HiFi Stereo Review

SEPTEMBER 1968 • 60 CENTS

What Does Your Stereo-component Dollar Pay For

Great American Composer Louis Moreau Gottschalk

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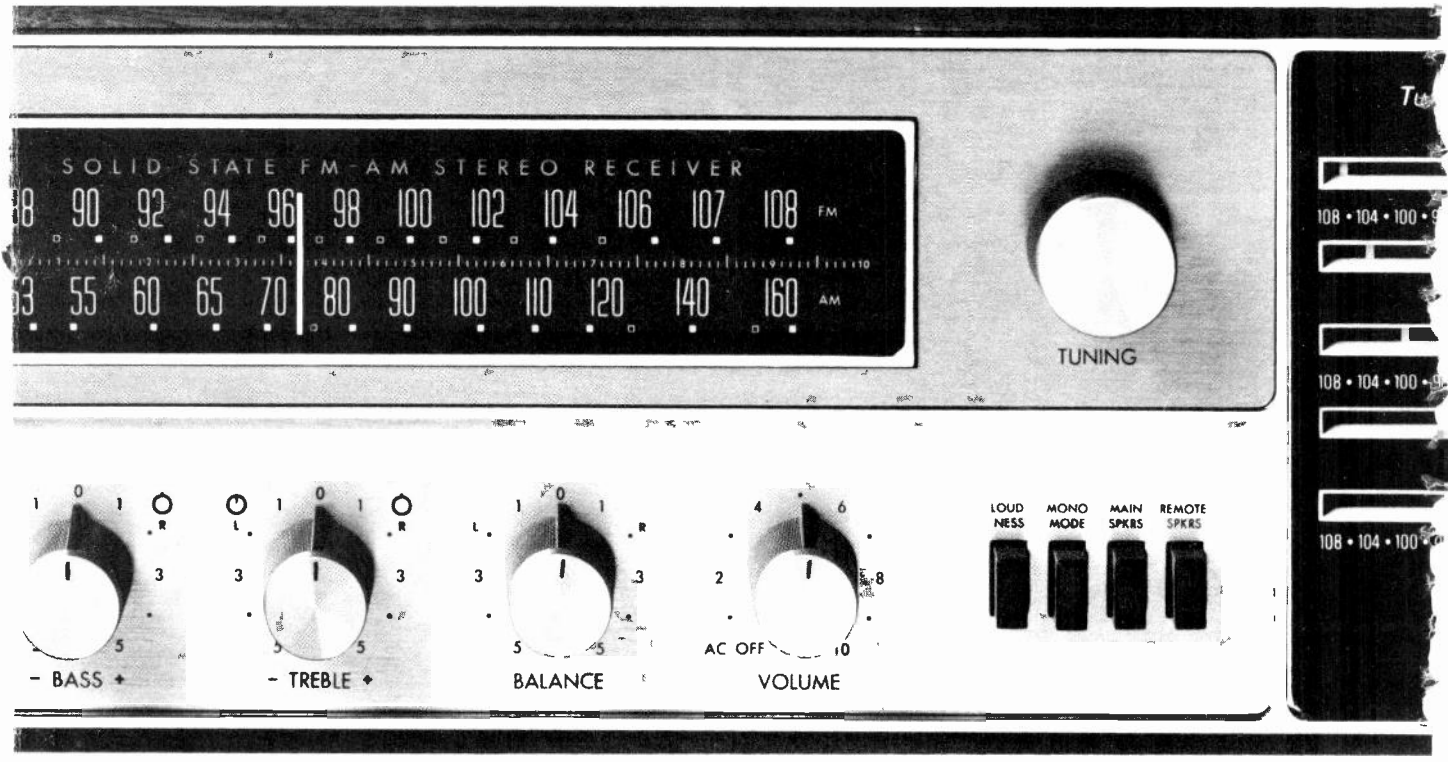
ler 250-T
M/FM stereo receiver.



ushbutton
tuning.

You've just t
the new Fish
100-watt AM

That panel of buttons on the right side of the new Fisher 250-T may look like something in an elevator, but there the similarity ends. The buttons are Fisher's pushbutton memory tuning (Tune-O-Matic®) that lets you pretune any five FM stations and, later, switch to any one by pressing a button. This tuning is electronic, and dead accurate.

While pushbuttons are the most obvious new feature of this new Fisher receiver, there are other aspects, even more important, that become just as obvious when you hear the 250-T connected to a pair of good speaker systems.

The receiver delivers 100 watts music power (IHF) into an 8-ohm load. That's enough power to drive a pair of low-efficiency speaker systems. With enough power left over to drive another pair of speakers in another room.

Speaking of distortion, the 250-T has virtually none. Harmonic distortion is 0.5% or less at rated output. Hum and noise are 90 dB below rated output (volume control at minimum). Frequency response is from 20 to 20,000 Hz., plus or minus 2 dB.

The FM tuner section, which features both pushbutton and flywheel manual tuning, has an FET front end and uses IC's in the IF amplifier. IHF sensitivity is 2.0 microvolts. Which is low enough to bring in both strong and weak signals with equal clarity. Stereo separation is greater than that of most stereo cartridges: 38 dB. The tuner includes Fisher's patented Stereo Beacon**, which automatically signals the presence of a stereo signal, and switches to the stereo mode.

As for the controls, the new Fisher 250-T has Baxandall tone controls, a loudness contour switch, a muting switch, a switch for the mono mode, plus enough other switches, controls and jacks to please the most sophisticated audiophile.

Since the new Fisher 250-T is more versatile and more advanced than any other receiver we've ever made, you'd expect it to cost what Fisher receivers have always cost: a lot.

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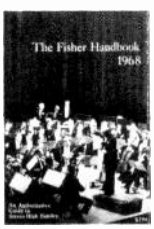

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HiFi/Stereo Review

SEPTEMBER 1968 • VOLUME 21 • NUMBER 3

THE MUSIC

THE EQUIPMENT

THE REVIEWS

THE REGULARS

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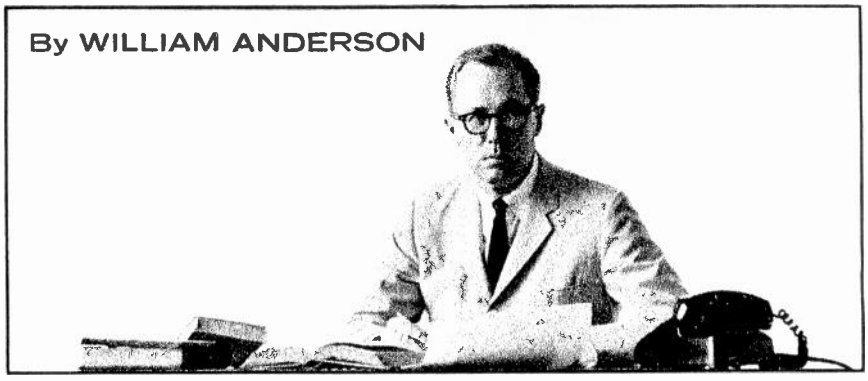
By WILLIAM ANDERSON



EDITORIALLY SPEAKING

AN ESTIVAL FESTIVAL IN NEW YORK

AMONG THE unadvertised delights of attaining membership in one of the misunderstood over-thirty generations is that of being able to say no, without excuse or explanation, to those things you really do not want to do. It is a delight that has to be both learned and earned, a reward that is waiting for all who are young today and will be older tomorrow. It is not the same as "doing your own thing," for in that discipline, as in any other, there is a list of approved "things," and any thing not on the list is a "hangup" (a crew-cut, church-going Boy Scout who likes Lawrence Welk and disdains beads, for example, has at least five). One of the things I have learned to say no to with delight is music festivals—but I learned the hard way: summer after summer of trotting off several hundred miles, stumbling over assorted blanket parties and beer cans, to sit in heat or in cold, in drizzle or mosquito-heavy swelter, in order to overhear some thrice-familiar work in unfamiliar surroundings. Peer-group approval kept me at it longer than I care to admit, but neither temptation nor blandishment, pressure nor shame will ever get me to suffer for culture again.

A festival in my back yard is something else, however. New York's Lincoln Center Festival '68, just concluded, is my idea of a real festival: convenient, inexpensive, air-conditioned, and offering a really incredible program: the Rome Opera, New York Philharmonic (Bernstein), Pittsburgh Symphony (Steinberg), Boston Symphony (Leinsdorf), Royal Philharmonic (Dorati), Preservation Hall Jazz Band, English Chamber Orchestra (Barenboim), American Ballet Theatre, plus many other musical and theatrical treats. Like a kid in a candy store, I was in an agony of indecision, but I finally opted for the Rome Opera (*Figaro*, Rossini's *Otello*, and Verdi's *I Due Foscari*) and the Ballet Theatre (*Swan Lake* and others). For my taste, I couldn't have chosen better. The *Figaro*, brilliantly conducted by Carlo Maria Giulini, was warmly human and thoroughly Italian throughout—though savoring rather too much of garlic for New York *Times* critic Harold Schonberg. But an opera composed by an Austrian to an Italian libretto adapted by an Italian from a Frenchman's Spanish story and ought to satisfy in just about any language. Open out minds and accept the conventions as we will, porcelain-figurine cuteness, however stylishly Viennese, just isn't *comic* in our day, and I'll take the garlic.

Equally satisfying was the Ballet Theatre, a group of which America has every right to be proud. Any company that can field twenty-seven credible swans for *Swan Lake* already has my vote, but there was also quality to match the quantity. A cynical "pshaw!" is my usual answer to reports that the "audience gasped," but I honestly did just that at the conclusion of the ABT's performance of *Etudes*, a show-them-everything-we've-got spectacular set to Czerny piano exercises.

Though New York's Chamber of Commerce boosters try mightily to sell "Fun City" as an estival festival, it all rolls off the backs of most New Yorkers, who head for the hills and beaches in a Thank God It's Friday frenzy each weekend. That may explain why some of the events were so poorly attended. But if any of those seats were empty because lazy Gothamites were dozing before the tube, they were doing the wrong thing.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Loves Letters

● I really love the Letters to the Editor. And I don't mean that sarcastically. Now I see the target has switched from Eric Salzman —for daring to criticize, however lovingly and intelligently, some leading musical heroes—to William Flanagan—for not being "objective enough. I say, nuts!!! I've read the work of quite a few "critics" who were trying with all they had to be objective, to eliminate or incapacitate all their personal biases. The result is mostly sterile, empty, and meaningless. You can see this sort of thing at its worst in the music sections of the weekly news magazines. Some of them even carry this depersonalizing so far as not to tell us just who has written what. And why do they do this? To give their copy a false air of authority. They're trying to make their readers believe the judgments they print come from On High.

After reading this tripe, what a pleasure it is to read the reviews of Mr. Flanagan and the others on your staff! Here are knowledgeable people forcefully and passionately stating their feelings about something that means a lot to them. Mr. Flanagan gets a bit more het up than most critics do, at least partly, I would guess, because he is a composer; and composers know that the proof of a musical work *must* be in the hearing (the rest of us know it too, but composers keep that fact uppermost in their minds more than do other people). Composers are very hard on other composers—and rightly so. Thus Mr. Flanagan writes that "Lukas Foss should go stand in the corner for writing *Phorion*." It's what he believes and he has the courage to state it unequivocally.

Mr. Flanagan's detractors also might keep in mind that Mr. Flanagan is at least a little bit Irish, and, as most of us know, the Irish are not much for suppressing their individuality. In fact, they assert it at every opportunity. That other marvelous Irishman, G. B. Shaw, put it as well as anyone has: "People have pointed out evidences of personal feeling in my notices as if they were accusing me of a misdemeanor, not knowing that a criticism written without personal feeling is not worth reading. It is the capacity for making good or bad art a personal matter that makes a man a critic." Mr. Flanagan cares enough to make it personal. We can only be grateful.

Thanks to you all for putting out the most consistently engrossing music publication around.

KAREN BRYAN
Salt Lake City, Utah

Dynamic Range

● I say bravo to Craig Stark for his article on the dynamic range of music (June). This is certainly one aspect of high fidelity that has been completely lost in the rush of FM broadcasters to sound "louder" than their competitors.

The idea that audio compressors can extend the range of an FM transmitter is based on a misconception of the FM process. This is not only the fault of broadcasters themselves, but also of equipment manufacturers who have rushed to take advantage of the situation. For example, one major company has a line of audio processors which are designed to compress an audio signal to a dynamic range of 0.5 dB.

Any communications engineer knows that the output power of an FM transmitter is constant and cannot be raised by increasing the average modulation level. Thus the range of an FM signal is independent of modulation and depends only on the transmitter power, which is the same at 0 and 100 per cent modulation.

In contrast, the output power of an AM transmitter is increased 50 per cent at 100 per cent modulation as compared to 0 modulation. Thus, in AM, compression of the signal's dynamic range to maintain higher average modulation levels is standard practice. It is here that I believe the misconception of the FM process originated.

WILLIAM M. LEACH
Atlanta, Ga.

Mr. Leach is correct as far as he goes, but there are other factors that he ignores. The major difference between a listenable broadcast signal and one that is not lies in the signal-to-noise ratio—how much noise there is versus how much signal. If one is listening in an extreme fringe area to two stations that have the same radiated power, the station with the higher percentage of modulation would be received with a better signal-to-noise ratio (since the audio level is higher compared to the noise level) and, hence, provide a more listenable signal.

(Continued on page 8)

● I appreciated Craig Stark's article "The Dynamic Range of Music," as I had come to the conclusion that this is the remaining barrier to the faithful reproduction of live sound in the home. I must mention that, in every case in which I have been able to make a comparison, the English pressing of a recording has a wider dynamic range than the American pressing. Evidently the English use less compression in the transfer from the master tape to the disc.

DAVID HADAWAY
Galveston, Tex.

Monocide

● On the evidence of his June column "I Remember Mono," Music Editor James Goodfriend is indeed a "good friend" to those collectors who value artistry and performance over mere technology. Granted that these do, now and then, coincide (all too rarely, however!); but so many performances recorded in mono only *can* never and *will* never be duplicated, for the human beings—the artists giving such performances—were products of a world which, for better or for worse, has gone and will never return. Those performances mentioned in "I Remember Mono" all are treasures, and it would be an artistic tragedy if they were to disappear.

Each collector, I am sure, could make up his own list of favorites—prized mono-only recordings that have gone or may soon be gone. Some have come back in *ersatz* stereo, but I have yet to hear a single fake stereo disc which is the same performance in balance, tone, weight, and so on as the original.

Odyssey and Seraphim show great integrity in issuing in mono only those performances which were recorded in mono only.

SHERMAN ZELINSKY
Danville, Ill.

● Some companies seem to be coping with the "stereo-only" change by reprocessing older monaural recordings into "stereo." These companies should leave monaural alone; it is fading quickly enough as it is without their assistance.

W. R. GARRETT
Augusta, Ga.

● James Goodfriend's column "I Remember Mono" is certainly correct and to the point. Of course, it almost goes without saying that, in their supreme wisdom, the captains of the record industry will apply the attitude Mr. Goodfriend deplores to *all* categories of recorded music.

But please, *mes capitaines*, when a stereo version of an old mono disc is reissued, limit your sonic attack to the routine scratch-removal techniques. Too many reissue packages of late have been all but ruined by some type of "electrically rechanneled stereo." No one is going to purchase an album of, say, Benny Goodman originals, simply because it is now available in "stereo," but a person who is interested in vintage Goodman would certainly think twice before buying a record that will sound worse than the old 78-rpm copy he now has in his collection.

WILLIAM E. HEWITT
Baltimore, Md.

● "I Remember Mono" in the June issue has inspired me to go on record in praise of an outstanding firm: Chesterfield Music

(Continued on page 10)

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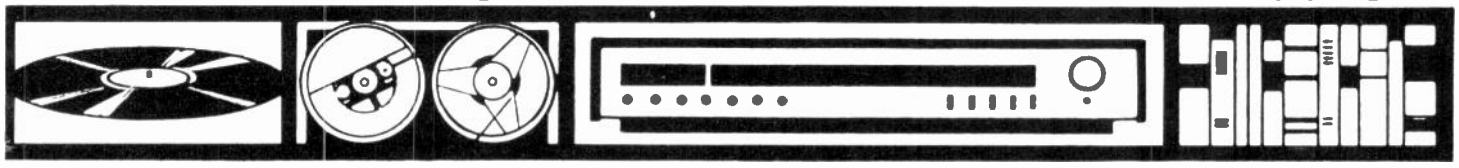

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CIRCLE NO. 72 ON READER SERVICE CARD

Shops, the record mail-order house. They have just sent me two very recent releases in the mono editions. For the past two years Chesterfield has ferreted out every mono classical LP I wanted, in defiance of the monocide pogrom and against increasing odds.

Soon, however, it will be the utter end of the trail for mono, and for my LP-buying spree that began in 1950. But I won't grieve for myself, for I will have fond memories of anxious searches and sudden discoveries of hidden beauty. I will grieve instead for the young listeners who have acquired their standards since the Revolution, and who have never had a chance to know the ultra-low distortion of state-of-the-art mono cartridges and grooves.

DONALD A. SCOTT
Detroit, Mich.

