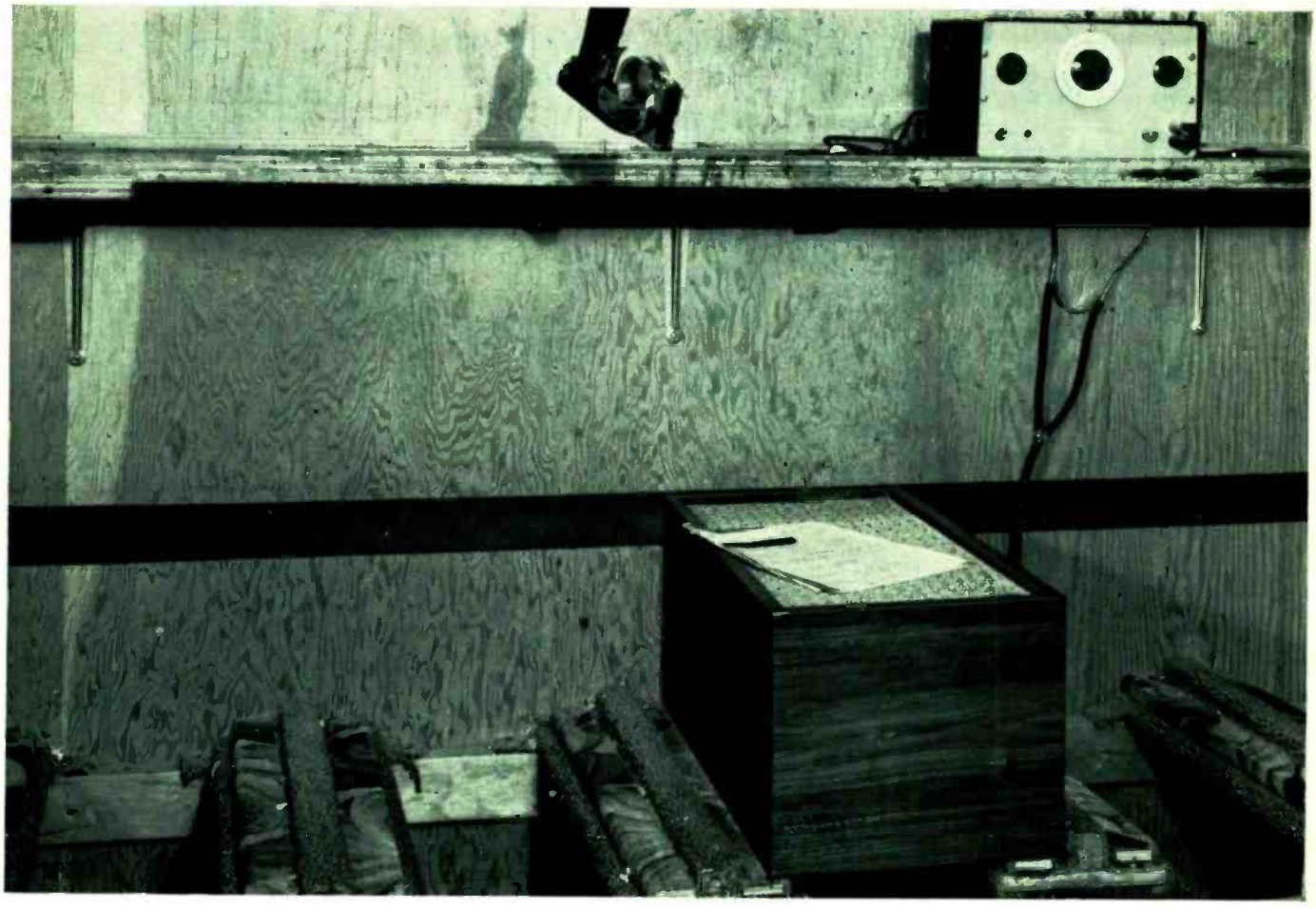
It appears that RCA Victor has seen fit to honor the centenary celebration of Arturo Toscanini's birth by deleting some of his greatest recording efforts. Gone are the Beethoven and Brahms symphonies, Debussy's *La Mer* and *Ibéria*, the compendium of Verdi operatic excerpts, a similar album of Wagnerian selections, Respighi's *Pines* and *Fountains of Rome*, Tchaikovsky's Sixth Symphony, and many others.

Are they gone forever or does RCA Victor have plans to reissue them? One can only hope that this is the case . . .

David W. Smyth
Minneapolis, Minn.

Mr. Smyth will be happy to learn that by fall the deleted recordings will be restored—in mono-only versions on RCA's budget Victrola label.

AR INC.'s dirty laundry— the repair room



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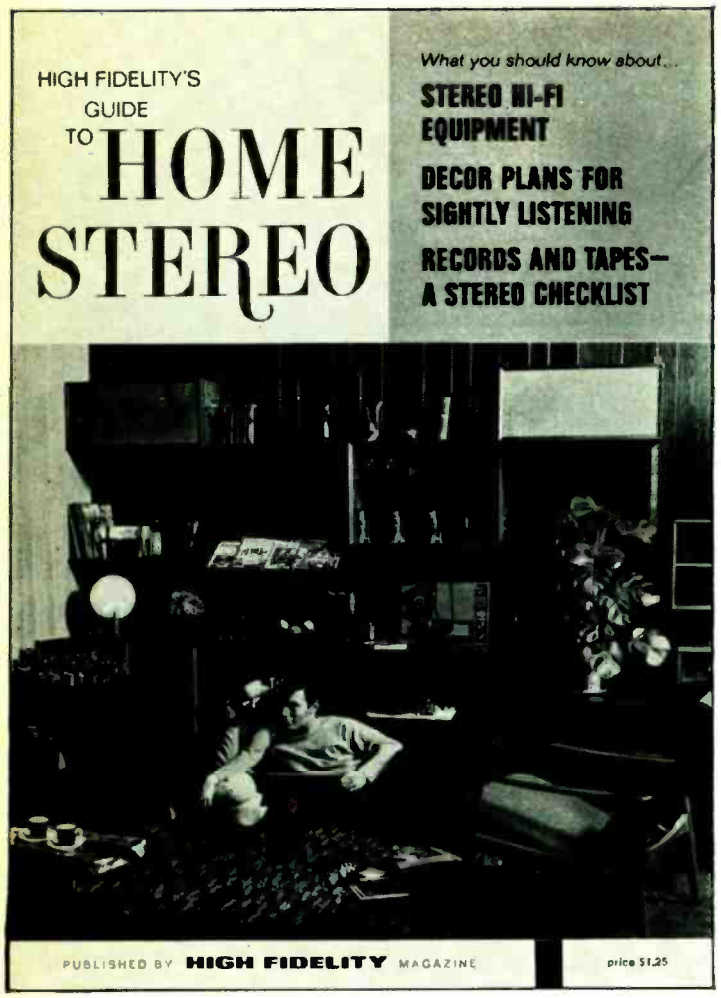

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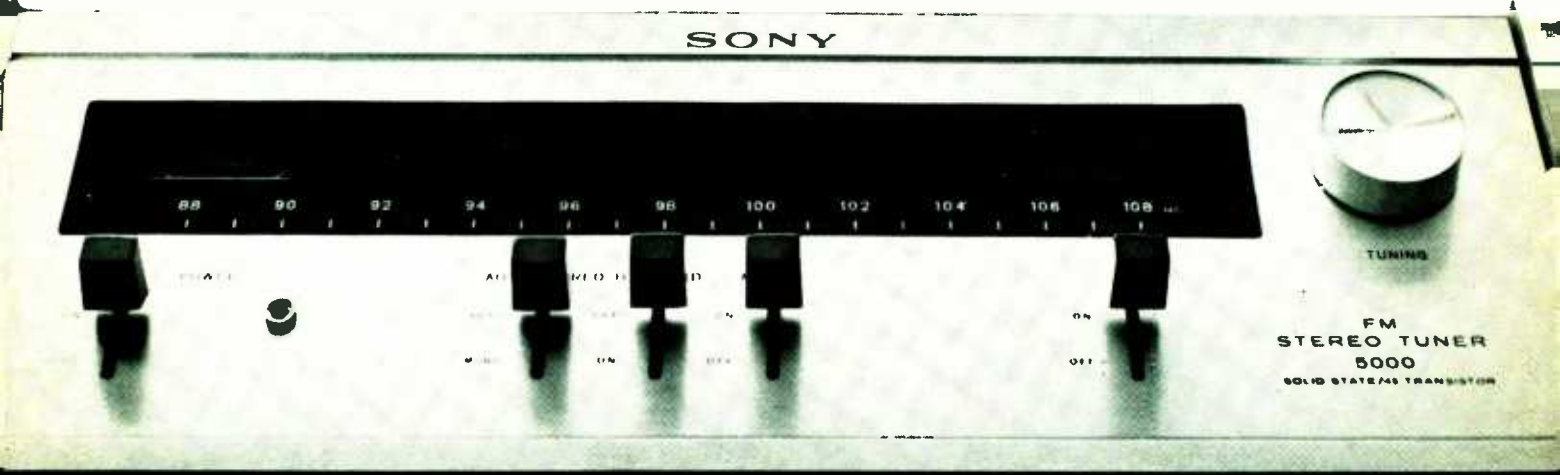

 Continued from page 18

normally anything but that in their day-to-day work back home. Method lay behind the madness of this conspicuous consumption of talent. "By European standards," Culshaw explained, "the cost of these sessions is prodigious. To protect our investment we had to make an all-out effort."

The effort had begun in January, when Culshaw and Arthur Haddy came to Los Angeles in search of a recording site. Haddy is Decca/London's technical genius-behind-the-scenes (it was he who developed the "ffrr" recording process during World War II), and he has a formidable reputation for picking good halls. "The man has an uncanny ear," Culshaw said admiringly. "He can tell whether a hall will be right for recording just by walking into it." In the course of a week, Haddy and Culshaw walked into every available hall in the area—and quickly walked out of most of them. Among those eliminated were the new Music Pavilion, where the Los Angeles Philharmonic gives its concerts, and the American Legion Auditorium, used by Columbia for its Bruno Walter recordings. In the end, they opted for Royce Hall, on the campus of UCLA. A series of dates were booked for April, and details of repertoire were worked out with Mehta. Then Culshaw hurried back to London to plan the logistics of a recording enterprise 6,000 miles away.

Twenty Mikes Do Make a Difference. When I arrived on the scene, an hour before the first session was to begin, all seemed remarkably serene. Two tons of equipment had arrived safely (by air freight) and was in place ready for action. In a large control room directly behind the stage the crew had installed a twenty-channel mixer, two Studer tape decks, monitor speakers, a closed-circuit TV screen, telephone intercoms, and a scattering of ancillary electronic devices. Out on stage a battery of microphones was in position. They accounted for eighteen of the available twenty channels; the remaining two mikes were up near the ceiling to capture what recording engineers refer to as "air."

Members of the orchestra began to drift in and tune up their instruments, and at the last minute Zubin Mehta arrived, quickly changed into a black turtleneck shirt, and was on the podium in time for the official start of the session at 9:30. No time could be wasted. Before the day was over a complete Mussorgsky-Ravel *Pictures at an Exhibition* had to be put on tape. Fortunately, the basic microphone setup had already been tried. The day before, UCLA's music department had scheduled a student orchestra rehearsal in Royce Hall so that the recording team could make a preliminary test run.

Even so, the experimental takes lasted a full hour. The cymbals proved most problematic. They sounded much too loud when played on stage, and in the course of various tests were moved farther and farther back in the hall. Eventually, the cymbals player—Charles Lorton—found himself at the extreme top of the balcony. From that position the sound was fine, but the ensemble deteriorated. The fact that light travels faster than sound was given a persuasive demonstration. No matter how closely Lorton tried to follow Mehta's baton, the sound as it reached the podium was consistently a fraction behind the beat. After a half-dozen misfires Mehta turned around and addressed the distant figure up in the balcony. "Can't you hear what's wrong?" he demanded. "Yeah, I can hear," came Lorton's retort. "You're all late." It speaks well for Mehta's rapport with his orchestra that he laughed as heartily as anyone.

In time the cymbals problem was sorted out and recording began in earnest. I had been sitting in the hall all this time and was beginning to have some misgivings about Haddy's judgment. The sound in Royce Hall as I heard it was rough and overly bright. During a break I went into the control room and for the first time heard the orchestra over the speakers. What a contrast! There the sound was round and full—a striking metamorphosis in every respect. Mehta, when he came in to hear the first playback, was equally impressed. "If I had to judge from the sound in the hall," he said. "I'd want to do it all over, but here everything sounds different."

Section by section, the demanding score was completed, and by 4:00 p.m. when the session ended everyone was satisfied. Recordings continued in Los Angeles for two weeks. In addition to *Pictures* (which will be coupled with the original piano version, played by Vladimir Ashkenazy), the orchestra recorded *Pétrouchka*, the Tchaikovsky Fourth, Schoenberg's *Verklärte Nacht*, and Scriabin's *Poem of Ecstasy*—a total of four LPs. They will be out in the fall and are harbingers of more to come. Next year the Decca/London crew will be back for further Los Angeles sessions. Mehta is under an exclusive contract with the company, and he is understandably eager to make recordings with his own orchestra.

As spokesman for his team of engineers, Gordon Parry was lavish in praise of the California climate, the UCLA coeds, and particularly the coöperative attitude of everyone concerned with the sessions. "If we got this kind of help in Vienna and Rome," he declared, "our work would be a lot more fun." R.G.

NEW YORK

The City Opera Takes to the Baroque

"Mora, Cesare, mora!" sang the chorus politely. "No, no," interrupted Julius Rudel. *"DIE, CAESAR!* Try to make it more vital and threatening—after all, this isn't *The Flowers That Bloom in the Spring.*" Mr. Rudel was warming up his New York City Opera chorus prepara-

Continued on page 22

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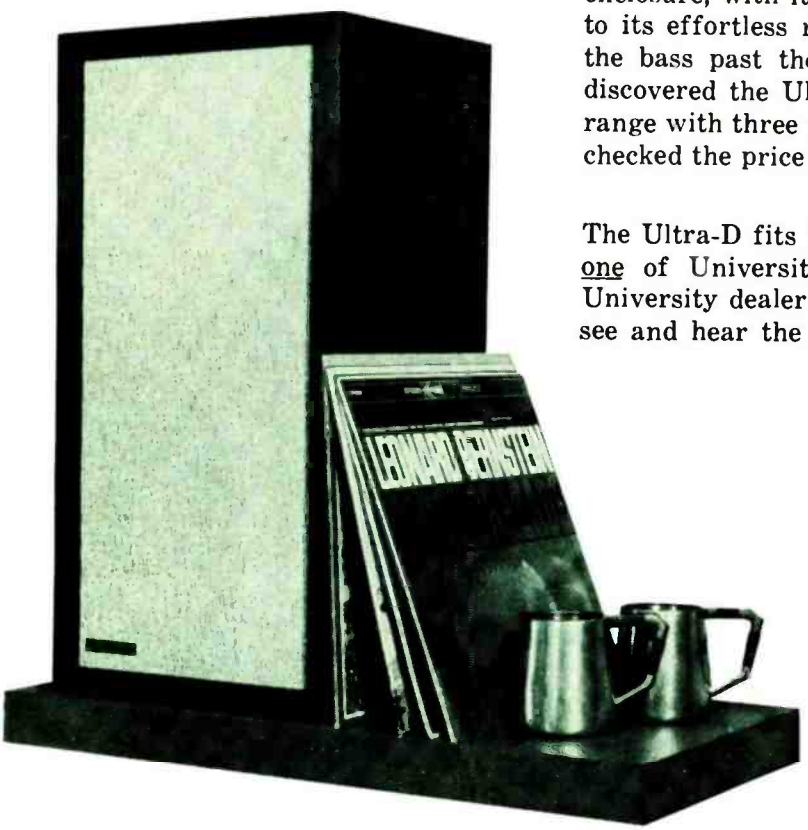

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Continued from page 20

tory to a complete taping of Handel's *Guilio Cesare* for RCA Victor when I arrived at Webster Hall one late spring afternoon. The same cast that had appeared in last fall's highly successful production was to participate in the recording and three of the singers—Beverly Sills (Cleopatra), Maureen Forrester (Cornelia), and Norman Treigle (Caesar)—were already on the scene conferring with RCA recording director Peter Dellheim.

Giulio Cesare will be the City Opera's fifth complete recorded opera. Inasmuch as all its previous phonographic activities have been in the area of contemporary Americana—Moore's *The Ballad of Baby Doe* for M-G-M/Heliodor, Blitzstein's *Regina* for Columbia, Ward's *The Crucible* for CRI, and Beeson's *Lizzie Borden* for Desto—the present excursion into the baroque marks quite a change of pace for the company (and in the near future, by the way, we are promised several Mozart-in-English excerpts discs). "We're particularly pleased and proud about recording our *Caesar*," Mr. Rudel commented later. "The money that made the whole project possible came from—well, I suppose you could say from one of our fans. I'm not permitted to give you the donor's name, but this generous party was very much taken with our production and felt that we should preserve the performance on discs."

The City Opera's anonymous angel was no doubt struck by the same infectious vitality that Mr. Rudel communicates to his chorus. Certainly there was nothing dry or academic about the conductor's approach to the score. "I used the Handel/Gesellschaft edition as a basic source," Rudel explained, "but essentially what I've arrived at is my own version based on a good deal of library research and personal judgment. We have occasionally cut *da capo* repeats and a few arias are omitted entirely—each character has eight or nine arias, so we had to pare the number down with an eye for musical contrast and dramatic effect. And I felt that the chorus needed added emphasis so we borrowed some choral numbers from Handel's cantata *Il Parnasso in festa*. A couple of orchestral interludes come from this source too." As in the City Opera live performances, Mr. Rudel will preside at the harpsichord for the recitatives, improvising embellishments when called for by the drama. "Just as Handel did when he directed the opera," the conductor pointed out.

Handel with Vigor. By now the full orchestra had gathered (sixteen violins, four violas, four cellos, three double basses, two flutes, two oboes, two bassoons, four horns, trumpet, and harpsichord) and everything was ready to tape the first number—which, as it happened, was the opera's final chorus. "Remember, this is the finale," cautioned Rudel; "make it sound like you know it's the end."

"Oh, I get it," nodded Treigle sagely; "we should sound tired." Maureen Forrester answered this observation with a stifled yawn (perhaps more in truth than in jest—in the best tradition of today's busy prima donna, Miss Forrester had started out that morning at 6 a.m. from Pittsburgh, arrived in New York to tape Cornelia's brief appearance in *Caesar's* finale, and in an hour's time had to catch a plane for Montreal in order to rehearse her part in the Beethoven Ninth for a performance at Expo 67).

After three takes, the choral ensemble sounded properly enthusiastic and Rudel seemed pleased with the results. In fact, while listening to the playback, he opined that perhaps the last choral phrase might be a shade *too* energetic, but George Marek (who had just dropped by to catch a few minutes of the session) felt it ended the opera with a splendid flourish. When it was announced that the finale had passed inspection, Miss Forrester made a dash for the door. "Happy landings, Maureen," Beverly Sills called after her. "You've got plenty of time—at least five minutes."

P.G.D.

LONDON

Works in Progress—And Wedding Bells

The news that Jacqueline Du Pré and Daniel Barenboim are going to marry broke to the world on the day they began to make their first record together. Tackled by reporters at EMI's studios in St. John's Wood, where they were at work on Haydn's Cello Concerto in C, with Barenboim in the role of conductor, the pair openly admitted the romance. Concert schedules will not permit the wedding to take place until September, and before then Miss Du Pré will take Jewish vows ("I had no hesitation—I think it will be better for the children"). In his turn Barenboim is quite clear that "our personal relationship and our professional one must remain separate."

The harmony of the marital partnership would seem to be assured by the smoothness of the professional one. Under Suvi Raj Grubb's direction the sessions for the Haydn (the work discovered in Prague less than ten years ago) were a copybook occasion—two complete takes from beginning to end followed by a mere half-dozen brief extra takes to cover possibly imperfect detail. The coupling will be the Boccherini Concerto in B flat, which was recorded a few days later with equal dispatch.

Mr. Grubb has also been in charge of Barenboim's solo piano sessions. Enough

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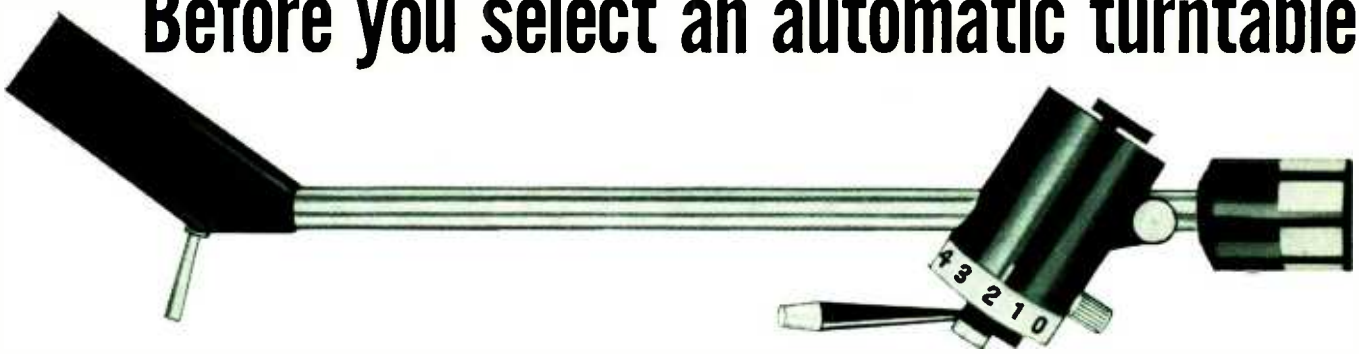
Before you select an automatic turntable



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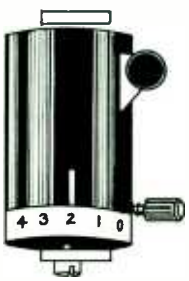

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Continued from page 22

sonatas have now been recorded to make up the second and third discs of what EMI intends to become a complete Beethoven cycle. Parallel with that project (formidable enough for a twenty-four-year-old, even one as experienced as Barenboim) is the project to record all the Mozart Piano Concertos with the soloist conducting from the keyboard. Barenboim has also just made his first purely orchestral record, conducting the English Chamber Orchestra in Schoenberg's *Verklärte Nacht*.

Boulez and Berg. As though all this were not enough, EMI was persuaded to "lend" Barenboim to CBS for Pierre Boulez' recording of Berg's Chamber Concerto with the BBC Symphony Orchestra. The sessions were held at Walthamstow Town Hall immediately following a Boulez concert of Berg at the Royal Festival Hall. Barenboim had been the piano soloist at the concert, but the violinist had been the Polish artist Wanda Wilkomirska. Miss Wilkomirska was unable to stay on in London, however, and for the recording sessions was replaced by Sacha Gawriloff, a Bulgarian violinist selected by Boulez himself.

Clarity was one of Boulez' main aims in the Berg. He was emphatic in wanting more woodwind and more "presence" on the piano-tone, without giving it too much volume, than the first takes provided. While admitting the serious problems in getting a good balance between soloists and the woodwind and brass, he insisted that it was essential when one section after another takes up the main thread and has to be spotlit in turn.

Tom Shepard, the recording manager, acted as umpire, and in the end everything was in order even for Boulez' exacting ear. In any case Barenboim was very pleased to start from the beginning again. "I made lots of mistakes," he explained. "How many 'lots'?" asked Boulez skeptically. Other works recorded by Boulez during the same week were Three Orchestral Pieces, Opus 6 and his *Altenberg* Lieder (with Halina Lukomska as soloist) along with the much-truncated 1911 suite from Stravinsky's *Firebird*. All had been included in the conductor's live concerts with the BBC Orchestra.

More British Moderns. With the help of the British Council, Argo has been making some important recordings of British music, notably Sir Michael Tippett's Symphony No. 2 (Colin Davis and the LSO) and Alan Rawsthorne's Symphony No. 3 (Norman Del Mar and the BBC Orchestra)—both of them among the most beautiful works that either composer has written. Both sessions were directed by Mike Bremner, and both were attended by the composers. Sir Michael, in fact, worked closely with conductor Davis. The Second Symphony acquired some notoriety at its first performance, when the orchestra actually broke down in the scherzo, and Davis was taking no chances: his score was liberally marked with hieroglyphics to guide his beat through every complex change of time.

The Rawsthorne sessions (at Kingsway Hall, like those for the Tippett) went so well that they had almost finished before I arrived. One final retake was required for what nowadays is a comparatively rare reason—a massive cymbal crash had sent the needles in both left and right indicators "over the top." Rawsthorne and Del Mar were both disappointed that the original take could not be used, but with the prospect of getting off duty an hour and a half early the LSO players responded manfully to the engineers' final demand.

A Route to Fame. One touching story as a footnote to this report. A young Colombian violinist named Carlos Villa, graduate of the Curtis Institute in Philadelphia, recently applied to be No. 15 among the New Philharmonia violins. In support of his application he sent a record, then unpublished, of his playing (accompanied by a young Australian pianist, Gwenneth Pryor) of Beethoven's *Kreutzer* and *Spring* Sonatas. The record found its way to Otto Klemperer, the orchestra's principal conductor. For six months the orchestra had been scouting for a successor to Hugh Bean as a concertmaster ("leader" in English terminology), and Klemperer was at once quite firm. "Here is your new leader!" he pronounced. The quickest promotion ever from No. 15 to No. 1!

The record has now appeared on the very inexpensive Music for Pleasure label marketed by the publisher, Paul Hamlyn. Normally that company's material comes from deleted EMI stock, and this is the first original classical recording. It was made by a freelance, John Boyden, who worked at it during six late-night sessions. Mr. Boyden must feel his effort well worthwhile. EDWARD GREENFIELD

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CIRCLE 42 ON READER-SERVICE CARD →

SANSUI MODEL TR-700: SOLID STATE FM MULTIPLEX STEREO / MUSIC POWER: 60 WATTS ± 1 db /FM USABLE SENSITIVITY: 1.8 μV ± 3 db (IHF)—PRICE $239.95

Stereofidelity© by Sansui . . .

For all those features that make a Hi-Fi Stereo System truly great—sensitivity, beautiful never failing balance, crystal-clear selectivity, unmatched sound reproduction—the Sansui TR-700 offers you a new experience in stereo listening. Only Sansui ingenuity could bring you that new sound in sound engineering—**Stereofidelity©**

Ask your audio dealer for a demonstration

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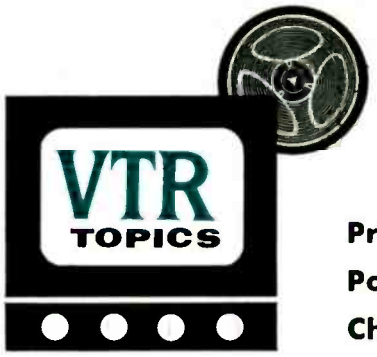


by Norman Eisenberg

Prerecorded and Postrecorded Video Tapes—Challenge to TV

BOB HOPE quipped recently: "Once you're in television you can't get out. If you strike or quit, they show reruns of your stuff. And when you die you end up on the late show." He might have added that this year's summer season again has ushered in the perennial warmed-over roster of repeat performances—all of which highlights the facsimile-and-replay aspect of video. And this, after all—whatever we think about the big bad networks reaping in dollars on the commercials that adorn their low-cost reruns—is the name of the game for video tape.

But the networks may be facing an unexpected form of competition in the rerun department, thanks to video tape. We have been playing the game ourselves lately, using the Sony VTR. So now we can run our own repeats (with the commercials snipped out, yet) of such choice items, taped off the air, as a documentary film on Picasso and a recent Leonard Bernstein program—not to mention an assorted potpourri of original "live" efforts in which we aimed camera and mike at friends with a penchant for hamming it up. With this kind of backlog on hand, the networks are going to have to do better in the future to get me to tune in to *their* reruns. And when home VTRs start showing up all over the map (which most insiders agree will happen eventually), they will constitute a formidable rival for video attention in the home—so much so that a major overhauling of network program planning may ensue. The VTR, in short, not only will collect program nuggets for your own delectation, it may jolt the TV stations out of their rerun complacency and result in heads-up original programming throughout the year.

If, at any rate, "post-recorded" tapes loom as a new program source, what about prerecorded audio-video tapes? Audio Fidelity, which last year released the first commercial a-v tape for playback on the Sony VTR ("News and Views," November 1966) assures us that it will launch several new releases in the not too far future for playback on "other makes of VTR as well as the Sony." Beyond this statement, Audio Fidelity is mum on the subject. Ditto for some other record organizations we queried, although none said it's *not* going into a-v releases.

Actually, there already exists a prerecorded a-v tape business, but it's not catering directly to the public yet. Sony has set up in Jamaica, N.Y., a subsidiary known as Videoflight, which makes video tape transfers of motion pictures used in the company's airborne entertainment systems on airlines. Videoflight can transfer programs from 16- or 35-mm film, or from ½-, 1-, or 2-inch-wide video tape to any tape configuration. It also can dub 35-mm color film onto color tape, and claims to be able to produce tapes for playback on any make VTR.

Ampex tells us that several state educational departments, of which New York seems to be the most active, are busy at duplicating their own video tapes which they circulate among schools. And a video tape duplicating facility has been announced by Ampex in Elk Grove Village, Illinois designed to copy programs for users of this company's VTRs. While these users, Ampex says, still are for the most part professional and business organizations, home entertainment tapes "definitely have a place in our future plans. When video tape recorders move . . . into the home we will be ready."

Are you tuned in, NBC, CBS, and ABC?

WE DON'T GUARANTEE THAT THE DYNATUNER WILL OUTPERFORM ALL OTHERS . . .

KIT 99.95
ASSEMBLED 154.95

But we can be confident that you can spend far, far more for an FM Stereo tuner and not receive more stations than you can get with a Dynatuner. Its low distortion and superior quieting will give complete listening satisfaction in comparison with the most expensive competitive units.

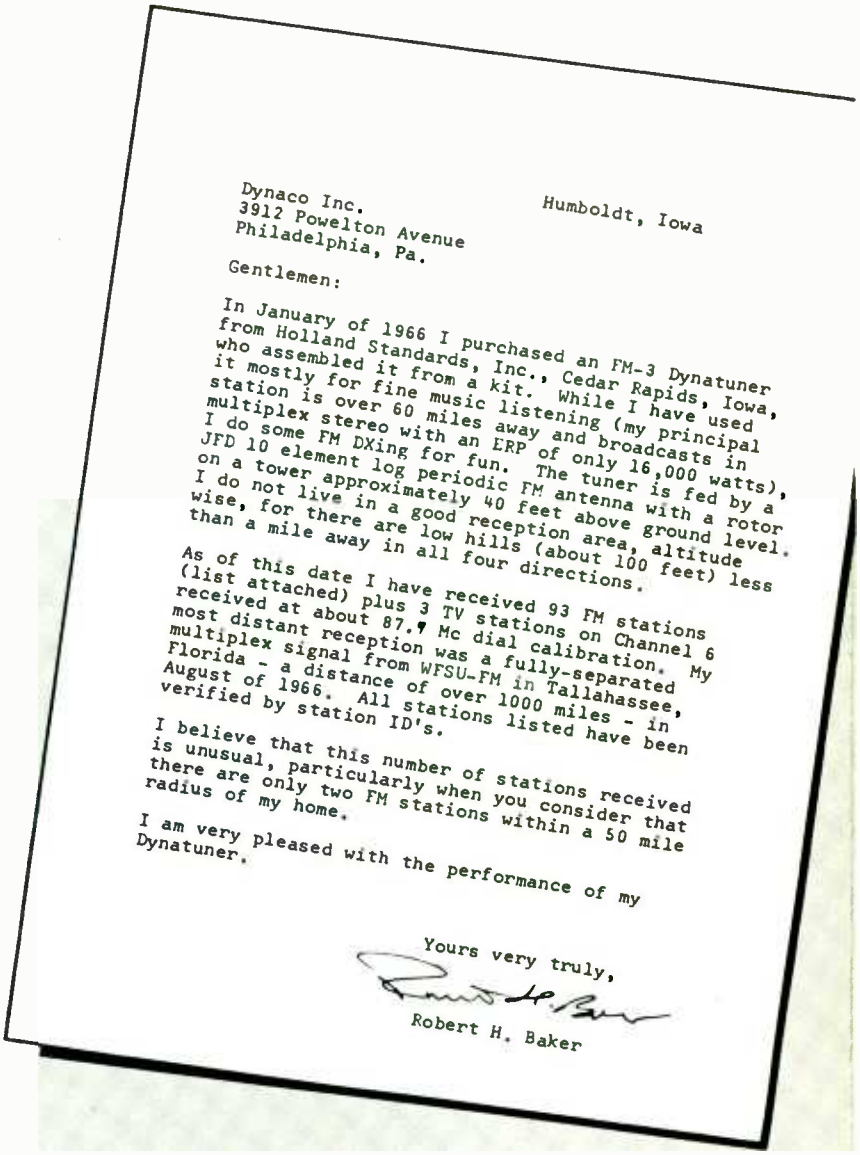
Perhaps our specifications are somewhat confusing. How can our modest 4 μv IHF sensitivity compare with advertised claims which superficially appear to offer far greater sensitivity? Well, the answer is rather complex because effective sensitivity is not fully described by one measurement. It is the actual in-the-home performance which counts, though, and Mr. Baker's letter is just one of many examples of the Dynatuner's outstanding capability.

Because specifications measured under laboratory conditions do not relate directly to the reception problems encountered in the home, only an on-the-scene comparison can establish relative performance. Since this is not always possible, follow the lead of tens of thousands of satisfied users, and

TRY A DYNATUNER

More Dynatuners are in happy owners' homes than any other brand. It's just as easy to use as it looks. Tuning indication is precise, it automatically switches to stereo operation when you tune to a stereo broadcast, and drift is a thing of the past. Dynaco concentrates on performance.

. . . Shouldn't you?



Dynaco Inc.
3912 Powelton Avenue
Philadelphia, Pa.

Humboldt, Iowa

Gentlemen:

In January of 1966 I purchased an FM-3 Dynatuner from Holland Standards, Inc., Cedar Rapids, Iowa, who assembled it from a kit. While I have used it mostly for fine music listening (my principal station is over 60 miles away and broadcasts in multiplex stereo with an ERP of only 16,000 watts), I do some FM DXing for fun. The tuner is fed by a JFD 10 element log periodic FM antenna with a rotor on a tower approximately 40 feet above ground level. I do not live in a good reception area, altitude wise, for there are low hills (about 100 feet) less than a mile away in all four directions.

As of this date I have received 93 FM stations (list attached) plus 3 TV stations on Channel 6 received at about 87.7 Mc dial calibration. My most distant reception was a fully-separated multiplex signal from WFSU-FM in Tallahassee, Florida - a distance of over 1000 miles - in August of 1966. All stations listed have been verified by station ID's.

I believe that this number of stations received is unusual, particularly when you consider that there are only two FM stations within a 50 mile radius of my home.

I am very pleased with the performance of my Dynatuner.

Yours very truly,

Robert H. Baker

A list of the stations Mr. Baker received is obtainable from Dynaco on request, along with two similar tabulations from other users: 125 stations received on a mono Dynatuner in northern New Jersey, and more than 60 stations received in Baltimore, Maryland on a simple indoor folded dipole antenna. All were logged on Dynatuners which were built and aligned from kits. Not all stations were received regularly, of course, nor all at the same time. Antenna position and design as well as atmospheric conditions affect reception, and it is not unlikely that another top-flight tuner might possibly match this performance. If you are spending more than $300, you might well expect such results, but under $100 it is unique.

Complete specifications and a comprehensive report on the Dynatuner is available on request, providing detailed test reports on several different samples for objective evaluation.

dynaco INC. 3912 Powelton Avenue Philadelphia, Pa. 19104

IN EUROPE WRITE: Dynaco A/S Christian X's Vej 42 Aarhus C, Denmark

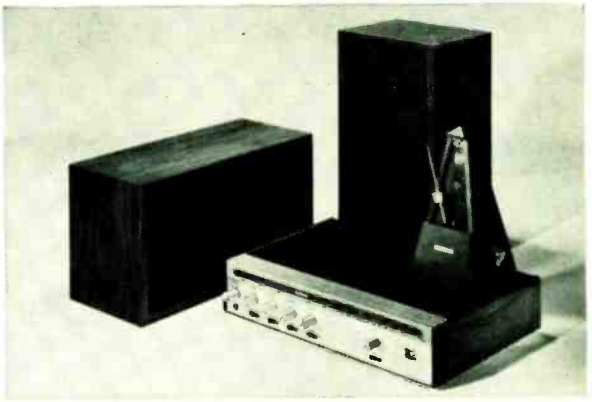
CIRCLE 17 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

A POX ON BLACK BOXES, SAYS E-V

SOME TIME AGO (January 1965) we editorialized in these columns on the practice of many audio dealers in selling unknown speaker systems—of unusually low cost, and usually dubious merit—along with their customers' purchases of well-known and reputable receivers and turntables. "Short-changing on long-term purchases," we called it, pointing out that the "bargain speaker" or the speaker thrown in "free" often is a sonic travesty hardly capable of doing full justice to the performance capabilities of the other components.

Now we learn that at least one high fidelity manufacturer, Electro-Voice, is doing something about this by adopting a marketing approach designed to "assure consumers of highest value in modestly priced high fidelity component systems." Agreeing with us that the unidentified or black-box speaker concept ought to be abandoned, E-V is arranging with its dealers to sell branded and known equipment with guaranteed specifications and product warranties—but with the same attractive pricing arrangement hitherto associated with the black-box approach. Inaugurating the new plan is an E-V system called the Starter Set, which includes a choice of an E-V FM or AM/FM stereo receiver plus a pair of E-V Model Eleven speaker systems. The latter are ultra-compacts (in walnut) which carry an advertised list price of $33 each when bought separately but which are included at purchase time for the price of the receiver alone or for very little more, depending on the quantity ordered by a particular dealer from E-V.

E-V describes the Model Eleven as providing "surprisingly robust and pleasing sound for a unit its size and price," but points out that the buyer may well want to step up to a better speaker later—at which time the Elevens can become auxiliary or extension speakers. A speaker as good as the Eleven, a company spokesman told us, can be offered for very little because of the advanced cabinet building techniques recently installed at E-V whereby mass production includes a unique process of laminating aluminum layers into sandwiches of wood to create relatively low-cost panels of high strength for use in speaker enclosures.



E-V's starter set: stereo receiver plus speakers.

Distortion For Sale

AT LEAST ONE FIRM calls a spade just that by announcing its product as a Distorter. The fearless company, Kent Musical Products of New York City, hastens to add that the sounds produced by this device create a "highly desirable effect in today's swinging electric groups." The Kent Distorter enables the guitarist to get the weird and often harsh sounds characteristic of the hard-rock, folk-rock, and pop-rock repertoire.