Pioneer

● Herbert Russcol's article about Leopold Stokowski in your May issue made brief mention of Dr. Harvey Fletcher and his pioneering work at the Bell Laboratories. It is a shame Dr. Fletcher's name appears so rarely in the popular literature about a field his work greatly helped to build. His technical articles and work are still used as source material by writers and engineers even though they date back thirty years and more—evidence of the basic value of his research and the care with which it was done.

Dr. Fletcher is Professor Emeritus at Brigham Young University, Provo, Utah, and was one of the founders of the fine college of engineering there—distinctive for its Department of Acoustical Engineering.

CAPT. WARREN R. HAYDEN
Carmichael, Cal.

The Harp

● I want to express my appreciation for the timely and knowledgeable article on harp music by Blanche Pattison (June). Lovers of harp music, I am sure, have long wondered why there is so little written for this instrument, even though most of the important composers of the past did make a small contribution. The reason is clearly stated in Miss Pattison's article.

I would also like to commend George Jellinek, Igor Kipnis, and Martin Bookspan for their excellent reviews in past issues of your magazine.

E. R. BADEAUX
Houston, Tex.

R.R. & U.S.A.

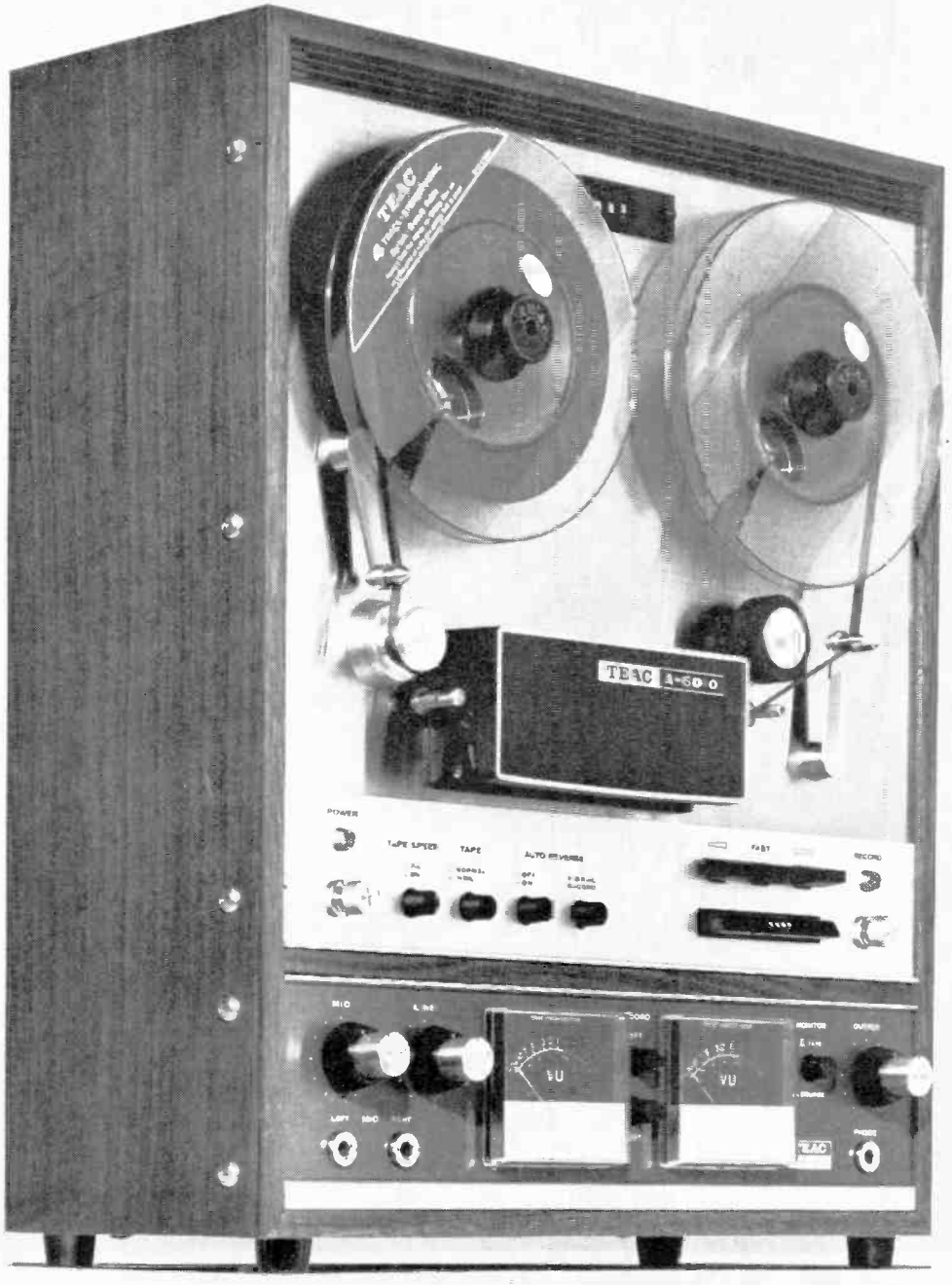
● Rex Reed strikes again! I know his style even before coming to the now-famous "R.R." It is certainly rather odd that Rex could find the album by the United States of America (July) a strong enough catalyst to spur him to a repeat performance of his "Magical Mystery Tour" review—another publication found that the United States of America's "third-stream rock" was an "outstanding achievement."

In a letter that you published a few months ago, a reader advised you to put Mr. Reed in bossa nova where he was more at home (as his review of the "Watts 103rd Street Rhythm Band" demonstrates). Please take his advice.

JAMES PARSONS
San Marino, Cal.

(Continued on page 14)

The Most.



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You can watch a demonstration of the TEAC **A-6010** at any hi-fi shop authorized to sell TEAC products. If you do, we hope you take the time to compare it with some of the other decks in the store.

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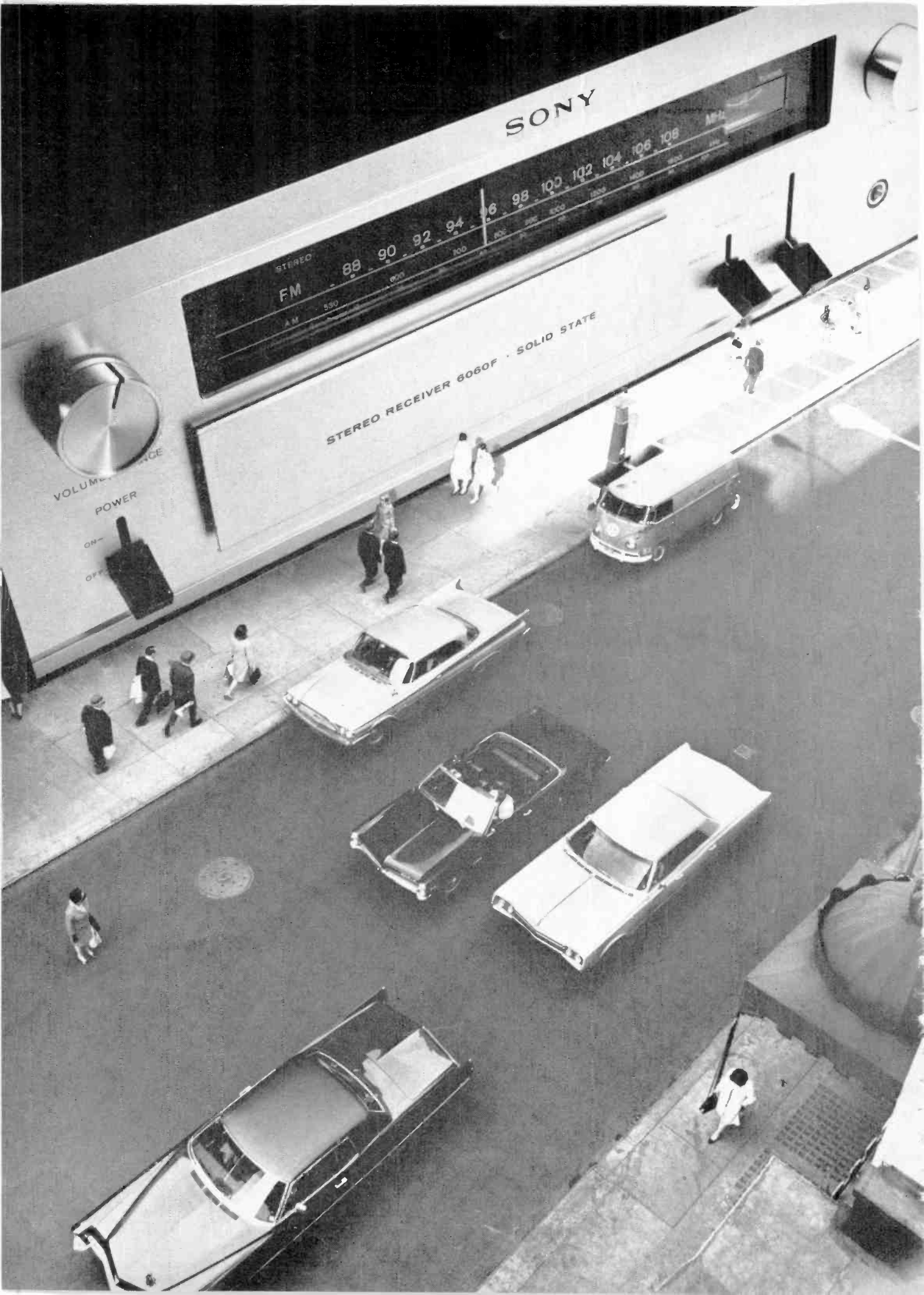
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CALIFORNIA ANAHEIM **Henry Radio,** 931 N. Euclid **Stereo Mart,** 979 S. Anaheim Blvd. AZUSA: **Rancho Sound,** 18532 E. Alosta Ave. CANOGA PARK **Wallichs Music City,** 6600 Topanga Cyn. LAKEWOOD: **Wallichs Music City,** 5255 Lakewood Blvd. LONG BEACH. **Humphrey's Music Co.,** 135 E. Third St. **Wallichs Music City,** 1501 N. Vine St. **Winstead Cameras,** 5015 E. Second LOS ANGELES: **Bel-Air Camera & Hi Fi,** 927 Westwood Blvd. **Crenshaw Hi Fi,** 4051 Marlton Ave. **Henry Radio,** 11240 W. Olympic Blvd. **Henry's Camera,** 516 W. 8th St. **Jonas Miller Stores,** 3025 Crenshaw **Magnetic Recorders,** 7120 Melrose Ave. **Schireson Bros.** 344 So. Broadway **Winstead Cameras,** 724 So. Broadway PALM SPRINGS **Palm Springs Music,** 360 W. Palm Canyon Dr. **Pat Barbara Music,** 121 So. Palm Canyon Dr. PALO ALTO. **Yamaha Peninsula,** 3731 El Camino Real PASADENA **High Fidelity House,** 563 S. Fair Oaks Ave. **Stereo Mart,** 3205 Foothill Blvd. REDONDO BEACH: **Bay Elect.,** 2315 Artesia Blvd. SAN DIEGO: **Milo Double "E,"** 3686 El Cajon Blvd. SAN FRANCISCO: **Skinner Hirsch & Kaye,** 229 Kearney St. **Tokyo Electronics,** 1766 Buchanan St. SANTA ANA: **Hi Fi Assoc.,** 2220 No. Main SANTA MONICA: **Bob Pilot's Stereo Ctr.,** 2201 Santa Monica Blvd. SUN VALLEY: **Electronics Division,** 7562 San Fernando Rd. TARZANA: **Stereo Mart,** 18410 Ventura Blvd. TORRANCE: **Griffey's Elect.,** 3840 Sepulveda Blvd. **Wallichs Music City,** 17540 Hawthorne WEST COVINA: **Wallichs Music City,** 2917 E. Garvey Ave. WHITTIER: **Oxbow Elect.,** 15914 E. Whittier Blvd.

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WASHINGTON, D.C., Glen Music & Audio, 1204 "G" St., N.W.

DELAWARE WILMINGTON. **High Fidelity House,** 3910 Concord Pike

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TEXAS AUSTIN: **Home Entertainment Ctr.** 4803 Burnet Rd. DALLAS: **Gramaphone Shop,** 2800 Routh DENTON: **Music City** EL PASO: **Ayoub & Wardy,** 218 S. Stanton HOUSTON: **Audio Center,** 1424 Westheimer **Home Entertainment,** 5310 Kirby Dr.; Nassau Bay Shopping Ctr. Mall, 18091 Upper Bay Rd. LAREDO: **Cowl's Music Center,** 1212 Hidalgo St. SAN ANTONIO: **Vandergrift,** 6740 San Pedro **Vision Elect.,** 1116 E. Houston St.

UTAH SALT LAKE CITY: **House of Music,** 156 So. Main St.; 4835 Highland Dr.

VERMONT BURLINGTON: **Concert Elect.,** 40 Church St.

WASHINGTON SEATTLE: **Standard Records & Hi Fi,** 1028 N.E. 65 St.

WISCONSIN MADISON: **Specialized Sound,** 621 Gammon Rd.; 411 State St. MILWAUKEE: **Wack Sales Co.,** 5722 W. North Ave.

CIRCLE NO. 55 ON READER SERVICE CARD

● While I didn't completely agree with Rex Reed's outspoken criticism of the Beatles' "Magical Mystery Tour," I am now glad that I did not act as fast as other readers to condemn Mr. Reed altogether as a critic. I say this because Mr. Reed was less vicious in his review of the first release of the United States of America than in the Beatles review, and yet he certainly got across his point, one with which I agree completely.

I recently had the opportunity to hear the United States of America in concert (if I may use the term), along with some tapes, the level of which had been lowered to the point where you could distinguish one note from another. After listening to both, a friend of mine made remarks that were justified but that I cannot repeat here.

I am a college student, and I enjoy music that more conservative enthusiasts would sneer at, but even those of us under thirty have a point at which innovation stops and noise begins.

ROBERT ABRAHAMS
Schenectady, N. Y.

● I would like to break the monotony of irate letters regarding Rex Reed's comments on contemporary music. In defense of Mr. Reed, I would like to note that some readers seem bothered by the fact that Mr. Reed differs from them in his musical tastes. To be sure, I am rather fond of the Beatles, and his remarks seemed a trifle caustic, but in certain respects I tend to agree with him. I am sure that Mr. Reed is as musical as the rest of us, and that he doesn't turn a deaf ear to his material. Mr. Reed is under no obligation to laud hypocritically those records he doesn't like, and in the same way a reader is under no obligation to agree with Mr. Reed, or even to buy the magazine.

FRANK JOHNSON
Far Hills, N. J.

Vivaldi's Vocal Music

● In the July issue Igor Kipnis reaffirmed his "lack of enthusiasm" for the vocal music of Vivaldi. I have not heard enough of this composer's music to form a definite opinion, but has Mr. Kipnis heard the recording of Vivaldi's *"Nisi Dominus"* for contralto, viola d'amore, strings and organ (Musical Heritage Society MHS 834)? I feel that this work should be considered one of the greatest works for voice and orchestra ever written. Its first movement is a remarkable bit of virtuoso vocal writing which is, in my opinion, as moving and as beautiful as the first movement of Bach's Cantata No. 51 (*"Jauchzet Gott in Allen Landen"*). Its *"Gloria Patri"* movement is capable of moving one listener to tears.

PETER TRACTON
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Aretha Franklin

● I am a great fan of Aretha Franklin. In the October 1967 issue of your magazine, Rex Reed (who later called the Beatles untalented and tone-deaf), reviewed "Aretha Franklin's Greatest Hits." He commented on her "raunchy" style and her sloppy phrasing, and said that she is probably the worst ballad singer that he has ever heard. In the June 1968 issue, Paul Kresh reviewed a tape of Aretha Franklin songs, "I Never Loved a Man the Way I Love You." Mr. Kresh writes, "I only know that in you the best traditions of gospel singing, blues singing, pop singing, and the talent for blending the meaning of a lyric with the feeling of a tune are all combined. I mean, you've *got* it. You're *great*."

Here are two reviews of the same singer. One says that no matter how she chooses to sing a song, there must be a better way to sing it. The other says that she is the best in her field. Judging from the number of letters to the editor about record reviews, and from the many recordings that are reviewed each month, this aspect of your magazine is one of importance. Rex Reed opened up his review by saying, "Being fair is a problem . . . when your own personal taste simply disallows an open mind." After reading statements like this, how can one be expected to take seriously reviews written by prejudiced and perhaps unqualified reviewers?

HOWARD GOLDMAN
Montreal, Canada

How? By taking them as the serious opinions of serious, prejudiced, and qualified people. Are your own opinions on Aretha Franklin any more open-minded than Mr. Reed's?

Basic Repertoire

● The chart-like layout of "The Basic Repertoire: Updatings and Second Thoughts" (July) was an excellent idea. Last year I had to type it off for easy reference; this year you did it for me. Thanks.

PAUL WALDMAN
Liguori, Mo.

Offenbach

● The Société Encyclopédique Française is preparing for publication a complete thematic catalog of the works of Jacques Offenbach. We should be particularly grateful for any pertinent information concerning the lesser-known works of this composer and the whereabouts of any of his manuscripts.

PHILIPPE DAUDY
Société Encyclopédique Française
52 Rue Galande
Paris 5, France

"Good Music" Stations: Swan Song?

● San Franciscans have recently witnessed the demise of a local landmark of serious and classical music broadcasting: Station KSAN-FM, formerly KSFR. Two years ago we saw a station that was similar in format, KBRG-FM, pushed under by economic forces. Our choice is dwindling, as more broadcasters follow the safe, banal, and profitable pop-rock format. As one of KSAN-FM's staff intimated, the profit-and-loss statement made more sense than Bach or Bartók. Yet there are listeners who will gladly desert television for Telemann. Unfortunately, most of them don't realize what is happening until too late.

DON JOHNLE
San Francisco, Cal.

Our Far-Flung Fans

● I have been one of your faithful readers. Taking this opportunity, I would like to express my thanks for your service. To me, a Chinese, your HIFI/STEREO REVIEW has long been one of my favorite magazines in a foreign language. I used to sit up all night on its delivery day, and even now it is always a thrilling pleasure to turn the pages of a long-awaited issue.

C. L. LIU
Taiwan, Rep. of China

press comment *on the*

AR-3a

the AMERICAN record guide *(Larry Zide)*

"In choral works and other music of relatively 'heavy' content, the AR-3a simply eliminates any mid-range lack of clarity . . . I find myself repeating what I said in 1959 [about the AR-3]. The AR-3a . . . easily succeeds its prototype as a speaker that I consider 'as close to musical realism in the home . . . as the present state of the art permits.' In a word, it's superb."

HIGH FIDELITY *(Norman Eisenberg)*

"Our reaction on first hearing the AR-3a was [an] . . . enthusiastic one which has not diminished after weeks of listening . . . in normal use, predominantly fundamental bass is evident to about 30 Hz . . . Tones in the 13 to 14 kHz region can be heard clearly at least 60 degrees off axis . . . at [high] levels, the speakers sounded magnificent . . . On any material we fed to them, our pair of AR-3a's responded neutrally, lending no coloration of their own to the sound."

Hi Fi/Stereo Review *(Hirsch-Houck Laboratories)*

". . . the best speaker frequency response curve we have ever measured using our present test set-up . . . virtually perfect dispersion at all frequencies — perhaps the most non-directional forward-facing speaker we have ever tested . . . AR speakers set new standards for low-distortion, low-frequency reproduction, and in our view have never been surpassed in this respect."

Chicago's AMERICAN *(Roger Dettmer)*

"I have not encountered truer 'fidelity' . . . in three decades of home listening."

The AR-3a is priced from $225 to $250, depending on cabinet finish. Literature is available for the asking.

ACOUSTIC RESEARCH, INC., 24 Thorndike Street, Cambridge, Mass. 02141

CIRCLE NO. 1 ON READER SERVICE CARD

NEW PRODUCTS

A ROUNDUP OF THE LATEST HIGH-FIDELITY EQUIPMENT

● **Bogen** has introduced the RX200, a solid-state AM/stereo FM receiver rated at 120 watts IHF music power output at 4 ohms. Continuous power output is 50 watts per channel with 4-ohm loads, and the power bandwidth is 20 to 20,000 Hz. Frequency response is 10 to 35,000 Hz ±1 dB. Other specifications include 0.2 per cent harmonic distortion at 110 watts IHF output and 0.3 per cent IM distortion at full power output. Hum and noise are 80 dB below full output.

The FM-tuner section of the receiver has a sensitivity of 2 microvolts (IHF) and a frequency response of 30 to 15,000 Hz ±1 dB. Other specifications include a capture ratio of 2.5 dB and cross-modulation rejection of 80 dB. Field-effect transistors (FET's) are used in the front-end

tuning section. The signal-strength tuning meter is illuminated and functions on both FM and AM. Stereo FM switching is automatic; an indicator lights with the reception of a stereo signal.

The controls include volume, balance, bass, and treble. Three rocker switches control mono or stereo mode, FM interstation-noise muting, and power on/off, and there are two slide switches for tape monitoring and loudness compensation. There are also a four-position speaker-selector switch and four pushbuttons for input selection. A front-panel headphone jack is provided.

The receiver comes in a metal enclosure and has a washable, artificial suede finish on the front panel. Overall dimensions are 4⅝ x 15 x 16 inches. An optional walnut enclosure is available for $29.95.

Circle 150 on reader service card

● **Craig** has introduced the Model 9106 Voice-Actuation Microphone, meant to be used with any Craig battery-operated portable tape recorder. The microphone has a built-in six-transistor circuit (powered by a 9-volt battery) that starts the tape recorder when there is a signal to be recorded and stops it when the sound stops. The threshold is adjustable by a control on the front of the unit to eliminate response to unwanted background noise. A slide switch provides for automatic or manual operation. The microphone weighs 8 ounces and measures 1¼ x 1⅜ x 5¾ inches. List price: $15.95.

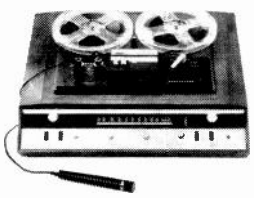
Circle 151 on reader service card

● **Benjamin**'s Model 1020 is a solid-state portable stereo phonograph with speaker systems that form its lid when closed. The unit uses a Miracord Model 620 four-speed automatic turntable equipped with an Elac STS 244 magnetic stereo cartridge. The speaker systems use EMI drivers: a 5-inch woofer and a 2¾-inch tweeter. The amplifier section of the Model 1020 has a music-power output of 32 watts. Signal-to-noise ratio is 55 dB at the phono inputs, 60 dB at the auxiliary inputs. Controls include vol-

ume, balance, bass, and treble. A two-position switch selects either phono or auxiliary inputs. Three pushbuttons control mono or stereo mode, power on/off, and speakers on/off. The control panel has a jack for stereo headphones. Closed, the complete unit measures 26 x 15 x 7½ inches. It weighs about 30 pounds. Price: $229.

Circle 152 on reader service card

● **The New York Public Library** has published *A Preliminary Directory of Sound Recordings Collections in the United States and Canada.* Prepared by the Program Committee of the Association for Recorded Sound Collections, the directory is 157 pages long and is arranged alphabetically by state, with Canada listed at the end. The entries in the directory give the name of the archivist, the address, and the general subject of each collection listed. There is also information on the size of the collection, its cataloging, and lists of articles about it. Price: $3.



● **Harman-Kardon** has combined a Nocturne solid-state stereo FM receiver and a TD-3 three-speed (7½, 3¾, 1⅞ ips) tape deck in one unit called the TDC-33. The receiver is rated at 60 watts IHF music power with 4-ohm loads, and it has a frequency response of 8 to 45,000 Hz ±1.5 dB at a 1-watt power output. Total harmonic distortion is less than 1 per cent at 1,000 Hz at full power output. The FM-tuner section uses integrated circuits (IC's) in the i.f. section and field-effect transistors in the front-end tuning section. FM sensitivity is 2.5 microvolts (IHF). Other specifications include 30 dB of stereo separation and image rejection of 45 dB.

Four rocker switches on the front panel control tape monitoring, loudness compensation, and switching for two sets of stereo speaker systems. There are also controls for volume and power on/off, balance, bass, and treble. Pulling out the balance-control knob sets the receiver for mono operation. A headphone jack and a center-of-channel tuning meter are located on the front panel.

The tape-deck section of the TDC-33 has a playback frequency response of 30 to 22,000 Hz at 7½ ips, and 30 to 15,000 Hz at 3¾ ips. The signal-to-noise ratio is better than 50 dB. Wow and flutter are less than 0.1 per cent at 7½ ips and less than 0.12 per cent at 3¾ ips. The deck has three heads and provision for sound-on-sound record-

(Continued on page 20)

The Fisher $199.95 (no, not two hundred dollar) stereo receiver.

Perhaps you've noticed that Fisher prices aren't rounded off to the nearest dollar. But you probably didn't know why not.

Ever since the invention of solid-state stereo receivers, Fisher engineers have been working to bring down the price. Down to less than $400. Less than $300. And, recently, less than $200.

So when you see a price a nickel short of $200, you know it represents a major breakthrough.

Without the Integrated Circuit, a $199.95 Fisher-quality stereo receiver would have been impossible.

The 3 IC's in the Fisher 160-T perform the same function as 9 transistors and 6 diodes. So there is the performance equivalent of 32 transistors and 21 diodes in the new receiver. But not the cost equivalent.

In case you think we've left something important out of the 160-T, here are the details to reassure you.

The receiver has an FM-stereo tuner section with an FET front end. It will bring in almost as many stations as the most expensive receiver we make, and just as clearly. And we didn't leave out our patented Stereo Beacon* for automatic mono-stereo switching.

The 160-T has Tune-O-Matic™ pushbutton memory tuning, the same feature we include in our new $300 receiver. Tuning is accomplished electronically, and is dead accurate. You can pre-set the tuner to any five FM stations and tune to any one, instantly, at the touch of a button. (Tuning across the FM dial is, of course, also provided.)

The amplifier section has 40 watts music power, IHF. Which is enough power to drive a pair of medium to high-efficiency speaker systems at full volume without distortion. Fisher's Transist-O-Gard® overload protection circuit prevents possible short-circuiting from overload.

The controls are versatile enough to please any audiophile, and they include the same Baxandall tone controls our more expensive receivers have.

And for those of you who are buying stereo systems, and need speakers to go with the Fisher 160-T, here's our recommendation.

The Fisher XP-55B's, which sell for $99.95 (no, not one hundred dollars), the pair.

(For more information, plus a free copy of The Fisher Handbook 1968, an authoritative 80-page guide to hi-fi and stereo, use coupon on magazine's front cover flap.) **The Fisher® 160-T**

*U.S. PATENT NUMBER 3290443

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CIRCLE NO. 44 ON READER SERVICE CARD

NEW PRODUCTS

A ROUNDUP OF THE LATEST HIGH-FIDELITY EQUIPMENT

ing. A single knob controls all modes of operation of the transport. Each channel has an input-signal gain control, a record-safety interlock, and a record-level meter. The three-digit tape counter has pushbutton reset. The transport shuts off automatically at the end of the reel.

The TDC-33 is packaged in a walnut enclosure measuring 18 x 10 x 8½ inches. Price: $489.50. An optional plastic dust cover is available for $14.95.

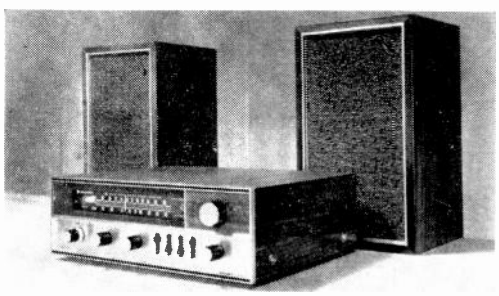
Circle 153 on reader service card

● **Teac**'s Model A-6010 is a two-speed (7½ and 3¾ ips), quarter-track stereo solid-state tape deck with automatic reverse. Its specifications include a frequency response of 45 to 15,000 Hz ±2 dB at 7½ ips, and 50 to 10,000 Hz ±2 dB at 3¾ ips. The signal-to-noise ratio is 55 dB. Flutter and wow at 7½ ips are 0.08 per cent, and at 3¾ ips 0.12 per cent. Fast-wind time for 1,200 feet of tape is approximately 90 seconds.

The three-motor transport is fully pushbutton controlled, and other pushbuttons control power on/off, tape-speed selection, off-the-tape or source monitoring, tape tension (for use with thinner tapes), record safety, left- and right-channel record, and auto reverse on/off. The reverse function can be triggered either with metallic foil or a tone recorded on the tape. A separate pushbutton puts the reversing tone on the tape. Each channel has separate record-level controls for microphone and auxiliary inputs. Two VU meters monitor the recording level. The deck has an output-level control, a stereo headphone jack, and a four-digit pushbutton-reset tape counter. The transport shuts off automatically at the end of the reel. Overall dimensions of the deck are 20¾ x 17½ x 7 inches. There is a choice of head configurations and a 15-ips conversion kit is also available. Price: $664.50.

Circle 154 on reader service card

● **Kenwood**'s Model KS-33 is a system comprising an AM/stereo FM receiver rated at 30 watts music power output, and a pair of bookshelf-size speaker systems. The receiver has a continuous power output of 20 watts, a frequency response of 30 to 40,000 Hz ±2 dB, and 0.9 per cent harmonic distortion at full power output. Field-effect transistors (FET's) are used in the FM-tuner section, which has an IHF sensitivity of 2.5 microvolts. Other FM specifications include 70 dB cross-modulation rejection and 0.6 per cent harmonic distortion. Controls include volume, bass, treble, and a four-position selector switch. The volume control is of the ganged, clutched type. Four rocker switches control loudness compensation, stereo or mono mode, tape monitor, and power on/off. The receiver has a front-panel headphone jack, signal-strength tuning meter, and an indicator light for stereo FM broadcasts.



The speaker systems have a frequency response of 50 to 20,000 Hz. The systems use a two-way design, with a 6½-inch air-suspension woofer and a 2¾-inch cone tweeter. Overall dimensions of the speaker enclosures are 8½ x 14¼ x 7⅛ inches. The receiver measures 14¼ x 4¾ x 11¼ inches. Price of the complete system, including a wood-grained metal cabinet for the receiver: $199.95.

Circle 155 on reader service card

● **Pioneer** has introduced the SX-1500T solid-state AM/stereo FM receiver rated at 170 watts music-power output and 120 watts continuous power with a 4-ohm load. With an 8-ohm load, the music-power output is 140 watts and continuous power is 110 watts. Harmonic distortion is less than 0.1 per cent at 1,000 Hz at half-power output, 0.5 per cent at full power output. IM distortion is under 1 per cent at full output. Frequency response is 20 to 70,000 Hz ±1 dB. The FM-tuner section uses integrated circuits (IC's) and field-effect transistors (FET's) and has a sensitivity of 1.7 microvolts (IHF) and a capture ratio of 1 dB. Other FM specifications include 37 dB of stereo separation at 1,000 Hz, and a signal-to-noise ratio of 60 dB with an input signal of 10 microvolts.

Controls include volume, balance, separate bass and treble controls for each channel, a six-position input selector, a combined tape monitor and mode switch, and a combined power and speaker-selector switch. On the front-panel are a headphone jack, a stereo-FM indicator, and a signal-strength tuning meter. Six slide switches control loudness compensation, high- and low-frequency filters, FM interstation-noise muting, AFC, and the selection of either of two magnetic-phono inputs. Price: $345.

Circle 156 on reader service card

● **James B. Lansing** is offering two manuals on loudspeaker-enclosure construction. One of the two, CF706, is devoted to enclosures for JBL Series F musical-instrument speakers. Information is included on speaker selection and wiring in addition to enclosure construction. The other manual, CF802, discusses high-fidelity speaker systems. The topics covered include the basics of enclosure design, ported enclosures, and cabinet construction and finishing. A chart gives suitable enclosure and port dimensions for JBL high-fidelity speakers. The manuals are available for 50 cents each from JBL, Dept. SR, 3249 Casitas Avenue, Los Angeles, California 90039.

New developments in the great bass revival.

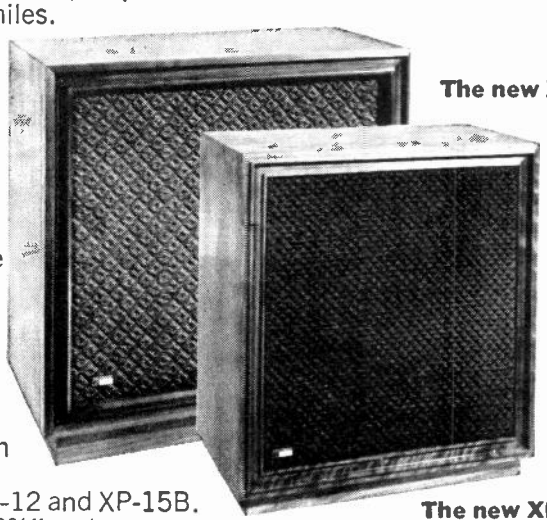
Last year, when we introduced the Fisher XP-18 four-way speaker system with its huge 18-inch woofer, we predicted a renewed interest in bass among serious audiophiles.

We pointed out that no bookshelf-size speaker, not even the top Fisher models that are famous for their bass, could push the low frequencies around a room with quite the same authority as a big brute like the XP-18.

This came as no surprise to those who remembered that a 40-cycle sound wave is more than 28 feet long. That's why it takes a double bass or a contrabassoon to sound a note that low. Bass and big dimensions go together.

But the sound of the big XP-18 did surprise a lot of people. They knew it had to be good at $350, but they weren't prepared for a completely new experience.

And then came the obvious request: Couldn't we make the XP-18 concept available in more moderately priced speakers?



The new XP-15B

The new XP-12

We could. And did: in the new Fisher XP-12 and XP-15B.

They're a little smaller (24″ x 22½″ x 13¾″ and 27″ x 27″ x 14¾″, respectively), but still twice as big as bookshelf speakers. They're three-way systems instead of four-way, but they have the same type of small cloth-dome tweeter and 8-inch midrange driver with molded rubber surround.