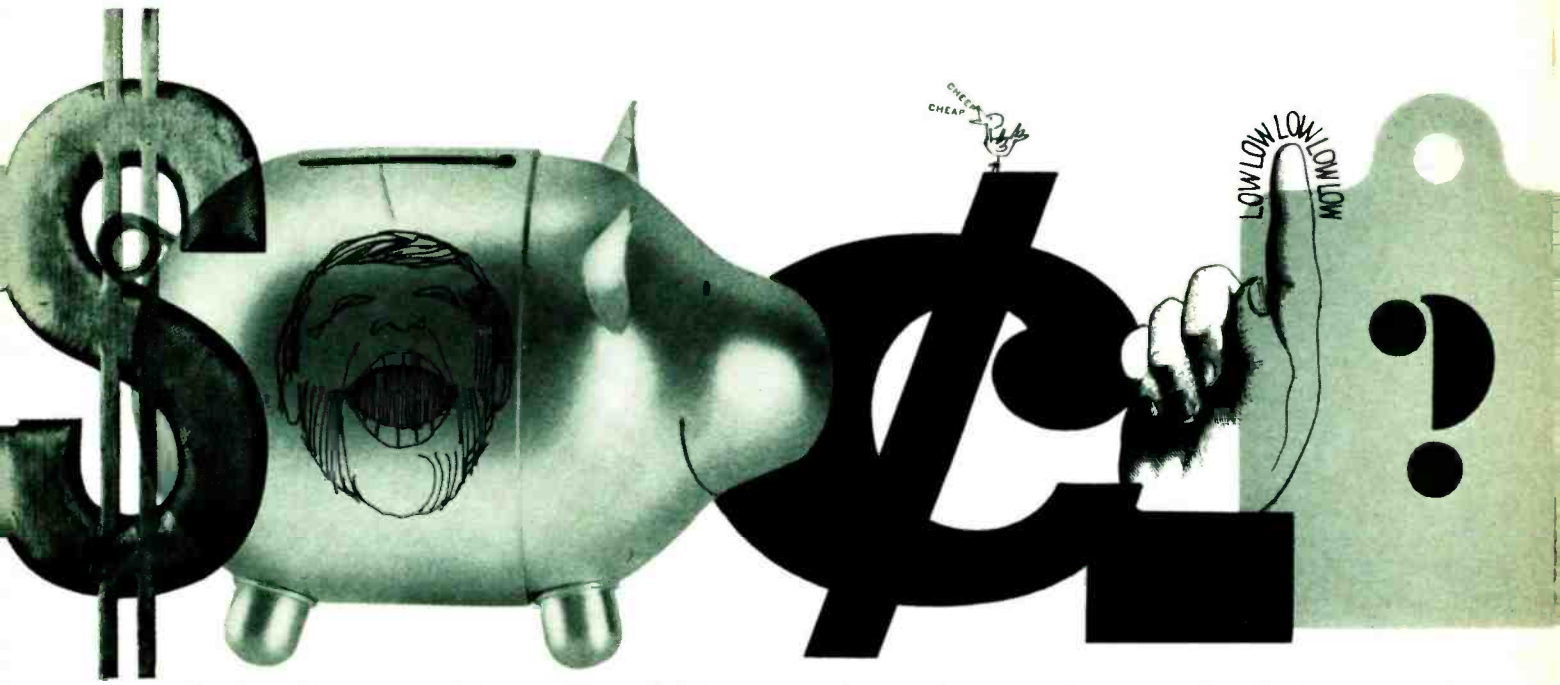
Not billed as distortion-producing but based on the idea that "the sound makes the music" is the Echolette, offered by M. Hohner, Inc. of Hicksville, Long Island, N.Y. as a "complete portable sound studio." Amplifiers, reverb units, mixers, speakers, and feed-back microphones are all employed to give their effects either homogenized or on six different channel inputs. Somewhat more modest is the Auto Rhythm Ace, brought out by Sorkin Music Company of New York City, which generates the sounds of a complete rhythm section by push-buttons, preset for sixteen different musical styles including waltz, western, rock, Dixieland, and so on.

So how live is live music?

Continued on page 30

TV star Chuck Connors demonstrates Auto Rhythm Ace for Mike Douglas on the latter's television show.

What makes a loudspeaker a bargain?



According to quite a few marketing experts, a bargain-priced product ought to have a little something missing. Just enough to leave you vaguely dissatisfied after a while, and get you thinking about trading up to something better.

We don't agree.

We are in business to make products that are at least as much of a bargain as their price says they are—and, hopefully, a lot more.

Suggested Retail Price: $54.95 Slightly higher in the West

The new KLH* Model Twenty-Two is a case in point. We used every design technique in our experience to make it sound better than you expect. And since our experience in speaker manufacture is deeper than any other company's (we make *every* critical part in our speakers ourselves), we were able to design a low-priced system with virtually the same characteristic sound as a $200 speaker.

We also took pains to make sure that the Model Twenty-Two would sound its best with moderately-priced, moderately-powered equipment. We used heavy and expensive magnetic assemblies, and the same four-layer voice-coil design for its eight-inch woofer that we have employed in all of our more expensive speakers. And we designed a new two-inch high-frequency speaker that combines high efficiency with the ability to handle power at low mid-range frequencies.

We produced a speaker system that not only sounds expensive, but does so without the help of expensive equipment.

If you buy a Model Twenty-Two, you almost certainly won't be tempted to trade up next year to one of our more expensive systems. That doesn't disturb us at all. We would much rather have you enjoy the Model Twenty-Two—and tell a friend about it.

Quite a few people already seem to be spreading the word on our new speaker. Before this first public announcement, we have already sold over three thousand Twenty-Two's. We think that says a good deal about it—and about your ability to recognize value when you see and hear it.

For more information on the Model Twenty-Two, please write to KLH, 30 Cross Street, Cambridge, Massachusetts 02139, Dept. F1.

*A TRADEMARK OF KLH RESEARCH AND DEVELOPMENT CORP.

EQUIPMENT in the NEWS

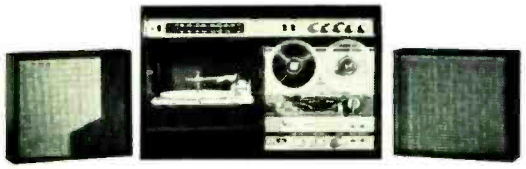
Almo officials Rudy Chelmow and Morris Green with singer Bobby Rydell at Philadelphia stereo show.

PHILADELPHIA SHOW — SIGN OF THE FUTURE?

IT WASN'T EXACTLY earth-shaking but a recent "small" audio show in Philadelphia demonstrated anew that if you set up decent sound exhibits—by golly, people will come to hear them. At least 10,000 came during three days in April to the Ben Franklin Hotel, where Almo Radio, a local distributor, was putting on its "Stereo Music Show." Admission was free, which doubtless helped account for the unexpectedly high attendance at a non-major, non-industry-wide show. Exhibitors were not manufacturers but local sales representatives, who managed to fill fifteen rooms not only with eager visitors but with the latest products from Altec Lansing, BASF, British Industries, BSR, Concord, Dual, Dynaco, Electro-Voice, Empire, Fisher, Harman-Kardon, Jensen, Lear Jet, Pickering, Sherwood, Scott, Sony/Superscope, Shure, Toujay, and Viking. Question (raised by several exhibitors and seconded by us): Does the obvious success of this type of show augur well for future local or regional shows giving us on a smaller scale what we've been accustomed to getting at the sprawling audio shows that try to include the entire industry in one swoop?

TELEX LAUNCHES HUGE LINE

TELEX, a name which most of us associate with headphones, happens also to own a subsidiary called Telex-Phonola, which recently announced a new line of audio equipment. No fewer than nineteen products are expected from T-P, from a $20 children's phonograph to a modular stereo system pegged at $550. Separate tape recorders, made by Magnecord, also are included in the new line.



Model 9003 system includes Magnecord tape recorder.

The top-end mod system, known as Model 9003A, includes a sleekly styled, pancake-chassis type AM/FM stereo receiver (solid-state of course), a record changer, and a stereo tape deck with record/playback electronics —all fitted into a walnut-finished cabinet—plus a pair of matching compact speaker systems.

DUAL SHOWS LOW COST MODEL

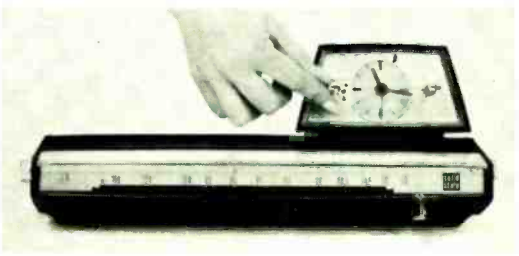
Dual's new Model 1015 four speed automatic turntable, at $89.50, shares several features with costlier Duals—including direct-dial anti-skating and a cuing system that can be used in either manual or automatic start. The arm is balanced by a geared adjustment knob that can be locked in position. The stylus force dial is calibrated with respect to the anti-skating dial. A stylus overhang adjustment is provided. For automatic stack-and-play, the short spindle is replaced by a longer one.

CIRCLE 144 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

RECTILINEAR UPS PRICES

Rectilinear Sound Systems, a Brooklyn, N.Y. firm, has announced new prices for its models III and VI speaker systems—$269 and $249 respectively. Each is an 8-ohm system with minimum power requirements of 20 watts and maximum power handling capability of 100 watts. The Model III employs a woofer with a 10-pound magnet and is said to be capable of 1-inch cone excursion for strong clean bass. It also has a midrange driver, two tweeters, and two super tweeters. The Model VI is identical except for a smaller woofer.

CIRCLE 145 ON READER-SERVICE CARD



NOVEL CLOCK RADIO

The first clock radio from Norelco offers AM and FM in a sleek chassis topped by a trapezoid shaped clock and control center. The unit features solid-state circuitry, AFC for the FM band, a 60-minute slumber switch, and a four-position control incorporating various alarm functions. The clock is self-starting and its dial continuously illuminated. A 5- by 3-inch speaker is flush-mounted into the sloping top of the platform base. Chrome knobs at either end of the dial are for station tuning and volume control. Available in alabaster or pecan polystyrene, the Norelco set lists for $69.95.

CIRCLE 146 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

Continued on page 32

SCOTT

Scott 388 120-watt FET AM/FM stereo receiver outperforms finest separate tuners and amplifiers

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

* Patents pending

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

Scott . . . where innovation is a tradition

SCOTT®

H. H. Scott, Inc., Dept. 226-07 111 Powdermill Road, Maynard, Mass. 01754. Export: Scott International, Maynard, Mass.

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

CIRCLE 100 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

Continued from page 30

THEATRE ORGAN IN KIT FORM

A do-it-yourself kit version of the professional Thomas horseshoe console "Paramount" solid-state theatre organ has been announced by Heath. The new Model TO-67, at $995, is said to represent up to $500 savings over the same Thomas organ factory assembled. The organ has fifteen manual and four pedal voices, which are selected by flipping multi-colored stop tablets. Two 44-note keyboards and a wide assortment of special effect controls are provided. To demonstrate the capabilities of the TO-67, Heath has produced a 7-inch, 33-rpm recording (TOA-67-3) which is available postpaid from Heath for 50 cents.

CIRCLE 147 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

COMPACT RECEIVER FROM E-V

Electro-Voice has introduced its Model E-V 1179 receiver, offering stereo FM reception and control amplifier facilities in one compact package only 4⅛ inches high. IHF FM sensitivity is rated at 3 microvolts, and amplifier output (IHF music power into 4 ohms) at 27.5 watts per channel. The set comes in its own enclosure with walnut-finished wood end panels. Front panel lights indicate FM stereo signals and other program sources chosen on the selector knob. Retail price has been set at $210.

CIRCLE 148 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

NEW GUITAR SPEAKERS

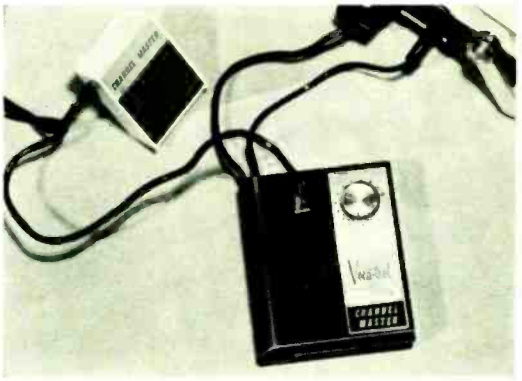
Trusonic of Pasadena, California, has announced two new guitar speakers, the models 120-G and 120-GW. Both are 12-inch units, but the latter is designed specifically for bass guitars. This brings the firm's line of guitar speakers up to five models, including—in addition to the new ones—an 8-incher and two 15-inchers.

CIRCLE 149 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

KING SIZE TAPE REELS

Audio Devices has introduced the first 8¼-inch diameter reel loaded with blank tape, and designed for use on all transports capable of handling reels larger than the customary 7-inch size. Through a joint promotion with Magnecord, whose 1020 series of tape decks take the larger size reel, owners of those machines can buy an Audio Devices reel at $1.00 off retail price until October 31. The AD reel, designated Audiotape 2461, contains 2,400 feet of 1-mil polyester tape which provides a full hour of running time in one direction at 7.5-ips speed. It normally retails at $9.45.

CIRCLE 150 ON READER-SERVICE CARD



CHANNEL MASTER ADDS VOICE CONTROL

A voice-actuated switch, named Vocatrol (Model 6590), has been brought out by Channel Master. The new device converts four of the company's current tape recorder models (6464, 6549, 6545, and 6426) to voice control: the machine starts as sound hits the microphone, and stops when the sound ends. List price is $12.95.

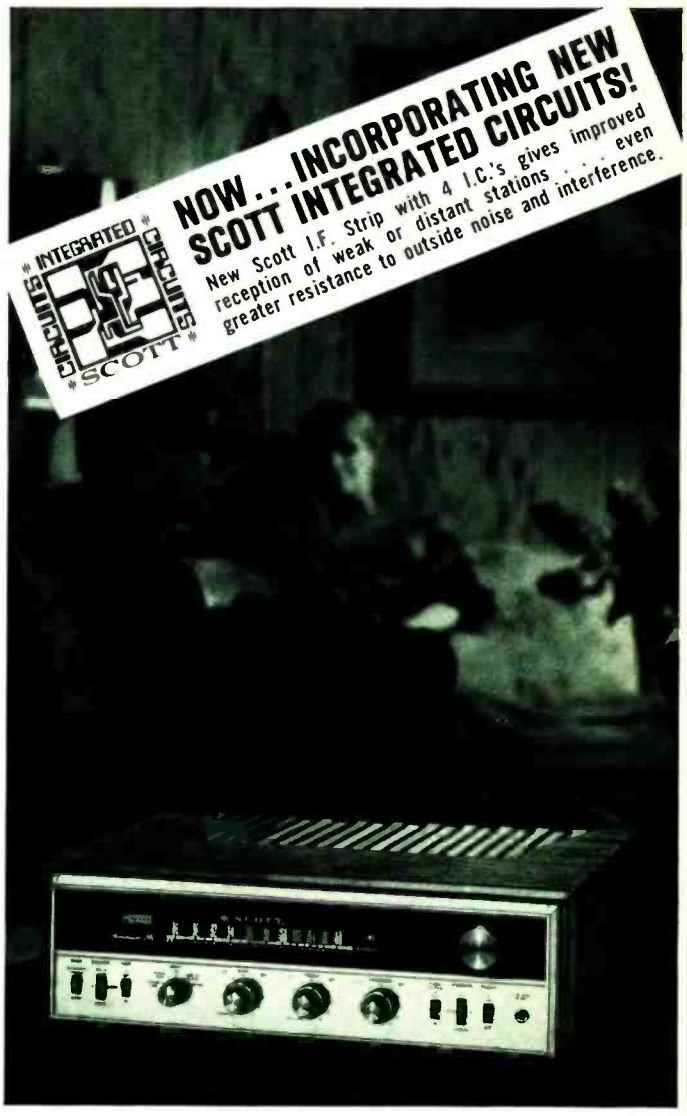
CIRCLE 151 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

NEW H-K MODULE

From Harman-Kardon comes word of a receiver-turntable—Model SC6—which differs from previous H-K mods in that it is sold without speakers and uses, for the record player, a BSR automatic turntable fitted with an Empire 808 pickup. Speakers for the SC6 may be any type chosen by the buyer. The set offers AM and stereo FM reception plus control amplifier facilities including stereo headphone jack and connections for tape record and playback. List price is $329.50; a lucite dust cover is optional.

CIRCLE 152 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

SCOTT



Scott FET performance now available in two new low-priced stereo receivers

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

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

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

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

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CIRCLE 100 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

REPEAT PERFORMANCE

A SELECTIVE GUIDE TO THE MONTH'S REISSUES

CHOPIN: *Waltzes (14).* Dinu Lipatti, piano. Odyssey Ⓓ 32 16 0057, $2.49 (mono only) [from Columbia ML 4522, 1952].

At his last public concert, in Besançon shortly before his death in December 1950, Dinu Lipatti played thirteen of the standard fourteen Chopin Waltzes (he was too weakened by his fatal illness to conclude the cycle). This moving, glowing demonstration of pianistic perfection was recorded and is still available on Angel's two-disc documentation of the entire Besançon recital. The transfigured elegance of that live performance is very nearly equalled by an earlier, studio taping for Columbia, which preserves some of the most exquisite Chopin playing ever recorded. The sound on the present reissue tends to be rather tubby and claustrophobic—but with artistry such as Lipatti's, one adjusts quickly to all mechanical deficiencies.

IVES: *Sonata for Piano, No. 1.* William Masselos, piano, Odyssey Ⓓ 32 16 0059, $2.49 (mono only) [from Columbia ML 4490, 1951].

William Masselos' two recordings of the Ives First Piano Sonata complement each other in a rather interesting fashion. His new performance for RCA Victor is a bold, aggressive affair, in which the pianist sensitively probes through the often tangled textures to reveal many hitherto unnoticed details. It's all projected with irresistible verve, tremendous vitality, and extraordinary musical perception. The earlier version, now reissued on Odyssey, finds Masselos in a more contemplative mood, dwelling on the music's impressionistic and mystical qualities. How he savors that incredible transitional passage in movement five (described by Ives as "a dissolving kind of thing"): the music literally melts into the lovely adagio cantabile section.

Since the Sonata's fascinating improvisatory nature permits many different approaches, both performances are entirely convincing. Masselos himself says that he isn't quite sure how he will play the work on any given occasion. Forced to choose, I suppose I would want the RCA for its innumerable musical insights, brilliant pianism, and superb sound. Ives fanciers will buy both.

MOZART: *Canons (22).* Vienna Academy Chorus, Günther Theuring, cond. Westminster Ⓓ W 9623, $4.79 (mono only) [from Westminster XWN 18793, 1958].

These twenty-two choral canons occupy an obscure corner of Mozartiana. Some of them are liturgical and seem to be little more than contrapuntal exercises; others were evidently written as entertainments for the composer's friends. Mozart supplied his own "improper" words for those latter ditties; but when the canons were published, Breitkopf and Härtel suppressed the flavorsome sentiments in favor of politer lyrics (e.g., "Let us be merry"). Two originals have slipped past in this recording, however, and the Vienna Academy Chorus duly intones the filthy stuff. One could perhaps put up with the schoolboy dirty humor if the music were not so undistinguished and the choral performances so unprofessional.

PROKOFIEV: *Romeo and Juliet: Suite.* New York Philharmonic, Dimitri Mitropoulos, cond. Odyssey Ⓓ 32 16 0037, $2.49; 32 16 0038, $2.49 [from Columbia ML 5267/MS 6023, 1958].

Although Prokofiev drew three suites from his full-length *Romeo* ballet, conductors invariably prefer to make up their own. Mitropoulos chose nine movements from the composer's first two suites and arranged them in story sequence to give a *Reader's Digest* survey of the plot. It works well. Starting out with that marvelous strutting Montague-Capulet theme, Mitropoulos wends his way to Juliet's tomb extracting every possible shade of orchestral color from the juicy score. There are several other good excerpts discs (Skrowaczewski's on Mercury and Ančerl's on Parliament—not to mention a fine version of the complete ballet on imported MK, Rozhdestvensky conducting), but none is better played or more vividly recorded than Odyssey's.

RAVEL: *Piano Music* (complete). Robert Casadesus, piano. Odyssey Ⓓ 32 36 0003, $7.47 (three discs, mono only) [from Columbia ML 4518/20, 1952].

One of Casadesus's finest phonographic achievements, this set should never be permitted to leave Schwann again. From the neoclassical charm of *Le Tombeau de Couperin* to the grotesquerie of *Gaspard* and the exoticisms of *Miroirs*, the pianist combines just the right quantities of icy glitter, genial bonhomie, and coloristic touches to encompass all the intriguing facets of this music. Gaby Casadesus joins her husband for a touchingly childlike *Ma Mère l'Oye* and the short four-hand *Habanera*. Not the ultimate in high fidelity sound, perhaps (although it meets the standards of its day), but never mind: this is Ravel playing.

RAWSTHORNE/ELIOT: *Practical Cats.* Robert Donat, reader; Philharmonia Orchestra, Alan Rawsthorne, cond. **SHAKESPEARE:** *Sonnets (20).* Dame Edith Evans, reader. Seraphim Ⓓ 60042, $2.49 (mono only) [*Practical Cats* from Angel 30002, 1955; the Sonnets from Angel 35220, 1955].

One modest but winning little item in the early Angel catalogue was a 10-inch disc of Robert Donat's reading of six poems from T.S. Eliot's delightful *Old Possum's Book of Practical Cats*. Much of the charm was provided by Alan Rawsthorne's clever background music—there's a sleazy muted trumpet to recapture the palmy days of Gus, the theatre cat; a sly quote from Pomp and Circumstance for Bustopher Jones, the portly cat about town; while the tidy but sedentary old Gumbie Cat turns out to be, musically at any rate, an ideal house pet.

Eliot recorded the complete set of fifteen for Argo and his impromptu, fireside manner appeals to me even more than Donat's polished professionalism. Felidaephiles will no doubt be disarmed by either. Seraphim has thoughtfully filled Side 2 with a score of Shakespeare Sonnets, prettily conceited by Dame Edith Evans.

TCHAIKOVSKY: *Swan Lake* (excerpts); *Sleeping Beauty* (excerpts); *The Nutcracker* (excerpts). Yehudi Menuhin, violin; Philharmonia Orchestra, Efrem Kurtz, cond. Seraphim Ⓓ IC 6011, $7.47; SIC 6011, $7.47 (three discs) [*Swan Lake* from Capitol G/SG 7188, 1959; *The Nutcracker* from Capitol G/SG 7149, 1959].

If you've been waiting for a three-disc package of excerpts from popular Tchaikovsky ballets, here it is. The generously chosen selections (including many less frequently heard portions of the scores) come across effectively in Kurtz's sympathetic readings, which stand nicely poised between ballet and symphonic styles. As further enticement Yehudi Menuhin plays the violin solos in *Swan Lake* and *Sleeping Beauty* (the latter excerpts never before released in this country) with appropriately large gestures and luscious tone. He is miked very closely and the sound as a whole seems a bit souped up, but I expect hardly anyone will object to that.

VILLA LOBOS: *Próle do bêbê* (complete). José Echániz, piano. Westminster Ⓓ W 9343, $4.79 (mono only) [from Westminster XWN 18065, 1956].

Recapturing childhood has been a favorite pastime with many composers—Debussy and Ravel were especially good at it. So was Villa Lobos, to judge from the second of his two suites collectively entitled *The Baby's Family*. The first set describes a child's collection of eight dolls in a pleasant although somewhat diluted impressionistic style. But in series two the composer conjures up nine vividly characterized vignettes with an originality that continually fascinates—a paper bug, rubber dog, glass wolf, tin ox, etc., dance and caper past the listener, etched in arrestingly colorful harmonic, rhythmic, and pianistic patterns.

Both sets demand a pianist with a big technique and a subtle command of color (they were written for Artur Rubinstein,

Continued on page 36

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Julian Hirsch, noted audio critic, and author of the "Technical Talk" column in Hi-Fi/Stereo Review (May '67 Issue).

"... The Entire Unit Performs Considerably Better Than The Published Specifications"

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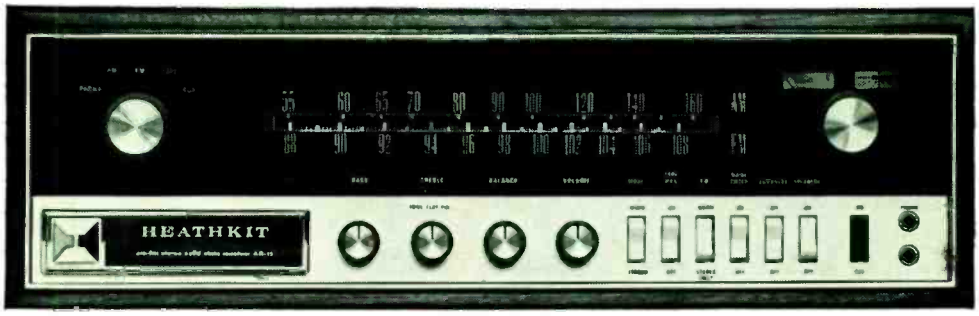

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CIRCLE 26 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

REPEAT PERFORMANCE

Continued from page 34

who first performed them in 1922). Fortunately, José Echániz meets every challenge with splendid results, and the piano sound is extremely well defined. This off-beat record very definitely deserves investigation.

VIVALDI: *Concertos for Strings.* Various soloists; New York Sinfonietta, Max Goberman, cond. Odyssey ⓓ 32 16 0053, $2.49; 32 16 0054, $2.49 [from various Library of Recorded Masterpieces originals, 1962-63].

For their initial Vivaldi/Goberman release Odyssey offered a dose of woodwind concertos; now we have volume one in a series devoted to the concertos for strings. The six pieces here include at least one interesting work—a concerto in D scored only for lute, two violins, and continuo. The combination inspired Vivaldi to devise some of his most infectious tunes and piquant instrumental contrasts. Another concerto that catches the attention is for violin, strings, and continuo in D minor—nicknamed *"Senza Cantin"* because the soloist must play his entire part without resource to the E string. The hearty performances get a little scratchy here and there, but most of the soloists know what they are up to and the sound satisfies.

WAGNER: *Die Walküre.* Martha Mödl (s), Leonie Rysanek (s), Margarethe Klose (ms), Ludwig Suthaus (t), Ferdinand Frantz (b), et al.; Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra, Wilhelm Furtwängler, cond. Seraphim ⓓ IE 6012, $12.45 (five discs, mono only) [from RCA Victor LHMV 900, 1955].

Now that a complete *Ring* from Furtwängler seems no more than idle speculation, admirers of the conductor must make do with this less than perfect *Die Walküre.* Furtwängler sustains a carefully weighted symphonic reading, where every phrase, every dramatic gesture emerges from a perfect design in just and exact proportion. I imagine that many will still prefer this conception of the score either to Solti's highly charged stab and retreat technique or to Karajan's silken suavity.

The vocal shortcomings, however, are considerable. Mödl's dramatic intelligence and sympathy for the part cannot hide the fact that nature never really intended her for the strain of Wagnerian soprano roles. Suthaus sounds tired and worn as Siegmund; Frantz makes a dull Wotan, ponderous and provincial; Klose, still crafty and knowing, is simply too far over the hill to give Fricka's haranguing the vocal authority the part demands. Only Rysanek's fresh and youthful Sieglinde, less hysterical than of late, strikes the ear gratefully. For Furtwängler's shaping of the score, the Seraphim low-priced set stands as a valuable article of reference. For a total *Walküre,* the choice lies between the new London and DGG versions. PETER G. DAVIS

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by Leonard Marcus

FM

THE RELUCTANT INDEPENDENT

A revolutionary ruling by the Federal Communications Commission has had some interesting effects on your FM listening.

ITEM: In St. Louis, KMOX-FM, traditionally a talk station duplicating its AM sister, is now presenting its daytime listeners with instrumental versions of rock 'n' roll melodies, as are the other FM stations around the country owned by the Columbia Broadcasting System.

ITEM: WABC-FM, until recently New York's "Fine Arts Station" and for years the city's only broadcaster to present live concerts in stereo—and chamber music at that—changes its format to basically background music, with the emphasis on Broadway and movie music.

ITEM: Pulse, Inc., the national radio rating service, extracts FM stations from a lumped "miscellaneous" category and lists them individually, while the Country Music Association, hillbillydom's guild, decides to

include FM stations in its annual radio survey this year.

ITEM: More than forty FM stereo stations from across the country band together to impress on record companies the importance of getting stereophonic versions of "easy listening" singles to them.

SOMETHING DRASTIC has obviously been happening to FM broadcasting during the past year—a year that saw nearly every fourth FM station in the country change its programming policy.

The FM band, once almost exclusively the domain of classical music and serious discussion programs, has, for over a decade, been gradually accommodating itself to a mass audience. And successfully, too. About 11.7 million FM sets were sold last year alone. FM broadcasters are no longer talking about competing with AM radio or television for audiences; now, for the first time, they are aggressively competing among themselves.

During the FM convulsions of the past year, however, changing sounds came from two opposite directions. On the one hand, old-time, adult-oriented stations continued to sound more and more like run-of-the-mill AM stations. On the other hand, many FM stations which had previously just aired the tattletale gray broadcast by the AM stations of which they were the affiliates now began to brave the commercial storms with at least timidly imaginative independent programming. The reason behind this latter development was a revolutionary ruling by the Federal Communications Commission.

You have undoubtedly heard that since January 1, 1967, FM stations in metropolitan areas have had to program independently of AM stations in the same vicinity at least half the time. Such, at any rate, was the myth written in the news and trade media. Like all myths, this one was an idealization of a basic truth. Though for many stations last New Year's Day was the effective deadline for the AM/FM split, for most it was not. For some, the deadline hasn't come yet. And to compound the mythical aspects of the situation, the fact is that the actual date for the historic "split" was well over a year and a half ago—and went by virtually unnoticed.

As far back as August 1964, the FCC gave notice to all duplicating broadcasters in communities of 100,000 and over that they would have to liberate their FM outlets from exploitation by the AM stations, effective August 1965. The broadcasters were struck by panic. They couldn't afford it, they said. FM—which sometimes can be received better than AM—should continue to be able to play the "supplementary" role in solving some of the broadcasting problems, as it was "intended," soon commented the National Association of Broadcasters. There are already vacant FM channels in my city, some argued, for those who think they can offer different programming. As long as the original ruling allowed for "reasonable exceptions," many pleaded, couldn't you please be reasonable in my case?

Meanwhile, the NAB filed an application in mid-January 1965 to postpone the looming August deadline by six months. We'll give you two, replied the FCC in March. For the record, the historic date was October 15, 1965.

Here is the opening paragraph of the FCC statement, Section 73.242: "After October 15, 1965, licensees of FM stations in cities of 100,000 population (as listed in the latest U.S. Census Reports) shall operate so as to devote no more than fifty per cent of the average FM broadcast week to programs duplicated from an AM station owned by the same licensee in the same local area. For the purpose of this paragraph, duplication is defined to mean simultaneous broadcasting of a particular program over both the AM and FM stations or the broadcast of a particular FM program within twenty-four hours before or after the identical program is broadcast over the AM station."

At the time, the FCC noted 551 commercial FM stations in communities of 100,000 and over. Of these, two hundred were duplicating AM programming more than half the time. (Noncommercial stations, of which there are now 322 authorized, were exempted from the edict, except for a handful of duplicating old-timers like the New York City owned station, WNYC, which for historical reasons are in the commercial band.)

Executives of the broadcasting companies and networks held confabs to determine how best to comply with the letter of the FCC's edict, while avoiding the costs inherent in its spirit. For years, after all, duplicators had been selling the FM band to their sponsors as a bonus. One proposal would have had duplicators tape their AM programs and play them twenty-four hours later over FM; another suggested separation by space, rather than time, with broadcasters in different "local areas" swapping their AM shows for use on each others' FM outlets. Deploying for a more frontal attack, 147 stations

filed requests for exemptions or postponements, although seven soon said what the hell and joined the other fifty-three compliers. Those stations filing automatically received postponements, first to the end of the year, then to April 1966.

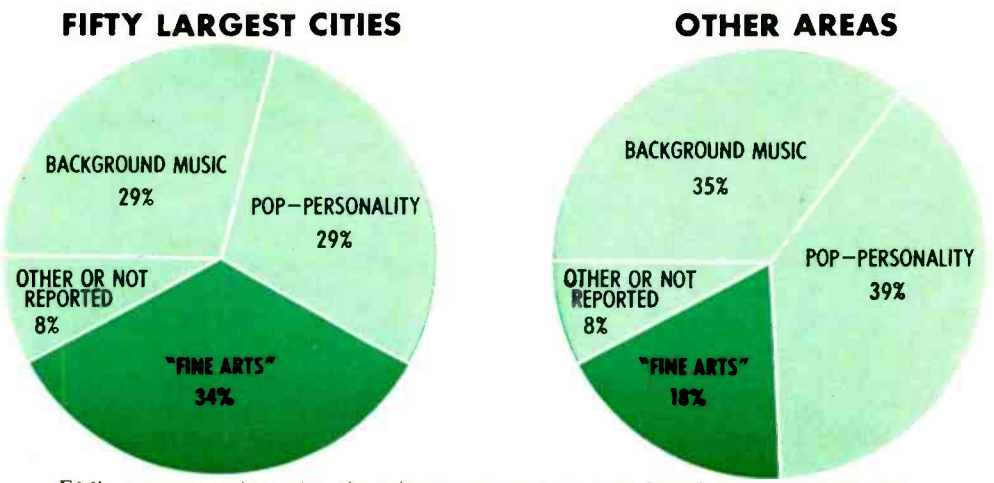
On March 15, 1966, the Commission released its expected and dreaded Memorandum Opinion and Order denying nearly all the requests, giving ninety-eight stations until last New Year's Day to comply, with the rest postponed to various dates through the end of 1967. Eventually another sixteen of the ninety-eight stations received post-New Year extensions. By this month, all except about twenty stations should be complying.

THE AX HAD fallen. Sorry, CBS, said the Memorandum, but we don't agree that even in the densely serviced areas where you own stations, an inventive broadcaster couldn't add imaginatively to the airwaves. Come off it, ABC and NBC, you only have to program separately half the time, and that's not going to limit you in giving the more valuable network services to your FM outlets. No, WGMS (Washington, D.C.), we don't agree with you that there is no benefit to the public in playing the *Missa Solemnis* on one outlet and the B minor Mass on the other, or Crosby on one and Sinatra on the other. Sorry, WQXR, but if AM reception problems within New York City are so bad that you need FM as a "supplement," à la the NAB—well, you could always sell your AM outlet.

Needless to say, few duplicators (but some) rushed to jump the gun on the deadline. Most held out till the last moment. And then, when they did split at the stroke of midnight, December 31, 1966—or whenever their particular execution was decreed—they generally stayed as close as possible to the fifty per cent mark, even shaving a few minutes here and there or juggling sign-on and sign-off times, to bring the "average FM broadcast week" to the obligatory standard. Thus far and no further, silently shouted the log books. It is worthwhile recording that those stations that did approach their new FM opportunities enthusiastically, going the whole hog into separate programming, were the stereo "rockers," the all-girl-disc-jockey stations, and others at a similar stage of sophistication.

One result of the enforced split, a survey by the NAB showed, was a stemming of the tide that has beat against classical music during the '60s. Those duplicating stations that were forced to separate showed an increase in FM classical music broadcasting from seven per cent to eighteen per cent. Light classical music, show-biz music, rock 'n' roll, and hillbilly music also showed significant increases, while the major decline came from middle-of-the-road soup. Compare this with the twice as many stations that switched to fight the commercial battles on their own volition, without FCC prodding; on these stations classical music and light classical continued to drop. The result is that despite the positive effect on good listening of the FCC's fiat only one in fourteen stations (one in ten stations in metropolitan areas) now lists the classics as its first choice of programming.

These depressing figures become a little more palatable when you compare today's FM with that of ten years ago. Then there were 530 commercial FM stations on the air. Today there are over 1,600, with 560 in stereo. (Whether the FCC decree had anything to do with it is anybody's guess, but that's about 130 more stereocasters than at the end of last year.) The *number* of classical stations in 1967 would have accounted for over a fifth of all stations in 1957; in metropolitan areas the proportion would rise to thirty per cent. As for noncommercial stations, which generally have the more stimulating programs, there are today more than twice the 154 "educational" stations that existed in 1957. As in television, the brightest ray of hope for the intelligent listener or viewer lies in the expansion of noncommercial



FM's programming pie: the above proportions are based on a survey conducted by the NAFMB in which over 800 stations indicated their first choice of programming. "Fine arts" (really a catch-all category that includes diversified programming of any sort—classical music, for instance, makes up only 7%) is twice as prevalent in the larger cities as it is in the smaller.

—or "public," as it is now called—broadcasting. Foundations have long been too much enamored of the glamor of public television to pay much attention to its pictureless counterpart. But, for the first time, the Senate Commerce Committee is considering a bill that would give financial support to public radio. The bill may some day even pass—if congressmen and senators become convinced of their constituents' support for the medium. Such a development would overshadow any number of tasteless programs that might join the airwaves. After all, it's not the amount of trash you *don't* want to hear that concerns you, it's the amount of listenable material you *can* dial to. Of course, nowadays you have to do more dialing.

This point was driven home by another post-split poll of commercial FM stations, this one taken by the National Association of FM Broadcasters. The NAFMB tried to determine the time slots that various types of programming fell into. The results showed that if you can receive about a dozen stations on your tuner, you should, with a bit of judicious dialing, be able to hear classical music continuously from 7:00 p.m. to midnight. (You would have to pick up more than two dozen signals, though, to get even odds on hearing it all afternoon as well.)

ONE REASON WHY the FCC edict helped brake the decline in classical music programming was the effect it had on NBC. The networks took disparate paths. NBC and CBS, previously all-talk networks, decided to package shows for at least the FM stations they owned. (An incidental result of this: the number of talk programs on commercial FM, according to the polls, has dropped to the near-zero point.) CBS developed its "Young Sound," not Andre Watts or early Mozart, mind, but instrumental versions of rock 'n' roll tunes—"chicken rock" as it is known in the trade. With its seven owned FM stations, CBS could economically program once for them all, which it does in New York. There, WCBS-FM is in stereo, as are the tapes, but the other six FM stations—in Chicago (WBBM), Los Angeles (KNX), Philadelphia (WCAU), Boston (WEEI), St. Louis (KMOX), and San Francisco (KCBS)—transmit them monophonically. The network also rents its "Young Sound" tapes to other stations.

For NBC, WKYC-FM in Cleveland serves as the program germinator. This network also apparently tries to spend as little money as possible on separate FM, but here the format is all-classical—and without commercials. The reason, according to an NBC executive, is that it would cost more to set up an FM sales department than could be anticipated in revenue. So for fifty-five per cent of the broadcast day the FM affiliates of KNBR in San Francisco, WMAQ in Chicago, WNBC in New York, WRC in Washington, WJAS in Pittsburgh, and WKYC all sound like educational stations. Unlike CBS, NBC does not make its classical tapes generally available to outside stations.

ABC has continued the policy of FM independence that it followed before the split. By the time of the FCC decree, ABC's Chicago FM station, WLS-FM, had long been an "easy listening" station and its New York outlet, WABC-FM, a fine arts stereocaster, while their two AM sisters had been rockers. In December, KABC-FM in Los Angeles became the first all-news FM station, KGO-FM in San Francisco became a stereo rocker (with the tapes made in New York), and WXYZ-FM in Detroit and KQV-FM in Pittsburgh both left the rock 'n' roll of their AM affiliates to try pops. (WXYZ-AM, in fact, followed its FMer by itself deserting rock for pop last March, but this was a factor of the Detroit market, not an influence of the edict.) WABC-FM, by the way, soon switched to show-biz music soon after WNBC-FM added its classical voice to New York's airwaves.

NBC and CBS are not alone in refusing to program for each station's individual community. According to the NAFMB, a full seventeen per cent of FM stations rely on outside services for what they broadcast—in most cases through automation. In the top markets, where most of the money is, this cheaper "out" is employed to an even greater degree: twenty-one per cent.

Some cities have been hit hard by FM's creeping mediocrity. There are still many areas in the United States where you get nothing but wall-to-wall fuzz coming over FM, and others where programs for serious listeners remain just a memory. Boston, most notably, lost its last full-time classical commercial station little more than a year ago—to public clamor but to fewer than four hundred letters of protest. (Boston at least has a sizable number of educational stations to help fill the gap.) However, at the other end of Massachusetts, in the Berkshires, communities that had been deprived of many intellectually stimulating programs now discover that they can receive classical stations from distant areas, due to new broadcast techniques (such as vertical polarization), more sophisticated transmitting equipment, and FCC-authorized power increases—not to mention improved FM receivers and tuners.

In places like New York or Los Angeles, the variety, at least, of receivable fare is almost awe-inspiring. The latter city, for instance, can accommodate both KPFK, a listener-supported station with no advertising at all, and KADS, a station with nothing *but* ads. In New York, with its more than fifty available FM signals, a "National Science Network" station (WNCN), which programs classical music almost twenty-four hours a day, sits side-by-side with WOR-FM, which broadcasts practically nothing but the most hard-core rock 'n' roll—in stereo. (One anxiously waits for the new generation of transistorized teenagers to turn the corner plugged in to their radios binaurally, like horses to feedbags.)