The main difference is in the woofers: a 12-inch unit with a 6-lb. magnet structure in the XP-12 and a 15-inch driver with a 12-lb. magnet structure in the XP-15B.

The prices justify the slight comedown in woof-inches; the XP-12 is listed at $199.95 and the XP-15B at $269.00.

How do they sound? Not quite like the XP-18. Just better than anything but the XP-18.

(For more information, plus a free copy of the Fisher Handbook 1968, an authoritative 80-page reference guide to hi-fi and stereo, use coupon on front cover flap.)

The Fisher

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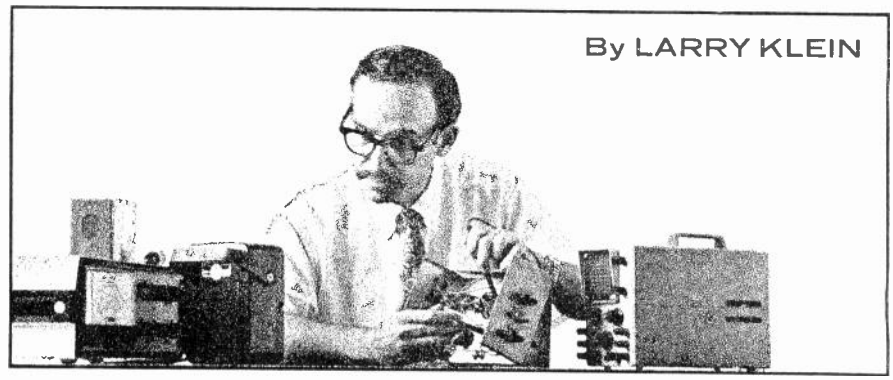
CIRCLE NO. 44 ON READER SERVICE CARD



By LARRY KLEIN

HI FI QUESTIONS & ANSWERS

Electronic Music

Q. I am interested in electronic music, its background, and how it is produced. Can you refer me to any books on the subject?

PETER BLAU
Hollywood, Calif.

A. *Nonesuch Records has released a very informative guide to electronic music that consists of two stereo records and a sixteen-page booklet with notes on the recordings and on electronic-music theory. The discs themselves provide recorded examples of the elements of electronic music and how they are combined. A complete electronic music composition is also included as well as a listing of over forty books dealing with electronic music, sound, and audio perception.*

Another useful source of information is the Electronic Music Review, *which is published quarterly by the Independent Electronic Music Center, Trumansburg, N.Y. 14886.*

Stereo Demo Records

Q. I would like to have your suggestions for some records suitable for showing off my newly purchased hi-fi system. Can you suggest any records with particularly good sound?

LLOYD HULLEY
Bristol, Conn.

A. *In the July 1965 issue of* HIFI/STEREO REVIEW *there was an article called "25 Stereo Demonstration Records" which lists just the kind of recordings you are looking for. We have reprints of that story and would be glad to mail a copy to anyone who sends a stamped, self-addressed legal-size envelope to: Larry Klein, Dept. DR.* HIFI/STEREO REVIEW, *One Park Ave., New York, N.Y. 10016.*

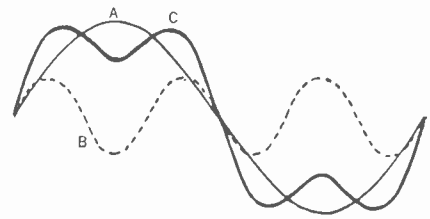
HIFI/STEREO REVIEW *has also produced a demonstration record containing a wide variety of musical material. The disc is available in both 33⅓- and 45-rpm versions (specify which) and sells for $4.98 (postpaid) at either speed. Orders should be sent to Stereo Demonstration Record, P.O. Box 3463, Church Street Station, New York, N.Y. 10008 (New York State residents, please add local sales tax).*

Harmonic Distortion

Q. I've never been able to understand how an amplifier adds the spurious-harmonic distortion tones to its output signal. Is it something within the amplifier that oscillates or what?

ARNOLD MASTERS
Chicago, Ill.

A. *Your impression that an amplifier generates spurious harmonics by some sort of oscillatory process is understandable, but incorrect. What happens is that an amplifier, because of a performance inadequacy, changes the shape*



of the waveform of the signal going through it. As an extreme example, let us say the amplifier produces 33 per cent third-harmonic distortion of the pure 1,000-Hz input signal shown at (A). The distorted output signal (C) would look as though a 3,000-Hz tone (B), which is one-third the strength of the 1,000-Hz tone, were combined with the 1,000-Hz tone. A distorting amplifier does not produce spurious harmonic waveforms and mix them with the original wave; what it does do is to distort the original waveform in such a way that the output waveform looks as though unwanted harmonics were added. In an actual case, we would not have only third-harmonic distortion, but a large assortment of various odd and even harmonics of various strengths.

These harmonics are not simply mathematical or electronic fictions. The distorted waveform coming out of an amplifier can be fed into a harmonic-distortion analyzer that suppresses the fun-

(Continued on page 24)

There's nothing unusual about paying $370, $400 or $450 for a Fisher compact stereo system. We've sold thousands at those prices.

But the new Fisher 120 FM stereo radio/phono system costs much less than that. It sells for only $299.95.* It's the first compact Fisher stereo system ever priced under $300.

And it contains the same features that made more expensive Fisher compacts worth their price.

The receiver is solid-state and delivers 40 watts music power (IHF). It's virtually free of distortion.

The 4-speed automatic turntable comes with a magnetic cartridge and diamond stylus.

And the system includes a pair of Fisher's new XP-55B 2-way speaker systems, which reproduce the audio spectrum from 37 Hz to 20,000 Hz. (The speakers alone sell for $49.95 each.)

By now you may be wondering how we are able to manufacture this stereo compact for such a low price.

Manufacturers are also wondering.

(For more information, plus a free copy of the Fisher Handbook 1968, an authoritative 80-page reference guide to hi-fi and stereo, use coupon on front cover flap.)

Introducing the first Fisher compact under $300.

The Fisher 120

*ALSO AVAILABLE, THE FISHER 125, IDENTICAL TO ABOVE BUT ALSO INCLUDING AM, $329.95.

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CIRCLE NO. 44 ON READER SERVICE CARD

By HANS H. FANTEL

AUDIO BASICS

SCRATCH AND RUMBLE FILTERS

THE realism of reproduced music is greatly enhanced if it emerges from a background of complete silence. The quality of a soft musical passage can be only poorly conveyed if the listener is distracted by an unscored obbligato of record scratch and turntable rumble. To eliminate such noises, many amplifiers feature a pair of controls known as scratch and rumble filters.

Most surface scratch and distortion caused by worn and dirty records is above 7,000 Hz in frequency—a range that contains many of the overtones, but none of the fundamental frequencies of music. The scratch filter eliminates the noise simply by lopping off that range. A well-designed scratch filter provides a sharp cut-off in response above a certain frequency, rather than a gradual dropping off. It is intended to clip off unwanted noise while leaving most of the music intact. Unfortunately, a sharp-cut filter usually requires a fair amount of additional circuitry, involving feedback and extra amplifying stages. This extra circuitry is why high-quality "fast-acting" scratch filters are seldom found on inexpensive amplifiers and receivers.

Of course, hiss and other high-frequency noise reduction can also be achieved by turning down the treble control. However, this produces a gradually declining roll-off rather than an abrupt cut-off. As a result, more of the music is sliced off along with the noise. Even the best scratch filter to some extent curtails the range of overtones and thereby degrades the brilliance and naturalness of sound. The scratch filter must therefore be viewed as a necessary evil—needed to salvage musical enjoyment from old or mistreated records that would otherwise be unlistenable.

The rumble filter provides a corresponding cut-off function at the low end of the audio spectrum to eliminate unwanted sounds at the bottom of the scale. Turntable rumble is a frequent complaint of this sort, for poor turntables are notoriously prone to vibrations that, when picked up by the cartridge and amplified, sound vaguely like indigestion. But one should not always blame the turntable for such sonic indiscretions. They are sometimes caused by acoustic feedback, a condition afflicting improperly installed turntables. The loudspeakers' acoustic output feeds back to the turntable through air, floor, and cabinet. In some cases, the rumble filter reduces the noises by cutting off response below 50 Hz. Yet, here too, the music suffers a slight amputation, losing the added richness that is the hallmark of extended bass response. With some loudspeakers, this loss may not be noticed. But with speakers capable of reproducing bass below 50 Hz, the effect of a rumble filter is quite apparent. (Incidentally, really bad cases of acoustic feedback do not appear as disguised rumble, but as a howling effect.)

Both scratch and rumble filters are essentially cosmetic devices, designed to mask imperfections and shortcomings in records or turntables. They should be used only as an emergency measure if extraneous noise is too distracting. It is best to eliminate part of this noise before it appears—by keeping your records clean. In addition, make sure that your turntable is operating properly and that it is installed with the specific shock mounts recommended and supplied by its manufacturer.

E-V 1122 30-watt
stereo amplifier
$94.00

E-V 1159
FM/stereo tuner
$94.00

E-V 1180 30-watt
FM/stereo receiver
$176.00

Sorry! We've just shot the bottom out of stereo prices!

We think we're about to explode the current notions about how much high fidelity should cost (or—more accurately—how little).

First, we resisted the temptation to take any shortcuts in the development of these new components . . . unless you count our computer, used to design new circuits in a fraction of the time needed by ordinary methods.

And we kept each component simple and easy to use, yet complete. Not that we stuck to just plain vanilla. You'll find thoughtful touches like an accurate zero-center FM tuning meter and combination balance control/stereo-mono switch included, for instance.

Finally, we knew that quality had to start high—and stay high. That's why we built spanking-new facilities, staffed with skilled craftsmen, and provided them with the most modern production equipment . . . an inspired combination.

The result? A new 30-watt stereo amplifier and a sensitive FM/stereo tuner, each priced well under $100.00. and the E-V 1180 receiver that combines these two components for even greater savings—just $176.00. Each built in the U.S.A. and each one warranted free from defects in materials and workmanship for two years. A warranty we'll back to the hilt.*

Listen to these exciting new components soon . . . now at most leading independent high fidelity showrooms. Critically compare them and you'll find that our bargains offer you more in the bargain!

*We don't expect much need for warranty service—but we're ready. Once the unit arrives at our factory or authorized service station, any defects we discover are repaired or replaced with no charge for parts, labor, or return transportation. Other repairs at nominal cost. Fair enough?

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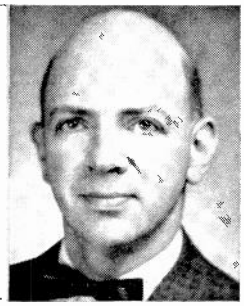


By JULIAN D. HIRSCH

● **DISTORTION II:** In the June issue I described some of the types of distortion that originate in the electronic components of a music system. As it happens, the electromechanical components (phono cartridge and speaker) are the weakest links in the reproduction chain, and the types and amounts of distortion they contribute usually far outweigh those originating in the amplifier.

One major phono-cartridge problem lies in coupling or transmitting the stylus motion to the audio-signal generating system. The cantilever (or bar), which has the diamond stylus at one end and the signal-generating element at the other, should *ideally* be absolutely rigid and have no mass. Practically, however, the bar has a tendency to flex, particularly at one of its resonant frequencies, and it does have mass. Because of this flexing, the output voltage from the cartridge is not always perfectly proportional—as it should be—to the velocity of the stylus tracing the groove. The result is an irregularity in the frequency response of the cartridge, particularly at the higher frequencies.

A principal cause of non-linear distortion in record playing is the difference between the shapes of the recording (cutting) styli and the playback styli. Dr. Duane Cooper's comments in the Tech Talk column for January, 1968, relate to this distortion, which must be compensated for during the recording process (by modifying the audio signal) since even a "perfect" cartridge is subject to it.

Measuring either harmonic or IM distortion in phono cartridges is difficult because, to my knowledge, no distortion-free test record exists. Gross distortions, caused by the stylus' losing contact with the groove walls, are readily measured by an IM test record, such as the RCA 12-5-39, which we use as part of our cartridge-testing procedures. This record contains simultaneous signals of 400 and 4,000 Hz, recorded at a number of velocity or "loudness" levels. These range from relatively low to as great as 27.9 cm/sec (centimeters per second), a velocity which would rarely be encountered in commercial recordings.

The output signal of the cartridge playing the test disc is fed into a standard intermodulation-distortion (IM) analyzer. As a rule, with modern cartridges, the IM component of the signal will be fairly low (1 per cent or less) at the lower velocities. At some velocity level, the stylus of most cartridges will fail to follow the groove modulation, and the distortion rises abruptly. At this point, increasing the tracking force usually helps, but any cartridge has a limit beyond which it will not track. These IM distortion figures, together with the tracking force needed to achieve them, do not totally define cartridge quality. It is possible for a cartridge to track the highest levels on a test record, and yet not sound especially good. The converse is also true to a certain degree.

The more subtle distortions, the absence of which distinguishes an outstanding cartridge from a merely good one, occur at the higher audio frequencies. I know of no simple way to measure them, but fortunately the human ear is an exceedingly sensitive distortion detector. A session with Shure's "Audio Obstacle Course" record will make this very clear, and therefore we use this record in our cartridge evaluations. Applying our own point-rating system to the various test bands, we obtain an overall figure of merit, which in our view relates very well to the true reproduction quality of the cartridge. However, distortion in phono cartridges—or, more accurately, in the recording-playback process—is so complex in nature that it defies any simple numerical rating. Probably for this reason, we rarely see distortion figures included in a manufacturer's cartridge specifications.

REVIEWED THIS MONTH

●

Sansui Model 2000 AM/FM Receiver
Sony TC-560 Portable Tape Recorder
Bose 901 Speaker System

The loudspeaker suffers from some of the same weaknesses as the cartridge. It is relatively easy to control voice-coil movement. But even if the voice-coil were tightly controlled by the output voltage of a distortionless amplifier, the speaker's cone, which actually puts the air into motion and thereby creates the sound, would not always follow the motion of the voice coil precisely. At low frequencies the voice coil and cone move as one, but as the cone diameter becomes an appreciable fraction of the length of the soundwave it is trying to reproduce (above a few hundred hertz), the phenomenon of "cone breakup" occurs in most woofers. Different portions of the cone move in different phases, and the resulting cancellations cause a roughness in the frequency response.

Practically, non-linear distortion is not a serious problem in speakers except at very low frequencies. This is fortunate, since ambient noise makes it impracticable to

measure distortion levels under about 1 per cent except in a quiet, anechoic chamber. We do not use such a chamber in testing, and in any case do not consider it an adequate environment for measuring the overall properties of a speaker system intended for home use. (This is not to say that such a chamber is not necessary for design and quality-control work.)

Given a constant driving voltage, the cone excursion of any speaker increases as the frequency is lowered. Large cone excursions are accompanied by increasing harmonic distortion. The voice-coil movement is limited by the design of its suspension and magnet assembly, and as the limit is approached, a flattening or clipping of the acoustic waveform occurs, similar to that which occurs when an amplifier is overdriven.

If the cone is able to move further in one direction than in the other, only the negative or positive peaks of the waveform are clipped, and second-order harmonic-distortion components are generated. This effect is loosely referred to as "doubling." It can be heard, as the frequency of the driving signal is lowered, as a sudden *increase* of apparent pitch rather than a smooth decrease. A similar effect can occur if the voice coil leaves the region of uniform magnetic flux in the gap. If the speaker is overdriven symmetrically or distorts both the negative and positive portions of the waveform equally, then "tripling" results—the major harmonic-distortion component is third, rather than second order.

We usually measure low-frequency harmonic distortion of speakers at a 1-watt drive level, from about 100 Hz down to the frequency where the distortion reaches 20 to 30 per cent. Below some critical frequency, any woofer fails to couple effectively to the air, and its cone excursion increases rapidly; as a consequence, so does its distortion. In a sense, this resembles a phono cartridge's loss of tracking at high velocities. The actual power level driving the speaker is relatively unimportant; the speaker "lets go" at about the same frequency in any case.

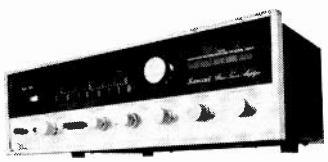
It is our view that factors *other* than nonlinear distortion account for most of the differences we hear between speakers. We find that the smoothness of frequency response, transient response, and polar-dispersion characteristics are the most important factors at frequencies above about 100 Hz.

A loudspeaker that can reproduce 50 Hz with less than 5 per cent distortion at a 1-watt level is likely to be of reasonably good quality, although this factor alone has little to do with its overall sound. Medium-price acoustic-suspension speakers often have less than 3 per cent distortion at 50 Hz, and 5 per cent at 40 Hz. The better speaker systems deliver a 30-Hz output with about 5 per cent distortion, and some of them have only 10 per cent distortion at 20 Hz. The differences between these speakers, with respect to low-frequency distortion, can be clearly heard as an improved solidity of bass. There is often a sense of feeling rather than hearing the lower frequencies generated by pipe organ, double bass, or bass drum. Unfortunately, we know of no single, simple numerical specification or measurement that can tell whether a speaker is good or not. Only the ear can do that.

EQUIPMENT TEST REPORTS

By Hirsch-Houck Laboratories

SANSUI MODEL 2000 AM/FM RECEIVER



● THE SANSUI Model 2000 solid-state AM/stereo FM receiver is one of the most interesting pieces of equipment we have tested in some time. It proved to be an impressively fine instrument, and it is in our opinion one of the better values in high-fidelity components.

The FM-tuner section of the Model 2000 has two tuned r.f. stages, the first of which uses a field-effect transistor (FET). In addition to a four-stage i.f. amplifier, the unit has a separate i.f. stage, a detector, and a two-stage amplifier that operates the muting circuits and tuning meter. The muting action is extremely smooth and free of thumps and noise bursts.

The ratio-detector output goes to a conventional multiplex circuit, which generates a 38-kHz carrier by full-wave rectification of the amplified 19-kHz pilot carrier. A separate five-transistor circuit performs automatic mono/stereo FM switching and operates the stereo indicator lamp. When it lights, the words FM STEREO are illuminated against a black dial face. The switching action is imperceptible, and the lamp is not triggered by interstation noise. The entire dial has a black background and is opaque except when the tuner is in use.

The AM tuner is conventional, with a built-in ferrite antenna, a tuned r.f. stage, and two i.f. stages. It is one of the better sounding AM tuners we have heard in recent years, with clean, well balanced sound and adequate sensitivity for use in urban and suburban locations.

All audio inputs (including those from the tuners) pass through a two-stage preamplifier. The low-level inputs (magnetic phono and tape head) are equalized for RIAA and NAB characteristics. The tuner and AUX signals are attenuated before reaching the preamplifier, whose gain is reduced by negative feedback. In addition to the usual phono connectors, the tape recorder input and output jacks are brought to a five-pin DIN connector, which mates with the plugs used widely on European audio components.

The tone-control amplifiers drive high- and low-cut filters, which are followed by the power amplifiers. The silicon output transistors are protected in two ways against damage from shorted outputs or overdriving. A fast-acting silicon control rectifier (SCR) is activated when excessive current is drawn by either output stage, cutting off the amplifier preceding the tone controls. The word PROTECTOR is illuminated on the dial face when this happens. Shutting off the receiver for a few seconds restores normal operation. In addition, the output transistors are protected by fast-acting fuses. *(Continued on page 32)*

The styling of the Sansui Model 2000 is, in our opinion, exceptionally handsome and tasteful. It is distinctive as well—this receiver is not likely to be mistaken for any other make. A row of pushbuttons to the right of the tuning dial control LOUDNESS, MUTING, TAPE MONITOR, REVERSE, and MONO functions. Along the bottom of the receiver are the tone controls (slip-clutch concentric types), volume and balance controls, input selector, and speaker selector. Either or both of two pairs of speakers can be operated, or all can be switched off for headphone listening via a front-panel jack. The high- and low-frequency filters and power on/off are also controlled by pushbuttons.

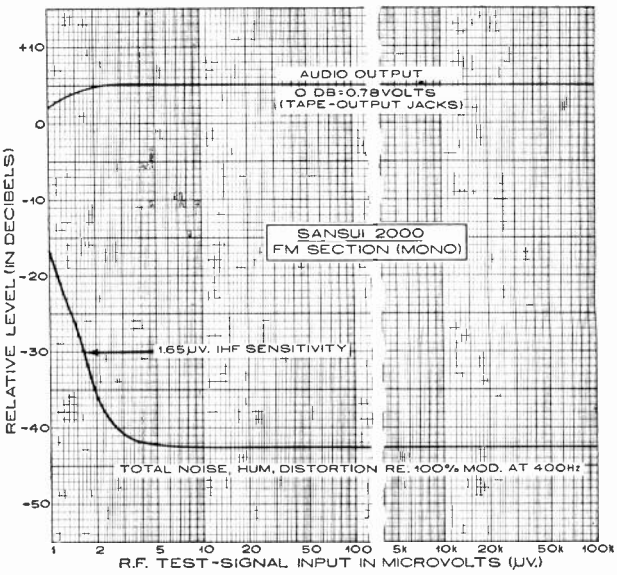
The specifications of the Model 2000 are quite impressive, which is not uncommon these days. What impressed *us*, however, was the effortless way in which it met or surpassed practically every specification. For example, it is rated at 32 watts per channel into 8 ohms. With both channels driven, we found the clipping level to be just 32 watts. The distortion fell off rapidly below the clipping level, and at 1,000 Hz it was less than 0.2 per cent for all powers below 10 watts. The IM distortion was below 0.5 per cent for powers under 15 watts.

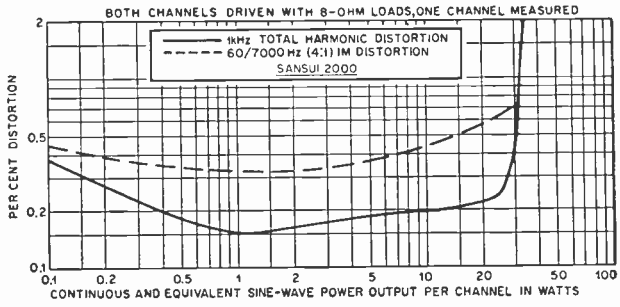
At 30 watts output, with both channels driven, the distortion was below 0.4 per cent from 180 to 20,000 Hz. It rose slightly at lower frequencies to 2 per cent at 50 Hz. At half power or less, the distortion was less than 0.2 per cent from 25 to 2,000 Hz, and under 0.5 per cent from 20 to 20,000 Hz.

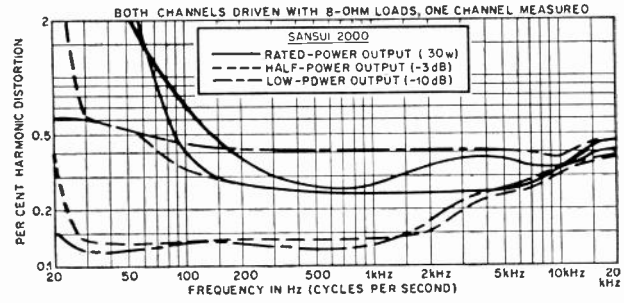
The bass tone controls, when used in moderation, had the desirable property of affecting response below 200 Hz without affecting higher frequencies. The loudness compensation, boosting both lows and highs, was very moderate and did not produce unnatural coloration. The equalization was unusually accurate, with the RIAA error being +0, −2 dB from 50 to 15,000 Hz, and the NAB error only +0, −0.5 dB over the same range. The filters had only 6-dB-per-octave slopes, and they worked very much as supplementary tone controls rather than filters.

The FM tuner was a pleasant surprise. Its IHF usable sensitivity was 1.65 microvolts, with full limiting at 4 microvolts, which make it one of the most sensitive FM tuners we have tested. Its stereo separation was by far the best we have measured, exceeding 40 dB from 450 to 2,800 Hz, and better than 20 dB from 30 to 10,000 Hz. Until we tested the Sansui 2000, we did not suspect that our test equipment was capable of separation measurements beyond 40 dB. The frequency response of the tuner section was +0.8, −1.8 dB from 30 to 15,000 Hz.

In all respects, the Sansui 2000 was a pleasure to use and listen to. Its sensitivity, selectivity, and freedom from distortion and cross-modulation were immediately evident. The amplifiers drove our low-efficiency speakers at any level we could tolerate without straining. The noise level of the amplifier was extremely low, being better than 70 dB below 10 watts even on the phono input. All in all, this was one of the "easiest to live with" receivers we have tested, and it is a notable value at $299.95.

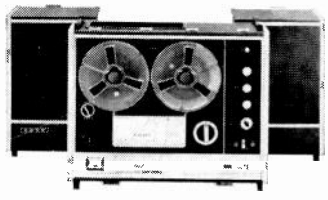






For more information, circle 157 on reader service card

SONY TC-560 AUTO-REVERSE TAPE RECORDER



● THE SONY TC-560 is not only a high-quality solid-state portable tape recorder, but it can also serve as the heart of a stereo music system. It contains a stereo amplifier with equalization for a magnetic phono cartridge, bass and treble tone controls, and a high-frequency noise filter. Push-buttons select the input-signal source: tape, microphones, high-level auxiliary, stereo tuner, or phono.

The TC-560 has two detachable speaker systems (they can be set up 15 feet apart) which serve as covers in portable use. The speaker units also contain storage space for the microphones, their desk stands, and cables. (Two of the excellent Sony F-96 low-impedance dynamic microphones are supplied.) The speakers as well as the recorder itself are covered with a grained vinyl and fitted with plastic feet to protect furniture.

The three-speed tape transport of the Sony TC-560 is driven by a servo-controlled d.c. motor similar to that used

(Continued on page 36)

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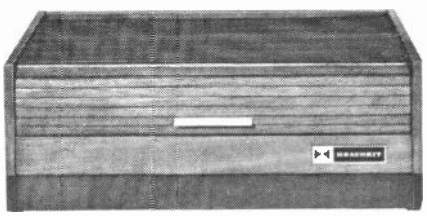
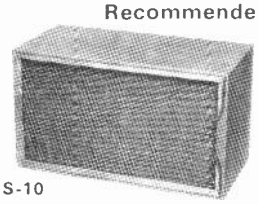
The AD-27 — a high performance FM Stereo Receiver and a quality automatic turntable in an attractive walnut cabinet. We think you'll agree that the AD-27 Component Compact leads the field. Order yours now.

Looks As Good As It Sounds

The AD-27 will perform with its solid walnut disappearing tambour door either open or closed, and it makes an attractive addition to any room. No unsightly cables either — they're recessed in the side.



Recommended Speaker Systems



AS-10

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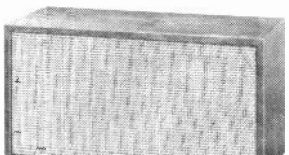
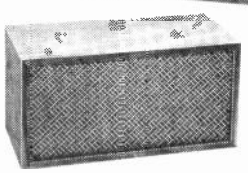


AS-16

$49.95



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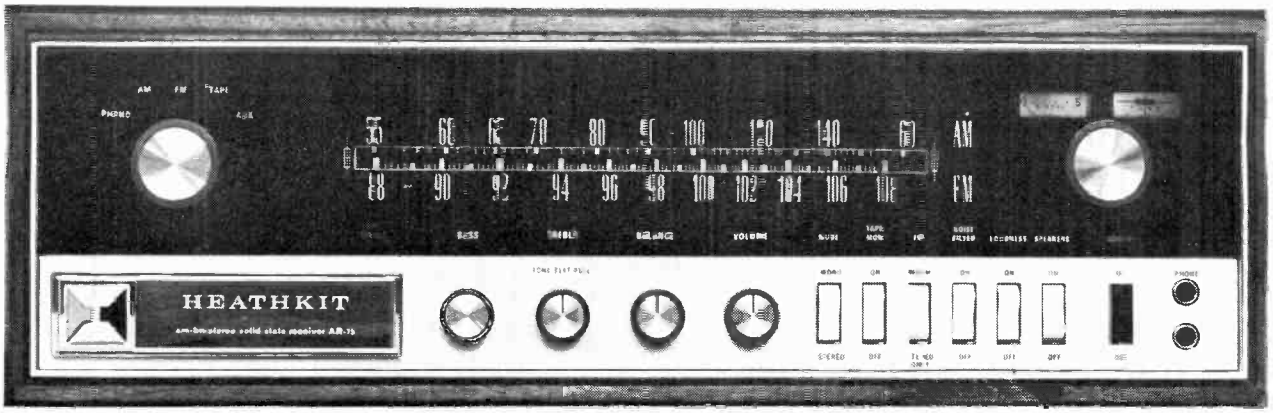
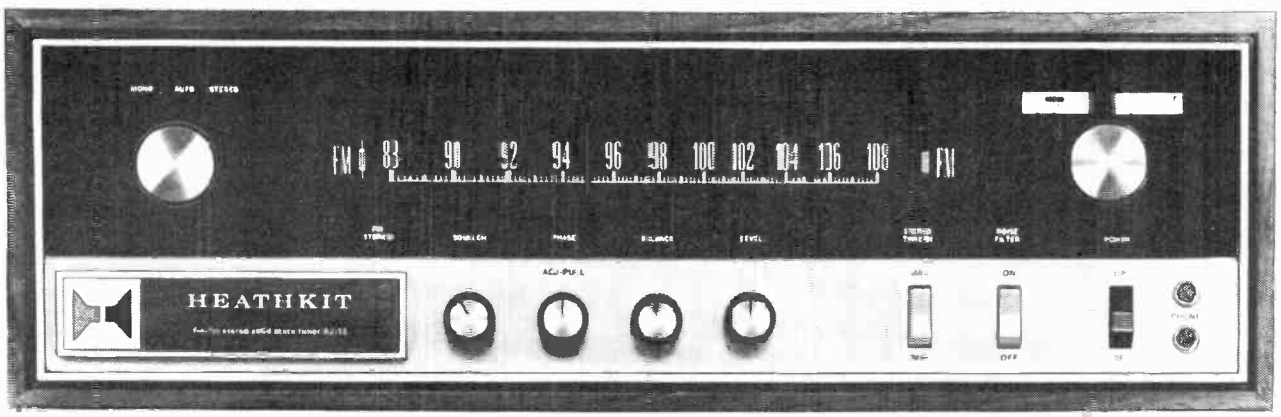
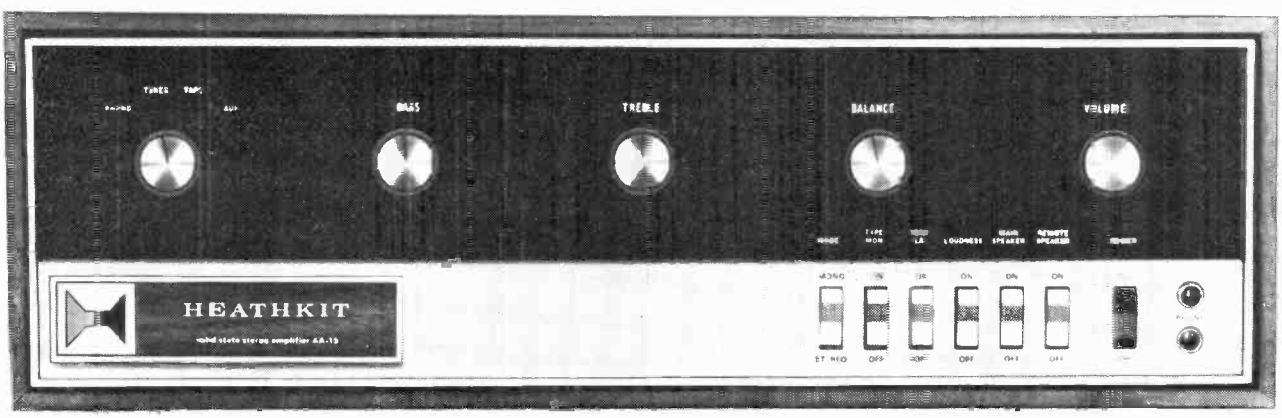


comes the world's finest stereo tuner...



and the world's finest stereo amplifier...



for the man who already owns a fine something or other.

Heathkit® AR-15

Every leading electronics magazine editor, every leading consumer testing organization, and thousands of owners agree the Heathkit AR-15 is the world's finest stereo receiver. All give it top rating for its advanced design concepts and superior performance . . . all give it rave reviews such as these:

. . . *"an audio Rolls Royce"* . . . *"engineered on an all-out, no compromise basis"* . . . *"cannot recall being so impressed by a receiver"* . . . *"it can form the heart of the finest stereo system"* . . . *"performs considerably better than published specifications"* . . . *"a new high in advanced performance and circuit concepts"* . . . *"not one that would match the superb overall performance of the Heath AR-15"* . . . *"top notch stereo receiver"* . . . *"its FM tuner ranks with the hottest available"* . . . *"it's hard to imagine any other amplifier, at any price, could produce significantly better sound"* . . . *"a remarkable musical instrument."*

The Heathkit AR-15 has these features: exclusive design FET FM tuner for best sensitivity; AM tuner; exclusive Crystal Filter IF for best selectivity; Integrated Circuit IF for best limiting; 150 watts music power; plus many more as shown below.

Kit AR-15, $339.95; Assembled ARW-15, $525; Walnut Cabinet AE-16, $24.95

New Heathkit® AJ-15

For the man who already owns a fine stereo amplifier, and in response to many requests, Heath now offers the superb FM stereo tuner section of the renowned AR-15 receiver as a separate unit . . . the new AJ-15 FM Stereo Tuner. It features the exclusive design FET FM tuner with two FET r.f. amplifiers and FET mixer for high sensitivity; two Crystal Filters in the IF strip for perfect response curve with no alignment ever needed; two Integrated Circuits in the IF strip for high gain and best limiting; elaborate Noise-Operated Squelch to hush between-station noise before you hear it; Stereo-Threshold switch to select the quality of stereo reception you will accept; Stereo-Only Switch rejects monophonic programs if you wish; Adjustable Multiplex Phase for cleanest FM stereo; Two Tuning Meters for center tuning, max. signal, and adjustment of 19 kHz pilot signal to max.; two variable output Stereo Phone jacks, one pair Variable Outputs plus two Fixed Outputs for amps., tape recorders, etc.; all controls front panel mounted; "Black Magic" Panel Lighting . . . no dial or scale markings when tuner is "off"; 120 240 VAC.