It's quite clear that FM is no longer a medium primarily for the elite. The medium may still retain, even perfect, its sonic quality, but the message is just medium.

There is, of course, always noncommercial FM. Have you written your congressman lately?

How To Improve Your FM RECEPTION

by ROBERT ANGUS

There is no universal cure-all. It all depends on where you live.

CHARLIE SWARTZ of Elko, Nevada, has a problem. He's bought a brand-new FM stereo receiver—but the nearest station is two hundred miles away.

Jim Burke of New York City, also the proud owner of a new tuner, lives less than a mile from the transmitters of a dozen FM stations—yet he has a problem too.

FM fan Ed Simpson of Orleans, Mass. (on the Cape about sixty-five miles from the stations in Boston and Providence) has no problem whatsoever.

Swartz has trouble getting any FM signal at all; Burke has almost too much of a good thing; Simpson, located well beyond the so-called normal range of FM reception, gets just what he wants. And they all own FM sets of the identical make and model. So what's the answer?

In a word, the antenna. The subject is one that some people, especially component dealers, don't like to talk about. "Sure, I know the guy will get better results with an antenna," one large dealer in New York told me, "but as soon as I start mentioning antennas and cables and rotors, he starts edging towards the door, thinking it's all going to be too complicated or cost too much." Well, the over-anxious dealer notwithstanding, the subject of antennas simply has to be talked about.

Antennas: the varieties of hardware

Generally, a simple form of antenna, known as the folded dipole, is supplied by the manufacturer along with a high fidelity tuner or receiver. Consisting of two lengths of twin lead cut to specific lengths and connected to form a T, the folded dipole certainly improves reception in strong signal areas. Our man Burke in New York City found that it reduced the background hash he heard when he first turned on his new receiver and enabled him to get more signals. Under the somewhat unique reception conditions that prevail on Cape Cod, Simpson is able to pull in all the stereo he wants from Boston and Providence. For Swartz, out in Nevada, the folded dipole does nothing at all. Swartz, however, has a television set and from his experience with it he suspects that for FM he needs something more than the minimal antenna supplied with the set. Burke, however, is confused. After all, he's living in the midst of FM signals, but he still can receive only half of New York's more than fifty signals clearly, and none in good stereo.

For both these would-be FM buffs what might that "something more" mean? Quite a few things, in fact. There are directional and omnidirectional types of antennas. In addition to the simple dipoles there are Yagis, log periodics, rabbit ears, single and multiple element, arrays, H- and S-types, turnstiles. There are types for city, suburban, fringe, and deep-fringe areas, with prices ranging from $3.75 to $46. There are antennas that can be tacked up on the wall, stuck out the window, set on top of the receiver itself, or mounted on a roof or a 60-foot tower.

Actually, the dipole is the basic building block for all antennas. In its simplest twin-lead folded dipole form it is bidirectional, and will pick up signals (and interference) equally well from both its sides. Maximum pickup occurs when the dipole is broadside of the transmission path of the signal. Many FM (and TV) owners find that simply tacking the folded dipole behind a cabinet provides all the signal they need. The rabbit-ears antenna is a metal version of the dipole, more cumbersome but by the same token easier to adjust for best directionality. Telescoping rabbit ears permit also adjusting the length of the dipole arms to suit different channels, and some also come with tunable sections that "peak up" the antenna for different channels, although these are, as a rule, more effective for TV than for FM.

Bend the dipole to form an S, or arrange two dipoles at right angles to form a turnstile, and you

provides the power necessary to turn the mast. Sold originally to televiewers located between cities, with their choice of stations from two or more cities, rotors are now being bought by city-dwelling FM listeners who use them to pick up suburban stations as well as those located in the business center. Since the cable that connects rotor and control box carries 60-cycle AC, which can create reception problems when it's run up a mast next to twin-lead cable, the antenna lead and power line are separated by six inches or more.

Ordinary twin lead antenna wire makes an excellent antenna on its own. When you connect it to a rooftop antenna and then run it twenty or thirty feet across your roof and down the side of the building into your living room, you've created an additional antenna to the main one on the roof. Unfortunately, this is a dubious advantage; since the spurious twin-lead antenna isn't cut to any specific length and is sensitive to all sorts of unwanted signals—car ignition, ham radio transmitters, passing aircraft, a nearby AC power line, rain water running down the side of the house, even the very staples which hold it in place—it may actually degrade your reception.

AN ALTERNATIVE to twin lead for connecting the antenna to your set is coaxial cable, which resembles the cable you use for interconnecting audio components except that it's thicker. Because of its design, coaxial cable is less susceptible to interference from stray signals. Because it doesn't act as an antenna on its own, it adds little interference to the signal received by the antenna on your roof. There are drawbacks to the use of coaxial cable, however: it costs about twice as much per foot as ordinary twin lead, and you may need a "balun" transformer at each end. Most antennas and FM sets are designed for use with 300-ohm cable, while coaxial cable has an impedance of 75 ohms. Matching transformers can be had for about $5.00. The average difference in cost between a coaxial and twin-lead installation will probably be about $10; listeners like New York's Jim Burke find the cost well worth the reduction in distortion and interference. Somewhere between twin lead and coaxial cable in cost and capability is shielded twin lead.

A possible aid in getting everything down from your antenna to your receiver is a booster, or antenna amplifier. Charlie Swartz in Nevada is not plagued by ghosts and phase distortion but he wants to strengthen weak, distant signals. A booster may well help his reception. On the other hand, a booster is impractical in most metropolitan areas because it may provide too strong a signal on all the local stations while trying to pep up a distant one. Another thing to realize about boosters is that they can't create a signal where there isn't one, and they may degrade the signal-to-noise ratio of your receiver. Boosters start at about $20. They may be mounted at the antenna itself, along the mast, or indoors—wherever convenient. Before buying a booster consult with your audio dealer to see whether it's the best solution to your problem.

Charlie Swartz's 40-foot-high antenna rig out in Elko included a VHF (Channels 2-13) antenna capable also of bringing in the FM band. On the mast was a booster which promised to boost TV or FM signals by as much as 25 dB. So Charlie figured he might just as well use the same rig for stereo FM. Accordingly, he strung antenna wire from his new receiver to the point where the TV antenna disappeared out the window. He cut the TV cable and tied the TV and FM leads together. Then he tried his FM set. Nothing. In disgust, he tried the TV set. Where once KSL-TV had appeared nice and clear, there was now a faint image, almost obscured by a blizzard of TV snow; sound was almost as bad. Puzzled, Charlie disconnected the FM connection—and found that KSL-TV had emerged from the blizzard as clear and sharp as usual.

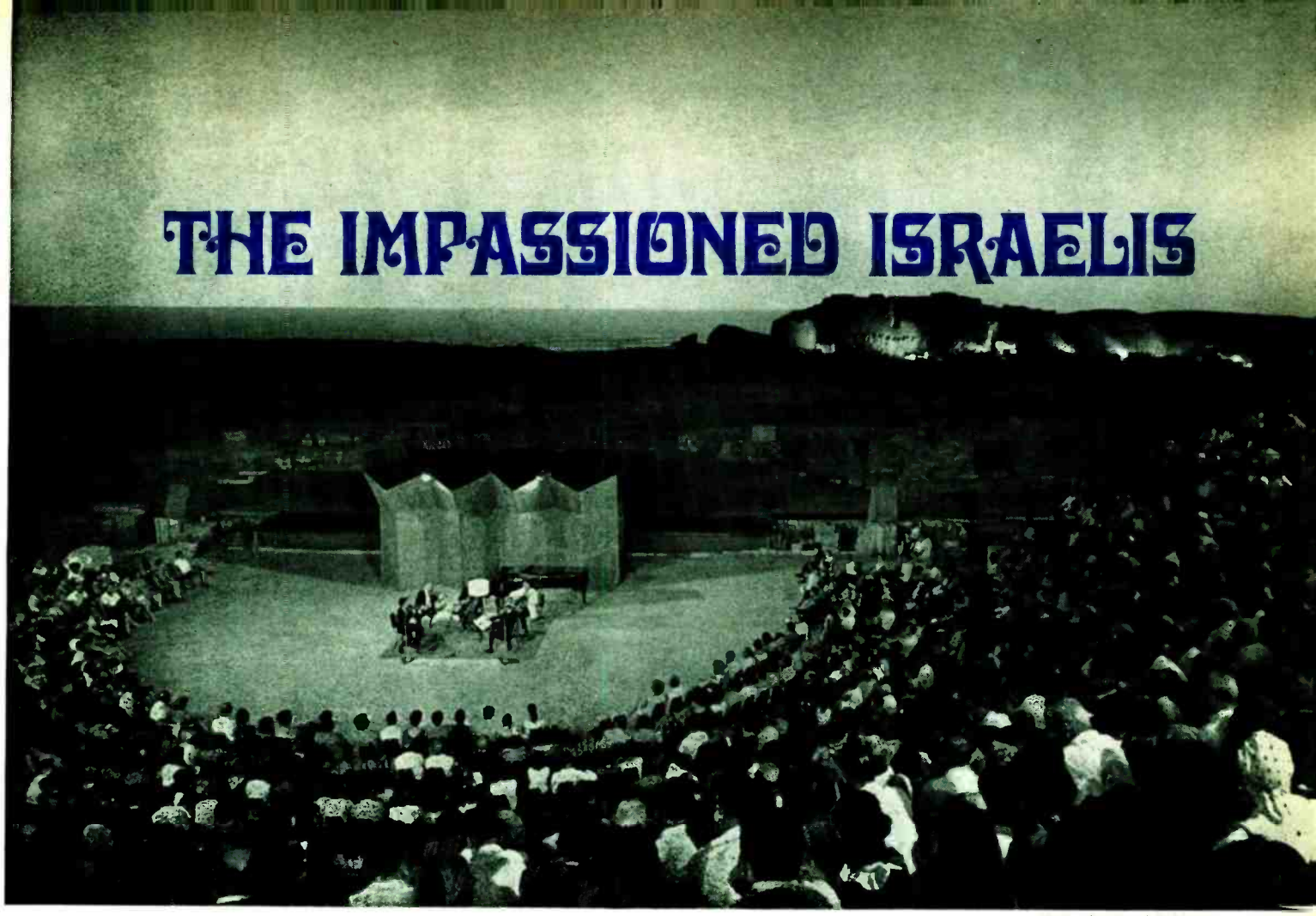
Charlie's problem stemmed from the fact that by attaching two sets to the antenna, he was splitting the signal. Approximately half of KSL's television signal actually was going to Charlie's FM receiver. Had he been able to receive both FM and TV and attempted to use both sets simultaneously, he would have been plagued by phase shift, loss of stereo signal, and other problems caused by the standing waves created in the antenna system.

It is, however, possible to use the same antenna for both—even if you're going to use both sets simultaneously. What you need is a splitter/coupler, which permits you to use two or more receivers (TV, FM, or one of each) on a single antenna. Simple models cost about $3.00—and lose about 4½ dB of TV or FM signal. The more sophisticated versions begin at about $4.00, with perhaps 1 db signal loss; some manufacturers offer combined splitter/couplers with boosters ($15-$20). By isolating each set on the line from other sets, the coupler is able in most cases to eliminate the problem of standing waves. The least expensive types work well in strong signal areas; the Charlie Swartzes will need the combined booster/splitter.

A final category of FM reception aids are those devices designed to reduce or eliminate interference from citizen's band receivers, auto ignition, fluorescent lamps, aircraft, and other noises not eliminated by the use of coaxial cable. These low-pass and high-pass filters (costing from about $2.00) are designed to filter out specific kinds of annoyances. Some filter out all signals outside the FM band; others filter just low-frequency interference or high-frequency interference. Since selecting the right filter to get rid of your particular problem is a process of trial and error, it's usually a good idea to have a serviceman do it for you.

To point the moral: if your stereo FM listening isn't all you'd expected, don't blame your newly purchased tuner or receiver. The fault may well be that of your antenna system or lack of one. Antennas do make a difference—and they should be talked about.

THE IMPASSIONED ISRAELIS



Photos by David Rubinger

Music in Israel is a matter not merely of "culture" but of spiritual commitment.

by DAVID BAR-ILLAN

FOR AN OBSERVER with a passion for objectivity Israel is a dangerous place. It is difficult to resist the contagious excitement, generated by a mixture of chauvinistic pride and Messianic fervor, with which the Israeli insists on the uniqueness of his country's achievements. One could find a characteristic reflection of this attitude in a greeting card, sent out by the mayor of Jerusalem on the occasion of the last Jewish New Year, which portrayed a sixteenth-century map showing Jerusalem located in the center of the world. It would be easy to dismiss this attitude as egocentric or provincial, or both—and many a visitor does just that, at least when he first arrives. But to his own astonishment he finds that his patronizing smile soon disappears, and that he not only begins to share this incredible notion, but to preach it. To the Israelis this development is simply a sign of growth, a timely awakening on the stranger's part to The Truth.

Such general intoxication is possible because the phenomenon is not an affectation but a genuine, deep-rooted belief that Zion, whence "the law" of Western Civilization once came forth, will again make an important contribution to the world. This combination of an acute awareness of the past and a burning belief in the future serves to explain the two most striking facts of Israel's cultural life today: the widespread, consuming interest in local archaeology, and the feverish involvement on all levels of the arts. And it is this involvement rather than the country's material achievements, staggering as they are, which sweeps even the most cynical observer off his feet.

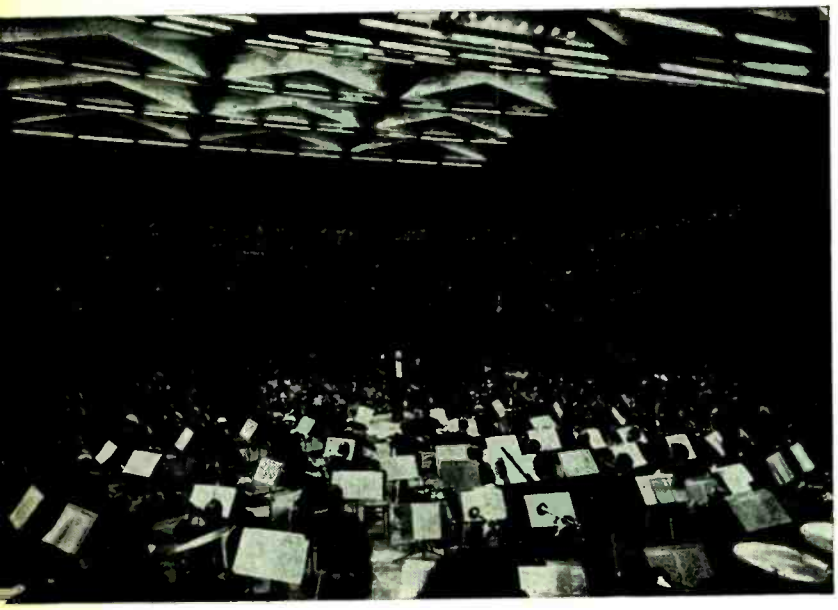
STATISTICALLY, Israel is—per capita of course—the most museum-attending, book-buying, gallery-visiting, theatre-loving, concertgoing nation in the world. In the narrower area of music, the statistics border on the incredible: in a country of two and a half million, of which sixty per cent are of Asian and African background (that is, from countries where Western music is unknown) there are three full-time major symphony orchestras, three permanent cham-

ber orchestras, an opera company, four major concert choirs, several chamber choral groups, and numerous instrumental chamber music groups, including a newly formed *musica antiqua* ensemble which performs on old instruments. There are, in addition, amateur choral groups in the hundreds, and every three years the country holds a choral jamboree, in which fifty choice choirs from all over the world participate.

The leading and oldest musical organization, the Israel Philharmonic Orchestra, which functions mostly in Tel-Aviv—a metropolitan area with a population just over half a million—has thirty thousand subscribers, and must repeat every program ten to fourteen times. The youngest musical organization is the Israel Chamber Ensemble, which was formed only last season by Gary Bertini, a leading figure among the growing crop of young Israeli conductors. It is a permanent company of instrumentalists and singers devoted to stage productions of chamber operas as well as to concerts of (mainly contemporary) symphonic music. Its 1965 production of Gian-Carlo Menotti's *The Medium* (given in Hebrew, of course) was repeated over fifty times throughout the country—from Kibutzim of five hundred souls to the major cities. Menotti himself will produce *The Consul* with the same group next season.

The repertoire performed in this year-round super-festival is as varied, sophisticated, and international as any. But there is one important exception: no works by Wagner or Richard Strauss have been performed in Israel since before World War II, although other German composers—from Schütz to Orff—are performed widely. There is also an unofficial but effective ban on performers who appeared in Nazi Germany during the war. On the other hand there has been a relaxation of the opposition to the use of the German language in performance and, more recently, to the appearance of Israeli artists in Germany. (My own performance with the Berlin Philharmonic in 1961 was the first occasion on which an Israeli appeared on a major German concert stage; it caused a furor in the Israeli and the American-Jewish press at the time, but those who followed me there have been taken in stride.)

I feel sure that the ban on Wagner and Strauss will eventually be dropped, as awareness grows that the omission of such a crucially important part of



The repertoire is international, and performers come from all over the world: above, in Tel-Aviv the Israel Philharmonic plays under guest-conductor Igor Markevitch, and French harpist Martine Geliot wins a contest for young artists of many nations. Song festivals are endemic: at right, an annual event held in Jerusalem.

Israel's creative life is remarkably fecund. Above, avant-gardist Ben-Zion Orgad is pictured between Paul Ben-Haim and Menahem Avidom, composers of an older generation. At left are Joseph Tal, Mordecai Seter, and Oedoen Partos—all leading exponents of Israel's new music.

the literature (except on recordings) creates a gap not only in the education of musicians but of the public. For the time being, however, the rationale behind this boycott is quite incontrovertible: as long as Israeli audiences include a substantial number of people whose memories of Nazi horrors are literally imprinted in their flesh, this music will not be performed. Their revulsion may seem irrational to others, but it is painfully real to them; and in the presence of a tatooed concentration-camp number on a man's arm, even the loftiest arguments on behalf of the integrity of art pale into vacuous irrelevance.

Excepting music and musicians with Nazi associations there are no nations—from Japan and India to the United States and Russia—without representation in Israel's musical life. In fact the people who first coined the dictum that there is no prophet in his own country show a marked preference for foreign artists, and the list of visiting performers in any given season reads like a Who's Who of the music world. But that native talent will fight for its place in the sun is assured by the existence of ten conservatories and two academies—counting only those approved by the Ministry of Education—in which over 10,000 students are enrolled.

As a performer, I cannot profess indifference to the overwhelming audience support of concert music. But I feel that a more significant measure of the nation's musical life is in its creative output. In this area too, the proliferation and prolificacy of active musicians is extraordinary. About fifty composers from among the five hundred who belong to the Composers & Authors Society are consistently published by local and foreign commercial publishing houses as well as by the Israel Music Institute (something like the Dutch "Donemus"). Their work is regularly performed not only in Israel but extensively in Europe and, sporadically, in the United States and South America. It would probably be premature at this stage of events to pass judgment on the quality of these compositions, but there is one thing that can be said unequivocally: most Israeli music sounds unmistakably Israeli. In this day of instant communications, cross-pollination of influ-

ences, and vanishing cultural boundaries the phenomenon is as startling as it is effective.

To be sure, the country had a "national" school of composition long before the State of Israel was officially established. Its inception goes back to the Twenties, beginning with highly skilled folklorists, mostly of local reputation, such as Marc Lavry, Nahum Nardi, and Joachim Stutschewsky, who incorporated the whole gamut of Jewish folk material, from Hassidic dances to Yemenite songs, into Western-type concert music. This "school" was then expanded by internationally known composers such as Menahem Avidom and Paul Ben-Haim, who employed more subtle means—mainly indigenous Middle Eastern melodic and intervallic patterns and a rich palette of Eastern-sounding harmonic progressions to convey a "national" feeling. What their work has in common is a reliance on "color" to create the national effect.

But there is only so much that you can do with color; inevitably, it becomes an exoticism, a formula, a dead end. To the younger generation the seventy-year-old Ben-Haim, widely respected as the dean of Israeli composers, is a latter-day Rimsky or Falla. They see him as a necessary adjunct of a national renascence, perhaps even a pioneer in his time, and undoubtedly a brilliant technician; but, in terms of today's music, they also see him as an anachronism.

THERE HAS, THEN, been not a development of the work of the preceding generation but reaction to it, which has taken roughly two directions. One is in the mainstream of the international avant-garde: that is, post-Webern serialism, electronic and aleatoric music, etc., up to musical "happenings." Its leading exponent is Joseph Tal, whose works are frequently performed in Europe and who was recently commissioned to write an opera for the Hamburg State Opera. The other movement can only be called—until a more exact term is coined—the New Israeli music. In terms of the contemporary scene it represents a prime paradox: it is music with a distinct national flavor, yet it is nevertheless as "advanced" in its idiom as any. Moreover, its up-to-date language does not prevent at least some of it from having an immediate emotional appeal to the general, non-clique and non-claque audience.

The leaders of this group, all avant-gardists in good standing, are Hungarian-born, European-educated Oedoen Partos, Russian-born, Israeli-educated Mordecai Seter, and the younger Ben-Zion Orgad, who studied in Israel and the United States. Despite their diverse backgrounds, they seem to have arrived at a common idiom, an idiom in which the essence rather than the colorfulness of folk music is captured. It derives its inspiration from Middle Eastern sources (including Indian and Persian material) and from traditional Bible cantillations, not by incorporating them into Western molds but by adopting their fundamental elements. These include an infinite variety of polyrhythms (i.e., the juxtaposition, combination, and sudden changes of tempos, pulse, meter, and measure lengths) and a close relationship of the musical line to the quasi-melodic prosody of the region's languages and dialects.

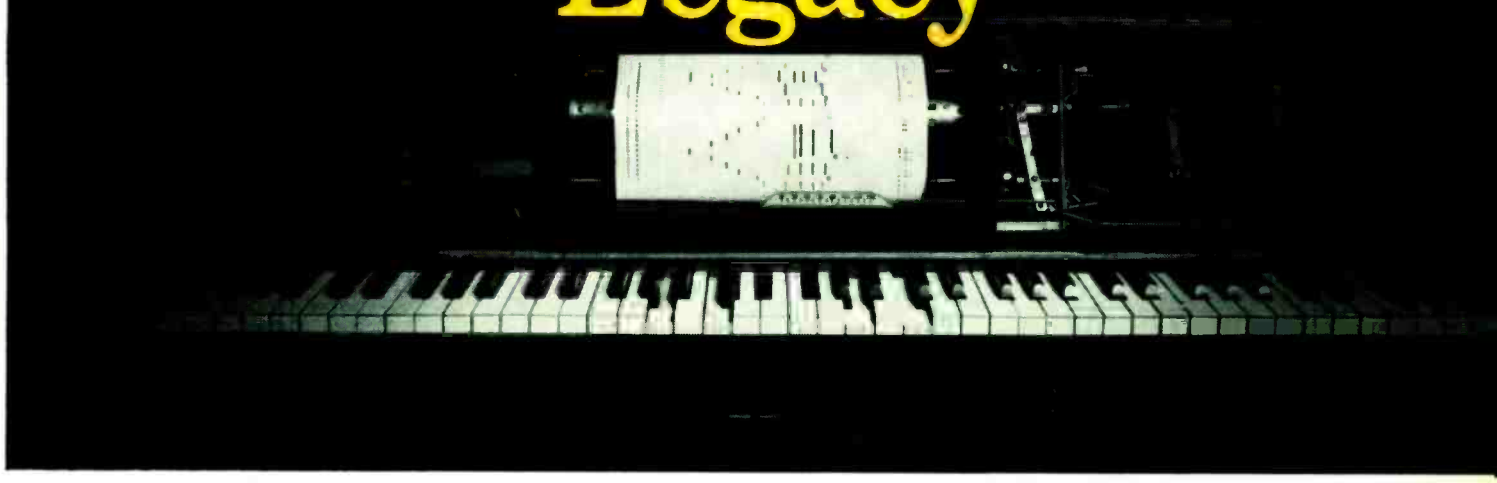
This results in a lilting, chantlike line, which remains confined to a narrow intervallic range, constantly shifting in inflection and subtly varying in ornamentation and accent. It is uttered in short, epigrammatic statements, interrupted by sudden, arbitrary, and tension-creating silences. The affinity with an actual or implied text conduces such a similarity between the musical statements and the characteristics of the language that even in purely instrumental music one can often hear the guttural sounds, the stresses on the last syllable, and other rhythmic and phonic patterns peculiar to Hebrew. Reflecting the unharmonic nature of the region's music, the textures are constructed horizontally, with monodic lines, seemingly independent of each other, treated heterophonically rather than polyphonically. Perhaps this is why this music is most successful when employing the voice and a combination of instruments of different timbres with pronounced linear-melodic capabilities.

It is not, however, the technique of the new Israeli music that makes it unique but its philosophy. It is the least artful of all art forms in music today. None of these works, whether good or bad, is ever indifferent. There is never a detachment, always an involvement. Each composition is a personal statement—not in the Romantic but in the religious sense. In this respect it is true to Jewish tradition, which eschews art as an intellectual or philosophical exercise and sees it as a direct expression of faith, the individual's manifesto. This tradition is also part of the Jewish religion, where there is no intermediary between man and God—no hierarchy of saints, no priesthood to intercede for him or to lead him. Man's relationship with his Maker is direct and familiar (a fact which outsiders often find shocking, as was quite evident most recently in the case of Bernstein's *Kaddish* and in *Fiddler on the Roof*). This brings up another paradox of Israeli music: it is composed by free thinkers who in their private lives could not be more secular yet who nevertheless write almost exclusively on religious and Biblical themes.

Perhaps this magnetic pull to their ancient roots is what gives their music its strength and its appeal, not only to Israeli audiences but to others as well. That such a seemingly "parochial" work as Seter's *Midnight Vigil* can have a shattering effect on a Gentile audience serves to remind us not only that from the narrowest cultural inspiration can come music of great universal appeal (a Leipzig cantor comes to mind) but that the contemporary idiom can evoke a wrenching emotional response. It may, hopefully, also mean that Israel's faith in its spiritual destiny is perhaps not altogether unjustified . . . that it will again be a source from which, if not "the law," then at least some inspired and inspiring art of our time shall come forth.

BY GREGOR BENKO AND WILLIAM SANTAELLA

The Piano Roll Legacy



FAITHFUL OR FRAUDULENT? RECENT INVESTIGATION SUGGESTS SOME UNEXPECTED ANSWERS.

PEOPLE THOUGHT they were marvelous machines, those player pianos—bringing the illusion that Grainger, Landowska, Busoni, all the great of the time were performing in person at your own piano bench. "As nearly perfect as can be conceived . . . in fidelity of reproduction, in brilliancy, power, delicacy, quality and variety of tone"—so ran the claims, not only from the makers, not only from perhaps naïve listeners, but from the artists themselves.

The story is an old one. Told too often that the latest development in the recording process has brought the science to an Art and that the reproduction is a mirror image of the playing, we have become cynical. And certainly the painfully poor disc re-recordings of piano rolls issued over the years did little to confirm the medium's onetime pretensions. Recently, however, three discs of Ampico piano roll re-recordings were released by Argo Records—and it appears that we may have been laughing too loudly at our predecessors' supposed gullibility. Argo's records were made possible because one man spent hundreds of hours rediscovering the techniques of the past, and now the newly formed International Piano Library is devoting untold time and labor to the study of piano rolls. Hopefully, these things portend a general renascence of interest in a too soon forgotten art.

The history of the reproducing piano goes back to the end of the last century, when a man in Freiburg, Germany named Edwin Welte perfected a machine that sat in front of any available piano and with eighty "padded fingers" and two metal "feet" actually played not unlike a human being. Welte's machine, which he named appropriately enough the "Vorsetzer" (the "sitter in front"), played paper rolls cut on a recording piano he had also invented. Welte induced celebrated pianists to record for him and began selling his machines and rolls with great success. Competition soon followed from other player piano companies, who improved on Welte's system by eliminating the clumsy "sitter in front" and housing the entire mechanism inside the instru-

The Piano Roll Legacy

ment. At one time or another such names as the "Solo-Carola," the "Apollo," the "Artrio-Angelus," the "Hupfeld" and even the "Aria-Divina" made an appearance, but by 1920 the reproducing piano business, in this country at least, was mainly in the hands of Ampico and Duo-Art.

Each firm claimed the palm for mechanical superiority and absolute, faithful reproduction. Duo-Art boasted among its "recording artists" such performers as Paderewski, Hofmann, Bauer, Gabrilowitsch and Cortot, while Ampico had Rachmaninoff, Rosenthal, Lhevinne, and Moiseiwitsch under contract. Repertoire was extensive: the Duo-Art catalogue included *Der Ring des Nibelungen* (on twelve rolls yet?), Stravinsky playing Stravinsky, popular items like *When the Moon Shines in Coral Gables*, and two, three, or even four different versions of almost any romantic standard; Ampico's catalogue, while much slimmer than Duo-Art's, was comparable in quality and variety of selections.

But eventually piano rolls as entertainment had to meet the counterattractions of the movies, radio, the improved phonograph—and the 1929 Crash administered the *coup de grâce*. As the Depression set in, no new rolls were recorded; Ampico and Duo-Art merged and became mainly a sales organization for existing stock. A desperate attempt was made to revive interest in the piano, but finally the last roll came down the conveyor belt and the company died.

Since that time, many of the pianos have been destroyed, and all indications are that very few are working at their optimum level. Of some fifty thousand grand pianos built with reproducing mechanisms we know only of two—the eight-foot Steinway Duo-Art restored by Gerald Stonehill and John Farmer's wonderful Grotrian-Steinweg Ampico (used for the Argo recordings)—that might have prompted Hofmann to say "[My rolls] are my actual interpretations with all that implies." Many of today's collectors are simply gadgeteers, fascinated by the piano's mechanical complexities. And the kind of technician the manufacturers employed to adjust their pianos for demonstration has largely disappeared: this was a specialist equally able to get the piano playing well as a piano, to get the several hundred moving parts functioning properly, and—most important—to adjust the instrument to musical rather than mechanical standards.

In any case, one fundamental fact remains—these pianos just could not do many things that human hands could. None of the pianos could accentuate one note of a chord in a given range of the keyboard without resorting to extramusical contrivances; nor could they separate two or more simultaneous voices from each other within this same range. None of them could "half" pedal. None could reproduce the extremes of the dynamic range, from loudest to softest or vice versa, between rapidly succeeding notes. Most important of all, none of the reproducing mechanisms could in any way compensate for variations in acoustical environment—thus what frequently seem blurry pedal effects or unnatural stresses. A pianist alters his playing to adjust to specific circumstances, including piano condition, tone quality and hall acoustics, but these variables could not to be taken into account by the recording piano.

ALL THESE CONDITIONS are important, for a recording and playback device is only as good as its limitations. Each of the three best-known systems—Duo-Art, Ampico, and Welte—claimed vast differences in mechanical structure, and indeed, a roll made for one could not be played on the other. Duo-Art maintained that its unique system of separating music "musically" and dividing the actual melodic line from the accompaniment, coupled with its sixteen different intensities "with variations," made it the *ne plus ultra* of reproducing pianos. Ampico's system of fast and slow crescendos and its truly superior construction were supposed to make it the most sophisticated musical instrument of all time. Welte rested on its laurels and claims to inventing the whole process.

Musically, the results of Ampico's and Duo-Art's mechanical refinements are quite similar. The thing to remember is that although neither system could capture every detail and nuance of every performance, both could produce very successful rolls (as the Welte system also could on occasion). More important to the present-day music lover than the actual mechanical limitations of the pianos is the recording and editing processes used, which had a great deal to do with the effectiveness of any given roll. In any of the three systems, these processes began with the pianist sitting down and playing the recording piano. This recording piano could be anything from the studio grand at the offices of the company in New York or London to the "field" recording device which was taken to various places and attached to a normal piano. The recording device would cut a roll with the actual key strokes of the artist as he played. Also recorded—with absolute accuracy, as accurate as any modern tape recorder—were the rhythmic patterns of the pianist, his subtle variations in speed, his rubato and accelerando, and his use of all three pedals. The big controversy, of course, concerns the method used to record the dynamics of the pianist.

Ampico had an elaborate system whereby a more or less accurate diagram of the artist's expression was made mechanically at the time of recording. Later, technicians translated the lines of this diagram to corresponding holes on the paper roll. Ampico's aim was to produce perfect rolls—if a technician found an expression indication that would not mechanically reproduce on the piano, he altered the dynamics until it would. All mistakes and unevenness of playing were edited out. Any pianist's sagging technique could be picked up and made to sparkle.

Thus, Andrei Kmita and Rata Present were made to sound technically much like Lhevinne, although, as Harold Schonberg has said, "Lhevinne they were not!" Most Ampico rolls sound good when played on an adequate piano, but one is not always so sure whether Rosenthal could ripple off those thirds so perfectly, and one sometimes wonders why Frank LaForge technically sounds so much like Rachmaninoff.

Duo-Art tried this method of recording for a while, but abandoned it in favor of its own, original solution to the problem of editing and recording. This system involved one of the most unreliable of all machines, but it could do what no other machine could—respond subjectively to the interpretative approach of the performer. Duo-Art used, in fact, a fine musician who also happened to be mechanically inclined. I have had the privilege of talking to this remarkable man—W. Creary Woods. Mr. Woods and his wife, Edna Bentz, were highly respected musicians in their own right, and were personal friends of most of the artists who recorded for Duo-Art. Mr. Woods selected the repertoire to be recorded, induced the various artists to take part, supervised the recording sessions, and edited the rolls. It was very largely through his personal efforts that today we have one of the most remarkable artistic heritages in the field of piano performance.

I quote Mr. Woods's account of how he actually supervised a Duo-Art recording and editing session:

> The artist played at the recording piano while I sat at my desk. As he played, I traced his dynamics and phrasing, using a series of dials built into my desk with a musical score, previously prepared by the artist, before me. A series of wires ran from my desk to the recording device. When the performance was over the roll was ready immediately for playing. Of course, my tracings were never completely accurate, no matter how many times the artist and I had gone over his conception of the piece beforehand. So we [the performer and Mr. Woods] would spend long hours together, playing the roll over and over, changing inaccuracies in my dynamic indications, contriving to make those musical effects work that the artist had played but that could not be reproduced, and erasing the pianist's mistakes. Many times the most surprising artists would ask to have their performances altered in favorable ways—ways that they could not duplicate. Unfortunately, some of our most famous and respected artists often got their way. Other times artists would leave the entire job of editing up to me, and would just approve or reject my final results. All in all, most of the artists and I agreed, Duo-Art's system produced rolls which were entirely accurate indications of the artist's playing, even though many times he [the artist] could not always play as well as his roll did. That was why our live Duo-Art concerts, sometimes with the artist playing parts of the composition and the roll playing the others, were so successful, and our competitor's comparable concerts convinced everybody except the critics.

Inasmuch as the rolls were edited (and much more editing can be done with the piano roll than with magnetic tape) and none of the systems ever perfected a really satisfactory way of recording the artist's dynamics, what can we trust on these rolls? Rudolph Ganz, Honorary President of the International Piano Library and a pianist who recorded for all three companies, tells the story that when he was recording for Welte in Germany he was horrified to find that none of the editors for Welte was musically informed in any way. He was once given for his approval a newly finished master roll of his playing of Liszt's *Liebestraum*. He played it back only to find that the performance on the roll changed key in the middle of a run, where he and score did not!

Recently, the International Piano Library purchased from Mr. and Mrs. Woods the entire collection of "original" rolls that once were the property of Duo-Art's parent company, Aeolian. These are the actual rolls recorded by the great pianists of the past and corrected and edited with their help.

One of the most talked about questions is, of course, speed. By examination of these original rolls, one can determine that a few of the commercial rolls were in fact speeded up, presumably for reasons more valid than a desire to fool the public. One can also recognize the clams and clinkers which were erased from the commercial rolls in the editing process, just as they are in modern recordings. In many cases, one can see where the scales were evened out; where all of the notes of a chord were made to sound at the same time; and even where, in "A-B-A" compositions, the "A" section was recorded only once, duplicated, and pasted on at the conclusion of the "B" section. In comparing the original roll with the corresponding edited version released for sale one has to conclude that the original roll performance, with wrong notes and all, has much more of the artist's characteristic flavor.

Certainly, piano rolls have their limitations as reliable musical documentations of individual performances but so do other forms of recording have *their* limitations. Argo has given us evidence of what some successful rolls can sound like; it remains to be seen what present-day technology can do to improve on the mechanical inadequacies of the less successful rolls. Once understood, the limitations of the reproducing piano and piano rolls do not preclude their use for musicological study, and for pure enjoyment too. And where the original, unedited rolls exist, we can with confidence form a completely valid idea of the performer's art.

The International Piano Library has at its disposal over four thousand piano rolls waiting to be explored, including treasures that are almost priceless—much from golden-age pianists and many performances by artists who recorded little or nothing in any other medium. Through the generosity of Dr. and Mrs. Sergio Proserpi, the IPL will also soon have a concert grand Duo-Art Steinway for playing back these rolls. Plans have already been made to sponsor a series of piano roll concerts and recordings. But time is of the essence. The paper rolls are crumbling. They must all be studied, be properly reproduced, and be transcribed to tape. If this fascinating heritage from the past is to be preserved, we must move quickly.

Fisher 95 Modular System

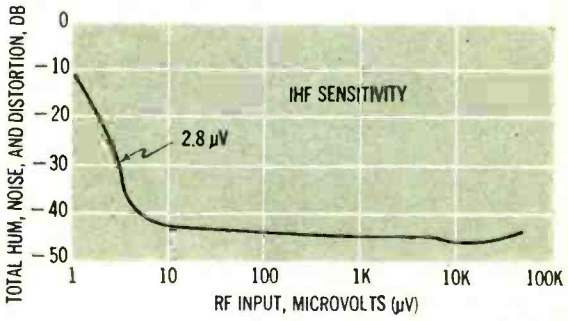
Lab Test Data

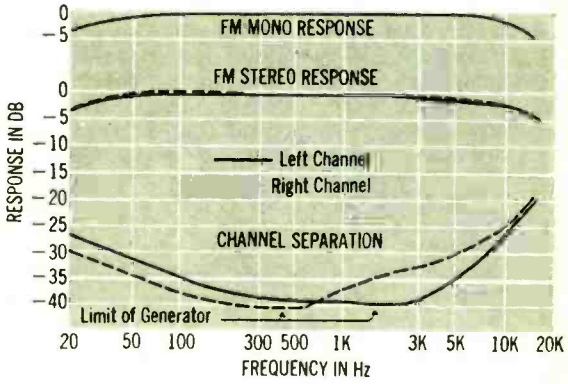
Performance characteristic	Measurement
Tuner Section	
IHF sensitivity	2.8 μV at 98 MHz; 2.6 μV at 90 MHz; 3.0 μV at 106 MHz
Frequency response, mono	+0, −5 dB, 20 Hz to 15 kHz
THD, mono	0.64% at 400 Hz; 0.8% at 40 Hz; 0.46% at 1 kHz
IM distortion	1.1%
Capture ratio	8
S/N ratio	−60 dB
Frequency response, stereo, l ch	+0, −5 dB, 20 Hz to 20 kHz
r ch	same
THD, stereo, l ch	0.56% at 400 Hz; 1.1% at 40 Hz; 0.49% at 1 kHz
r ch	0.63% at 400 Hz; 1.1% at 40 Hz; 0.50% at 1 kHz
Channel separation, l ch	better than 30 dB, 35 Hz to 5.2 kHz; 25 dB at 11 kHz
r ch	better than 30 dB, 20 Hz to 5 kHz; 24 dB at 10 kHz
19-kHz pilot suppression	−34 dB
38-kHz subcarrier suppression	−67 dB
Amplifier Section	
Power output (at 1 kHz into 8-ohm load)	
l ch at clipping	14.3 watts at 0.11% THD
l ch for 1% THD	15.7 watts
r ch at clipping	14.3 watts at 0.16% THD
r ch for 1% THD	15.1 watts
both chs simultaneously	
l ch at clipping	15.3 watts at 0.13% THD
r ch at clipping	15.3 watts at 0.15% THD
Power bandwidth for constant 1% THD	11 Hz to 17 kHz
Harmonic distortion	
14 watts output	under 1.5%, 50 Hz to 13 kHz
7 watts output	under 1%, 20 Hz to 15 kHz
IM distortion	
4-ohm load	under 0.5% to 15 watts output
8-ohm load	under 0.5% to 12.5 watts output
16-ohm load	under 0.5% to 7.4 watts output
Frequency response, 1-watt level	+1, −3 dB, 32 Hz to 27 kHz
RIAA equalization	+0.5, −3.5 dB, 35 Hz to 17 kHz
Damping factor	46.5

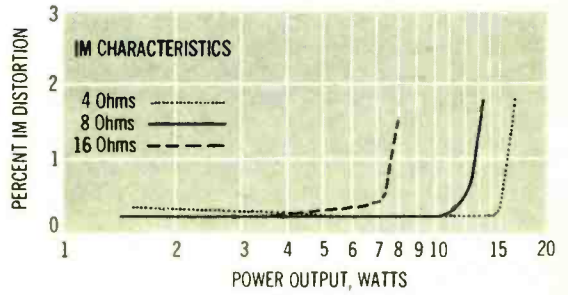
Input characteristics	Sensitivity	S/N ratio
phono	2.5 mV	54 dB
aux low	250 mV	60 dB
aux high	510 mV	60 dB

suspension, direct-radiating system using a 10-inch woofer and a 2½-inch cone tweeter sealed in an airtight and padded enclosure. Bass response is clean and full down to just below 50 Hz; some doubling, evident in the 45 Hz to 48 Hz region, disappears below that area. Clean, if diminished bass, continues to about 36 Hz where it just seems to drop out. Midrange and highs are outstandingly clear and uniformly dispersed, with no serious directive effects audible until close to 10 kHz. A 13 kHz tone can be heard well off-axis; 14 kHz is pretty much on-axis; from here the response slopes off to inaudibility. White noise response is unusually smooth, uncolored, and widely dispersed into the listening area. The speakers are rated for 8 ohms each and connect to the electronic section by shielded cables fitted with phone plugs (supplied with the set).