Kit AJ-15, $189.95; Walnut Cabinet AE-18, $19.95

New Heathkit® AA-15

For the man who already owns a fine stereo tuner, Heath now offers the famous stereo amplifier section of the AR-15 receiver as a separate unit . . . the new AA-15 Stereo Amplifier. It has the same deluxe circuitry and extra performance features: 150 Watts Music Power output . . . enormous reserves; Ultra-Low Harmonic & IM Distortion . . . less than 0.5% at full output; Ultra-Wide Frequency Response . . . ±1 dB, 8 to 40,000 Hz at 1 watt; Ultra-Wide Dynamic Range Preamp (98 dB) . . . no overload regardless of cartridge type; Tone-Flat Switch bypasses tone controls when desired; Front Panel Input Level Controls hidden by hinged door; Transformerless Amplifier for lowest phase shift and distortion; Capacitor Coupled Outputs protect speakers; Massive Power Supply, Electronically Filtered, for low heat, superior regulation . . . electrostatic and magnetic shielding; All-Silicon Transistor Circuitry; Positive Circuit Protection by current limiters and thermal circuit breakers; "Black Magic" Panel Lighting . . . no dial markings when unit is "off"; added features: Tuner Input Jack and Remote Speaker Switch for a second stereo speaker system; 120 240 VAC.

Kit AA-15, $169.95; Walnut Cabinet AE-18, $19.95

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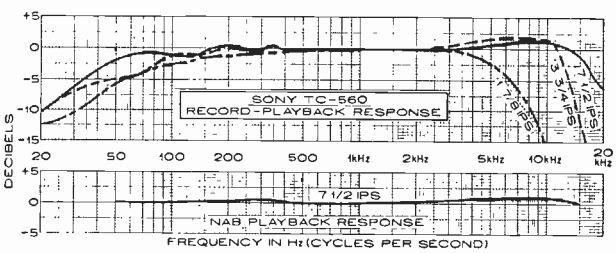
in some other Sony recorders. The speed of this electrically stabilized motor can be switched instantly without physical movement of belts or capstans, and it can also be adjusted over a small range (in playback only) by means of an optional accessory. The motor can be switched off when the 560 is used as an amplifier only.

The d.c. motor also makes it possible to operate the Sony TC-560 from a 12-volt automobile or boat battery, using a special line cord that plugs into the cigarette-lighter outlet of a car. Since the servo-drive system is virtually independent of power-supply voltage (or frequency, when operating on a.c.), pitch and timing are not affected by variations in battery or line voltage.

The TC-560 features the Sony ESP (Electronic Sensory Perception) system of automatic tape reversal. The program level on all four tracks is monitored continuously by the control circuits. When all tracks have been blank for about eight seconds, it is assumed that the tape has been fully played in the left-to-right direction. The tape direction is instantly reversed (using a second counter-rotating capstan driven by the single motor), and a second playback head is switched in. This permits playing a four-track stereo tape in both directions without any action by the user. The recorder shuts off automatically when the second pair of tracks has been played. The ESP circuit can be switched out if desired.



The function knob controls tape motion, at normal or fast speeds, in either direction. It also switches in the appropriate head for the selected direction. The tape can be recorded or played back in either direction, although the automatic reversal system works only during playback in the left-to-right direction. There is an instant stop (pause) lever, as well as the tape-speed control, and a pushbutton-reset four-digit index counter on the panel of the transport. Tape threading is a simple wrap-around procedure because of Sony's retractable pinch roller, which drops flush with the surface of the deck when the machine is to be threaded.

Twin VU meters monitor both recording and playback levels. Sony states that these are true VU meters, meeting NAB standards. All recording controls are concealed behind a sliding metal panel which minimizes the possibility of accidental tape erasure. Two red recording-interlock buttons make it possible to record on either track alone or on both together. Separate left- and right-channel recording-level controls are used for the combined MIC/AUX inputs. Two more knobs under the cover panel control the recording levels for the tuner and phono inputs, affecting both channels simultaneously.

At the right side of the TC-560 are the amplifier controls. In addition to the pushbutton input selector, these include a speaker on/off switch, mode selector (L, R, Stereo), a high-frequency noise filter, bass and treble tone controls, concentric playback volume controls, power switch, and a stereo headphone jack.

All inputs and outputs of the Sony TC-560 are at the rear of the unit (or at its top, if it is installed vertically). These include signal-input jacks, speaker-output terminals, line-output jacks for driving external amplifiers, power and remote-control cable sockets, and two a.c. accessory outlets, one of them switched.

Although our prime interest in the Sony TC-560 lay in its tape-recording functions, we also used and evaluated it as the center of a modest high-fidelity system. Within its design limits, it performed very well in both roles.

The tape recorder had the very fine performance that we have come to expect from Sony products. At 7½ ips, its record-playback frequency response was +1, −3 dB from 42 to 17,500 Hz, referred to the 1,000-Hz level. The playback equalization, as verified with the Ampex 31321-04 test tape, resulted in an exceptional overall flatness of ±0.5 dB from 50 to 15,000 Hz.

At 3¾ ips the TC-560 was still very much a high-fidelity recorder. Its frequency response was +2, −3 dB from 78 to 13,000 Hz. At 1⅞ ips, where many tape recorders produce little more than a muffled travesty of the recorded program, the TC-560 was highly listenable, even on music. Its response was +1, −3 dB from 75 to 6,000 Hz, which is distinctly better than the usual quality of AM broadcasts.

Wow and flutter, measured with Ampex test tapes, were very low. At 7½ ips they were, respectively, 0.04 and 0.06 per cent; at 3¾ ips they were 0.06 and 0.09 per cent. The tape speed was exact at 3¾ ips and very slightly slow at 7½ ips. We did not attempt to adjust the playback speed with the internal control. In the fast speed (either direction) 1,200 feet of recording tape was handled in 144 seconds. Two unusual features built into the deck are a special idler to minimize scrape flutter and a circuit that minimizes buildup of head magnetism.

The amplifier gains at the various inputs were quite high. Only 0.2 millivolt from a microphone, 1.6 millivolts from a phono cartridge, or 50 millivolts from the AUX inputs were needed for a zero-VU recording level. The signal-to-noise ratio was 48 dB, referred to the zero-VU recording level. Distortion in the recording/playback process was exceptionally low—only 0.7 per cent at 0 VU and 1 per cent at +3 VU.

As an amplifier, Sony rates the TC-560 at 10 watts (per channel) music-power output into 8 ohms, which is the impedance of their speakers. We measured about 6.7 watts (continuous power) at the clipping level, with both channels driven. This is consistent with the music-power rating. Considering 6 watts per channel as the reference power output, the distortion at full power was under 0.5 per cent from 90 to 20,000 Hz, rising to 1 per cent at 70 Hz. At half power, the low-frequency "break point" was at about 30 Hz, with 1 per cent distortion occurring at 27 Hz. At 0.6 watt output (a reasonable listening level with the Sony speakers), the distortion was less than 0.6 per cent from 20 to 20,000 Hz.

The 1,000-Hz total harmonic distortion fell from about 0.5 per cent at a few tenths of a watt to less than 0.25 per cent in the 2- to 6-watt region. The IM distortion was between 1.5 and 3.5 per cent in the range between 0.1 watt and 5.5 watts. The signal level required for 6 watts output was about 15 per cent less than needed for zero VU when recording. Hum and noise were extremely low, −79 dB to −83 dB on the high-level inputs and −68 dB on the phono input (all figures referred to 6 watts output).

The tone controls were of the conventional type found on most component amplifiers, with independent boost or cut of high and low frequencies. The noise filter was excellent, flat to above 6,000 Hz and falling at 12 dB per octave above 9,000 Hz. The RIAA magnetic-phono cartridge equalization was virtually flat from 30 to 15,000 Hz.

Considering the Sony TC-560 as a tape recorder and as a low-power amplifying system, it proved to be excellent in every respect. The power is more than adequate for use with its own speakers. In respect to low distortion and noise, it is difficult to fault. The tape handling was gentle, and the ESP auto-reversal system worked perfectly.

(Continued on page 38)

Most of the features of this $89.50 Dual were designed for more expensive Duals.

You'd expect a big difference in performance between the $129.50 Dual, the $109.50 Dual, and the $89.50 Dual.

There isn't a big difference.

The higher-priced models have a few more features, but no more precision. Play all three through comparable hi-fi systems and we defy you to tell which is which, from the sound alone.

To achieve this similarity, Dual simply did what other manufacturers would get sued for doing. We copied the most expensive Dual.

We eliminated some things that weren't essential to the good performance. But we kept everything that was essential.

So, though we're about to describe the $89.50 Dual, the Model 1015, everything we say about it is also true of the more expensive Duals.

The 1015 has a low-mass, counterbalanced tonearm that tracks flawlessly with a force as low as half a gram. (Vertical bearing friction is .01 gram; horizontal bearing friction is .04 gram.)

The tonearm settings for balance, tracking force and anti-skating are continuously variable and dead-accurate.

The cue control is gentle and accurate, and works on both automatic and manual start. (Rate of descent is 0.5 cm/sec. The cueing is silicon-damped and piston-activated.)

The motor maintains constant speed within 0.1% even if line voltage varies from 80 to 135 volts.

Rumble, wow and flutter are inaudible, even at the highest volume levels.

If all we say about the $89.50 Dual is true, you may wonder why anyone would pay the extra $40 for the Dual 1019.

Perhaps there's something appealing about owning the very best there is.

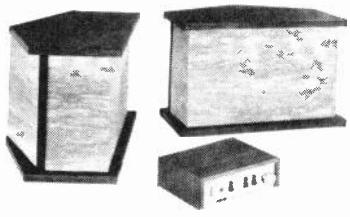
United Audio Products, Inc., 535 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Dual 1015

Although we did not measure the speakers' performance, they sounded fine. With the help of a little bass boost, they delivered an impressive low-frequency output, and were well balanced over the full spectrum. We would rate them as sonically equivalent to many $40 to $50 bookshelf systems and far better than the usual loudspeaker systems that come with most portable tape recorders.

The Sony TC-560 sells for less than $449.50. If it is to be used only with an external amplifier and speakers, it can be purchased as the TC-560-D, less power amplifiers and speakers, on a walnut base, for under $349.50.

For more information, circle 158 on reader service card

BOSE 901 STEREO SPEAKER SYSTEM



● DEPENDING on one's viewpoint, the Bose 901 speaker system might be considered a revolutionary approach to sound reproduction, or simply a workable combination of well-established (and sometimes deprecated) techniques. The Bose 901 enclosures house nine small, specially designed drivers that have 4-inch cones and powerful magnetic structures. Eight of the drivers are angled to the rear, while the ninth is mounted on the front of the enclosure facing the listening area. This arrangement is intended to achieve approximately the same ratio of direct to reflected sound that exists in the concert hall.

The 901's cabinets are quite compact, measuring 12¾ inches high by $20^{9}/_{16}$ inches wide when viewed from the front. Seen from the top, the rear of the enclosure forms a "V" of about 120 degrees. Basic to its operation is the requirement that it be mounted with the "V" facing the wall, the apex being about 12 inches from the wall. When a pair of 901's are so installed, the sound appears to be uniformly distributed across the wall between the speakers completely free of any "hole-in-the-middle" effect. Since only 11 per cent of the sound is radiated directly forward, it is almost impossible to localize the source.

An intrinsic part of the Bose 901 system is an active (ten-transistor) equalizer that handles both channels; it compensates for the high-frequency losses inherent in the reflecting process and also flattens out the bass response. (The uncompensated bass response is down because of the natural bass roll-off resulting from the very small volume of the enclosure.) Housed in a walnut cabinet $2^{13}/_{16}$ inches high by 9¼ inches wide and 6¾ inches deep, this self-powered equalizer unit is connected either between the preamplifier and power amplifier or in the tape-monitoring signal path of the amplifier or receiver. In the latter case, the amplifier's tape-monitor switch is left set to TAPE. So that the tape-monitor function would not be lost, Bose has built it into the equalizer. A tape recorder can be connected to the equalizer and the usual monitoring switching performed through it.

There are five controls on the equalizer, four rocker switches and one five-position rotary control. One rocker serves as an on-off switch, another as the tape-monitor switch, and the third as a low-cut filter that primarily affects frequencies below 40 Hz. This is intended to reduce rumble or acoustic feedback. The fourth rocker switch interacts with a rotary five-position treble-contour control. When the rocker switch is set for NORMAL, the rotary switch provides a boost position, a flat position, and three positions of decreasing high-frequency response from the speakers. When the rocker switch is set for TREBLE DECREASE, it introduces a depression in the response between 2,000 and 6,000 Hz. The five switched contours then not only affect the very-high-frequency speaker performance, but also the frequencies between 500 and 2,000 Hz that are not affected with the rocker switch in its NORMAL position. In all, ten different high-frequency/mid-range response contours are available.

For those who have well-trained hearing and musical judgment—plus the urge to tinker—it is possible to correct for poor recordings to a remarkable degree with the equalizer controls. Most people will probably prefer to leave them in their NORMAL settings.

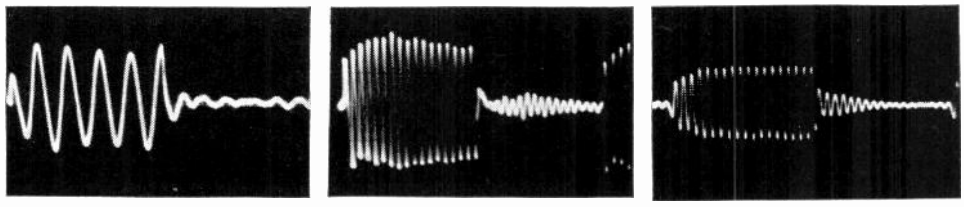
The active equalizer introduces no perceptible distortion. We measured its distortion at less than 0.13 per cent for any output under 3 volts, which is greater than would be required with any amplifier we know of. The output signal is of approximately the same level as the input signal.

In the August, 1968 *Technical Talk* column, I commented on the difficulty of describing speaker performance in purely objective terms. The Bose 901 is a perfect illustration of this problem. After a couple of months of living with a Bose 901 system, I am convinced that it ranks with a handful of the finest home speaker systems of all time. Because of its unconventional mode of operation, I rather doubted that any frequency-response measurements I could make would account for the remarkable realism of its sound. Difficult as it is to measure the output of a single direct radiator in a normal living room, it is well-nigh impossible to measure an almost perfectly dispersed sound pattern such as that of the 901 without strong influence from the effects of room acoustics. Nevertheless, a measurement was attempted.

We placed the speaker in the recommended position relative to the wall. We did not have the equalizer in the signal path for our frequency-response and tone-burst measurements, but measured the equalizer response separately and added it to the speaker response to obtain the final curve. Ten microphone positions were used, and their readings averaged. Harmonic distortion was measured at a 1-watt drive level with the equalizer installed.

It was no surprise to find that the final response curve was not as flat as some we have measured. There appeared to be a broad rise of about 5 or 6 dB in the 130- to 250-Hz

(Continued on page 40)



The uniformly excellent tone-burst response of the Bose 901 is illustrated by the oscilloscope photos of tone-bursts at (left to right) 130, 1,000, and 9,500 Hz.