CIRCLE 140 ON READER-SERVICE CARD





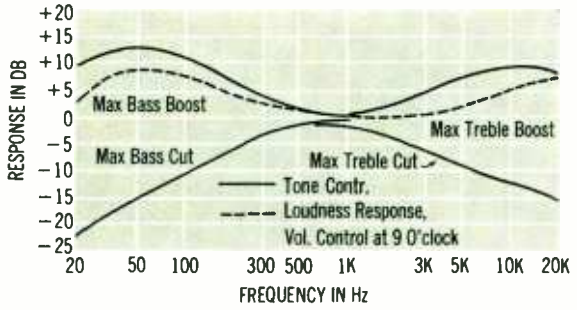


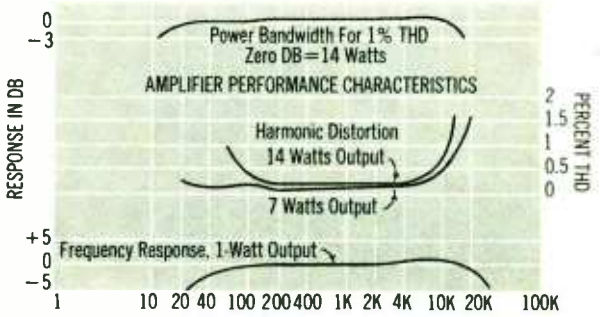
REPORTS IN PROGRESS

Garrard 60 Mk II Turntable

Empire Cavalier Speaker

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





JENSEN X-40 AND X-45 SPEAKER SYSTEMS

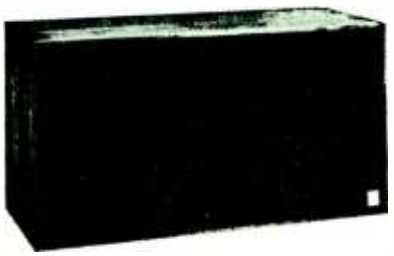
THE EQUIPMENT: Jensen X-40, a compact full-range speaker system in enclosure. Dimensions: 19½ by 10½ by 9 inches. Price: $57. Jensen X-45, same except employs horn tweeter. Price: $63. Manufacturer: Jensen Mfg. Div., The Muter Co., 6601 So. Laramie Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60638.

COMMENT: Jensen, one of the oldest and largest manufacturers of speakers, recently introduced these two compact, low-priced systems. Neither the X-40 nor the X-45 will disappoint those seeking high quality sound on a budget or for a modest installation, although there are audible differences between the two that may appeal to listeners of varying tastes.

Both the X-40 and the X-45 are two-way speaker systems. Each employs the same woofer—an eight-inch, high-compliance ("long throw") cone—sealed in an airtight enclosure that is fairly well stuffed with sound-absorbent material. Crossover frequency is 2,000 Hz. The enclosure for each is a sturdy, oiled walnut cabinet, finished on four sides and fronted with a dark tinted grille cloth. Each is rated for 25 watts power, is fairly efficient, and can be driven with a low-powered amplifier, though not to enormous volume. Input impedance is 8 ohms, and there is a tweeter level control on the rear panel.

The difference between these two systems is in their tweeters. The X-40 has a direct-radiating 3-inch cone tweeter; the X-45 uses a compression-driver loaded with a horn. The horn version permits a wider range of treble adjustment for projection of midrange and highs, although we found the two could be balanced to sound almost the same—with the tweeter control on the X-40 advanced almost to maximum and the control on the X-45 barely cranked up. The bass response of both systems is strong and clean down to about 50 Hz, where doubling begins depending on how hard the system is driven. Useful bass response was estimated to extend to about 40 Hz. The mid-bass was very smooth, with no signs of false emphasis or boom. Treble response also was smooth and well dispersed, with no serious beaming throughout the audible range. Tones as high as 12 kHz were heard well off axis of either system. A slope toward inaudibility begins at just above 13 kHz. White noise response of the X-40 was quite smooth and subdued; the X-45 had a trace of midrange brightness which grew more prominent as the tweeter level control was advanced.

Many may disagree, but our own preference for extended music listening would be for the X-40. On some program material, the X-45 may sound more "dramatic" but over-all our feeling is that the X-40 is a smoother reproducer with reference to a wider quality range of program material. For instance, some



broadcasts we tuned to had a decided lack of highs; these sound better on the X-45. On the other hand, most new records, with plenty of highs of their own, sounded better balanced through the X-40. The differences can be attributed to the stronger treble projection of the X-45. We believe too that the room has something to do with this difference: the larger the room, or the more acoustically damped it is, the less difference you'll hear between the two speakers. Aside from this characteristic, either the X-40 or the X-45 packs a lot of open, clear, wide-range sound in a surprisingly compact and low-cost format. With these systems it seems obvious that Jensen becomes a serious contender in the bookshelf speaker class.

CIRCLE 141 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

KNIGHT KG-790
STEREO FM/AM TUNER

THE EQUIPMENT: Knight KG-790, a stereo FM (multiplex) and AM tuner in kit form. Dimensions: 16¾ by 15 by 5 inches. Price, less cabinet: $139.95. Walnut wood case: $19.95. Manufacturer: Knight Electronics Corp. (Div. of Allied Radio), 100 N. Western Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60680.

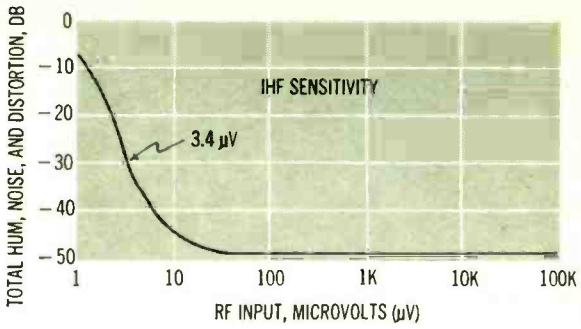
COMMENT: The KG-790 tuner, billed as a top-of-the-line model in the Knight-Kit series of low-cost, do-it-yourself components, certainly looks more luxurious than former Knight Kits. A very handsome escutcheon lights up in two colors when you turn it on: green for the FM dial and orange for the AM. The tuning dials are flanked by a stereo indicator lamp and a signal-strength meter. Controls include a muting switch that ranges from off to maximum interstation hush, an SCA filter (to cut down on possible spurious noise during stereo), a selector knob (combined with the power off-on switch), an AFC off-on control, and the tuning knob. The selector is not marked; instead a series of illuminated legends indicating AM, FM or stereo come on under the tuning dial as you switch through. The tuning knob drives a heavy flywheel that makes for very smooth rotation across the bands.

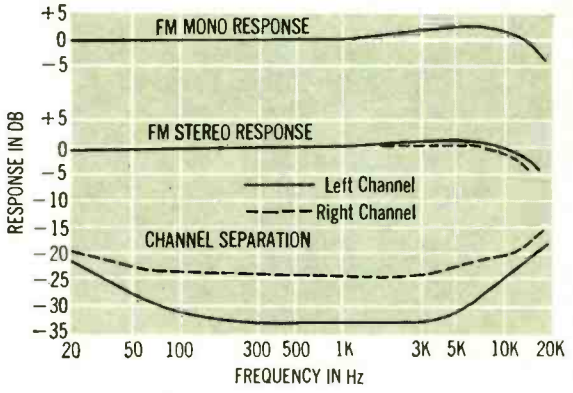
Two sets of stereo output jacks at the rear permit hooking up to an amplifier and a tape recorder at once, or to two amplifiers so that you can drive two reproducing systems at once. Antenna connections permit hooking up a 300-ohm FM antenna plus a long-wire AM antenna (the built-in AM ferrite-rod antenna should suffice for local signals). Individual level controls let you tailor the output of AM and FM signals so that you get the same volume from the tuner as from other program sources in your system for a given setting of your amplifier volume control.

Chassis layout is very generous and makes for a neat, orderly arrangement of parts and wiring. The circuitry is mostly contained on printed boards, and the critical front ends are shielded. Wiring harnesses add to the neat appearance under the chassis and, together with pre-assembled and pre-aligned front ends and IF sections, help make the construction foolproof for the kit builder. The tuner, when finished, has an open top: neatness and safety demand that it be fitted into its accessory wooden case unless it is to be custom-installed.

Performance is better than in older Knight Kits. Tests indicate that the KG-790, while not the "hottest" tuner ever made, will do very well on local signals. The left channel (on stereo) did a jot better than the right, which shouldn't be a problem unless you're trying to reach for stereo beyond a reasonable distance with this set. In any case, its capture ratio was very high and its noise level remarkably low—factors that should be taken into account in any over-all performance picture. As for its AM side, a listening check indicated better than average reception.

CIRCLE 142 ON READER-SERVICE CARD





Knight KG-790 Tuner

Lab Test Data

Performance characteristic	Measurement
IHF sensitivity	3.4 μV at 98 MHz; 2.4 μV at 90 MHz; 3.0 μV at 106 MHz
Freuency response, mono	±1.5 dB, 20 Hz to 15 kHz
THD, mono	0.32% at 400 Hz; 0.41% at 40 Hz; 0.27% at 1 kHz
IM distortion	2.1%
Capture ratio	1.75
S/N ratio	61 dB
Freuency response, stereo, l ch	+1, −3.5 dB, 20 Hz to 15 kHz
r ch	+0, −4.5 dB, 20 Hz to 15 kHz
THD, stereo, l ch	1.1% at 400 Hz; 1.2% at 40 Hz; 0.7% at 1 kHz
r ch	3.8% at 400 Hz; 2.5% at 40 Hz; 3.7% at 1 kHz
Channel separation, l ch	33.5 dB at mid-frequencies; better than 25 dB, 35 Hz to 12.5 kHz
r ch	24 dB at mid-frequencies; better than 20 dB, 22 Hz to 12.5 kHz
19-kHz pilot suppression	57.5 dB
38-kHz subcarrier suppression	greater than 70 dB

SONY TTS-3000 TURNTABLE; PUA-237 TONE ARM

THE EQUIPMENT: Sony TTS-3000, a two-speed manual turntable; PUA-237, a separate tone arm. Over-all dimensions on Sony base: 18¾ by 15½ inches; allow 7¾ inches height. Prices: TTS-3000, $149.50; PUA-237, $85. Optional base TAC-2, $29.95; optional dust cover DU-4, $19.95. Manufacturer: Sony Corporation, 47-47 Van Dam St., Long Island City, N.Y. 11101.

COMMENT: Sony does it again. Hard on the heels of two topnotch amplifiers (reviewed here April 1967) comes an outstanding record-playing ensemble made up of one of the quietest running turntables and one of the best designed tone arms we've yet encountered. Either is sold separately, for use with other arms or tables, but the two units mate logically on the Sony base to form a handsome, high-performing, unimpeachable record player.

The table, to begin with, is a two-speed (33 and 45 rpm) model fitted with a vernier speed adjustment control and a built-in illuminated strobe that lets you determine accuracy. A spirit level bubble on the motor board aids in leveling the unit. The platter is driven by a belt that loops around its underside and a motor pulley. The motor itself, which you can switch to run on 100, 117, 220, or 240 volts AC, comprises a servo system which contributes to steady speed and which also helps eliminate vibration and noise. Indeed, CBS Labs' tests showed this turntable as having the lowest rumble figure yet measured (—77 dB, CBS-RRLL standard). Wow and flutter were found to be no more than 0.04% and 0.03% respectively—figures which are the residual wow and flutter in the test record.

The Sony tone arm, a marvel of precision, is basically a metal tube fitted with numerous adjustments, fore, aft, and midships—for longitudinal balance, lateral balance, anti-skating, stylus force, lead-in groove selection in conjunction with an integral cuing device, stylus overhang, and stylus alignment with the record surface. Setting up takes some time, but the instructions are clear and everything works as described. The arm comes with a sturdy pre-wired cable assembly that locks into the underside of the mounting board and makes for positive, hum-free connections. The arm shell will accept any known make of cartridge, including the unusually large Ortofon. For lightweights, such as the Shure V-15 Type II, you add a small lead weight (supplied) to the shell which helps balance the arm. And balanced it is: you can tip the table well off true level and the arm stays on course in the record groove. Virtually no friction was found either laterally or vertically.

We advise getting the Sony base for mounting both turntable and arm. It makes for a neat installation, and the pre-drilled arm board will save time and eliminate any chance for error when fitting the arm in place. The base is both handsome (teak trimmed with black and white metal) and functional—its shock-proofing is the best we've seen to date.

CIRCLE 143 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

CUMULATIVE INDEX OF EQUIPMENT REPORTS

For Year Ending June 1967

NEW RECORDS IN REVIEW

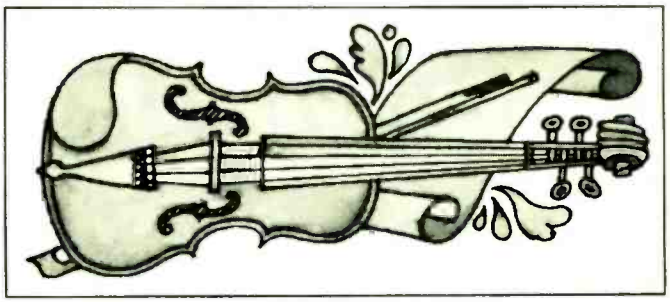
Montserrat Caballé in a new setting: German lieder. And the acclaimed Spanish soprano is triumphant in bringing her famous pianissimo, melting mezza voce and lyrical gifts to Strauss' enchanting songs. Includes "Morgen!," "Traum durch die Dämmerung," "Zueignung" and "Cäcilie." Here's a recording Strauss would have loved. You'll love it too!

A dazzling debut on the RCA Victor label for the much-heralded young Israeli violinist. Aided by the sensitive collaboration of Erich Leinsdorf and the Boston Symphony, Perlman displays his virtuoso technique in two markedly different concerti: Prokofieff's Violin Concerto No. 2 and Sibelius' Violin Concerto in D Minor. Time Magazine wrote, "The U.S. and the world will be hearing a lot more about Itzhak Perlman in the very near future." And they will, too—on this superb new Red Seal recording.*

Never before available on L.P.—selections from operas and operettas by the beloved Jeanette MacDonald. Includes arias from Madama Butterfly, La Bohème, Romeo and Juliet, Louise and Faust, plus operetta gems like "Romany Life," "They Didn't Believe Me" and "Donkey Serenade." These selections were recorded from 1939-1946 and the sound has been electronically improved for today's listening with particular success. Great news for Jeanette MacDonald fans! In mono only.

Here's the newest recording by one of the fastest rising pianists in the music world today: Peter Serkin. For this, his third solo album, Serkin returns to the Viennese repertoire with the Schubert Sonata in E-Flat and the Schumann Waldscenen. Schumann's "Forest Scenes" contains some of the composer's most beautiful piano music and the Schubert Sonata has great charm. Young Mr. Serkin brings great lyric intensity to both of these marvelous works.*

A 6-L.P. collection of Viennese music that will delight everyone! Included are waltzes, polkas and other light, popular favorites representing Johann Strauss Jr., Johann Strauss Sr., Josef Strauss, Franz Lehár, and other well-known Viennese composers. "On the Beautiful Blue Danube," "Emperor Waltz," "Radetzky March" are among the selections featured. Available at a special low price.



*Recorded in brilliant Dynagroove sound.

RCA VICTOR
The most trusted name in sound

CIRCLE 41 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

THE NEW RELEASES

reviewed by NATHAN BRODER • R. D. DARRELL • PETER G. DAVIS • SHIRLEY FLEMING • ALFRED FRANKENSTEIN • HARRIS GOLDSMITH

DAVID HAMILTON • PHILIP HART • BERNARD JACOBSON • STEVEN LOWE • JEREMY NOBLE • CONRAD L. OSBORNE


SANCTISSIMÆ
VIRGINI
MISSA SENIS VOCIBVS
AD ECCLESIARVM CHOROS
Ac Vespere pluribus decantanda
CVM NONNVLLIS SACRIS CONCENTIBVS,
ad Sacella sive Principum Cubicula accommodata.
OPERA
A CLAVDIO MONTEVERDE
nuper effecta
AC BEATISS. PAVLO V. PONT. MAX. CONSECRATA.
Venetijs, Apud Ricciardum Amadinum.
M D C X.

MONTEVERDI'S VESPERS: TWO VERSIONS THAT MAKE A LOVELY SOUND

by Bernard Jacobson

ANYONE WHO HAS BEEN concerned with trying to judge the questions of authenticity involved in performing works like Handel's *Messiah* must make a substantial adjustment in his critical stance before approaching Monteverdi's *Vespro della Beata Vergine* of 1610. Here, authenticity is a quite different kind of fence; and an editorial method that sat firmly on one side of it in the case of *Messiah* might well find itself on the other if the Vespers were in question.

Apart from many small problems, there is one large basic question: Did Monteverdi intend the Vespers as a work or as a collection? On the whole, direct examination of the music included in the print of 1610 seems to me to suggest the latter view. Of the fourteen pieces generally referred to as "Monteverdi's Vespers," the last two—settings of the Magnificat for seven and six voices respectively—are plainly alternatives, intended for services of greater or lesser solemnity. This point, through its very obviousness, is no argument against the integral nature of the collection: Monteverdi could easily have envisaged a thirteen-part performance, culminating in *either* the seven-voice or the six-voice Magnificat. But then among the twelve other pieces we find not only components normally associated, like the Magnificat, with the Vesper service—the response *Domine ad adjuvandum*, the five psalms, and the hymn *Ave maris stella*—but also five items that form no part of this service: the *Sonata sopra "Sancta Maria ora pro nobis"* and the four nonliturgical pieces, *Nigra sum, Pulchra es, Duo Seraphim*, and *Audi coelum*.

Most, though not all, considerations relating to the music itself render it as unlikely musically as it is liturgically that Monteverdi conceived the sequence as a unified whole. The question becomes clearer, though again not completely clear, if we examine the title page of the original edition (reproduced above). The music listed here falls into three categories: first the "Mass for six

voices, for church choirs," which is certainly not connected with the rest; then the "Vespers to be sung by several"; and finally "some sacred pieces." Denis Stevens, whose 1960 edition of the Vespers includes only the response, the five psalms, the hymn, and the seven-voice Magnificat, and who strongly champions the view that the original edition was intended as a collection and not as a work, makes things a little easier for himself by assuming that the line *"ad Sacella sive Principum Cubicula accommodata"* ("suitable for chapels or princely apartments") goes solely with the "sacred pieces," thus decisively separating the *Sonata* and the four motets from the "Vespers" previously referred to. In fact, the phrase about "chapels or princely apartments" could go with the "Vespers" equally as well as with the "sacred pieces"; after all, particularly if it refers solely to the *"sacris concentibus," "accommodata"* ought in strict grammar to be *"accommodatis."*

But when all that is said, the title page clearly does make some distinction between the latter two groups of pieces, and even without his small and probably unintentional casuistry Mr. Stevens' arguments are still convincing. He has himself made a recording of the Vespers (scheduled for early release by Vanguard), naturally using his own edition. Meanwhile, however, here we are with two recorded versions that take the other view. Both Nikolaus Harnoncourt's version, conducted for Telefunken by Jürgen Jürgens, and Robert Craft's version on Columbia regard the Vespers as a thirteen-movement whole, and both naturally opt for the bigger, seven-voice, Magnificat.

Harnoncourt and Jürgens have taken their basic decision for reasons of authenticity. They simply disagree with the Stevens position, and they have good reasons on their side, though I don't happen to agree with them. Craft's motives are quite different: he feels that it would be a pity to be without the five extremely beautiful extra numbers, and I must confess to a good deal of sympathy with this feeling. One solution might be to group the eight "official" pieces (which run to about 57½ minutes in Craft's performance) together, and to assemble the other five on a second disc, perhaps with the six-voice Magnificat added for good measure.

But Craft does feel the thirteen pieces he performs as a whole. And the fact that he feels them as a musico-dramatic, rather than a musico-liturgical, whole is underlined by two features of his performance. Firstly, he has rearranged the order of the pieces to make the *Sonata sopra "Sancta Maria"* a midway point of climax, subordinate only to the final Magnificat—a procedure about which various a priori positions might be taken, but which empirically works very well. And secondly, he performs the five psalms without the antiphons which ought, liturgically speaking, to precede and follow them, and which the Telefunken recording includes. This will put the Columbia version decisively out of court for those with liturgical leanings, and it would probably have bothered Monteverdi; at the same time it may be said that the omission is not as serious as the too common practice of performing Masses without the appropriate intonations to begin the Gloria and the Credo, since in the present case there is no affront to grammar and sense.

Now when we listen to the two performances under review, another matter of authenticity immediately obtrudes itself on the ear, and that is the question of the instruments used. Craft uses modern instruments, and where Monteverdi scored for the old cornetto—functionally the predecessor of the trumpet, though made of wood—Craft chooses trumpets for martial passages (such as the opening fanfare, which Monteverdi borrowed from the Toccata which begins his opera *Orfeo*), and oboes where delicacy is required. Harnoncourt and Jürgens on the other hand, embracing the principles of authentic sound outlined in Everett Helm's article "New Performance on Old Instruments" (HIGH FIDELITY, May 1967), employ not only genuine cornetti dating from the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, but a whole array of ancient and reproduction stringed instruments, pifferi (primitive oboes), renaissance recorders, baroque trombones, virginals, dulcian (the prebassoon), and lute.

These instruments, even the intractable cornetti, are played here with great skill, and unquestionably they make a lovely and very seventeenth-century sound. But vaulting ambition, as Macbeth was well aware, is apt to o'erleap itself and fall on the other. I cannot help feeling that Harnoncourt's passion for old instruments has run away with his judgment. For one thing, his version aims for liturgical authenticity—and what on earth is this lute doing in a church? For another, Monteverdi marked the *Laudate pueri "a 8 voci soli nel organo"*; the *"soli"* presumably refers not to solo as distinct from choral setting but to the absence of instrumental doubling, and in any case it seems clear that this movement, as well as the *Laetatus sum*, the *Nisi Dominus*, and the *Lauda Jerusalem*, are meant to be supported by continuo only, and not by the orchestra. But having assembled his colorful assortment of instruments, Harnoncourt cannot resist using it; and the unexpected result is that, in these four movements, the soberer Craft version, which carries out Monteverdi's prescriptions, is far the more authentic of the two.

Another point on which Craft scores—though here only judgment, and not authority, can be invoked—is in the distribution of vocal parts between chorus and soloists. This is a matter of clarifying the structure of the psalm texts in accordance with an established tradition, and Craft's layout for the most part makes better and clearer sense than Harnoncourt's. But I think Craft miscalculates—in assigning the tenor solo, *Nigra sum*, to a soprano: this is a motet, and there is no need to match the sex of the singer to that of the text.

Here we may naturally proceed to a consideration of the performances as such, aside from the musicological considerations that inevitably assume central importance with a composition like the Vespers. In matters of tempo and expression there is a surprising degree of similarity between the two conductors' approaches. Both of them are blessedly free from the stiffness associated with the stuffier forms of academicism, and they draw accurate and expressive singing and playing from their choirs and their instrumental ensembles. Both teams of vocal soloists do their work well, though in words like *"virgam"* the American sopranos disturb by their failure to roll the "r."

By far the most important solo parts are those of the first and second tenors. In the Telefunken set, Nigel Rogers handles his ornate lines with impressive vocal authority and shows good command of the style. Richard Levitt on Columbia at first appears less comfortable, but his singing grows on one; to my ears at least, his production sounds awkward, but the voice behind it is an attractive one, and his stylistic grasp is so firm and instinctive as to suggest that we may be witnessing the emergence of a second Hugues Cuenod. The echo passages are more effective in the Columbia set, partly because the two tenors in the Telefunken are less well matched technically.

And this, in turn, brings us naturally to the recordings. Both sound very well, with an excellent combination of clarity, richness, and warmth. The tone of the Telefunken, especially in choral passages, is perhaps a shade more beautiful in itself. But this is more than compensated by Columbia's clearer delineation of the stereo effects inherent in the bichoral writing. In the Columbia too, the strangeness of the recurrent bare fifths in the *"Et misericordia"* section of the Magnificat is more dramatically realized. On balance, then, I find myself inclining towards the Craft set, but the Jürgens performance also gave me great pleasure. Both sets are supplied with booklets including notes, texts, and translations. Telefunken's booklet is more extensive, but it is in German only.

MONTEVERDI: *Vespro della Beata Vergine*

Gloria Prosper, soprano; Adrienne Albert, mezzo; Richard Levittt and Melvin Brown, tenors; Archie Drake, bass; Michael Tilso Thomas, harpsichord; Anita Priest, organ; Gregg Smith Singers; Texas Boys' Choir; Columbia Baroque Ensemble, Robert Craft, cond. COLUMBIA (D) M2L 363, $9.58; M2S 763, $11.58 (two discs).

Rohtraud Hansmann and Irmgard Jacobeit, sopranos; Nigel Rogers and Bert van t'Hoff, tenors; Max van Egmond, baritone; Jacques Villisech, bass; Capella Antiqua (Munich); Monteverdi Choir of Hamburg; members of the Vienna Boys' Choir; Concentus Musicus of Vienna, Jürgen Jürgens, cond. TELEFUNKEN (D) AWT 9501/02, $11.58; SAWT 9501/02, $11.58 (two discs).

Opera News

Emma Albani

Carlo Edwards

Edward Johnson

TO MARK CANADA'S CENTENARY—GREAT SINGERS OF HER PAST

by George Movshon

THE RARITIES HERE are the Albani selections, and collectors of historic vocal records will welcome the opportunity to acquire at one stroke eight out of her lifetime total of nine recordings. Emma Albani was the most eminent Canadian singer ever—a nineteenth-century prima donna of extraordinary luminescence—and Rococo has marked the Canadian centenary most aptly by plucking these mementos from obscurity and offering them, together with the work of four other excellent singers of the more recent past, on a pair of valuable LP discs. The transfers, pressings, and notes are up to the quality we have come to expect from Mr. Ross Court's small but enterprising Toronto record publishing house.

Some of the Albanis were reissued a few years ago by the IRCC, but several of these are quite new to the LP. The originals—recorded in 1904 and 1905 by Pathé and G. & T.—are so difficult to come by that many noted collectors have never even seen one. It is doubtful if the G. & T.s were even formally approved and released; they are logged in the company's files as "tests." Truth to tell, this soprano's records must be heard with a carefully prepared ear—and a historical perspective—if they are to yield much pleasure. Since Rococo could not hope to find mint copies, several items have more than the usually acceptable amounts of hiss and scratch. Furthermore, the musical content is something less than engrossing. Further still, Emma Albani was well into her fifties, well past her prime, when the discs were cut. Reference books disagree about the year of her birth, giving variously 1847, 1849, and 1852 (she died—the authorities are unanimous—in 1930); however, she undoubtedly lived in an age which expected its prima donnas to be personal, individual, even idiosyncratic, in their style. And these she was.

With that much prelude, put on a selection as familiar and hackneyed as *Home Sweet Home* or Handel's *Largo*, and listen to the voice that rivaled Patti's that inspired Dvořák's *Stabat Mater* and several compositions by Gounod, that brought its owner into close friendship with Liszt and Brahms, that embraced roles as diverse as Lucia, Desdemona, and Isolde. You will hear an assured, imperious sound; cool and masterful. There are a few simple trills, but nobody alive today could do them; there are *tenuti*, some extended beyond bearing; there is occasional scooping and hooting. And—every now and then—there is some phrase shaped in a quite miraculous way. You will find much not to like but Albani's age liked it, for few singers were more highly honored. And remember, you are listening to someone who was fully grown before Canada became a nation one hundred years ago. This is the genuine, nineteenth-century article, beyond a doubt.

Much more easily accessible, both in singing style and recording technique, is the work of Edward Johnson (1878–1959), best known as Rudolf Bing's predecessor at the Metropolitan, and before that as a tenor of musicality and intensity, even if his voice was not of the first rank. Born in Guelph, Ontario, he came to New York in 1908, was encouraged by Caruso to go to Italy, studied there and (under the *nom-de-voix* of Edoardo di Giovanni) pursued a successful and enterprising career. He created roles for Montemezzi, Pizzetti, Alfano, and Puccini (the two tenor parts in *Trittico*) and was Italy's first Parsifal, at La Scala in 1914. He went back to Canada after 1950, and died in his home town. The records show him to have been an intense Chénier and Canio, a stylish Des Grieux, a tasteful Parsifal.

Marie Louise Edvina (1875–1948) comes over as a gentle and polished singer with a special affinity for French operatic roles. Her records were made around 1920 and the voice has an aura of the fragile and delicate.

The career of Jeanne Gordon (1893–1952) rested not only upon the richness, freedom, and amplitude of her contralto voice—well projected in the present recorded items, even though the *Ballo* invocation has been hacked to fit on one 78-rpm side—but also on a statuesque physical beauty. She sang at the Metropolitan during the Twenties, then endured twenty years of profound mental torment before dying in a Missouri sanatorium.

The real surprise for me in this collection is the work of Pauline Donalda, still alive today and teaching in Montreal, though she is in her mid-eighties. In a few spoken words, Miss Donalda says her records never did her justice; but what we hear is most elegant and sensitive singing and an almost tangible ease and warmth. Apart from an inappropriately sentimental style for the Mozart, this is lovely singing by any standards, and it feels modern in the best sense of that word. In comparison with today's singers she seems most to resemble Victoria de los Angeles in essential musical character. The *Bohème* excerpt is movingly sincere, the "Jewel Song" studded with first-rate craftsmanship.

Johnson, Edvina, and Gordon are heard on Rococo 5254, Albani and Donalda on 5255.

CANADIAN OPERA SINGERS OF THE PAST

Edward Johnson, tenor—Giordano: *Andrea Chénier: Un di all'azzuro spazio; Si, fui soldato.* Puccini: *Manon Lescaut: Ah, Manon, mi tradisce.* Leoncavallo: *I Pagliacci: Vesti la giubba.* Wagner: *Parisfal: Il santo gral; Soltanto un arma val.* Lehmann: *Ah, Moon of My Delight.* Marie Louise Edvina, soprano—Massenet: *Thaïs: Qui te fait; L'Amour est une vertu rare.* Charpentier: *Louise: Depuis le jour.* Debussy: *Noël des enfants qui n'ont plus de maisons.* Duparc: *Phidylé.* Jeanne Gordon, contralto—Verdi: *Un Ballo in maschera: Re dell'abisso.* Saint-Saëns: *Samson et Dalila: Amour, viens aider.* Emma Albani, soprano—Handel: *Theodora: Angels ever bright and fair. Il Pensieroso: Sweet Bird. Serse: Ombra mai fu.* Hérold: *Le Pré-aux-Clercs: Souvenirs du jeune âge.* Chaminade: *L'Eté.* Bishop: *Home Sweet Home.* Traditional: *Robin Adair.* Bach-Gounod: *Ave Maria.* Pauline Donalda, soprano—Mozart: *Don Giovanni: Vedrai carino.* Leoncavallo: *I Pagliacci: Ballatella.* Puccini: *La Bohème: Si, mi chiamano Mimi.* Gounod: *Faust: Air des bijoux.* Tosti: *Love's Way.* Wynne: *Who Can Tell.* Hahn: *Si mes vers avaient les ailes.*

Various singers, listed above; various orchestras and pianists. Rococo ® 5254/55, $5.95 each (two discs, mono only).

DVORAK'S SYMPHONIES: THE CANONICAL FIVE PLUS THE EARLY FOUR

by David Hamilton

ONE OF MUSICOLOGY'S minor but useful achievements has been the clarification of the numbering and sequence of Antonín Dvořák's symphonies. The existence of works predating the canonical five had long been known—indeed, the works in E flat major and D minor were recorded in the early days of LP by the adventurous Henry Swoboda for Westminster and Concert Hall. However, it was not until 1960, when Artia released Czech recordings of all four early works, that their existence was firmly impressed on the general consciousness; since then, the revised numbering has generally taken hold both on record labels and in concert programs.

Now, as tangible confirmation of Dvořák's arrival in the pantheon of nine-symphony composers, London has released an integral recording of all nine by the same orchestra and conductor: the London Symphony and Istvan Kertesz. Nos. 6, 7, and 8 have already been reviewed in these pages; now we have the first five, plus a remake of Kertesz's Vienna *New World* (it was apparently considered desirable for the complete series to use the same orchestra throughout). Three of the new releases (Nos. 1, 2, and 5) represent stereo "firsts."

The C minor Symphony (*The Bells of Zlonice*) is, in fact, another kind of premiere, as this is the first recording of the authentic score published in 1961 as part of the Dvořák complete edition (distributed here by Boosey and Hawkes). This piece, written in 1865, was entered by Dvořák in a competition, and the score was never returned to him; as a result, it is the only one of the first four symphonies not later revised by the composer. The manuscript turned up in 1936, and previous performances (including the Artia recording) have been based on an "improved" (i.e., cut and mis-edited) version involving, among other things, an incorrect recapitulation in the finale. Heard now as Dvořák left it, *The Bells of Zlonice* impresses not merely by the eagerness with which the twenty-four-year-old composer crams in salient features of everything he admires (notably Beethoven's Fifth and Schubert's Ninth), but equally by the considerable individuality and continuity that he achieves. An unconventional approach to sonata form is already in evidence; whereas later this was turned to constructive purpose, here it seems generally to result from an imperfect understanding of basic structural principles (by which I do not mean mere textbook rules of sonata form). The slow movement is a genuinely fine inspiration, beautifully carried out until measure 134, when a Beethovenian urge strikes the composer; he makes an irrelevant climax and follows it with an absurd fugato before returning to the matter at hand. Elsewhere, there's a bit too much of everything (notably the trombones), but this remains, to me, the most interesting of the first four symphonies. (From the liner notes I am glad to find that Ray Minshull, producer of these recordings, agrees with me about the subtitle of this piece; critics have been given to mystified wondering, but I hear bells very clearly in measure 9, and am very relieved to find that I'm not alone.)

The B flat Symphony, from the same year, was revised in the late 1880s, when it received its first performance. Kertesz plays Dvořák's final version (as does Neumann on Artia, who takes some optional cuts authorized by the composer). Despite this doctoring, there is less coherence here than in the unretouched First; again, the slow movement is best, despite some awkward transitions.

The Third and Fourth Symphonies, from 1873–74, represent another phase, and a turning point in Dvořák's career, for these two works won him the Austrian State Prize that brought him to the attention of Brahms. Like the Second, both were revised in the late 1880s, but were not published until 1912. The first publication of the Third differed, we are told by the Czech editors, from Dvořák's final revision, and once more Kertesz's recording varies from the competing Artia. In three movements (no Scherzo), the E flat is more tightly organized than the previous works—if not yet conventionally—and of a frequently Wagnerian cast, especially in the slow movement's over-long middle section. The first movement is vigorous and expansive (perhaps too much so), but in the finale, as in that of the First, Dvořák seems to be trying to emulate the propulsive sweep of the parallel movement in Schubert's Ninth; unfortunately, he still lacks the sense of proportion by which Schubert keeps his ultimate harmonic goals in sight.

The finale of the D minor is still another attempt at this kind of movement, stymied this time by an overly terse theme with limited possibilities of development. Wagner is still very much on our composer's mind; the resemblance of the slow movement's theme to the *Pilgrim's Chorus* has been much remarked, as has that of the Scherzo's Trio to the Tailor's Chorus in *Die Meistersinger*, although I think the latter section's basic inspiration is really the Trio in Beethoven's Seventh.

None of these "posthumous" symphonies of Dvořák is a fully realized work, but in sum they are full of charteristic touches—the (occasionally distracting) fertility of thematic invention, the rhythmic vitality, the contrapuntal skill are all present, if not yet under control. And even the derivative inspirations are imaginatively employed, as in the above-mentioned Scherzo of the Fourth where, like Beethoven, Dvořák decides to bring his Trio back again—but surprises us by doing it at a point where we are expecting the Scherzo theme to recur in major. By now we sense a really constructive sense of form beginning to emerge.

Little more than a year after the D minor, Dvořák achieved a fully satisfactory symphony, the F major. Rather less grandiose than its predecessors, this work even forgoes Dvořák's usual rambunctious first-movement coda in favor of a quiet close, while the last movement very successfully carries off a lengthy beginning in the wrong key. Why this delightful piece doesn't turn up more often is a mystery—as is the relative scarcity of the more pretentious Sixth, which marks the next turning point in Dvořák's symphonic development, his encounter with Brahms's Second. For all its obvious debts to the latter work, the Sixth shows typically Dvořákian originality by its complete assimilation of the borrowed material into its own idiom. With three good recordings now available (even Sejna's old mono Artia has

Istvan Kertesz: a Czech mate for a Hungarian.

some unique virtues), the Sixth will now perhaps get the attention it deserves. The remaining three symphonies, of course, need no advertisement from this quarter.

In the first five symphonies, the new Kertesz recordings take unquestioned precedence over earlier Artia versions in completeness, authenticity, performance, and recording. Except for the mysterious absence of four measures in the first movement of the Fourth (a tape editing slip?), they are absolutely complete down to the last repeat, and, as mentioned above, faithful to the best available texts. The playing of the London Symphony is a joy throughout—clean, lively, and rhythmically precise—and Kertesz leads with a predominantly light touch; if he is sometimes a bit overexuberant, this is a fault shared by the works themselves. And London's crisp, clear registration leaves the Artia-Supraphon sound, muddy and coarse, far behind.

In the *New World*, of course, Kertesz is up against nearly every other conductor in the world (Old *and* New)—and since we all know this piece by heart, our standards are very demanding. For myself, I find this a much less illuminating performance than some others, Klemperer's in particular. The individual playing of the orchestra is as good as ever, but important details in the winds tend to be covered up, and the scaling of the climaxes is not always well judged. Despite his slight stodginess in the Scherzo, Klemperer's structural grasp and his extraordinary ability to clarify complex tutti passages are shown at their best here.

Among the overtures included as fillers, the most interesting are *Othello* and *In Nature's Realm* (which form a trilogy with *Carnival*, coupled with Kertesz's previously issued Sixth). The first is a gloomy, brooding piece that starts slowly but comes together in a recapitulation of great concision and power, while the latter is perhaps the quintessential cheerful Dvořák piece. *My Home* (the first recording available in America, I believe) is an engaging mélange of Beethoven and nationalism, but *Hussites* has always struck me as vapid pomposity. The performances are all excellent, and London would do well to make up a separate disc of Dvořák overtures for the benefit of those who don't want the conjoined symphonies.