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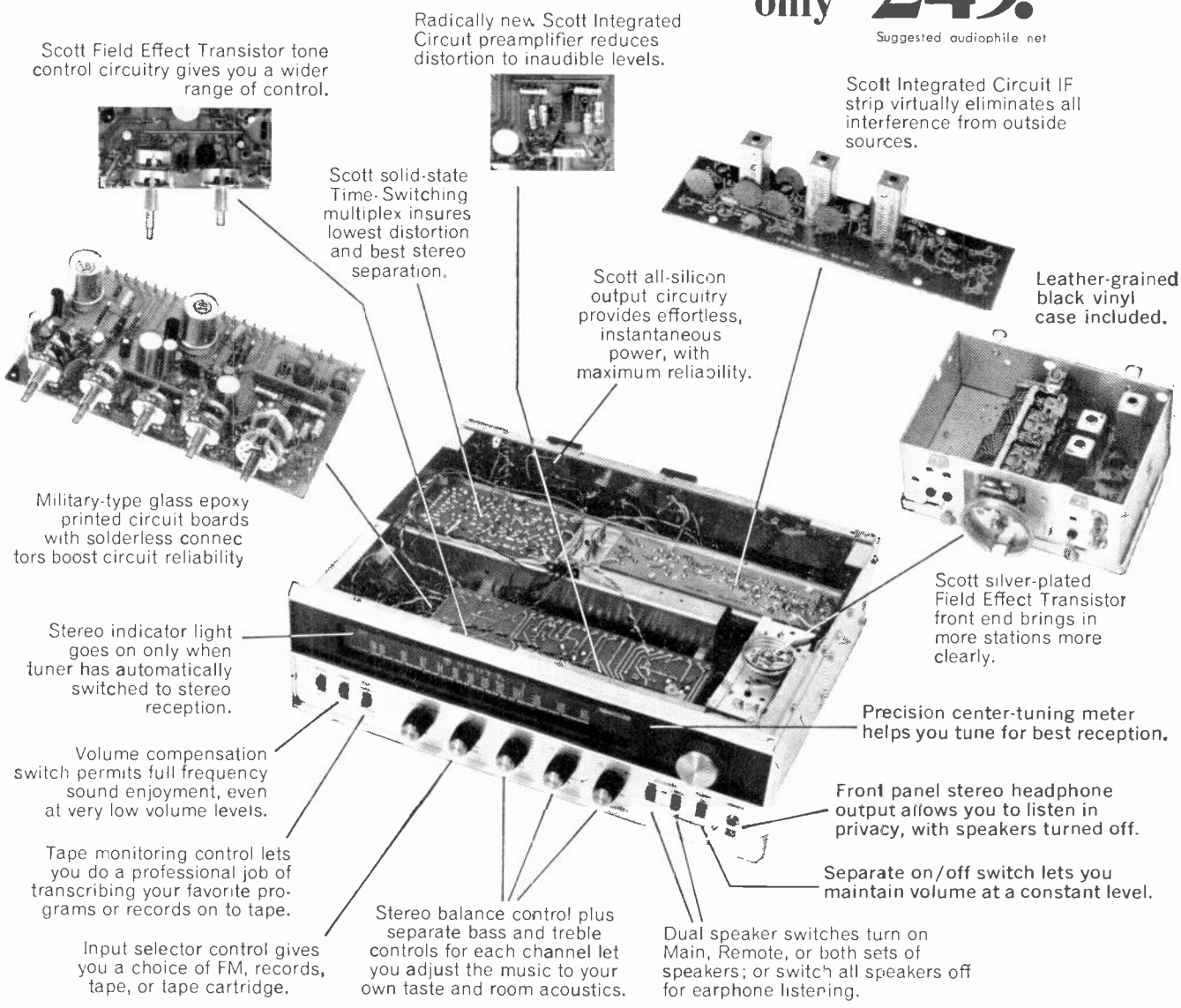

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region, although we could not detect its presence by ear. The output fell smoothly above 1,000 Hz to −7 dB at 6,000 Hz, then rose to the 1,000-Hz reference level between 10,000 and 15,000 Hz.

The low-frequency harmonic-distortion measurements were affected by the speaker and microphone placement. The distortion was 7 per cent at 20 Hz, and reached maximums of 12 per cent at 30 Hz and 10 per cent at 50 Hz. It was considerably lower at other frequencies in the bass range. (As a point of reference, the better acoustic-suspension speakers have about half as much measured distortion at similar drive levels.)

We listened to the Bose 901 in several listening rooms which ranged acoustically from extremely hard and bright to quite dull. It was compared in A-B tests with several of the better speaker systems at our disposal. The Bose 901 had an utterly clean, transparent, and effortless sound. Its clarity and definition when reproducing complex orchestral passages were, in the writer's opinion, unsurpassed by any other speaker he has heard. This impression was confirmed by its tone-burst response, which was uniformly excellent across the frequency spectrum. Its low-bass response was difficult to credit to such a compact system. It had all the room-filling potency of the best acoustic-suspension systems, combined with the tautness and clarity of a full-range electrostatic speaker. The spatial distribution, which brings an entire wall alive with sound, contributes greatly to the sense of realism.

There is, unfortunately, a serious obstacle to the universal acceptance of a speaker such as the Bose 901. The 12-inch gap necessary between the apex of the speaker and the wall places the front of the speaker about 30 inches from the wall. Bookshelf mounting is generally impractical, and it may be difficult to install the 901 in the correct location without disturbing room decor. Many potential users will be forced to decide between style and sound.

Electrically, the Bose 901 is rather inefficient, and the 18 dB of bass boost supplied by the equalizer requires huge reserves of amplifier power if loud low-frequency passages are to be played. To a lesser degree, the same problem exists at the very high frequencies. Bose recommends amplifier power ratings from 20 to 200 watts per channel, into 8 ohms. We have used it successfully with amplifiers at both ends of this range. Unlike most speakers, the 901 sounds as good at a whisper as it does at a roar, but if you are ever tempted to turn up the volume a bit, an amplifier with a continuous power rating of at least 60 watts per channel is strongly recommended. A possible compromise is to use the "below 40 Hz" roll-off in the equalizer, which reduces low-frequency peak-power requirements by 8 dB and has little audible effect. Incidentally, don't worry about overloading the 901. The individual drivers can each handle 30 watts without difficulty, and few of us are likely to be able to apply more than 270 watts to each channel.

In the final analysis, the judgment of a speaker must be subjective and personal in nature. I have, on occasion, warmly praised speakers that I considered to be outstanding performers. Everything I have said in the past is still valid. Nevertheless, at this moment, I must say that I have never heard a speaker system in my own home which could surpass, or even equal, the Bose 901 for overall "realism" of sound. My partner, Gladden Houck, concurs to the extent that he considers it a very fine system, certainly the equal of anything at or near its price. The Bose 901 system, consisting of two speaker units and the equalizer, is priced at $476.

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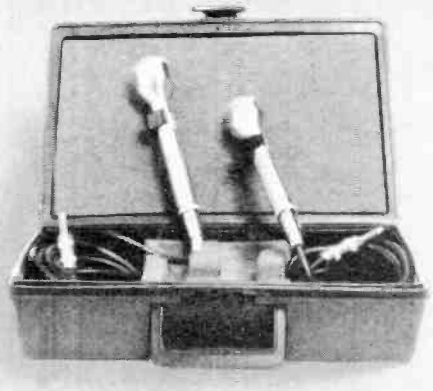

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By JAMES GOODFRIEND

GOING ON RECORD

THE MECHANICS OF RECORD REVIEWING

THIS WILL be a column of a few odd facts and figures and a couple of procedural outlines, the kind of information that is taken very much for granted within the confines of these editorial offices, but which we periodically discover is *not* common knowledge on the outside. We make this discovery when readers send us courteous and intelligent letters asking us to tell them just what in the name of heaven an acetate is; when record company executives telephone us to ask if their new release can be reviewed in the April issue if they get it to us by March 10; when both readers *and* producers chastise us for not reviewing some particular record that, for one reason or another, has struck their individual fancy. This, then, is a column of explanations, with a little bit of a credo thrown in.

We receive, over the course of a year, about four thousand records for review. We send out to our reviewers, and receive back reviews of, about thirteen hundred of these records. The reviews of something over twelve hundred of these are actually printed in HIFI/STEREO REVIEW in a year. In sum, then, we review approximately three of every ten records sent to us. Such a proportion is not ideal, but in today's record market it is certainly realistic.

The responsibility for selecting those three records out of ten is mine as music editor, and since I don't have time to listen attentively to four thousand records each year, I have to use a variety of criteria. It is easier to say what goes out than what stays in: background music ("Music for Blue-Eyed Lovers"), repeats of well-worn commercial ideas ("Persistent Percussion, Vol. 12"), records that are no more than an attempt to "cover" someone else's success ("The Oswego Strings Play Music from *My Fair Lady*"), records of standard repertoire by substandard artists (Beethoven: Symphony No. 5, in C Minor, performed by the Bremen Town Musicians), second records by groups that were given no hope the first time around ("The Squares Try Again"), most kiddie records ("A Child's Garden of Weeds"), and records of exceedingly specialized interest ("Bolivian Drum Music of the Higher Lowlands"). In addition I tend to disregard still-available records reissued with new numbers or new covers, "stereo" issues of long-available mono records, collections culled entirely from previously released recordings, single-record releases of previously issued sets, and similar material-stretching dodges. That knocks down the total by a good amount, and allows me to sample aurally much of what is left.

Selection from that point on is a matter of determining which records are most interesting to most readers, which are most important musically regardless of their potential audience, which are likely to provoke the most informative and entertaining reviews, and which would be nice to review just for the hell of it. Those are four viable, though not equal, categories, and it is through those categories that records are selected —by sight and by sound—for review.

Now, in relationship to a given issue, when does all this take place? HIFI/STEREO REVIEW's lead time for records is three months, which means, for example, that for a record to appear in the September issue it must have arrived in my office no later than June 1. Records are usually sent out to reviewers from here on the first of the month, so that anything that arrives on that precise day may very likely get lost in the shuffle, and anything that comes in a day or two later is likely to be greeted with a snort. Critics are given two weeks and (preferably) three weekends in which to write their reviews. This is considered a long time in some regions of the business, but our objective is to get carefully weighed and balanced reviews that reflect several listenings and considerable thought, and not to try to compete with a daily or weekly publication in retailing the latest fastest.

Naturally, this sort of time delay provokes industry discontent, and many

(Continued on page 44)

companies have tried, in a creative way, to do something about it. And so we have such things as test pressings and acetates.

A *test pressing* is exactly what its name implies. It has been manufactured in exactly the way that the forthcoming commercial pressing will be done, from the same or similar stampers, but it has been done before the label and jacket have been printed, and hence arrives here with a hand-written white label, jacketless, and perhaps with a Xeroxed typescript of the liner notes in tow. It is usually in every way representative of the commercial pressing to follow, but its trappings are incomplete, and hence it is available for review some time before the finished product.

An *acetate* is representative of an earlier step in the record-making process. It is a *cut* disc rather than a *pressed* one, cut in exactly the same manner as the master disc (which, presumably, has not yet been made) will be done. It therefore is reasonably representative of the master tape and of the cutting techniques to be used, although there may very well be qualitative differences between it and the final pressing. An acetate, of course, is available for review even more in advance of the record release date than a test pressing.

At HiFi/Stereo Review we occasionally review from acetates or test pressings in addition to standard commercial pressings. This practice may have led some readers to believe that we get specially selected records which are not typical of the quality available to the consumers. This is incorrect. The final products we receive have been randomly selected by the companies from their commercial stock, and we make it a practice to check final pressings (which are usually available shortly before we go to press) whenever the review has been written on the basis of an acetate or test pressing. When this proves impossible, a cautionary note is given in the review to the effect that the finished product has not been examined.

This, of course, is a compromise, but it is, for the reader, the most practical and useful compromise that can be made. What we will *not* do, under any circumstances, is to write a review based solely on a hearing of the master tape (or a copy of it), or based on attendance at the recording session, or based on a European pressing (which can and usually does have different characteristics) of a record to be issued here, substituting the American label and number in the published listing. Techniques such as these might permit us to be first in the marketplace with the news, but they are a distortion of the very meaning of responsible record reviewing, for they speak to the consumer of a product he will never be able to buy for himself.

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FRANCESCO PIRANESI: "FONTANA DI TREVI"/BETTMANN ARCHIVE

Respighi's *The Fountains of Rome* *and* *The Pines of Rome*

THOUGH he was born in Bologna, Ottorino Respighi was a Roman by adoption, with a passionate devotion to the sights and sounds and history of the Eternal City. In 1917, Respighi produced *The Fountains of Rome*, the first of what was to become a trilogy of symphonic poems celebrating the city's scenic splendors and cultural traditions. It was followed in 1924 by *The Pines of Rome* and in 1929 by *Roman Festivals*. Each has four movements depicting specific locales or events in and around Rome. Both *Fountains* and *Festivals* received their premiere performances under the direction of Arturo Toscanini, the former in Rome, the latter in New York. And Toscanini conducted the American premiere of *Pines* with the New York Philharmonic in January 1926, just a day before Respighi himself conducted the score in Philadelphia as guest conductor of that city's orchestra.

All three works are lavish splashes of virtuoso orchestral color. As such, they have been criticized as being vulgar, meretricious, and full of empty bombast. There is no denying the flamboyance and superficiality of much of the music in these scores. By the same token, one cannot easily dismiss the visceral impact that Respighi's canny musical calculations make on most listeners. *Fountains* and *Pines* especially have won secure places for themselves in the concert repertoire, a standing that is buttressed by their peculiarly phonogenic qualities.

Respighi himself wrote vivid descriptions of the musical imagery contained in both works. *The Fountains of Rome* score contains this printed preface:

In this symphonic poem the composer has endeavored to give expression to the sentiments and visions suggested to him by four of Rome's fountains, contemplated at the hour in which their character is most in harmony with the surrounding landscape, or in which their beauty appears most impressive to the observer.

The first part of the poem, inspired by the Fountain of Valle Giulia, depicts a pastoral landscape: droves of cattle pass and disappear in the fresh, damp mists of a Roman dawn.

A sudden loud and insistent blast of horns above the trills of the whole orchestra introduces the second part, the Triton Fountain. It is like a joyous call, summoning troops of naiads and tritons, who come running up, pursuing each other and mingling in a frenzied dance between the jets of water.

Next there appears a solemn theme, borne on the undulations of the orchestra. It is the Fountain of Trevi at midday. The solemn theme, passing from the wood to the brass instruments, assumes a triumphal character. Trumpets peal; across the radiant surface of the water there passes Neptune's chariot, drawn by sea-horses and followed by a train of sirens and tritons. The procession then vanishes, while faint trumpet blasts resound in the distance.

The fourth part, the Villa Medici Fountain, is an-

The pioneer recorded coupling of Respighi's Pines of Rome *and* Fountains of Rome *was powerfully led by Arturo Toscanini, and is still available as a mono-only budget disc in RCA's Victrola series. London's Phase 4 stereo sound enhances Charles Munch's superb performance: Columbia's sound serves Eugene Ormandy's exciting reading equally well.*

nounced by a sad theme, which rises above a subdued warbling. It is the nostalgic hour of sunset. The air is full of the sound of tolling bells, birds twittering, leaves rustling. Then all dies peacefully into the silence of the night.

The score for *The Pines of Rome* contains this description of the four movements:

I. The Pines of the Villa Borghese (*Allegretto vivace*, 2/8). Children are at play in the pine-grove of the Villa Borghese, dancing the Italian equivalent of 'Ring Around A-Rosy'; mimicking marching soldiers and battles; twittering and shrieking like swallows at evening; and they disappear. Suddenly the scene changes to . . .

II. The Pines near a Catacomb (*Lento*, 4/4; beginning with muted and divided strings, muted horns, *p*). We see the shadows of the pines which overhang the entrance to a catacomb. From the depths rises a chant which re-echoes solemnly, sonorously, like a hymn, and is then mysteriously silenced.

III. The Pines of the Janiculum (*Lento*, 4/4; piano cadenza; clarinet solo). There is a thrill in the air. The full moon reveals the profile of the pines of Gianicolo's Hill. A nightingale sings (represented by a gramophone record of a nightingale's song heard from the orchestra).

IV. The Pines of the Appian Way (*Tempo di marcia*). Misty dawn on the Appian Way. The tragic country is guarded by solitary pines. Indistinctly, incessantly, the rhythm of innumerable steps. To the poet's fantasy appears a vision of past glories; trumpets blare, and the army of the consul advances brilliantly in the grandeur of a newly risen sun toward the sacred way, mounting in triumph the Capitoline Hill.

When *The Pines of Rome* was new, a considerable stir was created by Respighi's use of a phonograph record (specified in the score as "No. R. 6105 of the 'Concert Record Gramophone' ") to depict the singing of the nightingale in the third section. With the passage of time, however, this pioneering combination of live and electronic sounds has lost all of its shock value, and Respighi's pragmatic solution seems no more unmusical than Beethoven's purely instrumental solution of a similar problem in the second movement of the "Pastoral" Symphony.

The back-to-back coupling of *Pines* and *Fountains* has been a favorite of record companies ever since RCA pioneered the idea in the early 1950's with spectacular Toscanini-NBC Symphony performances. The Toscanini readings have been available in one form or another for fifteen years now, first as a mono-only disc with extraordinarily good sound (RCA LM 1768), then as an inadequate early electronic-stereo reprocessing job (RCA LME 2409), and currently as one of the prime entries in RCA's low-priced Victrola line (VIC 1244, again mono only). Toscanini's proprietary claim on these scores is stunningly revealed in performances of unique power and passion. But Respighi's rich and extravagant orchestral palette benefits enormously from the full panoply of contemporary recording technology, and there will be many listeners for whom anything less than a veritable orgy of sound will be an incomplete realization of Respighi's music. Three of the several other available couplings of the two scores should satisfy even the most avid stereophile: Ernest Ansermet's (London CS 6345, CM 9345; tape L 80129), Charles Munch's (London Phase 4 SPC 21024; tape L 75024), and Eugene Ormandy's (Columbia MS 6587, ML 5987; tape MQ 525) —the last a prodigious feat of mastering that manages to combine *Roman Festivals*, *Fountains*, and *Pines* on a single disc. Cooler than any of these three, in both performance and recording, is the coupling by Fritz Reiner and the Chicago Symphony Orchestra (RCA LSC/LM 2436; tape FTC 2012).

The Ansermet and Ormandy performances are vibrant and exciting—surprisingly so in the case of Ansermet, who might have been expected to play down the brasher elements. And both are given exceedingly good sonic reproduction. It is the Munch disc, however, that wins my unqualified recommendation. London's Phase 4 stereo sound is really quite special: cleanly defined, with wide but not unnatural spatial separation and an enormous feeling of solidity and depth. Munch delivers readings of complete authority and commitment, and the orchestra plays superbly for him.