DVORAK: *Symphonies*

No. 1, in C minor, Op. 3 ("Bells of Zlonice") (on CM 9523/CS 6523); *No. 2, in B flat, Op. 4* (on CM 9524/CS 6524); *No. 3, in E flat, Op. 10* (with *Hussites Overture, Op. 67* on CM 9525/CS 6525); *No. 4, in D minor, Op. 13* (with *In Nature's Realm, Op. 91* on CM 9526/CS 6526); *No. 5, in F, Op. 76* (with *My Home Overture, Op. 62* on CM 9511/CS 6511); *No. 9, in E minor, Op. 63 ("From the New World")* (with *Othello Overture, Op. 93* on CM 9527/CS 6527).

London Symphony Orchestra, Istvan Kertesz, cond. LONDON ⓓ CM 9511, 9523/27, $4.79 each; CS 6511, 6523/27, $5.79 each (six discs).

Classical

BACH: *Concertos for Violin and Strings; in A minor, S. 1041; in E, S. 1042*
†Vivaldi: *Concertos for Violin and Strings: in D minor, P. 258; in A, P. 229*

Nathan Milstein, violin; instrumentalists, Nathan Milstein, cond. ANGEL ⓓ 36010, $4.79; S 36010, $5.79.

The coupling of the familiar Bach concertos with little-known ones by Vivaldi makes for interesting contrasts. Bach operates on a grander scale, his textures are richer, and his harmony is much more adventurous, but the basic pattern he uses is derived from Vivaldi, and so is the notion of inventing themes with clear-cut, easily recognizable profiles. The Italian is not entirely overwhelmed by his younger German contemporary and admirer. P. 258 has expressive material and a minimum of the noodling that Vivaldi was sometimes prone to write, while P. 229, one of those concertos requiring an abnormal tuning of the violins, has two vigorous movements and an unusually elaborate solo part.

Milstein plays with his usual full-bodied and velvety tone. The first movement of the Bach E major has a jolly spirit, and its Adagio, which can easily drag, has enough motion not to. The slow movement of the A minor too is beautifully sung; indeed that whole work receives a noble reading. The highly melismatic solo part of P. 229 is impeccably performed by Milstein, who throughout all four works also manages to keep the ensemble precise. Except for a harpsichord that is inaudible much of the time the sound is good. N.B.

BACH: *Masses: in F, S. 233; in A, S. 234*

Agnes Giebel, soprano; Gisela Litz, contralto; Hermann Prey, baritone; Pro Arte Choir (Lausanne); Pro Arte Orchestra of Munich, Kurt Redel, cond. WORLD SERIES ⓓ PHC 9060, $2.50 (compatible disc).

These Masses consist of Kyrie and Gloria only. No one knows why Bach wrote them or when and where they were performed. The F major Kyrie uses a Lutheran chorale, *Christe, du Lamm Gottes*, but the A major Mass could be Catholic or Protestant. It is known that they are rather late works; in each one Bach borrows a couple of arias and a chorus or two from his cantatas. They have been ignored by the record companies: the only listing in Schwann is of a routine performance first issued here fifteen years ago. It's hard to understand why, because both Masses contain some very beautiful music.

Redel molds the long, flowing lines of the choral movements with sensitivity and a quiet eloquence. In the *"Gloria in excelsis"* of the F major the choristers do sing "Glo-ho-ho-ho-ria," but this brilliant section is hard to spoil. The first *"Kyrie"* of the A major and the *"Cum sancto Spiritu"* have a most attractive pastoral feeling, which Redel achieves in the dotted "Kyrie" by avoiding double dotting. Especially imposing are the sharp contrasts he makes in the *"Gloria in excelsis"* of this work. Here the jubilation of the chorus is interrupted several times by grave solos in which the flutes hover ecstatically over the voice. The chorus sings with good tone and balance. Miss Giebel's voice sounds a little thin and pale, but she sings with her usual competence. In the *"Domine Deus"* of the F major Prey produces attractive and fairly steady tone with a hint of constriction; in the corresponding aria of the A major the tightness seems to be gone and the tone is more consistently firm. Only Miss Litz is poor: she seldom gets closer to the bull's-eye than an outer ring.

The harpsichord is too faint in the *"Domine Deus"* of the A major, but otherwise the sound is fine. This aria, by the way, is cut by almost a fifth, and there is a smaller, less bothersome, excision in the *"Quoniam"* of the same Mass. Nevertheless this disc is on most counts far superior to its only rival in the domestic catalogues. N.B.

BARTOK: *Rhapsody for Piano and Orchestra; Concertos for Piano and Orchestra: No. 1; No. 2; No. 3*

Gabor Gabos, piano; Symphony Orchestra of the Hungarian Radio and Television, György Lehel, cond. QUALITON ⓓ LPX 1250/51, $9.58; SLTX 1250/51, $11.58 (two discs).

BARTOK: *Concertos for Piano and Orchestra; No. 1; No. 3*

Peter Serkin, piano; Chicago Symphony Orchestra, Seiji Ozawa, cond. RCA VICTOR ⓓ LM 2929, $4.79; LSC 2929, $5.79.

The two piano concertos Bartók wrote for himself in 1926 and 1930–31 make the same kind of personal annexation of the medium as do those of Brahms—though to rather different ends. Both pit a kind of robust *martellato* pianism against deliberately stark orchestration in the allegros; both achieve an almost visionary lyrical intensity in the slow movements. To these works the early (1904) Rhapsody, Op. 1, acts as a kind of prelude, and the Third Piano Concerto (written at the end of the composer's life for his wife to play) as a gentle coda. Formally, the Rhapsody is in the familiar *lassu-friss* shape of the czardas, made familiar by Liszt's "Hungarian" works; the bravura style of the piano-writing also reminds one of Liszt, for whom the young Bartók had an immense admiration (no doubt colored by

patriotism). Gabor Gabos plays the piece very well indeed, giving full value not only to the virtuoso fireworks but also to the subtler qualities of romantic rhetoric that the music also demands.

So warmly lyrical is Gabos' playing in the Rhapsody, in fact, that it comes as quite a surprise to hear him tackle the first movement of the First Concerto with just the right degree of deadpan crispness. Unfortunately, Gabos' playing in the concertos is not matched by that of the orchestra—nor by the quality of the recording. The First and Second Concertos are both hard pieces to play and to balance correctly: the rhythms are tricky and call for absolute precision, and the toughly contrapuntal writing can be appreciated only if every note can be heard. This is not the case on this Hungarian issue, I am afraid. For evidence, turn from it to the RCA coupling of the First and Third Concertos as played by young Peter Serkin and the Chicago Symphony under Seiji Ozawa. Not only do soloist and conductor here devote great care to seeing that each note tells (rather too much care, I felt at times, insofar as Serkin sometimes makes rather unspontaneous-sounding ritenuti); the recording also combines warmth and clarity in a near-ideal way. All the details of the important percussion parts are audible without being obtrusive, whereas in the Hungarian recording you will listen in vain for many of them.

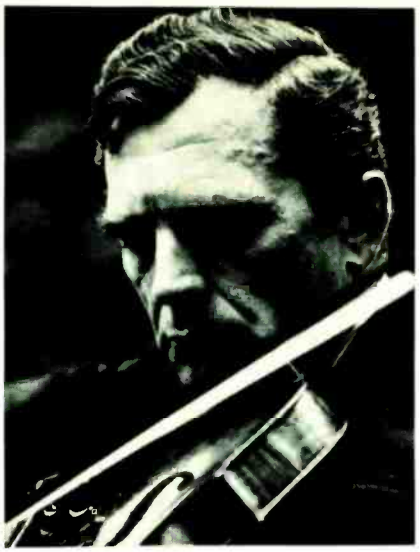
I am sorry not to be able to recommend the Qualiton recording more highly, since Gabos is an excellent pianist technically, and perhaps a little more mature in expression than Peter Serkin, who has yet to learn to conceal the very real and necessary consideration he brings to the music. But there can be no doubt which recording gives you a clearer idea of the music—and clarity, in the two great concertos, is of the essence. J.N.

BEETHOVEN: *Overtures: Egmont, Op. 80; Coriolan, Op. 62; König Stefan, Op. 117; Leonore No. 2, Op. 72a*

Cleveland Orchestra, George Szell, cond. COLUMBIA Ⓓ ML 6366, $4.79; MS 6966, $5.79; Ⓣ MQ 890, $7.95.

The ratio of typical Beethovenian rigor to atypical Italianate lyricism in this music provides the index to Szell's success with it. His is a total triumph in *Leonore* No. 2—or, almost total, only a certain sparkle in the introduction being missing. In every other respect, though, the conductor blazes forth impressively, providing ardor and a lucidity which almost makes one oblivious to the fact that this work is a richly detailed but lopsided structure. (It lacks a recapitulation section contained in Nos. 1, 3, and *Fidelio*). Szell's is, indeed, an account to rank with Toscanini's.

Not so the *Egmont*. While sound and brilliantly executed, it inevitably suffers when heard alongside the unforgettable drama and impassioned eloquence of the Maestro's wonderful 78 disc. (In fairness, though, it should be pointed



Walter Trampler: the veteran violist appears with the Budapest Quartet.

out that Toscanini failed to equal his own earlier accomplishment when he re-recorded the work for long play.) Similarly, I admire Szell's sturdy and incisive way with *Coriolan:* but here again a more headlong thrust along with the authoritative care might have produced a really superlative reading.

Least convincing of the foursome is Szell's *König Stefan*, for the conductor's iron-clad intellectual grasp is not tempered by commensurate geniality. This by no means inconsequential music unfolds here as a museum piece, whereas Monteux's recording (on a recent Victrola issue) was infinitely more vital.

As far as sound goes, this disc is startlingly realistic. The gusto and knife-edged exactitude of the orchestral playing is possibly the best recorded likeness of the Szell/Cleveland ensemble to date. H.G.

BEETHOVEN: *Quintet for Strings, in C, Op. 29*
†Dvořák: *Quintet for Strings, in E flat, Op. 97*

Walter Trampler, viola; Budapest Quartet. COLUMBIA Ⓓ ML 6352, $4.79; MS 6952, $5.79.

At last we have a stereo version of Beethoven's glorious Quintet in C, and it's a beauty. This fine work has always been popular in Europe (where it is known by the subtitle *"Der Sturm"*), but for reasons unclear to me it has always been more or less neglected by Americans. The Budapest/Trampler team has enormous range of texture and expression. They state the broad opening of the first movement with dark-toned richness and yet are able to sail into the phantomlike triplet passage which follows with fleet agility. How pleasant it is to hear string players so willing to play *pianissimo* and *staccato:* most of their colleagues keep that bow glued to the bridge of their intruments.

The overside Dvořák has many of the same cameolike features as the Beethoven performance. In contrast to the sturdy, outdoors type of approach by Josef Kodousek and the Dvořák Quartet on a recent Crossroads disc, Budapest/Trampler is all lithe, agile, intense. The finely molded, classical reading is more on the order of Westminster's entry by the augmented European Quartet, though garnished by a certain tonal tartness which adds personality to the playing.

It saddens me to realize that this will probably be one of the last Budapest Quartet recordings we shall be getting: the group has disbanded, apparently permanently, since the illness of its splendid cellist, Mischa Schneider. Happily, Columbia's engineering crew conspired to give these esteemed musicians virtually perfect sound. This has by no means always been so in the past. H.G.

BEETHOVEN: *Sonatas for Piano: No. 15, in D, Op. 28 ("Pastoral"); No. 26, in E flat, Op. 81a ("Les Adieux")*

Bruno Leonardo Gelber, piano. ODEON Ⓓ SMC 80998, $5.79 (stereo only).

Gelber recently recorded the D minor Brahms Concerto—and proved himself to be an impressive Brahmsian. Now he has turned his attention away from heroics to a couple of the most lyrical Beethoven Sonatas—and proves himself equally impressive in that very difficult realm. The first thing one notices is Gelber's clear grasp of form; he views these works as entities, not merely as collections of fine pianistic details. His readings are extremely detailed but every nicety counts for something in the total framework. Gelber gives each sforzando or staccato a character and purpose of its own and is therefore able at other times to melt lovingly over a legato phrase without his musical structure going slack. What higher compliment can I pay this young artist—aged twenty-five—than to say that his versions of these pieces are comparable to those of Schnabel and Kempff?

Pellucid piano reproduction, helped undoubtedly by the playing itself. H.G.

BEETHOVEN: *Symphony No. 7, in A, Op. 92; Prometheus Overture, Op. 43*

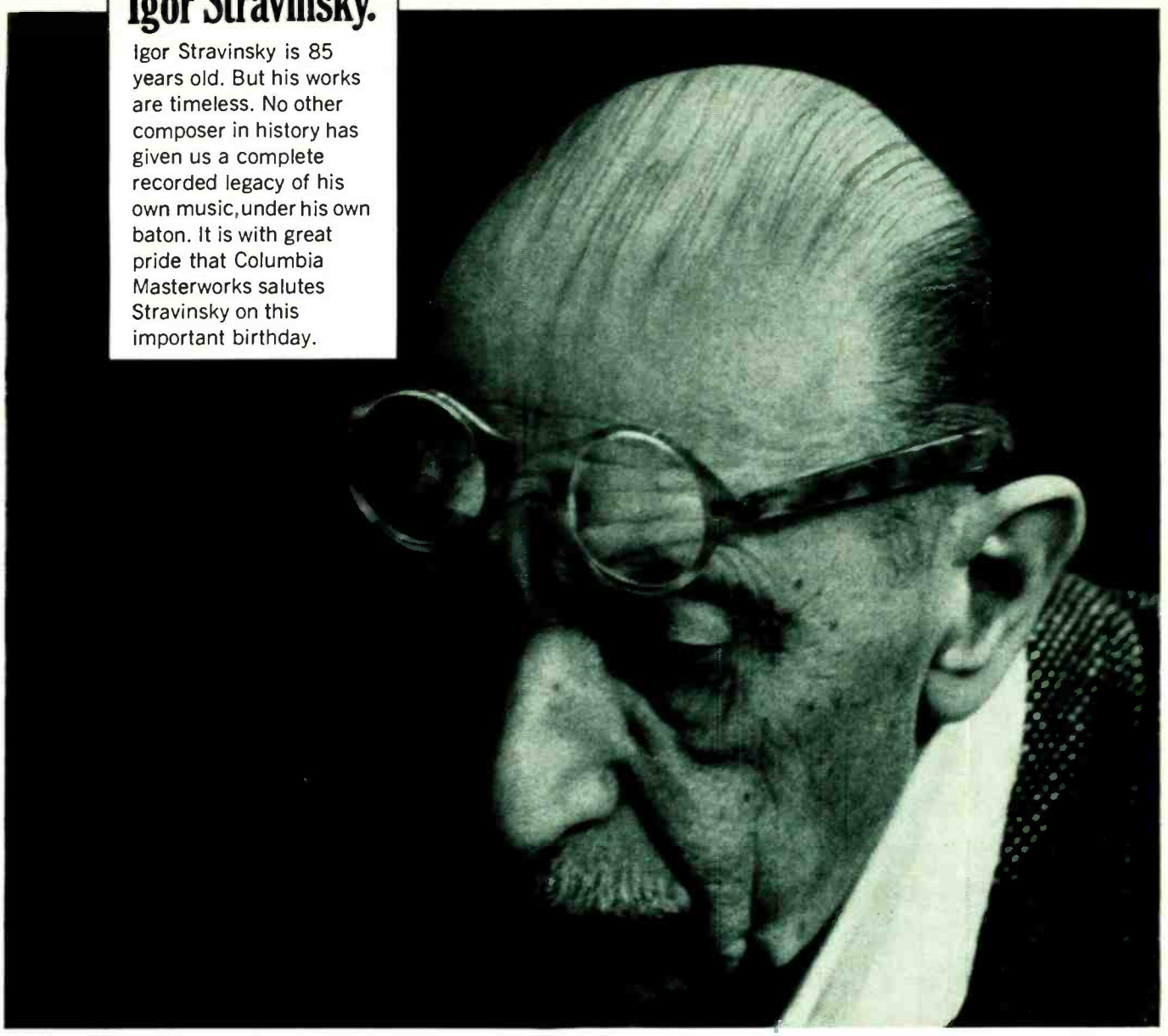
Vienna Philharmonic, Claudio Abbado, cond. LONDON Ⓓ CM 9510, $4.79; CS 6510, $5.79.

Abbado is a young Italian conductor who has been increasingly active abroad since his apprenticeship in 1963 with the New York Philharmonic. He obtains an expressive sonority from the Vienna Philharmonic and leaves no question either of his innate talent or his affinity for Beethoven.

His reading of the winged, moto-perpetuo Overture is scintillant and vernal. The Symphony performance, however, is more of a mixed-bag: Abbado observes the repeat in its finale, and otherwise conducts it with due mo-

Happy Birthday, Igor Stravinsky.

Igor Stravinsky is 85 years old. But his works are timeless. No other composer in history has given us a complete recorded legacy of his own music, under his own baton. It is with great pride that Columbia Masterworks salutes Stravinsky on this important birthday.



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mentum. The explosive scherzo (also done with full repeats) is similarly convincing. The first movement introduction, the entire Allegretto, and the third movement trio, on the other hand, all suffer from rhythmic slackness, while the heavy treatment of the first-movement Vivace is frequently downright wrong in its rhythm. Who would believe, from Abbado's reading that its meter was six/eight and *not* two/four?

The superbly engineered disc, therefore, is best considered a promissory note of future musical fulfillment. H.G.

BERG: *Chamber Concerto*
†Stravinsky: *Symphonies of Wind Instruments*

Ivan Straus, violin, Zdenek Kozina, piano (in the Berg); Chamber Ensemble of Wind Instruments (Prague), Libor Pesek, cond. PARLIAMENT Ⓓ PLP 624, $1.98; PLPS 624, $2.98.

Desirable as it would be to have good inexpensive recordings of these two masterpieces from the Twenties, this disc doesn't make the grade. The Berg, I'm afraid, is of interest mainly as a document of how Czech musicians are managing to cope with the Second Viennese School. To spare you the trouble of learning firsthand, I'll report that they are not yet managing very well; the material is there, but the experience—both with the style and with the problems of ensemble—is still lacking.

One unique feature: this recording does include six bars of Berg's music that few of us can have heard before. Although the three movements are to be played without breaks, Berg prepared concert endings so that either of the first two movements (the first is for piano and winds, the second for violin and winds) could be played as independent pieces. Apparently in order to permit a side break after the second movement, the apposite concert ending is used here—quite inappropriately, since this is a complete performance. Other recordings avoid the problem by breaking later, at a "grand pause" in the third movement (Craft and Scherchen) or by getting the whole work on one side (Prêtre). Of these, the Craft (Columbia M2L 271/M2S 620) is by far the best, despite an ugly splice at the start of the third movement, with the piano upbeat actually coming twice.

In the Stravinsky, the conductor starts out rather ambitiously, with tempos rather faster than the metronome markings; he is eventually forced to trim his sails for the fastest section, and ends up, in the coda, about where he should be. Otherwise, the playing is accurate, although one could take exception to the quavery tone of the bassoon at higher altitudes. All told, this is better than the erratic Ansermet (whose coda keeps getting faster, and whose players often phrase incorrectly); however, Columbia has a Craft version in the offing, done in the composer's presence, and there exists a Boulez version of some five years ago on the French Adès label that one of our independents should look into.

The mislabeling of the Stravinsky as "Symphonies *for* Wind Instruments" inspires a lack of confidence in the liner notes, which is fully borne out. D.H.

BORODIN: *In the Steppes of Central Asia*—See Tchaikovsky: *1812 Overture, Op. 49.*

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

Walter Trampler, viola; Mieczyslaw Horszowski, piano. RCA VICTOR Ⓓ LM 2933, $4.79; LSC 2933, $5.79.

Brahms originally wrote his Op. 120 for clarinet and piano, but he himself devised alternatives for viola and violin. The violin edition, done at Joachim's behest, is virtually forgotten: the pieces do not sound particularly well on that instrument. The viola version, however, does. Indeed, the music—floating, bubbly and almost "happy" on the clarinet—reveals such different, unsuspectedly passionate facets on the dulcet-toned alto string instrument that (like Mozart's C minor Wind Serenade, K. 388 and String Quintet, K. 406) the alternate incarnations must be regarded as separate compositions despite their use of identical musical materials.

The Trampler/Horszowski readings are splendidly fine-grained and well organized. These musicians emphasize Brahms the classicist, and their performances are therefore far removed in outlook from the ardent, rhapsodic Primrose/Firkusny version recently revived by Seraphim. I like Primrose's golden, warm-hued sound better than the more ascetic, fast-vibratoed Trampler sonority, but in every other respect my preference is for Trampler/Horszowski. The latter team pay far more heed to Brahms's subtle dynamic and phrase markings, and they are more attentive to the intricate rhythmic interplay which, in the E flat Sonata particularly, forms the very foundation of the music's structure.

Interestingly enough, virtually no modern violist—at least none known to me on records—plays the part *exactly* as the composer wrote it. The changes are in correspondence with the tremendous strides in viola solo technique made since Brahms's time. Many passages which he assigned to a lower octave are restored to the register in which they are played on the clarinet. I feel that one or two such emendations are justified; but when they become wholesale practice as with Primrose and (even more so) Trampler, doubts arise. It seems a pity when some of the dark richness (which Brahms surely intended) is replaced by a rather nasal "brilliance," and certainly it is a case of misguided purism to omit Brahms's interpolated double stops from the E flat's second movement as Trampler does here.

Nevertheless, this is a lovely record with attractive sound, apparently the product of a small studio. Instrumental balance is perfect. H.G.

BRAHMS: *Symphony No. 3, in F, Op. 90; Tragic Overture, Op. 81*

Boston Symphony Orchestra, Erich Leinsdorf, cond. RCA VICTOR Ⓓ LM 2936, $4.79; LSC 2936, $5.79.

The Third is considered by many professionals to be the hardest to conduct of the four Brahms Symphonies. Its problems are those of organization and interpretative perspective. It is no mean feat to balance convincingly the heroic drama and lyricism in the content, and even more difficult to decide whether the structural emphasis will be on the work's classic outline or on its romantic ardor. Then too there is the question of how to make every one of the composer's contrapuntal details audible; in one or two places, such as at bars 21 and 22 in the first movement (where the cello-second violin imitations of the first violin's ascending runs should be, but seldom are, heard), the probability is that Brahms—usually a masterful orchestrator—has miscalculated a bit.

Leinsdorf is a purist in regard to textual fidelity, and at the passage cited above he preserves the letter, but destroys the spirit, of the law. Toscanini, with his judicious retouching of one or two passages, revealed more of the work's content and essential *spirit*, and was, in a sense, an even greater "purist" than the more literal-minded Leinsdorf.

From every other standpoint, however, Leinsdorf has solved the composer's sundry hurdles with masterful poise. He opts for lucidity and classicism. He observes the important first movement exposition repeat. His tautly maintained line keeps the music militant enough even when the chosen tempos are on the deliberate side. Drama is not overlooked, although lyricism and intimacy are bestowed even greater favor. Those in the market for a stereo Third should definitely sample this entry along with the recent and more rough-hewn Bernstein and Szell editions. Also to be considered are the older readings of Walter and Klemperer. Leinsdorf's accompanying account of the *Tragic* Overture is similarly well played and intelligently interpreted, though here the prosaic facets of the conductor's musical personality are more in evidence.

Both compositions have been afforded sensibly but not frighteningly immanent sound, which preserves the rather impersonal cool perfection of Leinsdorf's orchestral sonority. H.G.

BRAHMS: *Variations on a Theme by Haydn, Op. 56a; Academic Festival Overture; Tragic Overture*

Cleveland Orchestra, George Szell, cond. COLUMBIA Ⓓ ML 6365, $4.79; MS 6965, $5.79 [the Variations from Columbia ML 6085/MS 6685, 1965].

"One weeps; the other laughs." So said Brahms of his two overtures. Szell does neither, yet there is much to recommend the present disc. To begin with, there is sublimely polished playing. At low dy-

namic levels there is a chamber quality which is finely balanced against the massive (though never unwieldy) sonorities produced during *forte* passages. The precision and solidity of the pungent opening chords of the *Tragic* give them great urgency, and indeed the total performance is characterized by an inexorable and sharply focused sense of direction.

I am less happy with the *Academic Festival*, for Szell concentrates wholly on the first half of the title. There is grandeur, to be sure, but little feeling for the festive nature of the piece. At times the absence of humor puts the performance on the verge of pomposity.

The *Haydn Variations* are culled from Szell's 1965 recording of Brahms's Third Symphony. By current standards the sound is quite good—as rich, indeed, as that heard in the Overtures—and the performance, a fusion of intellect and canny intuition, is among the best of Szell's Brahms projects. S.L.

BRUCH: *Concerto for Violin and Orchestra, No. 1, in G minor, Op. 26*
†Mendelssohn: *Concerto for Violin and Orchestra, in E minor, Op. 64*

Josef Suk, violin; Czech Philharmonic Orchestra, Karel Ančerl cond. EPIC Ⓓ LC 3946, $4.79; BC 1346, $5.79.

On other occasions Josef Suk has shown greater technical control and musical authority than he does here in either concerto. In changing from one string to another in passage work, for instance, he often fails to retain the same tone color, sounding somewhat like a singer with pronounced breaks in his range. The Mendelssohn performance can be termed almost coarse in texture and musicianship; the Bruch here captures Suk's involvement more securely. In both cases, the sound of the orchestra is heavy and is not too sharply defined either in performance or reproduction; the soloist is placed acoustically rather forward.

This Supraphon recording might have merited some consideration if issued on Epic's budget label, Crossroads; at standard price it is out of the competitions. There are many better versions of both concertos—for this coupling I myself prefer the superb Francescatti reading. P.H.

BRUCKNER: *Symphony No. 0, in D minor*

Amsterdam Concertgebouw Orchestra, Bernard Haitink, cond. PHILIPS Ⓓ PHM 500131, $4.79; PHS 900131, $5.79; Ⓣ PTC 9131, $7.95.

The idea of a "Symphony No. 0" suggests something *hors d'oeuvre*, certainly miniature, perhaps totally inconsiderable. Bruckner's No. 0, which in its final form belongs between Nos. 1 and 2, is none of these things. Composed in 1863-64, revised to the point of virtual recomposition in 1869, and commonly referred to nowadays as *Die Nullte*, it is a full-scale symphony in its own right, even though, with a duration around three-quarters of an hour, the scale is smaller than that of Bruckner's better-known works.

The tense opening immediately establishes an authentically Brucknerian atmosphere, and the music often foreshadows techniques found in the later symphonies, including, as the liner note points out, the expansion of thematic groups from two to three, and the building of climaxes by a simple combination of themes. The value of the work is not diminished by the frequent whiffs of Schubert—rather they are a part of its charm—and it is good to have it on record, especially since the Concertgebouw Orchestra under Bernard Haitink gives an idiomatic, compelling, and often exciting performance. The recording is good, though the surfaces on my copy are not ideally quiet and show an ominous tendency to crackle in one or two climactic spots. B.J.

BRUCKNER: *Symphony No. 7, in E*

Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra, Max Rudolf, cond. DECCA Ⓓ DL 10139, $4.79; DL 710139, $5.79.

BRUCKNER: *Symphony No. 7, in E; Te Deum*

Elly Ameling, soprano, Anna Reynolds, contralto, Horst Hoffmann, tenor, Guus Hoekman, bass, Chorus of the Netherlands Radio (in the Te Deum); Amsterdam Concertgebouw Orchestra, Bernard Haitink, cond. PHILIPS Ⓓ PHM 2-598, $9.58; PHS 2-998, $11.58 (two discs).

BRUCKNER: *Symphony No. 7, in E; Three Motets: Os justi, Vexilla regis; Christus factus est pro nobis; 150th Psalm*

Maria Stader, soprano, Chorus of the German Opera, Berlin (in the 150th Psalm); Bavarian Radio Chorus (in the Motets); Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra, Eugen Jochum, cond. DEUTSCHE GRAMMOPHON Ⓓ LPM 19137/38, $11.58; SLPM 139137/38, $11.58 (two discs); Ⓣ DGK 9138, $11.95.

You can't go out for five minutes these days without finding three new recordings of the Bruckner Seventh waiting for you on your return. I reviewed three in these pages in the January issue, and here are three more—at the current rate of growth there should be 201 versions available by the turn of the century. Next to what my successor in those days will face, the task of comparing the nine existing recordings is an easy one.

Rosbaud's remains the greatest performance I know. It has a sustained ecstasy, coupled with unimpeachable integrity of line, that is most moving, and if I had to settle for only one version in my collection, this would be it, even though Turnabout's recording, sweet enough in tone, is seriously lacking in dynamic range. For a version with more up-to-date sound, in a finely integrated reading of high lyrical beauty, Walter would be my next choice, closely followed by Solti, who lays more emphasis on passing beauties while still preserving a cogent over-all view. Furtwängler, Klemperer, and Schuricht, though each offers incidental beauties, all seem to me not quite at their best in this Symphony.

Of the new releases, the Decca, on one full-price record, occupies a mid-position economically between Rosbaud's bargain-label single disc and the three-sided versions. Rudolf's is a characterful interpretation. With his customary powerful rhythmic drive, he makes an impressive whole of the first movement, and his articulation of the sixteenth-dotted quartet figures in the second subject is unusually crisp. In the finale, like Klemperer, he marks the ends of the first-subject phrases with emphatic ritards, but unlike Klemperer he manages to do this without destroying the music's flow. It is only in the slow movement, which lacks repose, that the conductor's refusal to linger seems excessively ascetic. Furthermore, though not as restricted in range as the Turnabout, the Decca recording does not embrace a real *pianissimo*—unless this is a characteristic of the actual playing. For the most part the Cincinnati Symphony acquits itself splendidly, and the orchestral textures have greater clarity than in any other version of the work.

Though it rarely attains to the highest pitch of eloquence, Rudolf's performance is, in general, an admirable realization of the continuous, as opposed to the

fragmented, approach to the Symphony. Haitink's reading is of the same kind, and he deserves particular congratulations for ignoring the conventional practice of slowing down at Letter E in the scherzo. But though his performance is finely articulated and very well played, and though the range and quality of the recording are excellent, poetry does seem somewhat lacking. Jochum's interpretation is at the opposite pole. He drains every drop of expression from the score. His *pianissimos* are quieter, his pauses more hesitant, than anyone else's. Sometimes this approach pays rich dividends; the end of his slow movement is beautifully controlled, and in the choralelike second theme of the finale it is good to hear a real distinction between the *p* of the first phrase and the *pp* of the second. The form, however, suffers. For instance, exquisite as the very first twenty-four bars of the work sound, they would, played like this, fit much better in the *sehr feierlich* passage that introduces the coda—such febrile intensity is out of place right at the beginning of so large-limbed a work. Deutsche Grammophon's sound, though soft-grained, is very lovely; but once again I must draw attention to that curious spot of excessive hall resonance around bass B flat which has flawed previous Jochum/Berlin Philharmonic recordings; if you think this is a quibble, listen to the beginning of the first Moderato section in the slow movement: the pizzicato bass sticks out like a sore thumb every time it touches A sharp.

Jochum's fourth side offers four of Bruckner's most attractive choral compositions, all performed with suitable gravity and mystical fervor. Haitink contributes a spirited reading of the Te Deum—a particularly appropriate coupling, since the *"Non confundar"* section shares the material of the Symphony's slow movement. By comparison with Jochum's Te Deum (the fill-up for his later recording of the Ninth Symphony), Haitink places more emphasis on drama and lyricism and less on solemnity. He also has a rather stronger quartet of soloists. (In my copy, the beginning of the Te Deum side is faultily pressed; Philips is putting the matter right, but I advise early purchasers to check their copies.) B.J.

BUSONI: *Sonatas for Violin and Piano: No. 1, in E minor, Op. 29; No. 2, in E minor, Op. 36a*

Hyman Bress, violin; Bengt Johnsson, piano. OISEAU-LYRE Ⓓ OL 296, $5.79; SOL 296, $5.79.

Busoni's First Sonata, dating from 1889, earned him the first Rubinstein prize in composition in Moscow, and also secured for him an identification with Brahms. In melodic structure, harmony, and sentiment, the work is Brahmsian in every way but quality. Long-winded and repetitious, it almost leads one to be thankful that Bress doesn't play it very well. The performance is neither violinistic nor musical (if, indeed, there exists a dichotomy between these two attitudes) and in its lack of direction is a perfect reflection of the music.

A decade later Busoni produced the Second Sonata. In this work too there are Brahmsian echoes, but the increased articulateness of its thematic material and the expanded harmonic language give it a wholesome and natural character of its own. Bress seems much more at home here; everything about his playing—intonation, tone, and insight—is markedly superior to the reckless attempt with the earlier sonata. For his part, Johnsson has little difficulty coping with the often diabolical piano writing.

Sonically, the disc is clean and full. S.L.

CHOPIN: *Ballades: No. 1, in G minor, Op. 23; No. 2, in F, Op. 38; No. 3, in A flat, Op. 47; No. 4, in F minor, Op. 52*

Ivan Moravec, piano. CONNOISSEUR SOCIETY Ⓓ CM 1266, $4.79; CS 1266, $5.79.

CHOPIN: *Ballades: No. 1, in G minor, Op. 23; No. 2, in F, Op. 38; No. 3, in A flat, Op. 47; No. 4, in F minor, Op. 52: Impromptus: No. 1, in A flat, Op. 29; No. 2, in F sharp, Op. 36; No. 3, in G flat, Op. 51; No. 4, in C sharp minor, Op. 66 ("Fantaisie-Impromptu")*

Tamás Vásáry, piano. DEUTSCHE GRAMMOPHON Ⓓ LPM 16455, $5.79; SLPM 136455, $5.79.

It seems to me that both Moravec and Vásáry, two of our finest artists, have gone astray in the ballades. Moravec's tremendous dynamic range, his complete pianistic scope, and his fierce—indeed rather terrifying—subjectivity almost would convince one that the ballades were written by Kafka and not by Chopin. His kaleidoscopic approach, which worked so well in his recently issued edition of the Preludes—sounds episodic and overwrought here, to my way of thinking. More simplicity would be in order in these more architecturally unified, grandly conceived compositions; and a truly defined basic pulse would furnish constant—as opposed to intermittent—forward impetus. All of this, however, is not to deny the truly staggering impact of some of Moravec's climaxes or the genuinely inspired beauty of many of his effects.

Vásáry manages to keep his perspective throughout the third ballade and his readings of the smaller, graceful impromptus are completely lucid and convincing. Elsewhere, he too is ensnared by self-conscious stop-go phrase divisions (the beginnings of both the F major and G minor ballades) and by occasionally pretentious dynamic devices which tend to fragment structure instead of clarifying it.

Both of these performances are splendidly recorded and must be credited for their elegance and expressive power; but unless you are primarily interested in the four impromptus (of which Vásáry's efforts top any that I know), you would be better served by either the Frankl (Vox) or Ashkenazy (London) version of the ballades. While Frankl's tonal palette may be a trifle prosaic alongside that of his three vividly coloristic colleagues, his readings are the most direct and intellectualized of all; Ashkenazy's represent the best compromise between romantic tradition and logic. H.G.

COPLAND: *Symphony No. 3*

New York Philharmonic, Leonard Bernstein, cond. COLUMBIA Ⓓ ML 6354, $4.79; MS 6954, $5.79.

For all its evident seriousness and careful attention to the problem of symphonic form, Copland's Third has never struck me as a completely satisfying work. Nearly all of the thematic material falls into one of two sharply contrasting character-types: the vigorously dancelike or the quietly reflective—and the result is much more episodic than a symphony ought to be. The last movement, however, gains much from the presence of the martial *Fanfare for the Common Man* material; this is by far the most varied and effective part of the work.

This newest recording comes into direct competition with Copland's own London Symphony version (Everest LPBR 6018/SDBR 3018). However, Bernstein's performance must be regarded as superior on all counts—better orchestral playing (the LSO was not at the time of the Everest recording the orchestra it has since become), firmer tempos, and a surer control of dynamic shape. In addition, Columbia's sound has both a smoother top and a solider bass. Incidentally, both recordings differ from the published score in several respects, including a cut of two pages near the end; presumably these variations are authentic, and should be incorporated into new printings of the score (Boosey and Hawkes).

Since Columbia is apparently engaged in recording the complete works of Copland, it seems a shame that the first side of this record (eighteen minutes of music) could not have been filled out with one of his shorter orchestral works (for example, *Quiet City* or *Our Town*). D.H.

COUPERIN, FRANCOIS: *Messe pour les couvents*

†**Couperin, Louis:** *Allemande in G minor; Sarabande en canon, in D minor; Chaconne in G minor*

Georges Robert, organ. NONESUCH Ⓓ H 1150, $2.50; H 71150, $2.50.

The François Couperin work, which occupies all but the last nine minutes of

this disc, is one of two organ "Masses" he composed in 1690 as sets of interpolations between the vocal parts of the service. In effect, as the liner note points out, when heard without the vocal sections the work forms a sort of suite. It is a very delightful one, full of rhythmic and harmonic variety and of carefully indicated contrasts in registration.

The performance heard here is excellent. The organ of the Church of St. Merry in Paris is an appropriate choice for the music, and the lovely sounds it makes are well captured by the recording. Georges Robert's organ playing has clarity, grandeur, and fair style, though in the last of the three pieces by Couperin's uncle Louis he shows himself to be yet another of those French musicians who are not fully aware of the requirements of the French style in the matter of double-dotting. But in any case these three little pieces are only a makeweight: the *Messe pour les couvents* is the thing, and it is splendidly done. B.J.

COUPERIN, LOUIS: *Allemande in G minor; Sarabande en canon, in D minor; Chaconne in G minor*—See Couperin, François: *Messe pour les couvents.*

DEBUSSY: *Images, Books I and II; Estampes; La plus que lente; Hommage à Haydn; Berceuse héroïque; L'Isle joyeuse*

Charles Rosen, piano. EPIC ⓓ LC 3945, $4.79; BC 1345, $5.79.

This is an indispensable record if you want to understand what Debussy was really up to. In his jacket notes, Charles Rosen observes that Debussy's "revolution . . . is essentially the emancipation of tone color as an independent musical element." And in his playing, Rosen demonstrates a more acute understanding of the coloristic factors in this music than any other pianist I have heard.

The fundamental point is that Debussy achieves coloristic variety through the use of contrasting registers, textures, and chordal structures—and the performer's task is to articulate these as clearly as possible, not to submerge them in a blur of pedal. *Estampes*, after all, means "prints," not "water colors," and there is not a single pedal indication in the two books of *Images*—which, while it certainly does not mean they should be played without any pedal, does suggest that pedaled effects are not a primary element in the composer's conception.

The first *Image, Reflets dans l'eau*, offers a simple but telling case in point. The opening four measures present, over a fifth in the bass, a descending three-note melodic figure, "colored" by ascending and descending sixteenth-note chords. When this passage returns at the middle of the piece, the "color" chords are replaced by thirty-second-note arpeggios. As played by Gieseking or Casadesus, for example, these arpeggios emerge as mere impressionistic daubs, but Rosen gives us a clear attack on each note, articulating a rhythm that relates to other rhythms in the piece and contrasts with other arpeggio figures.

The cumulative effect of this kind of insistence on the integrity of Debussy's notes is nothing short of revelatory. The music's textural dimension—especially its rhythmic aspect—is significantly broadened, and with it our understanding of Debussy's coloristic genius. Despite a few arguable details (I find some rhythmic fussiness in *La Soirée dans Grenade*, for example), there is an extraordinary musical intelligence at work in these performances, as well as an impeccable technique; other recordings are simply not in the running. Now may we have the *Préludes*, please? D.H.

DVORAK: *Czech Suite, Op. 39; Serenade in D minor, Op. 44*

Musica Aeterna Orchestra, Frederic Waldman, cond. DECCA ⓓ DL 10137, $4.79; DL 710137, $5.79; ⓣ ST 74-710137, $7.95.

In the last couple of years Decca has given us some of the most delightful discs of out-of-the-way music around. The present record is a gem in that category. Dvořák's D minor Serenade for winds, cellos, and basses is one of the most liltingly lovely ensemble pieces in the repertoire. The melodies are spacious and broad, but just "catchy" enough to keep you humming for days. And the

Czech Suite for Orchestra is just as engaging, although a bit more introverted and nationalistic.

Frederic Waldman and the Musica Aeterna Orchestra offer exquisite performances, scaled small enough to make one aware, always, of the purely musical genius of Dvořák—an almost Mozart-like quality, it seems to me. The other current version of the Serenade, by the Marlboro Woodwind Ensemble on Columbia, misses the subtle rhythmic propulsion needed, and seems just a bit brash in comparison with the present issue. There seems to be no other recorded version of the Suite.

Decca's recorded sound couldn't be better. The surfaces are quiet, and the stereo quality "real" but unobtrusive. All in all, a wonderful disc for both Dvořák enthusiasts and for those unacquainted with his "other" music. GREGOR BENKO

DVORAK: *Quintet for Strings, in E flat, Op. 97*—See Beethoven: *Quintet for Strings, in C, Op. 29.*

DVORAK: *Symphonies Nos. 1-5 and No. 9; Hussites Overture; My Home Overture; In Nature's Realm; Othello Overture*

London Symphony Orchestra, Istvan Kertesz, cond.

For a feature review of these recordings, see page 64.

FRANCK: *Symphony in D minor*

New Philharmonia Orchestra, Otto Klemperer, cond. ANGEL Ⓓ 36416, $4.79; S 36416, $5.79.

Klemperer's undeviating integrity and his disdain for anything cheap or flashy stand him in good stead with this often abused work. But, on the other hand, his lack of feeling for rhythm, his predilection for a "classical" (e.g. uncoalescing and linear) sonority, and the tendency to let sobriety degenerate into drabness hamper his best realization of the score. The problem is not one of overleisurely tempos per se—both Monteux and Cantelli give very stylish readings at speeds nearly identical to Klemperer's; it is, rather, an absence of tensile strength, a halfhearted approach to rhythmic detail, combined with the typical Klemperian refusal to shape his sonorities either in hard, jadelike textures like Paray or in supple, singing arcs like Cantelli and Monteux. Moreover, the oboes and the English horn retain their innately waspish, niggardly tone under the Klemperer baton, and the potential beauties of the solo flute and intertwining viola melody in the second movement do not materialize. These instruments are heard clearly and play well, but none of them becomes truly a "presence" as they do for Monteux and Cantelli.

For all its prosaic qualities, however, we can at least be thankful that Klemperer refuses to indulge in the total anarchy espoused by such mystics as Furtwängler, Giulini, and Mengelberg, and his effort has been framed with acceptable sound. Nevertheless, I'll stick with Monteux—or with Paray or Beecham for economy. H.G.

GLINKA: *Ruslan and Ludmilla: Overture*—See Tchaikovsky: *1812 Overture, Op. 49.*

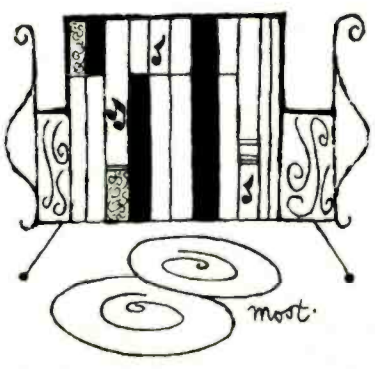
GRETRY: *Suite of Ballet Music from the Operas*—See Rameau: *Le Temple de la gloire: Suite.*

HANDEL: *Six Organ Concertos, Op. 4; Six Fugues*

Carl Weinrich, organ; Arthur Fiedler Sinfonietta, Arthur Fiedler, cond. RCA VICTOR Ⓓ LM 7047, $9.58; LSC 7047, $11.58 (two discs).

The best previous recordings of Opus 4—Biggs's on Columbia and Müller's on DGG—have used either a small English organ that Handel may have played on or a modern reproduction of such an instrument. The DGG people even went further and had their orchestra perform on baroque instruments. Now comes Weinrich, playing on the splendid Holtkamp organ (completed in 1958) in the General Theological Seminary in New York, and accompanied by the modern strings of Fiedler's crack outfit. I must report that I found the new set on the whole most enjoyable. The sound seems rather big for Handel, but it is almost never ponderous. The first Allegro of No. 1 does seem a little weighty, for all its jollity, and the finale of No. 2 has been played with more charm, but everywhere else the special character of each movement is convincingly conveyed. There are moments when organ and orchestra are not precisely together, but they are not numerous.

The use of modern instruments does not mean that historical considerations are ignored. In fact, I have never heard Weinrich play so freely. He adds lots of embellishments—not only ornaments but harmonic fill-ins and other enrichments of the accompaniment. It is all done easily and smoothly, never disrupting the basic pulse, and in good taste. In the finale of No. 4 the even eighths are dotted throughout, but the dotted figure on which the first section of No. 2 is constructed is not double-dotted.



Both solutions seem entirely plausible. Weinrich uses only a few stops, which were available on baroque organs. Their sharp, clear sound, and the gorgeous sound of Fiedler's strings, are faithfully caught in this fine recording.

Occupying the fourth side are six fugues that were published for organ or harpsichord in 1735. They are not among Handel's most interesting works. N.B.

HAYDN: *Concertos for Horn and Orchestra: No. 1, in D; No. 2, in D; Six German Dances; Overture to Acide e Galatea*

Barry Tuckwell, horn (in the Concertos); Academy of St. Martin-in-the-Fields, Neville Marriner, cond. ARGO Ⓓ RG 498, $5.79; ZRG 5498, $5.79.

These are indeed elegant performances of Haydn's existing pair of horn concertos, though in the slow movements of each there are bothersome factors. In that of No. 1, the split-second timing between soloist and orchestra—so remarkable in the first movement—is a shade less than perfect (it is, of course, much harder to achieve at a slow tempo); in that of No. 2, the persistent swell-and-diminish of dynamics presses almost to monotony the affecting character of this mournful, rather brooding music (in the minor). The latter problem is not an easy one to solve, for only an oaf would suggest any severe flattening out of dynamics. All in all, I'd rather take Barry Tuckwell's word for it. His tone and technical command, in any case, are superb, and he pulls off some really bold things in the cadenzas.

As for the orchestra, it is light and extremely trim without being Prussian about it. The finales of the concertos create the impression of being "virtuosic"—probably more so than would have been the case in Haydn's day. The *German* Dances are quite delightful, and the overture to *Acide e Galatea* makes a fine little three-movement symphony in itself. S.F.

HONEGGER: *Pacific 231; Pastorale d'été; Chant de joie; Symphony No. 5*

Czech Philharmonic Orchestra, Serge Baudo, cond. CROSSROADS Ⓓ 22 16 0077, $2.49; 22 16 0078, $2.49.

For years it has been an article of faith with me that the short, early tone poems of Arthur Honegger, like the three which fill one side of this disc, are among the freshest and most enjoyable masterpieces of modern music, but that the symphonies, composed late in Honegger's career, are stale and contrived. Baudo obviously disagrees, so far as the Fifth Symphony is concerned, and he has caused me to revise my opinion. He reveals the Honegger Fifth as a masterpiece as fresh and brilliant as the tone poems. In his hands it has a richness of orchestral and harmonic palette somewhat like that of the Prokofiev symphonies, though far less obvious in structure and considerably

more daring in its rhythms and its single-hearted dynamic drive. This is the only recording of it now available, and it is a beauty in every respect.

Pacific 231, the famous tone poem describing a locomotive, needs no comment here, and the delightful *Pastorale d'été*, which was obviously written to prove to the Paris audience of 1920 that one could compose a nature picture without a trace of Debussyism, is almost equally celebrated. The full-throated, exhilarating *Chant de joie* is less well-known but rounds out the triptych in compelling symphonic style. One hopes Baudo or someone else will ultimately get around to the other tone poems of Honegger—*Rugby*, *Horace Victorieux*, the *Chant de Nigamon*, and so on—since they have been much neglected in recent years. Baudo's recordings are excellent, but one must register a protest at the clipped speed of his approach in the dreamy final pages of the *Pastorale d'été*. A. F.

LAZAROF: *Rhapsody for Violin and Piano; Inventions for Viola and Piano; Tempi Concertati*

Various ensembles. EVEREST (D) 6160, $4.98; 3160, $4.98.

Henri Lazarof is a young composer who teaches at the University of California in Los Angeles. His style lies somewhere between Bartók and Schoenberg. The long-breathed, dynamic, lyric-rhapsodic aspect of his work comes from the great Hungarian; from the 12-tone tradition he draws his angularity, his predilection for extravagant leaps in the melodic line, and the strongly ethical slant of his expression. The synthesis works. To judge by this sample, Lazarof is a genuine and probably a major creative personality; he is certainly poles apart from the run-of-the-music-paper academic composer, whether of the aesthetic right or the aesthetic left.

The biggest work here is the *Tempi Concertati* for solo violin (Stanley Plummer), solo viola (Maxine Johnson), and an ensemble of flute, vibraphone, xylophone, harp, piano, harpsichord, and celeste. This group is not emphasized throughout; separate elements of it are combined and recombined in a variety of ways throughout the score, all of them beautiful, all of them emotionally very telling, and all of them superbly played and recorded. A more sensitive performance and a more faithful registration would be very difficult to imagine.

The Rhapsody for Violin and Piano (Stanley Plummer and Victor Steinhardt) and the Inventions for Viola and Piano (Milton Thomas and Georgia Akst) are shorter works but no less fine in substance and no less magnificent in the playing. A.F.

MASCAGNI: *Cavalleria rusticana*

Elena Suliotis (s), Santuzza; Stefania Malagù (ms), Lola; Anna di Stasio (ms), Mamma Lucia; Mario del Monaco (t), Turiddu; Tito Gobbi (b), Alfio; Orchestra e Coro di Roma, Silvio Varviso, cond. LONDON (D) A 4266, $9.58; OSA 1266, $11.58 (two discs).

This is scandalous. Quite beyond the fact that another recording of *Cavalleria* is on no one's Most Wanted list, the performance is so unspeakably poor as to merit only the briefest attention; in most industries, quality control does prevent the appearance on the market of automobiles without wheels, TV sets *sans* picture tubes, or girdles minus elastic.

Mario del Monaco and Tito Gobbi are both far past being able to make anything of these roles. The tenor's voice is not actually gone—this must be the toughest throat in Christendom—but there is no singing quality anywhere in it. The individual notes are sour and ugly, and not bound into any sort of line; the role is a total loss. Gobbi ruins his entrance song, blatting out a series of top Fs and F sharps of a white, shouted quality that one has a right not to expect from a professional singer of standing. He gets through the rest of his music, but makes very heavy going of the vengeance duet.

Elena Suliotis has impressed us by being able to sing the notes of Abigaille in *Nabucco*, but there is no great trick to merely singing the notes of Santuzza, and that is all she does. There is no shape to her phrases, no variety of color or

finesse of any kind, no projection of the character, and no real vocal command—she just pushes in head voice at the top, and pushes in chest voice at the bottom. She needs good instruction of several sorts if she is to fulfill her potential.

These uniformly inadequate principals are accorded slack, tired support by Varviso and his troops. The sound is moderately good.

The little Verdi/Ponchielli aria recital on Side 4 ("*Ma dall' arido*" from *Un ballo in maschera*, "*Pace, pace*" from *Forza*, and *La Gioconda's* "*Suicidio*") offers more of the same from Miss Suliotis. The voice makes an impact at isolated moments (e.g., the first phrase of "*Suicidio!*"), but whenever a real line or a control of dynamics is called for the technique is exposed as amateurish. C.L.O.

MENDELSSOHN: ***Concerto for Violin and Orchestra, in E minor, Op. 64***—See Bruch: ***Concerto for Violin and Orchestra, No. 1, in G minor, Op. 26.***

MONTEVERDI: ***Vespro della Beata Vergine***

Soloists; choruses; Columbia Baroque Ensemble, Robert Craft, cond.

Soloists; choruses; Concentus Musicus of Vienna, Jürgen Jürgens, cond.

For a feature review of these recordings, see page 61.

MOZART: ***Concerto for Three Pianos and Orchestra, in F, K. 242; Concerto for Two Pianos and Orchestra, in E flat, K. 365***

Hephzibah, Yaltah, and Jeremy Menuhin, pianos, London Philharmonic Orchestra, Yehudi Menuhin, cond. (in K. 242); Hephzibah Menuhin, Fou Ts'ong, pianos, Bath Festival Orchestra, Yehudi Menuhin, cond. (in K. 365). ODEON Ⓓ ASD 2280, $5.79 (stereo only).

"THE MENUHIN FAMILY" shouts the record jacket, in letters larger than it accords to Mozart; but nonsentimentalists will be glad to know that the performances have more than a display of familial closeness to recommend them. Not that this is unimportant, as it happens. It is not too farfetched, I think, to attribute some of the musical good manners that characterize these performances to the personal relationship among the performers. The interplay between the solo instruments is for once really like well-bred conversation.

Fou Ts'ong (Yehudi Menuhin's son-in-law) and Hephzibah Menuhin have the more interesting music to play. Mozart's E flat Concerto, K. 365, is one of the most miraculous of his Salzburg works, even finer than the companion Sinfonia Concertante for violin and viola in the same key that he wrote at the same unsettled time, and the present team understands it perfectly. I don't think I have ever heard the ornamentation of the slow movement touched in more delicately, and the rondo ripples along with an elegance that never quite conceals the passions beneath. The three-piano concerto is an earlier piece and not as interesting: it is hard to believe that Mozart cared deeply for Countess Lodron or her two daughters, for whom he wrote it. Still, it gives a chance for Yehudi Menuhin's fourteen-year-old son Jeremy to make his official recording debut, flanked by his aunts, and very successful it is.

As far as the recording goes, in fact, K. 242 is more successful than the two-piano work. In the latter the orchestra (that of the Bath Festival) is a shade backward, and my copy was afflicted with some distortion in the right-hand channel. In K. 365, however, the balance between the three soloists and the orchestra could hardly be better, and Yehudi himself achieves a very sensitive interplay between them. Altogether a very civilized record. J.N.

MOZART: ***Die Entführung aus dem Serail***

Anneliese Rothenberger (s), Constanze; Lucia Popp (s), Blonde; Nicolai Gedda (t), Belmonte; Gerhard Unger (t), Pedrillo; Gottlob Frick (bs), Osmin; Leopold Rudolf (sp), Selim; Chorus of the Vienna State Opera; Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra, Josef Krips, cond. ODEON Ⓓ SMA 80955/56, $11.58 (two discs, stereo only).

We had originally expected this performance on the Angel label, but somehow it has not hit the domestic release list, and so we have it as an Odeon import.

It is an attractive, solid rendition that never quite rises to an inspired level; since all the available *Entführung* performances have offsetting strengths and weaknesses, it deserves about as serious a consideration as any of the competing versions. It follows the customary procedure of omitting the tenor aria "*Ich habe ganz.*" and placing the earlier "*Wenn der Freude*" at the opening of Act III; "*Marten aller Arten*" is kept in place.

The most surprising element in its favor is the really first-class Constanze of Anneliese Rothenberger—I had not supposed that she would come closer than a reasonable compromise to the unreasonable demands of the music, but of all the Constanzes on records only Maria Stader (of the old recently deleted DGG set) seems to me superior. The tone is pretty, as always, and the personality engaging and feminine, as always. What is beyond the call of duty is the freedom and accuracy with which she sings through the fiorature, and the clarity and strength of sound she summons above the top B flat. The phrasing is polished and warm, especially in the first two arias, and if only the tempos arrived at for each of her arias had a little more zip, these sections would be quite exceptional. Naturally, reservations can be made: the tone sometimes spreads around the top A flat and A; we could use a bit more bite and a firmer low voice for *Marten aller Arten;* the trills aren't really trills. But one can catalogue similar failings for any contemporary singer of this role; what Rothenberger is giving us is far superior to the norm, and very enjoyable.

Another positive contribution comes from Gerhard Unger, who remains the best of current Pedrillos—an excellent "*Frisch zum Kampfe,*" and a serenade that is really sung, rather than "characterized" out of its musical existence.

The Belmonte of Nicolai Gedda and the Blondchen of Lucia Popp are more equivocal: the former is clean, musical, neat, but quite lacking in any personality, warmth, or magic (either Wunderlich or Simoneau is to be preferred); the latter is attractively sung (save for a tight top E), but only hints at the teasing, saucy inflection that can make the role something special. Gottlob Frick, unfortunately, is in perfectly terrible voice—hardly a trace of that firm, dark core of sound he has always been able to rely on, but a puffy, dry, unfocused tone and a top that is mostly fakery. One hopes that the cause is a temporary indisposition, and not the toll of his many years of honorable service. To complete the cast, we have another *ex machina* Selim—how *do* they all manage to inflect *every* word in *precisely* the same way, and why?

It is Krips, I think, who keeps the performance below the special class it might otherwise have attained. There is plenty in the way of musical intelligence and orderliness, but very little in the direction of dash or sparkle—the aria accompaniments (and there are many of them) tend to be square and ploddy, and I don't understand how "*O, wie will ich triumphieren*" can be so moderate and literal. The engineering too, while listenable, is nothing much in the set's favor—it inclines towards tubbiness, and betrays a hollow echo at more than one point.

A livable, balanced performance that keeps falling short of inspiration. If it were made available on a bargain-price label, it could be firmly endorsed. C.L.O.

MOZART: ***Symphonies: No. 25, in G minor, K. 183; No. 29, in A, K. 201; No. 32, in G, K. 318***

London Symphony Orchestra, Colin Davis, cond. PHILIPS Ⓓ PHM 500133, $4.98; PHS 900133, $5.98.

This disc combines the two most popular of Mozart's early symphonies and adds the short symphony (or overture) in G. Davis and his orchestra are here in excellent form. Like some other conductors, he takes the first movement of the delightful A major Symphony at a very moderate—perhaps too moderate—pace, but in every other respect the performance is unexceptionable. The Andante has the right tender, dreaming quality; here Davis has the violins even trilling as one man. The finale is spirited and

nicely polished. In the "little" G minor full attention is paid to the drama of the fast movements and the poetry of the Andante. There is a passage in the opening Allegro where in a dialogue between the two violin sections the seconds are meeker than the firsts, but everywhere else the balances and the sound in general are top-level.

This recording of the A major, it seems to me, belongs in the highest rank, along with the Karajan, Walter, and Klemperer versions. Similarly, the G minor is in a class with Klemperer's (on Angel), and the G major with Böhm's and Maag's. N.B.

NIELSEN: *Symphony No. 1, in G minor, Op. 7; Saul and David: Prelude to Act II*

London Symphony Orchestra, André Previn, cond. RCA VICTOR (D) LM 2961, $4.79; LSC 2961, $5.79.

NIELSEN: *Symphony No. 1, in G minor, Op. 7; Helios Overture, Op. 17; Pan and Syrinx, Op. 49; Rhapsodic Overture, A Fantasy-Journey to the Faroe Islands*

Philadelphia Orchestra, Eugene Ormandy, cond. COLUMBIA (D) ML 6404, $4.79; MS 7004, $5.79; (T) MQ 912, $7.95.

For once I don't have to leap like some sort of Cato to the defense of ancient virtue. André Previn's performance of the Nielsen No. 1, though in a couple of passages it may yield in intensity to Jensen's old recording (mono only, and in any case unavailable in this country), is an attractive and thoroughly musical version of a splendid work (whose virtues I underlined in "A Short Guide to the Nielsen Symphonies," in these pages last April).

Previn responds generously to the moods of the music without ever losing command of its formal unity, and the London Symphony is in excellent form. Previn generally favors fairly slow tempos. In only one case does the predilection seem to me excessive—in the slow movement, marked Andante, quarter-note 60. I feel that Nielsen's metronome marking is a shade fast, and Jensen's pacing, roughly quarter-note 50, was ideal, but Previn, at about 40, loses rather more in flow than he gains in eloquence. Apart from this his direction is unerring in its grasp of the forward movement and interaction of phrases.

It is not only tempos that are responsible for the startling difference in playing time between Previn's performance (35½ minutes) and Ormandy's (26½). There are important exposition repeats in the first, third, and fourth movements. Even at the age of twenty-nine Nielsen had a mind of his own in formal matters—he was not subscribing thoughtlessly to convention in marking these repeats—and Previn's performance (like Jensen's) gains immeasurably by observing all three of them. Ormandy ignores all three, and this seems somehow symptomatic of his apparent lack of interest in the music. He drives with blithe unconcern through most of the nuances of tempo and expression indicated by the composer. Paradoxically, one of the few moments when he *does* allow any relaxation, the *a tempo ma un poco sostenuto* a few pages before the end of the first movement, is a place where he should *not* be slowing down, but rather resuming a faster though slightly relaxed basic speed after the ritenuto three measures earlier—an effect Previn realizes beautifully. In the same theme (the second subject of the movement) Ormandy blurs the rhythmic distinction between the phrases with even eighth-notes and the one with a quarter followed by a crushed eighth; and in the third movement, ten measures after the first *Andante sostenuto*, he returns very abruptly to the Allegro speed, riding roughshod over the *accel. e poco a poco tempo I* marking.

The Philadelphia Orchestra plays impressively, but it seems to have been recorded with an extremely close microphone pickup, and this, coupled with high-level cutting, has resulted in a recorded sound that is excessively close and unpleasantly glaring. Attempting to discern the real effect of the music through it is like sitting in the insides of an enormous watch and trying to tell the time. Previn by contrast has been given a comparatively withdrawn sound, but with the volume control set a little

higher than usual I found it exceptionally lifelike and quite brilliant enough.

Of course, Ormandy's cavalier way with the Symphony has enabled him to offer more in the way of side attractions. Previn's fill-up, the Prelude to Act II of Nielsen's opera *Saul and David*, is a stirring but, at least in isolation from its original context, an unimportant piece, whereas Ormandy presents three independent and valuable orchestral works. His performance of the *Helios* Overture is exciting, but the excitement is diffuse, and less carefully integrated with the structure of the piece than in Jerzy Semkow's reading on the new Turnabout disc. *Pan and Syrinx* and the *Rhapsodic* Overture of 1927, are attractive tone poems, the former with some interesting anticipations of the Fifth Symphony, which it shortly preceded in Nielsen's output. Ormandy's are the only versions available of these two pieces, and they are fairly well done, though again larger than life. RCA has useful liner notes by David Hall. B.J.

POULENC: *Les Animaux modèles*—See Saint-Saëns: *Carnaval des animaux.*

RAMEAU: *Le Temple de la gloire: Suite*
†Grétry: *Suite of Ballet Music from the Operas*

English Chamber Orchestra, Raymond Leppard, cond. OISEAU-LYRE ⓓ OL 297, $5.79; SOL 297, $5.79.

There is very little question, to my mind, as to which side of this disc will appeal more. In the thirty to forty years that separated Rameau's "festival piece" *Le Temple de la gloire* and Grétry's comic operas, French music for the stage took on all the trappings of theatricality—contrast (of modes, dynamics, thematic material) in addition to the maneuvering of harmony in a way to create tension. So, side by side, we are given Rameau's pastel dance movements, some brisk, some stately, all aloof, and Grétry's perky, flashing, show-off ballets from *L'Epreuve villageoise*, *La Caravane du Caïre*, and *Céphale et Procris*. For an average modern audience, the weight is all with Grétry, though none could claim that the music is blessed with much staying power. (Small wonder, though, that after the French Revolution the people of the Republic liked him as much as the nobility had before.)

The players of the English Chamber Orchestra also seem to respond more warmly to Grétry than to Rameau. The latter is presented demurely, and without much rhythmic propulsion; the former has plenty of snap. Grétry was ahead of Rossini in making the crescendo his personal property, and conductor Leppard does not shortchange him. S.F.

RAVEL: *Trio for Violin, Cello, and Piano, in A minor*—See Schumann: *Trio for Violin, Cello, and Piano, No. 2, in F, Op. 80.*

RIMSKY-KORSAKOV: *Mlada* (excerpts)

Soloists, Chorus, and Orchestra of the Moscow Radio, Yevgeny Svetlanov, cond. MELODIYA/ANGEL ⓓ R 40012, $4.79; SR 40012, $5.79.

We had a side of *Mlada* a few months back as the filler in Ultraphone's recording of Prokofiev's *Story of a Real Man*. This is apparently the same performance, for all the forces are identical. However, there is more of it here, on two reasonably generous sides, and it is accorded better sound. For those interested in *Mlada* alone, the current release is, then, obviously a better investment than the three-record Ultraphone set.

Mlada is a fantastic opera-ballet, in which forces representing gods of the dark and gods of the light battle for the soul of a young prince and for the realm of Retra. The good guys win when the Prince decides to stick by the right girl (even though she's dead), but not before the entire kingdom of Retra is annihilated by inundation. Well, see, you have to *be* there. Rimsky tells it much better.

The music is for listeners who are suckers for great daubs of chromaticized, late-Romantic harmony and indulgent swashes of orchestral color. It's representative of most good Rimsky-Korsakov, in other words, and for those of us who have explored his operatic writing through the imported recordings of *Snegourochka*, *Tsar Saltan*, and *Invisible City of Kitezh* (all, once again, recommended) he is a composer who commands respect and affection. Here, there are moments that stare back at Borodin (the *Igor* dances) and at Wagner (Rimsky's Lake Doline is apparently fed by Wagner's River Rhine), and others that look on to the young Stravinsky. But it is all rich, inventive writing, and if there is a drawback here, it is that the immense choral and orchestral climaxes follow so closely upon one another, as in any highlights set.

The Moscow Radio orchestra and chorus are spectacularly good; the soloists are not, but they have little to do. The sound is excellent, with well-defined stereo separation. Once or twice (notably in a Witches' Sabbath sequence), one is aware that the sense of air and depth is not as great as that in the best Western recording, but there is plenty of impact, nonetheless. Angel has provided a more than adequate synopsis-and-text leaflet. C.L.O.

SAINT-SAENS: *Carnaval des animaux*
†Poulenc: *Les Animaux modèles*

Aldo Ciccolini, piano; Alexis Weissenberg, piano; Orchestre de la Société des Concerts du Conservatoire de Paris, Georges Prêtre, cond. ANGEL ⓓ 36421, $4.79; S 36421, $5.79.

Since Messrs. Weissenberg, Ciccolini and Prêtre are both human beings and musicians, they must have some idea of how much fun Saint-Saëns' *Carnaval* can

be. But you'd never guess it from this version. It's one big, fat disappointment from beginning to end. Prêtre conducts the whole as if it were ballet music from *Samson*. By being too much concerned with the qualities of the great French master-composer Saint-Saëns than with the qualities of the wonderful French humorist Saint-Saëns, he has put himself in the unfortunate position of being outclassed by non-pro contender Skitch Henderson aided and abetted, on London, by Bea Lillie, Gary Graffman, and Julius Katchen. And sadly, the piano playing here is just too pristine for words. Is not the "Lion" supposed to ROAR? And who ever heard of the pianists in the satirical "Practice session" movement *not* making any mistakes? What the whole performance lacks is flair, humor, imagination—the things that make *Carnaval* so treasurable.

Other than the title reference to *animaux*, Poulenc's suite has little in common with the Saint-Saëns piece. To my ears, the music is thin and watery, and not really beautiful; others may find it pleasant enough. Prêtre conducts it in a thoroughly French manner, making most of the harmonic content and least of the melodic. GREGOR BENKO

SCHUBERT: *Quartets for Strings: No. 12, in C minor, D. 703 ("Quartettsatz"); No. 14, in D minor, D. 810 ("Tod und das Mädchen")*

Quartetto Italiano. PHILIPS Ⓓ PHM 500139, $4.79; PHS 900139, $5.79.

The Italiano foursome turns in some of their strongest work to date in this, the first fruit of a new affiliation with the Philips combine. Their *Death and the Maiden* is lithe, purposeful, and beautifully proportioned. Furthermore, the expressively nuanced playing is happily enhanced by close-to recording which compensates for the group's inclination to understress muscle and sharp, cutting articulation. In every respect, this is a version to rank with the best. I am less taken with the playing of the *Quartettsatz*, which is lush and dreamily introspective where I feel that it should be turbulent and hard-hitting. The impeccable composure of the execution remains notable, however.

An interesting record, and in many ways a very lovely one. H.G.

SCHUMANN: *Trio for Violin, Cello, and Piano, No. 2, in F, Op. 80*
†Ravel: *Trio for Violin, Cello, and Piano, in A minor*

Beaux Arts Trio. WORLD SERIES Ⓓ PHC 9053, $2.50 (compatible disc).

As with the Beaux Arts' previous discs, we are here given readings characterized by thoroughly professional musicianship and well-knit group work, but lacking in the total commitment of some other trio groups.

Schumann's Second Trio is one of his most difficult pieces of chamber music to bring off, with strong declamatory passages, principally for the piano, counterpointed throughout the piece against the ultraromantic surges of the strings. The present ensemble tackles the work with gusto, but the end result is less than completely successful. The piano lacks incisive force and the strings just don't sing with the passion of involvement. Some of the embellishments even smack of superficiality. The Ravel Trio, principally a dialogue for piano and strings here, fare better. Good pacing and a feeling for the lush texture of the piece, along with some imaginative piano playing (especially in the third movement) on the part of Menahem Pressler, are distinguishing qualities.
GREGOR BENKO

SIBELIUS: *Symphony No. 2, in D, Op. 43; The Swan of Tuonela, Op. 22, No. 3*

Hallé Orchestra, Sir John Barbirolli, cond. ANGEL Ⓓ 36425, $4.79; S 36425, $5.79.

This is Barbirolli's fourth recorded Sibelius Second. (Version No. 3, a Reader's Digest production with the Royal Philharmonic, was released only a little over a year ago, as part of a large anthology of symphonic music.) The English conductor's approach to this moody opus is a very personal one, much more introspective and deliberate than most. In the first two movements particularly, Barbirolli stresses the lonely, even desolate, hymnlike elements of the score—and with splendid effect. He also lets the woodwinds chuckle and has the strings play in broad (but never torrid) arcs of sound. All told, this is a mature statement of a composition too often torn to tatters. The Hallé orchestra plays admirably, an occasional lapse of polish notwithstanding, and its reproduced sonority can only be described as noble. The *Swan* fares equally well.

Only Beecham, Szell, Toscanini, and Monteux have had parallel success with this literature. H.G.

STRAVINSKY: *Pétrouchka* (complete)

Amsterdam Concertgebouw Orchestra, Hans Rosbaud, cond. WORLD SERIES Ⓓ PHC 9051, $2.50 (compatible disc).

Orchestra of Cento Soli, Rudolf Albert, cond. VANGUARD EVERYMAN Ⓓ SRV 234, $2.50; SRV 234 SD, $2.50.

Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra, William Steinberg, cond. COMMAND Ⓓ CC 11034, $4.79; CC 11034 SD, $5.79.

The late Hans Rosbaud's approach to *Pétrouchka* was more personal (or eccentric, depending on one's orientation) than the scalpel-in-hand technique of such moderns as Maazel or the chisel-and-dynamite manner of the composer himself. There will be some listeners for

whom Rosbaud's *Pétrouchka* is anarchic in its freedom of tempo and rhythmic flexibility; others may be put off by occasional slips on the orchestra's part. For myself, however, this is a grand and dramatic reading, constantly varied in dynamics, individual and often poignantly lyrical in phrasing. Subtle retards in the "Blackamoor's Waltz" give the section a humorous bounce often overlooked in more propulsive accounts.

Rudolf Albert too declines to practice a fierce and furious vivisection on *Pétrouchka*. Rather, he brings to the score an often quiet and touching intimacy. Everyman offers warm, soft sound, slightly less in focus than the World Series recording.

In his typically staid manner, Steinberg gives a sober performance, mildly humorous at times—and moderately dull. Here again the violent tenor of many recent interpretations is abjured but at the cost, I'm afraid, of boredom. Contrasts of color and dynamics are largely ignored. Much of the blame for this inequity lies with Command's engineers. They have provided Steinberg with a murky acoustical environment in which the subtle textural clarity of the 1947 revision of the score (used to better advantage by Rosbaud and by the composer on his Columbia disc) is obscured beneath a suffocating sonic smog. S.L.

STRAVINSKY: *Symphonies of Wind Instruments*—See Berg: *Chamber Concerto.*

TCHAIKOVSKY: *Concerto for Piano and Orchestra, No. 1, in B flat minor, Op. 23*

Mischa Dichter, piano; Boston Symphony Orchestra, Erich Leinsdorf, cond. RCA VICTOR (D) LM 2954, $4.79; LSC 2954, $5.79.

Grigory Sokolov, piano; USSR Symphony Orchestra, Neimye Yarvy, cond. MELODIYA/ANGEL (D) 40016, $4.79; SR 40016, $5.79.

Whatever the uncertainties of this increasingly uncertain world, one might be reasonably safe in assuming that Tchaikovsky Piano Competitions will take place every four years and that their fortunate winners will be recorded by some company in *the* Tchaikovsky concerto. The present twosome waive the banner for 1966, joining Ashkenazy (London) and Ogdon (Angel), who won in 1962, and, of course, Cliburn (RCA), winner of the original 1958 sweepstakes.

Sokolov plays the work in an openhearted, appealingly direct manner. He has a juicy, vividly colored tone which he uses songfully if not subtly. As of yet, the seventeen-year-old Soviet pianist's interpretation lacks sophistication. What he offers is tremendous instinctive musicality and a rather generalized—even, at times, sprawling—amiability. Organization, direction, and a truly personal style will almost certainly come with more experience and further emotional growth.

Our own Mischa Dichter (he was trained in California by onetime Schnabel assistant Aube Tzerko and in New York's Juilliard School under Mme. Rosina Lhevinne) is rather more aware, both musically and pianistically. It might seem incongruous to describe a performance of the Tchaikovsky B flat minor Concerto in terms of fleet-fingered classicism and biting, champagnelike linearity, for these qualities, on the face of it, would hardly seem the most relevant to this burly, massive opus. Nevertheless, a truly remarkable reading in such a style—Sviatoslav Richter's with Ančerl and the Czech Philharmonic, for example—can add up to a magical, if unconventional, experience. Dichter favors a similar approach, but though he turns many a phrase with consummate poise, I'm afraid that Dichter is less of a *Dichter* than is Richter.

One basic problem of this very gifted young man's reading is its tendency to alternate really stylish moments with mere lackluster playing of the notes. Another is that the rhythmic pulse sometimes is allowed to flag—an example being the second movement which begins at a brisk, and proper, "*Andante semplice*" but does not so continue. Finally, it must be regretfully noted that Dichter, for all his musicianly control, sometimes plays percussively. (Percussive tone, alas, is a blight which seemingly afflicts *all* young American pianists to one degree or another.) Indeed, the seeming casualness of some of the playing here leads me to wonder if the performer really doesn't care for the Tchaikovsky Concerto. His forthcoming record of Schubert's A major Posthumous Sonata may well give us a more solidly based view of his talents.

Each conductor supports his soloist with discretion, and the two discs are both excellently reproduced. I do, however, far prefer the clean-limbed Bostonian wind and brass playing to the sturdy, rather sour, sonorities of their Russian counterparts. H.G.

TCHAIKOVSKY: *1812 Overture, Op. 49; Capriccio Italien, Op. 45*
†Borodin: *In the Steppes of Central Asia*
†Glinka: *Ruslan and Ludmilla: Overture*

Czech Philharmonic Orchestra, Karel Ančerl, cond. CROSSROADS (D) 22 16 0085, $2.50; 22 16 0086, $2.50.

If you demand real cannon in the *1812*, or any kind of sonic spectacularity in these three warhorses, the present soberly played and recorded versions are not for you. For myself, I find the straightforward yet always zestful performances and the ungimmicked stereo engineering highly refreshing. Granted that the Czech Philharmonic is perhaps not really big enough in the *1812* climaxes, that occasional woodwind solo passages are either a bit thin-toned or are somewhat covered up, and that Ančerl's directness does better justice to Borodin's scoring details than to his effective evocation

of atmosphere—this program turns out to be very listenable. Best of all, I think, is the tautly controlled yet animated reading of the *Capriccio Italien*, one that makes a good many other versions sound either slapdash or pretentious. R.D.D.

TELEMANN: *Der Tag des Gerichts*

Gertraud Landwehr-Herrmann, soprano; Cora Canne-Meijer, contralto; Kurt Equiluz, tenor; Max van Egmond, bass; Monteverdi Chorus (Hamburg); Concentus Musicus (Vienna), Nikolaus Harnoncourt, cond. TELEFUNKEN Ⓓ AWT 9484/85-A, $11.58; SAWT 9484/85-A, $11.58 (two discs).

The Day of Judgment, a "Poem for Singing in Four Contemplations," is the last of Telemann's oratorios, written in 1762, when he was eighty-one. (He lived until 1767; this album was made to commemorate the 200th anniversary of his death.) The text, by one Christian Wilhelm Alers, is partly philosophical, partly descriptive, partly devotional. The soloists represent personifications of Disbelief, Reason, Faith, and so on. The music is in an extremely interesting transitional style: it is no longer baroque (there is, for example, not a single fugue here) but it still has few of the traits of the Classic style (there is, for instance, an arioso with obbligato gamba). There are many animated choruses and some brilliant ones; among the latter is one (No. 25) that sounds Handelian. There are lively arias and ariosos and some lyric ones, including a very beautiful aria for Jesus (No. 19). In all of the vocal music Telemann seizes every opportunity to illustrate the words. Not only are words like "tremble" and "climb" set appropriately, but the "horrible howls of vice" are depicted by a crawling chromatic descent, and in an aria by The Mocker there are sneering little runs. The old master keeps changing colors constantly: in addition to the four soloists usually employed, there are also solos for boy altos and sopranos (here sung by members of the Vienna Boys Choir). The instrumentation too is varied from number to number. The only thing missing is the grandeur, the sublimity, that such a subject might have evoked from a Bach or a Handel. What we have here is not a great fresco, but a set of panels, all colorful, some imposing and some delightful, but none, it seems to me, overwhelming.

Miss Canne-Meijer sings her aria and recitatives with a voice that is pleasurable in tone even though it is not as firmly focused as it could be. Her enunciation of the words is very clear. Van Egmond is in excellent form here, with enough bravura for No. 13, which describes the avenging lightning borne earthward by the storm, and enough tenderness for No. 19, the blessing by Jesus. Equiluz too does skillful work. All three of these singers take pains to color their tones in accordance with the meaning of the text. Miss Landwehr-Herrmann does what little she has to do well enough. The boy soloists are efficient and on pitch, the chorus well balanced, and the sound bright and resonant. The instruments used date from the eighteenth century or earlier, except for the natural trumpets, which are modern reconstructions. An elaborate booklet contains excellent notes and the text of the oratorio, in German and English. N.B.

THOMSON: *Sonata da Chiesa; Praises and Prayers; Sonata for Violin and Piano*

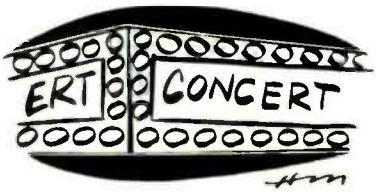
Chamber ensemble, Virgil Thomson, cond. (in *Sonata da Chiesa*); Betty Allen, mezzo, Virgil Thomson, piano (in *Praises and Prayers*); Joseph Fuchs, violin, Artur Balsam, piano (in the Sonata for Violin and Piano). COMPOSERS RECORDINGS Ⓓ CRI 207, $5.95 (mono only).

As a friend and admirer of Virgil Thomson I can only regret the appearance of this unfortunate disc. The *Sonata da Chiesa* is, to be sure, of historic interest as the "graduation piece" with which the composer celebrated his escape from the clutches of Nadia Boulanger in 1926, but forty years have done it no good. Its instrumental combination—viola, E flat clarinet, trumpet, horn, and trombone—was daringly novel at the time, and so was the idea of a *sonata da chiesa* with a tango as second movement between chorale and fugue; but the tango seems ancient now, and the fugue stands out all too obviously for what it is, a student exercise.

The Violin Sonata is also an early work, very romantic in feeling and structure and, sadly, rather soporific in this performance. The fault, I think, does lie with the players; the music has much more juice than they have found in it.

Praises and Prayers is a relatively recent work, composed in 1963 on a Ford Foundation grant. The five songs are on texts by St. Francis of Assisi, St. Augustine, the seventeenth-century poet Richard Crashaw, and two anonymous authors. The settings are completely beautiful. They are done in a very sensitive arioso style with richly colorful piano accompaniments exploiting appropriate modal effects—but scarcely a single word is intelligible and the texts are not provided. The superb musical performance of Miss Allen and Thomson is seriously damaged by CRI's editorial failure in this matter of text. A.F.

VIVALDI: *Concertos for Violin and Strings: in D minor, P. 258; in A, P. 229*—See Bach: *Concertos for Violin and Strings: in A minor, S. 1041; in E, S. 1042.*



Recitals & Miscellany

IRINA ARKHIPOVA: *Arias from Russian Operas and Cantatas*

Arensky: *The Fountains of Bakhchisarai: Zarema's Aria.* Tchaikovsky: *Moscow: The Soldier's Arioso.* Mussorgsky: *Khovanshchina: Marfa's Prophecy; Marfa's Aria.* Prokofiev: *Alexander Nevsky: The Bride's Song. On Guard for Peace: Lullaby.* Shchedrin: *Not Love Alone: Varvara's Song and Ballad.*

Irina Arkhipova, mezzo; chorus; Bolshoi Theatre Orchestra, Alexander Melik-Pashayev, Boris Khaikin, Gennady Rozhdestvensky, and Kiril Kondrashin, conds. MELODIYA/ANGEL Ⓓ R 40014. $4.79; SR 40014, $5.79.

An attractive and well-planned record that deserves a good welcome. Side 1 is devoted to nineteenth-century composers, Side 2 to post-revolutionary music, but the continuity of Russian melodic writing for the voice is clearly demonstrated. Miss Arkhipova has an opulent voice and an agreeable style. She is the leading mezzo of the Bolshoi Opera and has toured in the West on several occasions.

Anton Arensky's cantata is a setting of an exotic love story by Pushkin. This yields an impressive *scena*, close kin to Tatiana's letter scene in *Onegin*. In fact, the first bit of vocal writing by Arensky to enter Schwann turns out to be sheer Tchaikovsky; rather better Tchaikovsky, truth to tell, than the *Moscow* soliloquy that follows. But this song too is an evocative one—though the words as sung do not agree with the words as printed in the accompanying leaflet of notes and texts (in English and transliterated Russian).

The *Nevsky* aria, now well-known here, is beautifully done. So is the moving mother-and-child duet from Prokofiev's *On Guard for Peace*, frankly melodic and aimed at the young.

Rodion Shchedrin is one of the younger Soviet composers and—on the evidence of this one aria from an opera about the joys of life on a collective farm—you may conclude that he has a sense of folk-rhythm, a usable melodic gift, and no taint whatever of anything even faintly avant-garde.

The stereo recording quality is free, clean, and easy on the ears, but the balance (with Arkhipova up here and the orchestra back there) is a little old-fashioned. GEORGE MOVSHON

DENNIS BRAIN: *French Horn Recital*

Beethoven: *Sonata for Horn, in F, Op. 17.* Dittersdorf: *Partita in D: Minuet.* Dukas: *Villanelle.* Haydn: *Symphony No. 31, in D ("Hornsignal"): Allegro.* Mozart: *Concerto for Horn and Orchestra, No. 2, in E flat, K. 417; Divertimento in E flat, K. 289: Minuet and Adagio.* Schumann: *Adagio and Allegro, Op. 70.*

Dennis Brain, French horn; various artists. SERAPHIM Ⓓ 60040, $2.49 (mono only).

This retrospective set honoring the late Dennis Brain is welcome indeed, even though it leaves one saddened anew at his tragic early death.

The pastiche quality of the collection reflects partly the stepchild nature of the French horn's literature itself and partly Seraphim's desire to give Brain's admirers as wide a sampling of his work as was possible on a single disc. The latter intention results in the juxtaposition of performances varying widely in vintage and thus enables us to note a rather subtle transformation in Brain's style over the years. The 1944 Beethoven Horn Sonata (with pianist Denis Matthews) and the 1947 Mozart Horn Concerto (with Walter Susskind conducting, not the well-known later edition with Von Karajan) were both made when Brain was still using his old instrument. Its sound was big and noble, a bit Germanic perhaps—all told, rather similar to the tone which Brain's illustrious father Aubrey obtained. It will also be noted that Dennis' technique at that time was merely fluent, not superhuman as in later years. (Perhaps, though, the occasional wobble on lower notes was due to the precarious condition of the old instrument.) Both the Dukas and Schumann date from 1953 and boast the services of Gerald Moore at the piano. Both are paragons of handsome virtuosity—recorded classics, absolutely. The remaining items are less valuable, although one, the Mozart Divertimento fragments from 1957, has a special note of interest in displaying the work of Leonard Brain, another member of the clan, alongside that of the chief protagonist. Aside from some virtually inevitable scratch from the 78-rpm-derived material, the sound is uniformly acceptable.

Surely there must be a Dennis Brain performance of Brahms's Horn Trio in some BBC file or like: would that Seraphim brought *that* to light! H.G.

CANADIAN OPERA SINGERS OF THE PAST

Emma Albani, Pauline Donalda, Marie Louise Edvina, Jeanne Gordon, sopranos; Edward Johnson, tenor.

For a feature review of these recordings, see page 63.

VICTORIA DE LOS ANGELES: *French Songs*

Debussy: *Trois chansons de Bilitis; Fêtes galantes; Noël des enfants qui n'ont plus de maisons.* Ravel: *Quatre chants populaires.* Hahn: *Trois jours de vendanges; Le Rossignol des lilas.* Fauré: *Tristesse; Au bord de l'eau; Les Roses d'Ispahan; Toujours.*

Victoria de los Angeles, soprano; Gonzalo Soriano, piano. ANGEL Ⓓ 36406, $4.79; S 36406, $5.79.

Miss de los Angeles' way with a *mélodie* is calm and understated—an approach which tends to work well with the Debussy. The Bilitis songs are certainly given one of their finest recorded interpretations, however one may miss the more romantic note of involvement brought to them by (for one) Teyte. The *Fêtes galantes* are also quite good, although *Clair de lune*, after a good start, is rather effortfully done.

Much of the material on the overside is just not filled out enough for me. "*Mejerke mein Sohn*," for instance (the Hebrew ingredient in the little Ravel melting pot) is awfully slow, and hardly characterized at all, while the first two of the Fauré songs are so pleasantly lilting as to convey little of their moods.

As for the voice itself, it sounds well most of the time—the *Clair de lune* difficulties, and a similar problem with the climax of *Toujours* (from the *Poème d'un jour*) are the only signs of real strain. However, there is no escaping the fact that part of the voice's poise and float is gone, which affects everything the artist does by removing some of her prerogatives. I think that much of the sense of sameness (despite her sensitivity), and surely some of the failure to really cut loose and *say* the song at a key point are traceable to vocal caution and limitation—how much better it would be, for example, if she could really cry out "*Noël*" instead of a sort of general vocalized sound in Debussy's wonderful carol for homeless children. In this respect, the recital is not helped by the delicately nuanced but very small-boned accompanying of Soriano. The sound is fine. C.L.O.

HUNGARIAN CONTEMPORARY MUSIC

Farkas: *Prelude and Fugue for Orchestra.* Kadosa: *Sonata Pian e Forte for Orchestra.* Hidas: *Concertino for Violin and Orchestra.* Maros: *Two Laments.*

Erika Sziklay, soprano (in the Maros); Dénes Kovács, violin (in the Hidas); Symphony Orchestra of Hungarian Radio and Television, György Lehel, cond. (in the Farkas, Kadosa, and Hidas). QUALITON Ⓓ LPX 1273, $4.98; SLPX 1273, $5.98.

For the first time in the many years that I have been reviewing records for HIGH FIDELITY, I will not lambaste a record company for failing to provide the text of a vocal work. To be sure, it would have been good to have the poems by Sándor Weöres to which Rudolf Maros set his *Two Laments*, but in this case both the music and the performance are so beautiful that one cannot become indignant at not having the words. The

Two Laments are set for soprano, percussion, alto flute, harp, and piano. The coloristic potentialities of the medium are used to the full; in fact, this is one of the finest examples of the new color-music to cross the Atlantic on records. The vocal line has an inward, declamatory quality oddly like that of Ravel's *Chansons Madécasses*; and Erika Sziklay's singing of it is utterly enchanting. She is a superb artist.

Sziklay's achievement is balanced on this record by that of violinist Dénes Kovács, who plays a Concertino by Frigyes Hidas. This is a two-movement affair stressing the lone lines and lyrical qualities of the solo instrument, a little in the manner of the Sibelius concerto, in its opening section; its second movement is an obvious bit of Magyarizing. But that Kovács! Sol Hurok, please note.

Of the two other works on the disc, Ferenc Farkas' Prelude and Fugue offers a very beautiful slow 12-tone fugue. Pál Kadosa's *Sonata Pian e Forte* is an academic and uninteresting piece in no way resembling the famous work of Gabrieli from which it takes its name.

The recording is a beauty, and the performances are presumably as authentic as they can get. A. F.

RENAISSANCE DANCES

Götz: *Vil lieber zit.* Fontaine: *Sans faire de vous départie.* Newsidler: *Der Zeuner tantz; Judentantz.* Ammerbach: *Passametzo.* Bendusi: *Cortesana Padoano.* Attaingnant: *Gaillarde.* Schmid: *Wie schön blüht uns der Maie.* Buchner: *Ach hülf mich Leid und sehnlich Klag.* Aston: *Hornepype. Estampies, Ductiae, and Other Anonymous Dances.*

Lionel Rogg, positive organ; Ancient Instrument Ensemble of Zurich. ODYSSEY ℗ 32 16 0035, $2.49; 32 16 0036, $2.49.

The very last piece on this record is its gem: Hugh Aston was an English composer who lived from about 1480 to 1522, but the *Hornepype* recorded here is far ahead of its time. This is no frippery, but a dance-composition of remarkable beauty, seriousness, and emotional scope. Many lesser but still considerable pleasures are to be had from the other music, especially the Newsidler dances. One of the ductiae, a particularly fine one, will be familiar to all who know *The Play of Daniel.*

The performances, alternating organ with a variety of recorders, krummhorns, and other ancient instruments, are stylish and attractive. But Odyssey's presentation is again inadequate. Apart from mere questions of spelling—the jacket uses the inferior forms "Neusidler" and "Attaignant"—no sources are given. Perfectly good attributions can be found for several of the pieces presented anonymously under the guise of factitious suites. And "Boumgartner" is probably the name of a composer, not that of an anonymous piece. Still, whether you are prepared to do the company's homework for it or not, the record itself is delightful. B.J.

TITTA RUFFO: *Vocal Recital*

Verdi: *Un Ballo in maschera: Alla vita; Eri tu. Forza del destino: Le minaccie, i fieri accenti. Don Carlo: Per me giunto. Otello: Credo.* Ponchielli: *La Gioconda: O monumento; Pescator, affonda l'esca.* Meyerbeer: *L'Africana: All'erta marinar.* Massenet: *Thaïs; Ahimè fanciull' ancora; Ecco, dunque, l'orribil citta.* Leoncavallo: *Zaza: Buona Zaza; Zaza, piccola zingara.* Franchetti: *Cristoforo Colombo: Aman lassu le stelle.* Titta: *O che m'importa.* Ferradini: *Non penso a lei.* Di Capua: *Maria, Mari.*

E. Ischierdo, tenor (in the *Forza* excerpt); Titta Ruffo, baritone; orchestras [from originals recorded 1909–1915]. ROCOCO ℗ 5253, $4.95 (mono only).

Every lover of great singing must own at least one LP's worth of Ruffo, and this is a good, representative disc. True, it does not include any of his celebrated Hamlet nor of the wonderful *Rigoletto* and *Traviata* duets with Galvany. But all the present selections represent the voice at its best—they avoid the primitive reproduction of the early acousticals, and the deterioration of the voice that is apparent on some of the later electricals.

For sheer, open-throated amplitude of tone, Ruffo's voice stands alone among the baritones we have any record of. Yet the dark impact of his voice was not achieved through "weight"—the sound is always free and rolling, with plenty of bright bite gleaming through the basically dark coloration. The top, of course, was sensational, turning over into Gs, A flats, and A's of a ringing, dramatic tenor timbre. Perhaps the quintessential Ruffo is the "*All'erta marinar,*" with the huge, wide-open tone barreled upward and finally flipped into the thrilling G and A natural of "*fia,*" then the held G of "*morte!*" Characteristically, the voice also peters out feebly at the bottom of the baritone range, like Battistini's.

Ruffo, like his tenor contemporary Caruso, could sing suavely too. It is true that he was not known for the polish and nuance that distinguished an Ancona or a De Luca, and he belonged to a generation that broke away from the brilliant floridities of a Battistini or Magini-Coletti. But the controlled legato, the implicit *messa di voce*, of these *Ballo* arias, or the "*Per me giunto,*" or the Di Capua song, are the sure marks of an easy, advanced technique. It is easy to be so struck by the pealing resonance of the tone as to overlook almost everything else; all one need do is compare these renditions with any of the current ones—Ruffo's are by comparison object lessons in smoothness of texture and finish of surface. The only complaints I can enter are that we could do without Signor Ischierdo, the tenor of the *Forza* excerpt, and that we also might get along without the awful soliloquy from the Franchetti opera. Everything else is great art. The sound of the excerpts varies, but maintains a reasonable level for such material. C.L.O.

FELICIA WEATHERS: *Operatic Recital*

Verdi: *Don Carlo: Tu che le vanità; Non pianger, mia compagna. Otello: Salce, salce; Ave Maria.* Puccini: *Manon Lescaut: In quelle trine morbide; Sola, perduta, abbandonata. Turandot: Tu che di gel sei cinta. Madama Butterfly: Un bel dì. Suor Angelica: Senza Mamma, o bimbo. Gianni Schicchi: O mio babbino caro.*

Felicia Weathers, soprano; Vienna Opera Orchestra, Argeo Quadri, cond. LONDON ℗ 6014, $4.79; OS 26014, $5.79.

Felicia Weathers is a young American soprano who made her debut at the Met as Lisa in *Pique Dame* during the last season in the old house. At that time, she disclosed a lyric soprano voice of an attractive timbre, employed musically but rather unimaginatively, and of too small a size to afford pleasure at the Met in any except the most pronouncedly lyric roles (Liù, perhaps, or Micaëla). It is therefore surprising to see her applying herself to such roles as Salome and Renata (in Prokofiev's *Flaming Angel*), and to find her running through typical *spinto* repertoire in her first recorded recital.

The Puccini side is certainly better than the Verdi. In several of these arias, she is able to sing at a reasonably comfortable level, and to produce some decidedly pretty sound. When the top cuts loose a bit, it has the right soaring quality (she gets some of it in "*In quelle trine*" and in "*Senza mamma*"). The bottom tends towards fuzziness and weakness. Verdi's Elisabetta, a great challenge to any performer, is simply beyond her at this point—she avoids disaster, but it is obvious that the voice is being pressed and weighted to produce a sound of sufficient amplitude and authority. The *Otello* scene lacks any dramatic urgency or color, and is marred by unidiomatic Italian ("*canzone*" with an American "z," for instance).

Apart from vocal considerations, Miss Weathers does not seem to have the music in her blood as yet; each of the Puccini arias sounds like each of the others, and it cannot be said that even a general sort of emotional message comes through. Miss Weathers has promise, but it is not enough to sustain a standard aria recital at this point, and one wonders where she is taking her good lyric voice. The sound is fine, and the accompaniments excellent, especially on the Verdi side. C.L.O.

"When Ali Akbar Khan turns up, a little of the real thing."

ROCK, RAGA AND THE COP-OUT

IT WAS SIX years ago. I was visiting Dave Brubeck at his home in Connecticut. He was arguing that the next major phase of musical evolution would be one of synthesis. He pointed out that European music had achieved a great sophistication in harmony, African music a great sophistication of rhythm; in jazz they had found a meeting ground. Indian music, though also rhythmically complex and subtle, had pushed melodic development —pushed it far beyond European music.

Each of these "vocabularies," as well as others in the world, Dave said, required a measure of training in the audience: music is *not* inherently an international language. But all these conventions had been tried in the crucible of experience, sometimes centuries of it, and found effective. Now it remained to mix and match them.

I doubted Dave's theory, at least in part: I thought it highly unlikely that Indian music would ever find much of a Western following. But he was right. These few short years later, Indian music, once the domain of the specialist, has penetrated even our popular music. Today it's raga, raga everywhere—raga rock and raga jazz and even occasionally, when Ali Akbar Khan turns up, a little of the real thing. Raga is *in*.

Most of what is being heard is phony, of course: some grubby little rock-and-roll star can't pick up a sitar or a sarod and start wailing away in even one of the seven hundred odd standard ragas and raginis, no matter how deep an illusion of omniscience his LSD or DMT may be giving him.

The raga fad is in fact closely linked with the psychedelic sadness—so much so that the self-made chemical madman Timothy Leary is a frequent source of liner note quotes these days. Conversely, the record industry (much of it, anyway; there have been a few examples of ethical behavior) has put itself in the interesting moral position of dope-pushing. Ah, profit. Columbia has an album on the market called *Psychedelic Psoul;* Mercury has one by "Friar Tuck and his Psychedelic Guitar." Rock groups walk around trying to look high even when they aren't. The Beatles quote Leary in their lyrics and fiddle around with ragas. Vanguard has a disc called *Rainy Day Raga* by a guitarist named Peter Walker, who is Leary's "musical director."

I presume Walker is an acid head. What else can you presume, in view of his involvement with propagandizing the turn-on? In spite of that fact (though I'm sure he would argue that it's because of it) his album is the most effective use of the raga influence in popular music that I've heard. It is, to me, more interesting than *Jazz Raga* by Gabor Szabo, on Impulse. Szabo uses a jazz rhythm section and certain rock rhythmic touches under his guitar; Walker uses a second guitarist (Alex Lukeman) to get the drone effect of Indian music, plus tambourine, tambour, bells, and flute. Of course, you cannot play a true raga on the guitar: the tuning is wrong. Szabo plays sitar as well as guitar on his album. Still, there is little flavor of the real thing. In Walker's there is more of it, though it is of course *only* a flavor. Whereas Szabo somehow makes the sitar sound Western, Walker makes the guitar sound Eastern. (Actually, it probably is Eastern in its ancient origins.)

The striking thing about Walker's disc is its hypnotic quality. No wonder Timothy Leary likes him at his "celebrations." Leary may be one of the outstanding whackos of our time, but give him credit for business acumen and cunning: he's made a damn good thing for himself out of LSD. And if I were trying to con an audience into embarking on its own destruction, I'd like to have Peter Walker playing. His quasi-raga has an eerie allure: one can feel oneself being drawn down, down, down into it. Pot and Peter Walker, and the next step would have to be acid.

Why this great empathy of the acid heads for Eastern religions and Indian music? Acid is for failures, man. I know several musicians, talented ones, who have been unable to handle the competition of the business—the competition of society as a whole, in fact. Two or three have gone into acid. One of these has been destroyed; the other is already a little crazy, seeing meaning where there is none, profundity in banalities. People drop out in various ways. Some join the lower echelon of the U.S. foreign service, which is the greatest repository of flops I've ever encountered. The current groove, for some people, is acid. You can't handle life, can't affirm your existence against the constricting awful weight of the world? Your ego hurts because you can't assert it? Then amputate it; cut it off like an aching limb. Most oriental religions are designed to eliminate, in one way or another, the ego. In egolessness one achieves peace. If peace can be defined as the absence of unhappiness, I have no doubt that it works; but think of all else that is absent as well.

Oriental religions (most of them) are essentially mystiques of the cop-out and the drop-out, and that is of course what acid too is all about. Hence the appeal. Alas, the oriental faddists rarely consider what these religions have actually *done* to the Orient.

Every society that has achieved a widespread elimination or at least limitation of the ego *has been effectively stopped in its tracks*, and foundered in ignorance, poverty, and famine. This is the logical end of Learyism. The ego is critical to growth: it is necessary to nature; without its thrust, man would never have arisen. Both China and India are stirring out of dolorous centuries only with the readmission of the ego and much-maligned Western principles of thought. Recently I visited my sister and her husband in San Francisco. She just graduated from the University of California at Berkeley; he is a doctor and, as it happens, Chinese. My brother-in-law the Chinese doctor. I call him. It is

interesting that my sister, like so many kids out of Berkeley, is fascinated by oriental philosophy while my brother-in-law couldn't care less. Perhaps he has seen too much of the pain and poverty that are its concomitants and product. He is eager to throw off all that lethargy, which Leary would have us embrace. He wants to move.

Psychedelic logic has reached its apotheosis with a group of acid heads in England which has rebelled even against rebellion. They just sit around stoned and do *nothing*. They are not the ones who will alter the world; that job belongs to another element among the young, one I believe represents the majority: my kid sister's segment of the generation, which wants to change a world that is desperately, nauseatingly, terrifyingly sick. I'm with them.

It is, I believe, only a small minority of the young that wants to be hypnotized by the likes of Leary and his musical apostle Peter Walker.

One question remains. How authentic is all this raga rock and raga jazz and raga folkum? The answer is obvious. The training of a master musician in India takes from ten to twelve years. A Western musician who doesn't even understand the cultural and philosophical background, to say nothing of really grasping the intonational system of the music, can't possibly pick it up in a few weeks of fooling around with it—even a few months or a few years. This is what makes the attempts of George Harrison to play the sitar seem so pretentious.

To hear what the real thing sounds like, you can turn to a wonderful new album on the Connoisseur Society label (CS 462) by Ali Akbar Khan, the master sarod player. The album is accompanied by a superb introduction to Indian music written by James Lyons, director of the Society for Asian Music. It is invaluable help in the attempt to orient oneself to a totally alien way of thinking music.

Step into the world of Ali Akbar. Suddenly you are far from the acid heads and their superficial modish Orientalism and the sick sordid society they represent even as they pose as rebels against it. You are in clear, cool, mountains of thought, into the rarefaction not of a chemical high but of a gigantic tradition and a tall intellect. It's odd, really odd: the record reaches an incredible pitch of excitement, yet never loses a quality of serene detachment. Listening to Ali Akbar, you find it hard to take the fumblings with Indian musical methods in which Western rock, folk, and jazz musicians are currently involved.

Yet if the fad serves to introduce more people to Indian music, it will have served a useful function. No doubt the fad itself will fade. Probably it will leave behind a worthwhile sediment in an expansion of Western musical methods, and in an increased appreciation of other cultures. This often happens with musical fads: they flood the landscape, and it seems as if they are going to carry away everything else in their impetuous rush. But then they recede at last, as the Nile recedes, and one finds that the ground is greener and more fertile than it was before.

GENE LEES

THE BEST SELLERS

a special survey prepared by BILLBOARD

This Month	Last Month	CLASSICAL
1	2	**MAHLER: Symphony No. 8** Soloists, Chorus, London Symphony, Leonard Bernstein, cond. (Columbia)
2	—	**ARTURO TOSCANINI: Treasury of Historic Broadcasts** NBC Symphony, Arturo Toscanini, cond. (RCA Victor)
3	1	**CHOPIN: Piano Recital** Van Cliburn, piano. (RCA Victor)
4	4	**MAHLER: Das Lied von der Erde** James King, Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau; Vienna Philharmonic, Leonard Bernstein, cond. (London)
5	5	**WAGNER: Tristan und Isolde** Birgit Nilsson, Wolfgang Windgassen, et al.; Bayreuth Festival Orchestra, Karl Böhm, cond. (Deutsche Grammophon)
6	—	**VLADIMIR HOROWITZ: In Concert** Vladimir Horowitz, piano. (Columbia)
7	—	**TCHAIKOVSKY: Piano Concerto No. 1** Van Cliburn, piano; orchestra, Kiril Kondrashin, cond. (RCA Victor)
8	—	**EUGENE ORMANDY: Clair de lune** Philadelphia Orchestra, Eugene Ormandy, cond. (Columbia)
9	3	**GOUNOD: Faust** Joan Sutherland, Franco Corelli, Nicolai Ghiaurov, et al.; London Symphony, Richard Bonynge, cond. (London)
10	—	**VERDI: Un Ballo in maschera** Leontyne Price, Carlo Bergonzi, et al.; RCA Italiana Orchestra, Erich Leinsdorf, cond. (RCA Victor)

		THE LIGHTER SIDE
1	1	**The Monkees:** More of the Monkees. (Colgems)
2	2	**Mamas and the Papas:** Deliver. (Dunhill)
3	3	**Dr. Zhivago:** Soundtrack. (M-G-M)
4	7	**The Lovin' Spoonful:** Best of the Lovin' Spoonful. (Kama Sutra)
5	—	**Aretha Franklin:** I Never Loved a Man the Way I Love You. (Atlantic)
6	8	**The Sound of Music:** Soundtrack. (RCA Victor)
7	5	**The Monkees:** The Monkees. (Colgems)
8	4	**Ed Ames:** My Cup Runneth Over. (RCA Victor)
9	—	**The Temptations:** Greatest Hits. (Gordy)
10	—	**The Temptations:** Live! (Gordy)

THE LIGHTER SIDE

reviewed by MORGAN AMES • O. B. BRUMMELL • GENE LEES • JOHN S. WILSON

COLORED SYMBOL ✻ DENOTES AN EXCEPTIONAL RECORDING

ABC CHILDREN'S CHORUS: In Concert. Frank Wolfe, dir. *In a Shanty in Old Shanty Town; Hiawatha's Mittens; Climb Ev'ry Mountain;* nine more. ABC Ⓓ 577, $3.79; S 577, $4.79.

Oh goodie. An album by singing show biz children, the sort W. C. Fields was so crazy about. One has the uneasy feeling that each of these twelve darlings would be pleased to commit the *cutest* atrocities to rid himself of the eleven others between him and center stage.

The liner notes advise us that these children have appeared in Broadway musicals, TV dramas, and commercials. Also, "these kids can never be accused of not trying to please, and please they do!" Till it smarts. However, one might question the remark that "individually, they could easily be the boy or girl you just tucked into bed or sent off to the movies." Theatrical children don't go to bed. They stay up and practice crying in front of magnifying mirrors. And they don't go to movies; they send their parents to movies.

The album's musical backgrounds are early *Art Linkletter Houseparty*, heavy on the accordion. Which fits, when you consider that the ABC Children's Chorus is led by "Richard Wolfe, whose multifaceted career has encompassed practically every phase of entertainment, including a partnership with Arthur Godfrey in some of his musical enterprises." And we all remember the extent of Mr. Godfrey's musical enterprises—particularly the baritone ukulele players among us.

Folks, it's a thrill to bring this album to your attention. Just remember that on the disconcerting day that these plastic angels find themselves grown up like everybody else, we'll be waiting to see if they have any talent to go along with their dimples. M. A.

SUSAN BARRETT. Susan Barrett, vocals; orchestra, Marion Evans, arr. and cond. *I Want to Be Happy; April Showers; Mas Que Nada;* nine more. RCA Victor Ⓓ LPM 3738, $3.79; LSP 3738, $4.79.

Singer Susan Barrett is a promising twenty-three-year-old with a voice both strong and capable and looks that are

Susan Barrett: beneath her panoply of styles lies considerable talent.

fresh and lovely. However, in this debut album, her problem is the usual one of finding a sense of style. One moment she is shy, the next coy, then unthinkingly strident. One wonders which is the real Susan Barrett. One key to masterful singing is the ability to express any emotion without sacrificing one's special identity. Because Miss Barrett has not yet found her key, too often the songs sing *her*.

Miss Barrett's best singing and only moment of believability occurs in her reflective reading of Bobby Hebb's *Sunny*. *I Want to Be Happy* and most of *My Man* are rather pleasant. But on bright songs such as *Walking Happy*, Miss Barrett becomes disturbingly harsh, disappearing into a montage of Streisand, Caterina Valente, and others. Instead of logically using her sweet *Sunny* voice on the ballad *Bewitched*, she spoils its mood with a swooping, overaffected style, aimed apparently at showing sincerity but showing instead an adolescent preciousness.

Something must be said about this album's splendid arrangements. They were written and conducted by the hugely gifted Marion Evans. Keeping to the background, Mr. Evans has made of every orchestration a special jewel. If velvet could sing, its sound would be like the sound Mr. Evans gets from a string section. Witness his writing for *Bewitched*, from its quiet beginning to the swelling modulation at its close. Mr. Evans listens to lyrics: *The Carnival Is Closed Today* opens as a lilting waltz; as the lyric saddens, Mr. Evans blends horns and strings in careful dissonance, creating the troubling effect of an out-of-whack calliope. Any quality singer, upon hearing these charts, is likely to sigh, wishing they'd been written for him.

Though Miss Barrett's first album displays confusion in terms of direction, beneath her panoply of styles and her youth lies considerable talent. Let's wait and see which way she goes. M.A.

THE BRASS RING: Sunday Night at the Movies. Phil Bodner, alto saxophone and arr.; others unidentified. *Al Di La; Samba de Orfeo; Look for a Star;* nine more. Dunhill Ⓓ 50015, $3.98; S 50015, $4.98.

The discs by Phil Bodner's Brass Ring (this is the third) are unabashedly commercial in choice of tunes, in tempos, and in packaging. This one, for instance, is subtitled "Themes from Movies Currently Being Shown on Television," a parlay that ought to overwhelm the least common denominator. But under all this superficiality and banality, Bodner's imagination and sense of humor produce some charming, low-keyed performances. He uses a foundation of soft rock, a suggestion of bossa nova and a touch of Nashville (Billy Vaughn's unison alto saxophones) with catchy phrasing (often corny—but such lovely corn!) that gives tunes as familiar as *Moon Glow*, *True Love*, and *Colonel Bogey March* a fresh, appealing flavor (there's some rhythmic whistle blowing on *Bogey* that's straight out of Roland Kirk). This music is to the late Sixties what Guy Lombardo was to the late Twenties and that is not intended to be an invidious comparison. In those days Lombardo played the greatest music for cheek to cheek dancing you could hear. For those who still engage in bodily contact on the dance floor, the Brass Ring has the same persuasively rhythmic quality: light and gay and lovely—and fun to listen to. J.S.W.

CHARLIE BYRD: Hollywood Byrd. Charlie Byrd, guitar; orchestra, Tommy Newsom, arr. and cond. *A Time for Love; Alfie; Morn Free*; seven more. Columbia ⓓ CL 2652, $3.79; CS 9452, $4.79; ⓣ CQ 920, $7.95.

Pop albums of movie themes are all the commercial rage right now. This is one of the nicest I've heard. Charlie Byrd's classical-style guitar plays the melodies and occasional modest improvisations against an orchestra of strings and wordless voices. Tommy Newsom's arrangements are in the best of taste. This album isn't earth-shaking, but it's very good for those moments when you want to hear something soothing, yet not bland. G.L.

FRANCO CORELLI: Granada and Other Romantic Songs. Franco Corelli, vocals; orchestra. Raffaele Mingardo, cond. Capitol ⓓ P 8661, $3.79; SP 8661, $4.79.

According to the fulsome album notes, one should swoon with "romance" while listening to Franco Corelli in this unabashedly sentimental recital. But the real appeal stems from Corelli's big, admirably controlled tenor voice and the obvious joy he derives from breathing Latin fire into the likes of *Because* and *I Love Thee*. The songs—time-tested favorites in Spanish, French, Italian, and English—are a bit treacly on the whole. Exceptions include the zestful title ballad and an Italian song, *Ti voglio tanto bene*, to which Corelli brings a certain bravura sublimity. The singer, incidentally, comports himself adequately if not spectacularly in the various languages. Still, the half-dozen Italian selections are the most memorable. After all, these represent Corelli's home grounds; on them he is unbeatable. O.B.B.

EVERY MOTHERS' SON. Dennis Larden, Lary Larden, Bruce Milner, Christopher Augustine, and Schuyler Larson, vocals and rhythm accompaniment. *Ain't It a Drag; I Won't; Didn't She Lie*; eight more. M-G-M ⓓ E 4471, $3.79; SE 4471, $4.79.

On the basis of one track in this album, I'd say that Every Mothers' Son is capable of putting on the best show, *musically*, of any rock group to hit in years. The track, *Allison Dozer*, is a good rock melody, excitingly sung and beautifully arranged. All five members of the group are able singers, their harmonies varied, in tune, and certain. Instrumentally, they vary. The lead guitarist is fine, as is the Fender-bass player. The drummer has a good time but no imagination whatever, and the pianist is pretty limited.

The group's material is written by Lary and Dennis Larden, who are also lead singers. The Lardens give the group both its best and its weakest aspects. Though some Larden melodies are good, all lyrics are sloppy and glaringly trite. The Larden brothers began in folk music and seem reluctant to get off that dead horse, since over half the tracks here are undisguised folk, such as *Sittin' Here* and *Come On Queenie*. *(I Believe In You* is a perfect example that neither folkers nor rockers have yet learned how to make ¾ time interesting.) Though Every Mothers' Son is a powerful rock group, the Lardens must have been a dreary folk act. Possibly the strong material here *(Allison Dozer, Ain't No Use, For Brandy)* was larded out with songs the Lardens had lying around from the folk period.

If Every Mothers' Son drops the dumb, dated folk stuff and concentrates on the very real sparks they generate with rock material, their possibilities are huge. M.A.

GALE GARNETT: Sings About Flying and Rainbows and Love and Other Groovy Things. Gale Garnett, vocals; rhythm accompaniment, Dick Rosmini, arr. and cond. *You're Gone Now; The Sun is Gray; Look Who's Here*; nine more. RCA Victor ⓓ LPM 3747, $3.79; LSP 3747, $4.79.

Miss Gale Garnett first attracted attention a few years ago with her hit *We'll Sing in the Sunshine*, an interesting little song which she sang and wrote.

Easily the best aspect of Miss Garnett's off-beat talent is her writing. She writes nearly all her material—and well she should. Her version of *Over the Rainbow* in this set is way off. Unfortunately, there's very little substantial fare in her new album. Miss Garnett seems confused as to what career-direction to take as the flush of success fades. Thus, her work is stylistically scattered. *I Am Shining* is strictly country-and-western; *You're Doing Me No Good* is folk-rock. Several songs—*This Child, I Make Him Fly*—are folkish, along the lines of her earlier material, but not nearly so strong. The best and most characteristic song is *Lie to Me Easy*. ("You may not be my one great love, but you're lovely, and you're here.")

Miss Garnett's voice is heavy and dark, on the brink of being ponderous. Though it lacks a sense of femininity, it's not unpleasant.

Dick Rosmini's amplified, current-thing arrangements are competent, as such "arrangements" go. But they crowd Miss Garnett into a style in which she doesn't really belong.

As for her temporarily blocked writing talent, let's hope it once more finds its way out into the open air. M.A.

DAMITA JO: If You Go Away. Damita Jo, vocals; orchestra and chorus, Leroy Glover, arr. and cond. *Love, I Found You; Yellow Days; No Guilty Feelings*; seven more. Epic ⓓ LN 24244, $3.79; BN 26244, $4.79.

Damita Jo began her singing career with a fine voice and a natural, infectious way with up-tempo songs and blues. At that time ballads were her weak area. Not any more. Damita Jo is a self-wise singer who has had the courage to work on her flaws as well as her graces. What has emerged is a warm, mature performer of wide range. If there's any doubt about her ease with ballads, listen here to *My Man's Gone Now*, with its intensely moving finish. Having found herself, she's a singer who sounds like no one else.

It's a shame that she has had to work here with uninspired arrangements.

They're not really *bad* charts. But their nagging commercial overtones are far below Damita Jo's level of taste and sophistication. Nevertheless, she sings as though her support is much better than it is—another sign of maturity. And she deals honorably with several inferior songs included in the set. With precious little help from those who surrounded her in making this album, she has come up with something lovely. Bravo. M.A.

FRANKIE LAINE: I'll Take Care of Your Cares. Frankie Laine, vocals; Peter DeAngelis, arr. and cond. *Making Memories; I'm Free; If I Didn't Care*; eight more. ABC Ⓓ 604, $3.79; S 604, $4.79.

The only good thing to be said about Frankie Laine's new album, based on his recent successful single, is that a once-wonderful singer is back on the scene and that his voice sounds as fine as ever. As for the album, its songs and arrangements, the whole thing is terrible—a blatant discredit to Mr. Laine's talent. And it's meant to be. Mr. Laine has based his comeback on the sort of idiotic gumdrops that passed for pop songs in the early Fifties, recorded by people like Keely Smith, Doris Day, and Laine himself. This is the nauseous material that forced the younger generation to create their own idiom. The tragedy is that much of today's youth thinks that "pop music" means only pap like *Che sera, sera* and *The Great Pretender*, not differentiating between this and the songs of giants—Jerome Kern, Johnny Mercer, and so on. One can hardly blame the young for retching over the transitional postwar trash of the Fifties.

And now Frankie Laine has brought back the whole grim era. One can sympathize with his desire for a comeback, but his method is supremely depressing. All that can be hoped is that, once secured, Mr. Laine will apply his warmhearted voice and talent to the music he once sang so beautifully—if he still cares about it. M.A.

✱ **CARMEN McRAE: In Person/San Francisco.** Carmen McRae, vocals; Norman Simmons, piano; Victor Sproles, bass; Stewart Martin, drums. *Let There Be Love; Thou Swell; Sunday*; seven more. Mainstream Ⓓ 56091, $3.98; S 6091, $4.98.

How can a singer do so many things as well as Carmen McRae does? Her clear, striding voice glides effortlessly over nearly four octaves. (Nine out of ten singers who claim such a range are kidding themselves and you.) She uses her flexible vibrato for subtle shadings, always with complete control. Her time sense is rock-steady, even as she shifts its stresses from phrase to phrase. Next to Ella Fitzgerald, no one scats so well.

This album was recorded live in San Francisco. It seems to have been one of those nights when the groove was so good that even the mistakes came out right. Miss McRae is free and full of energy. Every tune has a special turn that makes you want to play the track again. If you want to hear Miss McRae at her exciting best, this is your album. M.A.

PEANUT BUTTER CONSPIRACY: The Peanut Butter Conspiracy is Spreading. Lance Fent, John Merrill, Al Brackett, Jim Voight, and Sandi Robison, vocals and rhythm accompaniment. *Then Came Love; Twice Is Life; Why Did I Get So High*; eight more. Columbia Ⓓ CL 2654, $3.79; CS 9454, $4.79.

The more one listens to amplified rock music, the more one recognizes its qualitative tiers. The Peanut Butter Conspiracy, a California-based group, is on the tier which may be called "mildly interesting": they're not hopeless, but they're not yet distinctive. Their music seems to say, "maybe; we don't know yet."

Like the Jefferson Airplane, the Peanut Butter Conspiracy (being a peanut butter freak, I responded instantly to the name) was sharp enough to include a girl, Sandi Robison, in the group. She sings well and the others give her ample room to lead the way. But both guitarists substitute quick twitches for right-hand techniques, while the drummer is a thudder, heavy as a hangover and the worst player in the group.

The PBC's songs are too disorganized to be complete statements, becoming instead a series of fragments. *The Market Place* appears to be far-out, using triangles and things. Pretty tame.

Nevertheless, the group has a kind of excitement and a better-than-usual vocal blend, largely due to Miss Robison.

There's little one can do with not-quite-there groups like this except wait and see which way they go. M.A.

✱ **ROBERTA PECK: Extraordinary.** Roberta Peck, vocals; Pat Rebillot, piano; George Benson, guitar; Reed Wasson, Richard David, or Aaron Bell, bass; Willie Ruff, French horn; Frank Wess, tenor sax and flute; Clark Terry or Buck Clayton, trumpet; Jimmy Lovelace, drums. *Makin' Whoopie; Lover Man; Body and Soul*; seven more. COLUMBIA Ⓓ CL 2658, $3.79; CS 9458, $4.79.

Most current pop albums are designed to be gulped, like hot dogs in Central Park. But let us remember that occasionally an album is made to be savored, like a rare brandy. This set is such an album.

According to Gordon Donaldson's graceful and informative liner notes, Miss Peck began her singing career some years ago, then interrupted it for love, marriage, and raising children. When she returned to singing, she came to the attention of folk singer Pete Seeger, who submitted a tape of hers to Columbia talent-developer John Hammond who flipped. Hammond once helped develop people like Billie Holiday, Count Basie, and Lionel Hampton but he has been working with some pretty mediocre talent for the past few years. Now he seems to be on another hot streak, having recently recorded first-rate albums by Malvina Reynolds, guitarist George Benson, and now Miss Peck.

This lady is a stunning singer, the kind whose album you want to play till it wears out. Upon first hearing her, one is reminded first of Billie, then Ella, Carmen McRae, Lee Wiley. Then you realize that it's not the Good Singers she sounds like; it's Good Singing, the whole splendid tradition behind our best women singers. And in a season packed with shiny, showy, sound-alike young girl singers, what a joy it is to hear this grown-up lady singing a program of grown-up love songs.

Miss Peck's voice is smooth, warm, and relaxed. Her style is free, but true to the material. Above all, it is gracious. Outstanding tracks are *Willow Tree, This Year* (from *Hotel*), and *More Than You Know*. *Si Si Senor*, one of the two selections written by Miss Peck, is bright and charming.

One reads a good deal about the "rapport" between musicians and singer on casual sessions such as this. Much of the talk is nonsense or wishful thinking. In this case, the rapport is real, intense, and immediately felt. The finest of musicians (listed above) were selected, and it's a good bet that this album pleased each of them. They work hard to make every track just right. And it sounds like they're knocking themselves out for the sheer pleasure of it. Listen to Frank Wess's flute on the opening of *Willow Tree*, or the mood set and sustained by guitarist George Benson on *Si Si Señor*, or Clark Terry's exuberant "mumbles" duet with Miss Peck at the close of *I'm Beginning to See the Light* (the notes say that the duet was extemporized when Miss Peck couldn't find an ending for the song), or the lovely brass and reed carpet laid gently behind the vocal on *This Year*. All the arrangement ideas were arrived at in the studio during the sessions.

There are a few flaws. Miss Peck isn't altogether certain with fast tempos; they sometimes get away from her, as with *I'm Beginning to See the Light*. A moment of poor engineering and unwise programming occurs on the segue between the soft ending of *This Year* and the overly loud trumpet introduction of *I'm Beginning to See the Light*. But the flaws mean little.

This is a glorious album, surely one of the best of the year. You shouldn't miss it. M.A.

NELSON RIDDLE: The Bright and the Beautiful. Orchestra, Nelson Riddle, arr. and cond. *Thoroughly Modern Millie; Georgy Girl; A Time for Love; Alfie*; eight more. Liberty Ⓓ LRP 3508, $3.79; LST 7508, $4.79.

Nelson Riddle, one of the finest commercial arrangers in America, seemed for two or three years to have become caught in a rut. His more recent work has suggested that he was breaking out of it and this album proves it. This is a "market" record, make no mistake. And usually when a gifted and tasteful artist is forced by a & r men to incorporate current commercial gimmicks into his work, it only cheapens it. This has not happened in Riddle's case. He has taken the gimmicks and transformed them into models of good taste; and, curiously enough, these

things have refreshed his work with a new vitality and brightness.

Riddle has clearly become intrigued by the electric organ, which he used in some of his writing for Frank Sinatra. He uses it here, as well as the currently fashionable harpsichord, and they add interesting colorations. He has retained many of his signature tricks—the trombone walking a bass line under the orchestra, for example. It all blends very well, and what's more the album is eminently danceable.

In the rhythm section is a bass player who is almost certainly Ray Brown. Since Brown left the Oscar Peterson Trio and settled in Los Angles, he has revolutionized the rhythm section sound of records issuing from the West. His powerful tone and sure, pulsative time, and those characteristic falling eighth-note triplets, infuse this album, as it does every date he's on, with a warm and irresistible swing. G.L.

✻ **STARS OF THE SILVER SCREEN, 1929–1930.** Various artists, songs and orchestras. RCA Victor (D) LPV 538, $4.79 (mono only).

This one is an absolute jewel. Part of RCA's admirable Vintage Series, the album's performances were carefully culled from films of the late '20s. The sound, though mono, is more than satisfactory.

Since each selection is special, the album deserves careful chronicling: Sophie Tucker sings *He's a Good Man to Have Around*, from *Honky Tonk*, her screen debut. George Jessel sings and talks his maudlin way through *My Mother's Eyes*. Dolores Del Rio gives us the original *Ramona*, followed by Lupe Velez singing *Where Is the Song of Songs for Me?* by Irving Berlin. Charles King performs his trend-setting *Broadway Melody*. Gloria Swanson sings *Love Your Magic Spell is Everywhere* from *The Trespasser*, written by Edmund Goulding, the film's director. Maurice Chevalier does the original version of his first American hit, *Louise*. Helen Kane, as in boop-boop-a-doop, gives a knockout performance of *He's So Unusual* from *Sweeties*. Bebe Daniels sings *You're Always in My Arms But Only in My Dreams*. Helen Morgan is strangely moving in *What Wouldn't I Do for That Man*. Jeanette MacDonald playing a lovelorn princess, sings *Dream Lover*. The Duncan Sisters give an incredibly fine performance of *I'm Following You*; on the second chorus, one sister imitates a horn with astonishing accuracy, as the other sings an agile obligato. Fanny Brice is touching in *Cooking Breakfast for the One I Love* from *Be Yourself*, a film in which she plays a singer who supports a broken-down pugilist. Dennis King pounds out *Nichavo!* from *Paramount on Parade*, in grand Russian style. John Boles performs the original *It Happened in Monterey* from *The King of Jazz*. Finally, Everett Marchall's baritone soars through *Mr. and Mrs. Sippi* from *Dixiana*.

The album is beautifully programmed and scholar-historian Miles Krueger has provided splendid liner notes. M.A.

SARAH VAUGHAN: Sassy Swings Again. Sarah Vaughan, vocals; big band, Thad Jones, J. J. Johnson, Bob James, and Manny Albam, arr. *S'posin; All Alone; The Sweetest Sounds;* seven more. Mercury (D) MG 21116, $3.79; SR 61116, $4.79; (T) MEC 61116, $7.95.

Miss Sarah Vaughan, with her multi-textured voice, her lovely lazy-time style, and her remarkable ear for harmony, is in the best tradition of popular singing. Some people say she's a technician's singer, but let's not forget her free spirit. Nothing in music seems to frighten her. She soars, vibrato going from yard-wide to not-there. What a wonderfully outrageous way to sing.

Miss Vaughan is backed by a big band in this album, with arrangements by Thad Jones, J. J. Johnson, Bob James, and Manny Albam. The charts are competent but thready. The band's playing is hardly inspired.

Sweet Georgia Brown is taken at a quick tempo, with Miss Vaughan performing her weird, endearing brand of scatting on the second chorus. *Take the "A" Train* gives a respectful nod to Duke Ellington. The best track is *Everyday I Have the Blues*. It's a special challenge to individualize this number into anything other than Joe Williams' song. For the first four choruses you'd think Miss Vaughan had never heard Williams sing it. Then the fifth time around, she breaks into a shrewd variation of one of Williams' famous choruses. Several tracks, such as *I Left My Heart in San Francisco*, are uneventful.

This is not Miss Vaughan's best album, but it has its moments. Buying it depends on how avid a fan you are. M.A.

WALTER WANDERLEY: Brazilian Blend. Walter Wanderley, electric organ; guitar and rhythm. *Red Roses for a Blue Lady; The World; I'll Do the Samba with You;* nine others. Philips (D) PHM 200227, $3.79; PHS 600227, $4.79; (T) PTCG 227, $7.95.

The electric organ is a versatile instrument. In the wrong hands, it is one of the most irritating and banal of instruments. But a skilled player (and there aren't many of these) can make it a sensitive and appealing medium of expression. Brazilian organist Walter Wanderley has long been known, even to North American musicians, as a distinctive and imaginative player: his sound, based on a quite individual use of the stops, is clean and honest, happily devoid of vibrato or reverberation.

This album has a split personality. Sometimes, as in the several samba tracks, it shows us Wanderley as he is. The rest of the time, he sounds as if some a & r man had told him that he must play as most other people play the instrument (dripping vibrato, heavy reverb, a gimmicky use of the celeste stops, and so forth) to achieve further success on top of his *Summer Samba*. On one track, *Counting Stars*, they've even added an incredibly corny hotel-style tenor player to muck up the music.

The good tracks here are very good; the others are pretty sad. G.L.

JAZZ

JOHN ARPIN: The Other Side of Ragtime. John Arpin, piano. *Gladiolus Rag; Excelsior Rag; Wild Cherries;* nine more. Scroll Ⓓ 103, $5.00 (Available from Scroll Records, 80 Mimico Ave., Toronto 14, Ontario, Canada).

Arpin has a gentle, slightly formal way of playing piano rags. It may or may not be puristically correct but I find it quite charming. These are pieces that should be delivered with grace and beauty and that is what Arpin does: his light touch gives them an appropriately jaunty air without letting them slip into slambang swingers.

He has chosen a particularly melodious collection of rags for this disc (his second for Scroll), divided between the classic composers—Scott Joplin, James Scott, and Joseph Lamb—and their Tin Pan Alley offshoots. He really enjoys himself with this second group, especially Eubie Blake's sly *Chevy Chase*, the gay melody of *Meadowlark Rag*, and two Jelly Roll Morton pieces, *Dead Man Blues* and *Kansas City Stomps*. *Stomps* has the same kind of merriment that Morton put into his performances but *Dead Man* is quite a departure from the Morton manner as Arpin turns it into a finger-snapper—and a good one. J.S.W.

✻**GEORGE BENSON QUARTET.** George Benson, guitar; Lonnie Smith, organ; Ronnie Cuber, baritone saxophone; Jimmy Lovelace or Marion Booker, drums; Benny Green, trombone. *Benny's Back; Benson's Rider; Return of the Prodigal Son;* seven more. Columbia Ⓓ CL 2613, $3.79; CS 9413, $4.79.

One of the reasons jazz is in economic trouble is that its players, with a few exceptions, have become boring. Increasingly preoccupied in recent years with theory and cant; hung up in contemplating its own navel; with too many of its musicians growing ponderously self-serious after reading the convoluted quackery flowing from the typewriters of a number of asses who write jazz criticism, the music became, for the most part, just plain bloody dull. It has largely lost its energy. The one quality rock-and-roll tends to have is energy, no matter how misplaced, ignorant, and groping most of it is.

George Benson was a rock-and-roll guitarist until he heard some of the better jazz guitarists, and set out to learn to play the instrument. He succeeded. He goes at music with the drive of a rock-and-roller but the inventive musicality of a jazz musician. He is, as a result, one of the most exciting young players I've heard in years.

Organist Lonnie Smith is a fine foil for Benson. For the most part, he punches out subtle dark accompaniment chords for Benson and Ronnie Cuber, a driving and communicative young baritonist. In groups that use organ, one usually feels the lack of a bass player. Few organists seem to have the knack of playing bass lines that swing. Smith does. His feet are all over that lower "keyboard" and the lines he gets are genuinely interesting.

Trombonist Benny Green sits in on a few tracks, but I wish he hadn't. He breaks the continuity and identity of the quartet. What's more, they play with him *Jumpin' with Symphony Sid*, and who needs that chestnut? The group falls into bebop clichés here, as it does again in *Bayou*, by organist Jimmy Smith. The quartet is best in its own material, which includes *The Cooker*, a wild, fast blues, and the somewhat eerie *The Borgia Stick*, both by Benson, the latter a theme he wrote for a television show.

The album is well recorded (John Hammond produced it), and you can hear what everybody's doing.

This is what jazz *used* to sound like. It swings, it roars, it makes you snap your fingers and nod your head and, perhaps, break into an impromptu frug around the living room. G.L.

RAY CHARLES: A Man and his Soul. Ray Charles, vocals; orchestra, various conds. *I Can't Stop Loving You; Ol' Man River; One Mint Julep; No Use Crying; Born to Lose;* nineteen more. ABC Ⓓ 590, $7.58; S 590, $9.58 (two discs); Ⓣ F 590, $9.95.

This anthology of hits by Ray Charles was perhaps inevitable. It is also valuable to those who, like me, missed acquiring some of the recordings when they were issued. Though many of them were "market" records whose purposes were more economic than aesthetic, they stand up remarkably well to the passing of time.

Charles' choice of material has always been unorthodox—ranging from the blues in which he is rooted to country-and-western songs like *I Can't Stop Loving You*, to a mediocre motion picture song like *Ruby*. He transformed all of it, infusing each song with the blues, giving it colorations of virility. In the end, the performance has always mattered more than the material. *Ruby*, for example, acquires a curious nervous beauty: never mind that its lyric is a Hollywood hack job.

The Charles voice is anything but pretty. It is, in fact, downright ugly. Yet, again, he overcomes its limitations as he overcomes the weakness of so much of this material. He is a remarkable entertainer who defies either classification or analysis. He moves people. That's a fact, and the rest can only be puzzled guesswork. G.L.

JOHN COLTRANE: Kulu Se Mama. John Coltrane and Pharoah Sanders, tenor saxophones; McCoy Tyner, piano; Jimmy Garrison, bass; Donald Garrett, bass and bass clarinet; Elvin Jones and Frank Butler, drums; Juno Lewis, vocals and percussion. *Kulu Se Mama; Vigil; Welcome.* Impulse Ⓓ 9106, $4.98; S 9106, $5.98.

I have found much of John Coltrane's work difficult to listen to. Even on the many occasions when I felt he had something good going, he has managed to lose me eventually by overdoing it, either in terms of length or manner. Approached with this background, *Kulu Se Mama* is a surprising collection. The title piece, which takes up one side of the disc, is an extended mood piece based on a poem by Juno Lewis. Chanted sporadically by Lewis over a rhythmic, insistent background and broken up by long instrumental passages, the piece becomes more and more possessively hypnotic. In a sense, this is the opposite side of the coin from Coltrane's *Ascension* (Impulse 95)—a half-hour extemporization by a moderately large group, also with a strong hypnotic effect but in a more flaring and arrogant manner. *Kulu Se Mama* is the better work. It is developed in a more sustained fashion with the voice creating enough variety to break up what could otherwise have become a monotonous flow of sound.

The second side of the disc is divided between two pieces by Coltrane's quartet as of a year or so ago—Tyner, Garrison, and Elvin Jones. But these are not just leftover pieces by the group. *Vigil* is a duet between Coltrane and Jones that is an exhausting listening experience—exhausting in an excellent sense since it results from the growing tension produced by Coltrane's incredible extended display of virtuosity, supported only by Jones's drumming. Not the least of Coltrane's accomplishments in this piece is the production of a nine-minute solo without resorting to any of the disparate or desperate shrieks that he usually throws into his work. The second selection, *Welcome*, is the perfect balance wheel—an expression of open, flowing relaxation with Coltrane rising and actually seeming to smile, Tyner's piano drifting through the saxophone passages, a flow of cymbals and, under it all, a richly bowed bass. As a production, this is a record that has form and shape. Taken as a whole, it is a structured entity, something you can live with for a long time. J.S.W.

✻**LEONARD FEATHER: Encyclopedia of Jazz (in the Sixties), Volume One: The Blues.** Encyclopedia of Jazz All-Stars, Oliver Nelson, cond.: *St. Louis Blues; I Remember Bird; John Brown's Blues.* Jimmy Smith, organ, Wes Montgomery, guitar, Grady Tate, drums: *OGD.* Count Basie's Orchestra: *Blues for Eileen.* Earl Hines, piano, Johnny Hodges, alto saxophone, Kenny Burrell, guitar, Richard Davis, bass, Joe Marshall, drums: *C Jam Blues.* Verve Ⓓ 8677, $4.79; 68677, $5.79.

On appearance, this disc might be taken for left-over bits from a variety of sessions, all thrown together as a tie-in with a newly issued book. But it isn't. Far from it—five of the six selections are out of the top drawer, examples of the musicians involved at their very best. The one lesser number, Count Basie's *Blues for Eileen*, is representative of the

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contemporary Basie band. Unfortunately, it's a dull band. Oliver Nelson's three arrangements for the big all-star band produce brilliant performances. His sly and slinky treatment of *St. Louis Blues* opens into a biting, extended trumpet solo by Joe Newman, who also joins with Clark Terry to make *John Brown's Blues* an exhilarating two-trumpet romp. *I Remember Bird* is a showcase for Phil Woods whose alto saxophone spreads out in a gorgeously singing attack. The unusual trio of Jimmy Smith, Wes Montgomery, and Grady Tate brings out the best in each—Montgomery is open and relaxed while Smith is sufficiently restrained to make persuasive use of the skills he is often apt to bury under applause milking. Hodges and Hines are just marvelous, not only on their own solo passages, but in the formation of what—despite a front-line consisting of only two men—becomes a real ensemble as Hines moves his piano out of the rhythm section and right into the center of the action. Great stuff! J.S.W.

CHICO HAMILTON: The Dealer. Arnie Lawrence, alto saxophone; Ernie Haynes, organ; Archie Shepp, piano; Larry Coryell, guitar; Richard Davis, bass; Chico Hamilton, drums. *A Trip; Baby, You Know; Thoughts;* four more. Impulse Ⓓ 9130, $4.98; S 9130, $5.98.

The most remarkable aspect of the various quintets that Chico Hamilton has led in the past eleven years has been the number of outstanding sidemen who have gone through these groups. Starting with his original 1956 group, in which his use of a versatile reedman was established by Buddy Collette, Hamilton has filled this chair with a startling succession of musicians who were, for all practical purposes, unknown until they joined him. Paul Horn, Eric Dolphy, and Charles Lloyd found the door to jazz fame through Hamilton's quintet. So did guitarist Jim Hall and, to a lesser extent, John Pisano and Dennis Budimir. On this disc, Hamilton is at it again. He has a new group, some new musicians, an established jazz star presented in a new light, and a set of performances that are full of guts and sinew.

Arnie Lawrence, an alto saxophonist who has been on the verge of things in New York for a couple of years, emerges as a tremendously vital soloist on this set. Larry Coryell, a guitarist who gets featured billing on the album, is full of promise, particularly on an atmospheric piece, *Larry of Arabia*. The most fascinating piece, however, is *For Mods Only*, composed by Archie Shepp, the adamant avant-garde saxophonist, who sheds both saxophone and avant-gardism to sit down at the piano and bang out a wonderfully barrelhouse background for a piece that rocks delightfully.

Vitality is the dominant feeling of this set—vitality that bends to no stylistic mannerisms. And this, to a great extent, sums up what Chico Hamilton has been doing for the past eleven years and why, despite constant changes in personnel, he has survived as a leader. J.S.W.

THAD JONES-OLIVER NELSON: Happenings. Hank Jones, piano and Baldwin electronic harpsichord; orchestra, Oliver Nelson, arr. and cond. *Mas Que Nada; Happenings; Funky But Blues;* eight more. Impulse Ⓓ A 9132, $4.98; AS 9132, $5.98.

The Baldwin electronic harpsichord is a new instrument that is stirring a good deal of interest. This is the first time I've heard it used in recording and, fortunately, the man who plays it is one of the most tasteful and inventive of all jazz pianists: the superb Hank Jones. One shudders to think what the electronic harpsichord is going to sound like in the hands of the rock-and-rollers, but Jones settles for a clean, fairly accurate harpsichord sound rather than any of the countless tonal distortions that come in the instrument's kit of possibilities. Sometimes he uses a damped sound, but for the most part he plays it clean.

The instrument is a really interesting one. The strings are plucked, as in the traditional harpsichord, but pickups, like those in amplified guitars, are used on each string. This slows the tonal decay, giving the instrument better sustaining qualities. Indeed, the instrument sounds (at least under Jones's wonderful hands) like a cross between a harpsichord and an amplified guitar.

The album is not a gimmick project. There is music in these tracks—a lot of it. Oliver Nelson's arrangements are models of intelligent simplicity: they are clean, honest, and warm. And Jones is incredibly inventive as always. The harpsichord, in fact, because of its sharper, more specific sound, brings out the contents of his playing (the interesting left-hand movements, for example) more vividly than piano does. On a couple of tracks, Jones does play piano with his customary impeccable touch and just-warm-enough tone.

There is one touch of bad taste in the album: producer Bob Thiele had trumpeter Clark Terry sing *Winchester Cathedral* in a Louis Armstrong voice. It's an obvious bid for air play, and a cheap one. This lapse mars an otherwise delightful and very fresh album. G.L.

STEVE KUHN-GARY McFARLAND: The October Suite. Steve Kuhn, piano; Ron Carter, bass; Marty Morell, drums; Corky Hale, harp; string quartet or woodwind quartet; Gary McFarland, composer and cond. Impulse Ⓓ 9136, $4.79; S 9136, $5.79.

ZOOT SIMS: Waiting Game. Zoot Sims, tenor saxophone and vocal; orchestra, Gary McFarland, arr. and cond. *Old Folks; I Wish I Knew; Stella By Starlight;* seven more. Impulse Ⓓ 9131, $4.79; S 9131, $5.79.

Gary McFarland is one of the most gifted and promising arrangers in American music. The problem is that he has remained gifted and promising almost since his arrival in New York seven years ago. His career has grown since then; McFarland has grown only a little. What seemed

in his early days like a quality of careful economy, a spare, lean way of writing, is beginning to seem merely thin. What is more, his writing is often mannered. He has a habit of leaning on a phrase, emphasizing it, until it becomes annoying. He probably became intrigued with the value of repetition from the work of Antonio Carlos Jobim, but Jobim is a man of supreme intuitive taste who always knows when to abandon a deliberate redundancy. McFarland doesn't.

McFarland's intents are serious. One side of the "October Suite" album is scored for string quartet, rhythm, and piano, the other for piano, rhythm, woodwind quartet, and harp. It's not truly a suite, composed as such. One track, in fact, is based on a theme from a McFarland film score. It is full of intriguing little things, for McFarland has imagination. But the whole project reeks of the arty, and a certain pale pastoralism in which McFarland seems to have become hung up. It is often deliberately clever, as if he'd said: "Ah, now I'll do this, instead of that, and it will surprise everybody." The seams show.

Pianist Kuhn also is deeply promising. But he is caught in what I call The Bill Evans Problem. Almost every young pianist is. Once one has heard Evans and his inevitably right approach to the piano —essentially a successful adaptation to jazz of twentieth century classical thinking about the instrument—one can hardly avoid sounding like him. What are you going to do; play wrong to avoid the resemblance? It's like the singers who've heard Sinatra's incomparably right approach to phrasing. What can they do; phrase wrong to avoid a resemblance? Often such singers strain to avoid Sinatraisms and end up sounding only self-conscious and synthetic. Kuhn sounds like he's trying hard to avoid Evans while retaining his approach to tone and touch. He becomes simply cerebral.

Kuhn does have a beautiful tone. It is therefore all the more a crime that the piano is a little out of tune in the album. The sessions were recorded at the A & R Studio by engineer Phil Ramone and I have great respect for both Ramone and the Studio. But this is the second album I've heard from that quarter in recent months with an out-of-tune piano. I couldn't care less if earlier that day they had recorded a rock-and-roll group (rock groups are notorious for driving pianos out of tune). That's their problem. Out-of-tune pianos are bad enough in nightclubs; they're unforgivable on records.

The second of these albums presents a puzzle. McFarland himself produced it in London. Nowhere does the liner note say that McFarland wrote the arrangements. Annotator Nat Hentoff sounds as if he's copping out on the point. "With McFarland in charge of the scoring . . ." he says. Now what does "in charge" mean? Did McFarland write the arrangements or didn't he? Or did he hire an orchestrator to fill out his sketches? The string writing is full and rich, which makes it sound unlike McFarland, although the linear thinking and certain mannerisms are clearly his.

In any event, this is the more successful album of the two: a collection of ballads (seven standards and three by McFarland) scored for large orchestra and utilizing the talents of the unusual British harpist David Snell. Sims is magnificent, his warm-toned tenor moving with restrained romanticism through the tunes. On *September Song*, he sings. He doesn't sing well, but there is a certain charm to his easygoing vocals, as there was to those of Jack Teagarden.

Gary McFarland, to repeat, is immensely gifted. I think there is nothing wrong with his talent that couldn't be cured by another year or two of study at some place such as the Columbia University Music Department or Juilliard.

G.L.

CHICO O'FARRILL: Nine Flags. Orchestra, Chico O'Farrill, composer, arr., and cond. *Live Oak; Patcham; Royal Saddle:* seven more. Impulse (D) A 9135, $4.98; AS 9135, $5.98.

Slowly the business is discovering the scope of Chico O'Farrill. O'Farrill came to this country in the early 1950s from his native Cuba, stayed long enough to do some memorable writing for Benny Goodman and Stan Kenton, among others, then moved to Mexico and, so far as the American music business was concerned, slipped into obscurity. He was anything but obscure south of the border. He was in fact just about the busiest arranger in Mexico City, turning out a bewildering variety of arrangements for everything from rock-and-roll record dates to his own big concert band. All the while he continued to study, particularly in the serial idiom, and grow. Two years ago he returned to New York. Since then he has written albums for the Glenn Miller Orchestra and Count Basie. But in such cases he was writing to order in the style of others; his own approach never emerged. On this record, just about the freshest big band album of the year, it does. The variety of voicings O'Farrill brings to bear on his compositions is impressive: he hears the most interesting combinations of sounds.

One track, *Clear Spruce*, is built on a tone row, first stated by Pat Rebillot's piano, then developed by the band, then thrown back to Rebillot for improvisation. It's one of the most coherent applications of serial technique to jazz I've heard. Some of the compositions *(Panache)* are ballads; others are straight swingers; another, titled *Aromatic Tabac* and meant to evoke Brazil, is built on samba rhythm.

This is challenging writing. It is to the credit of the astonishing pool of studio jazz musicians now in New York that they play most of the charts almost as if they'd been doing them on the road for weeks. The soloists, notably Art Farmer and the ubiquitous Clark Terry on trumpets and flugelhorns, and pianist Rebillot, make excellent contributions. So do the churning, powerful rhythm sections, comprising bassist George Duvivier and Mel Lewis on some tracks, Duvivier and Don Lamond on others.

There is much more to be discovered about the writing of Chico O'Farrill, but this is a very good introduction. G.L.

FOLK

THE ROMEROS: World of Flamenco. The Romeros, guitar. Mercury Ⓓ OL 2-220, $9.58; SR 2-9120, $11.58 (two discs).

Somewhere in the very good album notes to this two-disc set you will learn that the Romeros—a kind of Carter Family of the Spanish guitar—and their *cuadro flamenco* taped these proceedings in Hollywood. As an informed purchaser, you might well hiss *¡Sin verguenza!* and forget it. Don't. For today flamenco is where you find it. Trying to seek out the authentic product in present-day Andalucía is like trying to locate hominy grits in Paris. Granada's Sacromonte has degenerated into a squalid tourist trap. Malaga, the home of the Malagueña, can't boast a single decent flamenco cafe. In Sevilla, you have to go to a hotel ballroom and settle for mediocrity. Ironically, your best bet is on the Costa del Sol in neon-slashed, internationalized Torremolinos where reasonably skilled but slightly bewildered gypsies perform before massed—and thoroughly bewildered—Scandinavians.

So, *padrino*, don't knock Hollywood as a locale for *cante jondo*. Celedonio Romero and his three sons—Pepe, Celin, and Angel—all extraordinarily gifted guitarists, have made an honest try at shaping a synthesis of flamenco in this set. Here are the arrogant, staccato dances, the brooding guitars, the *cante jondo* that sears the soul. Sometimes, to be sure, the Romero reach exceeds the Romero grasp, but the sonic portrait they offer does catch something of the elusive flamenco spirit.

In addition to an anthology of the various time-honored forms—*bulerías, sevillanas, alegrías, farrucas*—the album includes the darkling poetry of Federico García Lorca. A stunning dividend, this. García Lorca, himself an Andaluz, crystallized the wrenching wounds of flamenco into dazzling verse, particularly in his great collection *Romancero Gitano*. Celedonio Romero speaks four of these poems in stately traditional style above grieving guitars.

Among the many attractions of this set, I would number the flawless guitar technique of the Romeros, the clear and piercing voice of Maria Victoria—exceptionally affecting in the *malagueñas* on side one—and the utter transparency of the stereo sound that isolates every smashing heel and snapping finger as it spreads the *cuadro flamenco* across your speakers. These are also shortcomings. What passes for a *saeta* is silly and false; an over-all smoothness tends to obliterate the jagged bitterness so characteristic of *cante jondo;* Celedonio Romero's voice is perhaps too light-textured to bear the harsh sorrows of Lorca. Nevertheless, on balance this set stands alone in making flamenco both accessible and understandable to non-Spaniards of good will.

O.B.B.

THEATRE & FILM

CASINO ROYALE. Music from the soundtrack of the motion picture. Composed and conducted by Burt Bacharach; title theme played by Herb Alpert and the Tijuana Brass; love theme sung by Dusty Springfield. Colgems Ⓓ COMO 5005, $3.79; COSO 5005, $4.79.

While actor Sean Connery struggles to free himself of the suffocating James Bond image, his playmates—the put-on people who spoof us to death in everything from Bond films to *What's New Pussycat*—have gone ahead without him, pouring millions into re-seducing audiences who have grown tired of the once-funny 007 game. Several familiar faces pop up in *Casino Royale*, a distracting, spy run-around with too much of everything, including a brilliant titles sequence which runs too quickly. Among the faces are Peter Sellers, looking none too happy to be there, Ursula Andress, looking good wherever she lands so long as not much else is required, and Woody Allen, who comes off the best of the crowd. From its gorgeous gowns and fabulous sets to its absurd number of stars and directors, everything is dutifully camp.

The film's music, like everything else, is corporate and multiple-sourced. The writing and conducting is by Burt Bacharach. He may have done the orchestrating too, but movie music has become so specialized that one is justified in wondering who did what in cases where orchestration isn't specifically credited.

Bacharach was well suited to this project for, like the film itself, his score is dizzy and disjointed. It flares ten ways at once in a mad array of changes and voicings, never loping if it can trot and buck. There's a real but inconsistent charm about it all, which becomes unsettling in large doses. Using too many writing styles, too many cute bits and famous-melody intercuts, the music chases the movie all over Europe. Nevertheless, the score is little more than embellishments upon two Bacharach themes: the *Casino Royale* theme and the love song, *The Look of Love*. Both are repeated endlessly, and though they're pleasant, the task of fattening them to support over two hours of film (and an album) is more a job of clever arranging than solid composition.

Carrying out the corporate idea, the main theme brings in Herb Alpert and the Tijuana Brass—who came away with the rights to release the title track as a single on his own label, A & M. (You give a little, you get a little.) The Tijuana Brass sound adds a lively flavor to the score, throwing in a phrase of *Born Free* here, a piece of *What's New Pussycat* there, along with a number of Alpert's bullfight trumpet fanfares and Other Delights. (You conform a little, you wave your own flag a little.)

There's one really lovely bit of music in the film, which shows up briefly on

the disc. It occurs when David Niven (Sir James Bond) visits Mata Bond (Joanna Pettet), the illegitimate daughter he and Mata Hari had found time for some years back. Mata II is preceded on stage by a lavish dance sequence, heavy on the veils, accompanied by a lush string choir. The music is neither song nor theme, but a series of rich chord changes only barely connected with one another but still beautiful.

The song *The Look of Love* was written by Bacharach and his prevailing lyricist, Hal David. Mr. David's first talent seems to be the knack of fitting words to Bacharach's peculiar, all-over-the-place melodies. The words fit all right, but they don't say anything. Appropriately, the vocal went to singer Dusty Springfield, who turns in an admirable imitation of Dionne Warwick. It seems only logical and right that, in this many-splintered package, a singer with a c & w-sounding name should copy a rhythm-and-blues singer in performing a rock-and-roll type ballad. Miss Springfield's singing, copy or not, is quite pleasing.

So here's an item with a little something for everyone who's out looking for A Little Something. And make no mistake: there are hordes of restless consumers who like their entertainment served in a thousand shiny, shallow pieces in a little rainbow-colored bowl. The high-powered people responsible for *Casino Royale*, both film and album, are making a calculated bid for their shiny little money. M.A.

THOROUGHLY MODERN MILLIE. Songs from the motion picture sound track. Julie Andrews, Carol Channing, and others, vocals; orchestra. *Baby Face; Do It Again; Jazz Baby;* others. Decca (D) DL 1500, $4.79; DL 71500, $5.79; (T) ST 74-1500, $7.95.

In his liner notes to this album of music from his film, producer Ross Hunter uses the word "camp" to describe the 1920s. He tried to evoke in the film the moods and modes of that odd little era. I haven't seen the picture, but the album is successful in the rather special sense that is just about as camp as you can get.

That silly goose Julie Andrews, with her sweet charming cute soft oh-goody British voice, and that wonderful Carol Channing (would you believe it, dear, she's actually a *bari*tone?) are stone, total camp. And that wonderful-looking boy from England, James Fox, is about the campiest thing since Franklin Pangborn.

As for the music itself, most of it is made up of actual songs from the Twenties, except for two tunes by James Van Heusen and Sammy Cahn, both in the Twenties mold. Who scored the picture? Good heavens, who can *say!* It's one of those typical Hollywood jobs. The album cover says: "Music score by Elmer Bernstein; Musical Numbers scored by André Previn: Musical Sequences by Joe Layton." How do you sort out which from whom? Anyway, committee thinking is pretty camp, so that makes it all fit.

I'm sure that Gordon Hathaway would find this disc just too utterly *marrr*velous, Steverino. G.L.

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THE TAPE DECK

BY R.D. DARRELL

Kiril Kondrashin: for Shostakovich, the authentic idiom.

Russians from Russia. Kudos to Capitol for its promptness in giving reel representation to its inaugural Melodiya/Angel series of Russian-made recordings. Appropriately, the first release (in its disc edition already ranked high on the best-seller charts) couples two Shostakovich works which are brand-new to tape: the blood-curdling cantata, *The Execution of Stepan Razin*, Op. 119 (first performed in December 1964), and the composer's more familiar Symphony No. 9, Op. 70 (1945). While the cantata—here given a darkly powerful performance starring *basso profundo* Vitaly Gromadsky with the RSFSR Chorus and Moscow Philharmonic under Kiril Kondrashin—sometimes verges on melodrama, at its best it produces hair-raising moments worthy to be compared with those in *Boris Godunov*. And in a more genial mood, Kondrashin makes the most of the Ninth Symphony's humor and lyricism. In both works the realistically full-blooded recording proves that Soviet engineering is comparable with that of the West; and the American tape processors have produced a quiet-surfaced, preëcho-free transfer, praiseworthily supplemented by a translation of the Yevtushenko poem on which the cantata is based (Melodiya/Angel ZS 40000, 52 min., $7.98).

The other two Melodiya/Angel debut reels, also issued in 7.5-ips tapings, compete with other editions in the catalogue. The Shostakovich Fifth Symphony, Op. 47 (ZS 40004, 42 min., $7.98) has the advantage of offering a genuinely idiomatic "Russian" reading by Kondrashin and the Moscow Philharmonic, and the Tchaikovsky Violin Concerto, Op. 35 (ZS 40009, 34 min., $7.98) boasts a special attraction in its father-and-son team—young Igor Oistrakh as soloist and David as conductor of the Moscow Philharmonic. I would recommend neither tape as a first tape choice, however. Although Kondrashin's No. 5 is more transparent sonically than the 1961 Columbia taping by Bernstein, it never matches the latter's expressive eloquence or dramatic impact. For the Tchaikovsky, the safest all-round choice is still the 1962 Columbia taping with David Oistrakh sticking to his fiddle and Ormandy conducting the Philadelphians.

The Indispensable Schubert. The Quintet for Strings, in C, Op. 163 surely represents the quintessence of Schubertian magic—a work truly "great" not only for its consummate craftsmanship but for the intimacy with which it speaks so persuasively *vom Herzen, zum Herzen*. At last it is available on tape (London/Ampex LCL 80183, 51 min., $7.95) in a version of multiple excellences: a lusty yet unromantically songful performance by Willi Boskovsky's Vienna Philharmonic Quartet, with Richard Harand as second cellist; glowingly warm stereo recording; and flawless processing. The second-side "filler"—the graceful little string Trio-Movement in B flat, D. 471, written when Schubert was only nineteen—is of course a much lesser work but it has its own ingenuous charm.

Operas—Credits and Debits. Wherever else open-reel tapes may be closely rivaled—by discs or by tape cartridges or cassettes—their advantages for large-scale opera reproduction are so great that it's a considerable disappointment to find a group of four of the most touted new opera tapings ranging from mildly unsatisfying to annoyingly dissatisfying. It's particularly exasperating to find that the two eagerly anticipated first reel editions—Richard Strauss's *Die Frau ohne Schatten* and Rossini's *Semiramide*—fall, interpretatively at least, into the latter category.

Both operas are badly cut, for one thing: the Strauss more damagingly although considerably less extensively so. But what ruins some of Strauss's finest stage music—for me, at least—is the singing of the three female stars: vocalism which ranges from considerable vibrato on Inge Borkh's part, through a near tremolo to an uncontrollable wobble on the parts of Ingrid Björner and Martha Mödl respectively. The leading men (Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, Jess Thomas, and Hans Hotter) sing far better, but Joseph Keilberth's conducting is lacking in dramatic grip and the only minimally stereoistic recording (made at an actual Munich performance in 1963) unduly favors the singers over the orchestra. Only the immaculate tape processing deserves unqualified praise (Deutsche Grammophon/Ampex DGR 8914, two reels, approx. 97 and 89 min., $21.95).

More purely and sweetly recorded, better balanced and more effectively stereoistic, and no less admirably processed, the first *Semiramide* taping (London/Ampex LOR 90123, two reels, approx. 72 and 97 min., $21.95) offers virtuoso coloratura pyrotechnics by Joan Sutherland and Marilyn Horne, separately and—most impressively—together. The male members of the cast are mostly nondescript, however, as is Bonynge's often lax conducting. And the original score has been so barbarously cut and rearranged (to say nothing of the lack of authentic interpretative insights) that Rossini's music is never given a fair chance to be heard at its best.

When we turn to the two new productions of operas already represented once previously on tape, one's complaints are mainly on the grounds of their failure to achieve a consistently impressive all-round level. This is particularly true of the *Faust* from London (via Ampex, LOW 90125, two reels, approx. 99 and 90 min., $23.95). The best here is very, very good indeed—Ghiaurov's magnificent Mephistofeles, the dramatically big and stereoistically effective recording, Bonynge's straightforward conducting of the London Symphony Orchestra, for example—and perhaps for this reason one feels inclined to quibble about Joan Sutherland's somewhat ineffectual Marguerite, Franco Corelli's vulgarly extraverted Faust, and the prevailing lack of idiomatic French accents and flavor. In any case, this version is easily preferable to Angel's earlier one, which was recorded back in 1958 (though not issued on tape until 1964) and which is more expensive despite its somewhat shorter timing length—the result of a few "conventional" cuts as well as Cluytens' tempo choices.

There's little question too that the Ampex transfer of DGG's *Tristan und Isolde* (DGW 9225, surprisingly low-priced at $23.95 for a three-reel set of approximately 54, 93, and 71 min. respectively) will be the generally preferred choice. Unlike the London/Ampex *Tristan* of 1962, which deliberately tended to blend voices and orchestra into a single fabric, the present recording (made in 1966 at Bayreuth, mostly at an actual performance, in part at rehearsals) gives the singers a more normal stage-front prominence. Birgit Nilsson sings, and acts too, even more gloriously than before; and she is given stronger support now, not only by the aging but still phenomenal Wolfgang Windgassen as Tristan but also by Eberhard Wächter as Kurwenal and especially by Martti Talvela as a superbly moving King Marke. Yet there may be a few others besides myself who can't be entirely won over. For me, Karl Böhm's reading, skillful and knowing as it is, seldom spellbinds as magically as Solti's often did. I *liked* the (theoretically unnatural) balances and effects of the earlier version. And I'm surprised to find that the processing of the present reels is not as fault-free: I hear some intrusions of reverse-channel spillover in at least a couple of low-level passages.

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