The Toscanini disc should be in every collection because of its historical as well as musical values, but the Munch disc deserves a place right alongside it. And the reel of the Munch readings is one of the most impressive examples of tape technology I know of.

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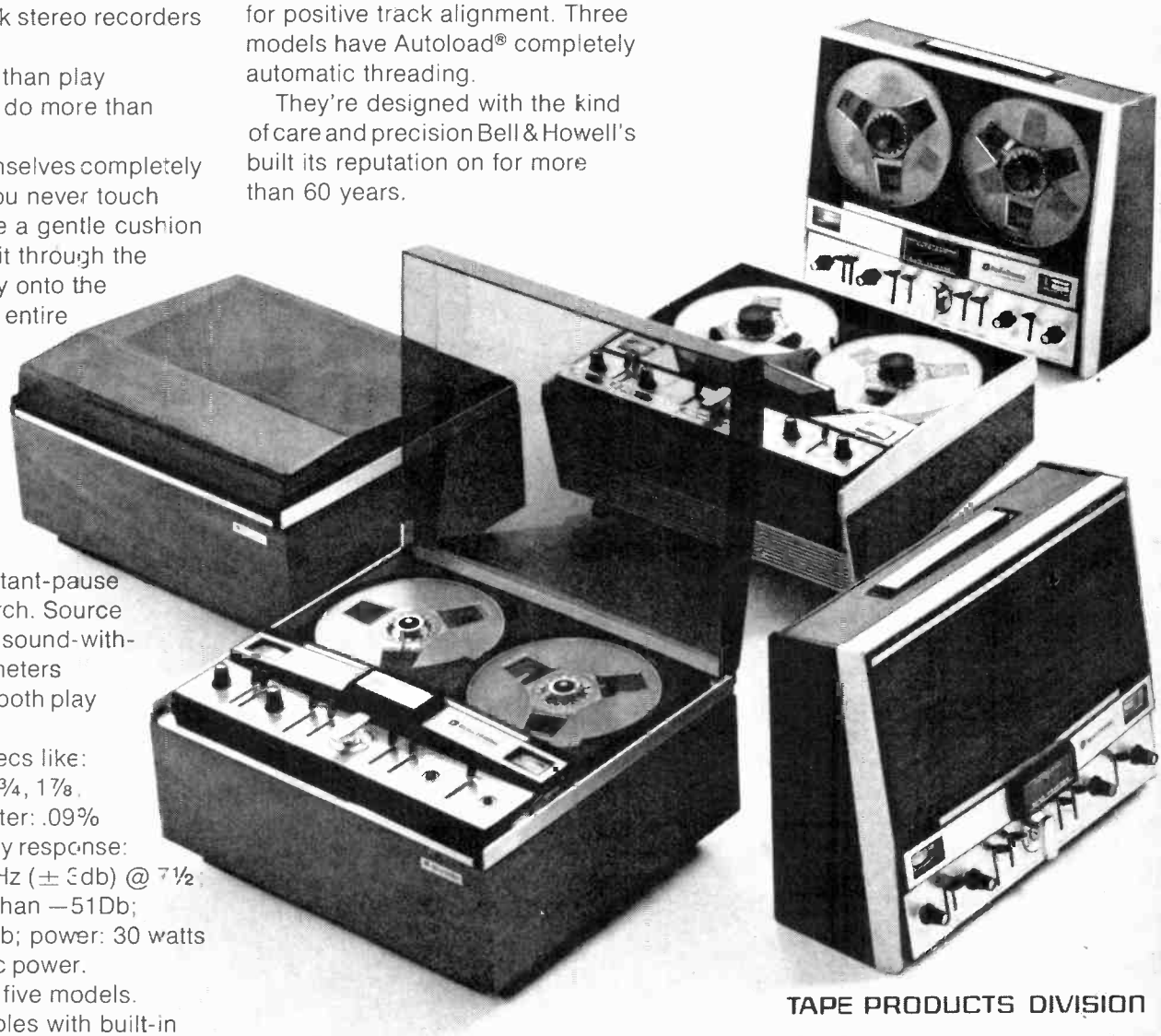

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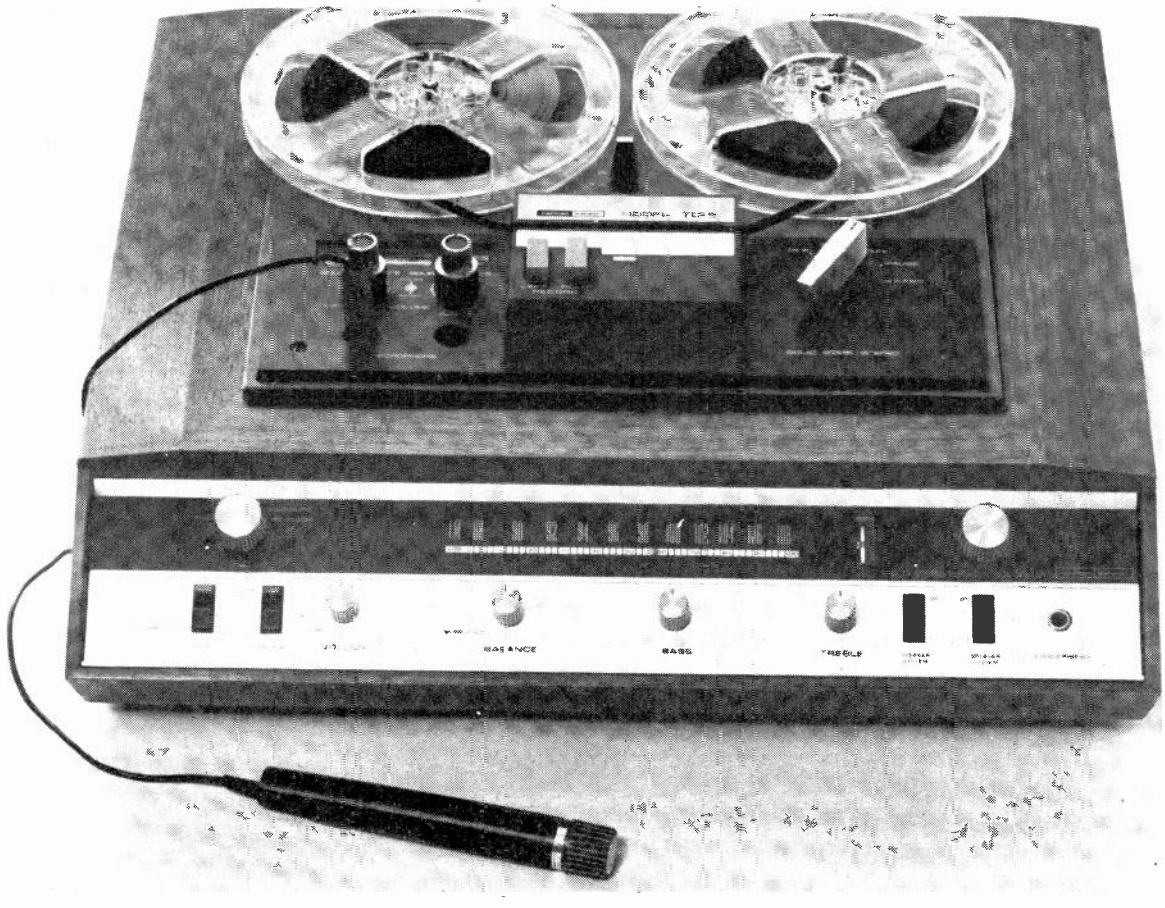

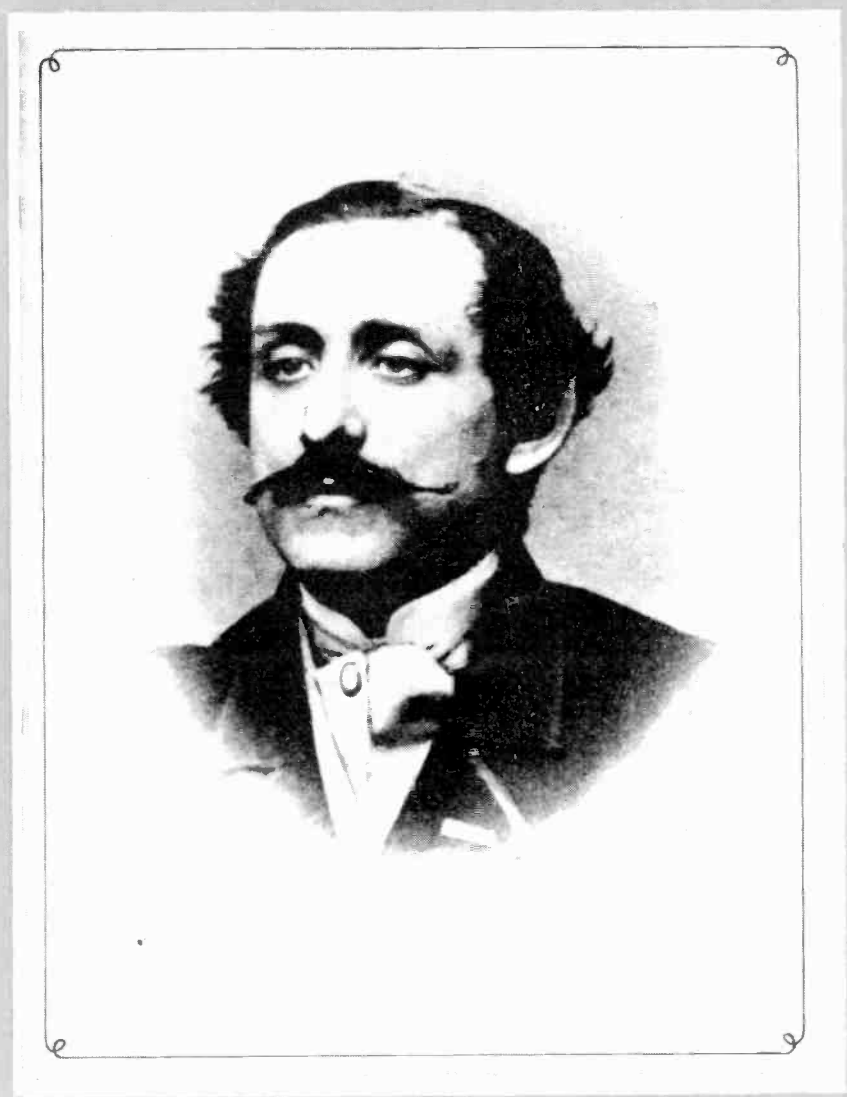

HiFi/Stereo Review presents the thirteenth article in the series
THE GREAT AMERICAN COMPOSERS

LOUIS MOREAU GOTTSCHALK

By ROBERT OFFERGELD

"Music is a thing eminently sensuous. Certain combinations move us, not because they are ingenious, but because they move our nervous systems in a certain way. I have a horror of musical Puritans. They are arid natures, deprived of sensibility, generally hypocrites, incapable of understanding two phrases in music. They never judge until they are assured that it is proper, like those tasters who do not esteem a wine until they have seen the seal, and who can be made to drink execrable wine imperturbably, which they will pronounce excellent if it is served to them in a bottle powdered with age."

—Gottschalk, *Notes of a Pianist*

"With an insensibility to tropical influences, there can be but little sympathy or appreciation of the works of Mr. Gottschalk: for all that is born of the tropics partakes of its beauties and its defects, its passionate languor, its useless profusion, and its poetic tenderness. And where else in the United States can we look for a spontaneous gush of melody? Plymouth Rock and its surroundings have not hitherto seemed favorable to the growth and manifestations of musical genius; for the old Puritan element, in its savage intent to annihilate the aesthetic part of man's nature, under the deadening dominion of its own blue-laws, and to crush out whatever of noble inspiration had been vouchsafed to man by his Creator, rarely sought relief in outbursts of song. Psalmody seems to have been the chief source of musical indulgence: and for many a long, weary year hymns of praise, nasal in tone and dismal in tendency have ascended from our prim forefathers to the Throne of Grace on high. Such depressing musical antecedents have not prepared New England for greater efforts of melody than are to be found in the simple ballads supposed to originate with the plantation negro, who, in addition to his other burdens, is thus chosen to assume the onerous one of Northern song, as being the only creature frivolous enough to indulge in vain carolling."

—Editorial in *The World*, New York, Jan. 23, 1865

LOUIS MOREAU GOTTSCHALK

(1829-1869)

LIKE ANYTHING else that depends on professional interpretation for its existence, music can get waylaid in time. Perhaps inevitably, the music of Louis Moreau Gottschalk has been so sequestered for almost a century.

Odd as it sounds, Gottschalk was a cultural contemporary both of Andrew Jackson, with whom he had a childhood encounter in New Orleans, and of Hector Berlioz, who was his friend and champion in the Paris of Baudelaire—the point being that Gottschalk was the only composer the nineteenth century managed to invent who was at once a grass-roots American and a ground-floor Romantic. More *sui generis* than that you cannot get, and Gottschalk's penalty was to enter the special limbo that awaits those for whom we cannot readily find comparisons. Thanks to his moment on the timetable of Romanticism, it was his fatality to remain uncompanioned not only as an American in Europe but as an American in America.

Strictly speaking, history since has not operated on Gottschalk at all. But being ahistoric is not the same thing as being obsolete. Gottschalk's music is not the collection of frilly museum pieces that the newsmagazines (where did *they* hear it?) have recently supposed it to be. At its best it possesses expansive vitalities of sentiment—and of sensuousness—ably expressed. These virtues are not to be despised because fashion from time to time finds them intellectually disreputable. In Gottschalk's voice, moreover, we still detect the early-morning freshness that so gustily aired the arts of the young Republic. And even in his least sturdy pieces we hear an explicit *personal* joy in the fashioning of music, a composing trait that virtually disappeared with America's colonial status in the International Masterpiece Industry of the Late Romantic era.

The circumstances of Gottschalk's life are if anything stranger than the silence that befell his music. Merely the where, when, and who of his nonstop intercontinental odyssey are so formidable that a chronological synopsis seems the best approach to his story. The eight biographical periods noted below are not arbitrary. Gottschalk's public life was just about as violently discontinuous as its geographical schedule looks. The related stylistic changes in his music are not proposed as a musicological summation but as a rudimentary topographical map for use in territory largely uncharted.

I (1829-1842): *Childhood in New Orleans.* Gottschalk was the first child of a large, doting, and relatively well-to-do family. His mother, born Aimée de Bruslé, was a celebrated Creole beauty of aristocratic French antecedents. She was by temperament emotional, demonstratively affectionate, and thoroughly impractical. She was also so youthful in appearance that she passed, even in her own family (which unwarrantably supposed her to have been a child bride), as being five years younger than she actually was. Aimée Gottschalk idolized her oldest son unconscionably, and some of the darker strains of his nature may have been derived from her—his inflammable eroticism, possibly; probably his premature anxieties about aging; and perhaps his strange fatalism at the prospect of his death in South America, about which his mother had a premonitory dream.

Gottschalk's father, Edward, was an ambitious but incautiously speculative businessman of London origin and Jewish descent. He was highly literate: on his deathbed, he blessed his by then famous son in seven languages. Edward Gottschalk was also, according to family report, "what is called strict"—an evident euphemism for an exacting and inflexible disposition. By way of making a little man of his precocious first son, he taught Gottschalk to say, at the age of three, "When Moreau shall have brothers and sisters, papa counts upon his working for them, and he must think beforehand that they will have a father in Moreau." This must be one of the earliest cases on record of what psychiatrists call the internalization of the father as super-ego. Beneath his exemplary dutiful-

ness, however, Gottschalk's secret emotional nature was as unbridled as his mother's, and in consequence he spent much of his life in flight from the reproaches of an exacting father-image.

As it happened, Gottschalk's infant training in his family duties came in handy. When he was eighteen, his mother separated from his father and followed her son to Paris, taking along six brothers and sisters to whom Gottschalk thereafter stood *in loco parentis*. It is perhaps not too surprising that although he was to have uncounted affairs, he never found it in him to marry.

From infancy, Gottschalk demonstrated musical gifts of a high order, including a phenomenal memory. At three he reproduced on the piano, unaided, some airs from Meyerbeer's *Robert le Diable* that were sung by his mother —this being followed by the tune of the *President's March*, better known in its vocal form as *Hail, Columbia.* In the course of his childhood, he assimilated the complete scores of the Meyerbeer opera and Bellini's *Norma*, and is said never to have forgotten a note of either. These composers remained the particular object of Gottschalk's adult veneration (he once remarked that the beauties of the Meyerbeer work colored his entire childhood), and in his later and larger works, even *Hail, Columbia* was to turn up grandly in versions for both piano and orchestra.

At seven, pinch-hitting on a moment's notice for the regular organist (who was also his piano teacher), Gottschalk played Sunday Mass in the Cathedral of Saint-Louis, winning his first newspaper notices as a prodigy. Shortly before his twelfth birthday, at his "farewell" concert in New Orleans, he played Henri Herz's Variations on Themes from Meyerbeer's *Il Crociato.* After which, because of his mother's desperate refusal to part with him, he failed to leave town for more than a year.

But at thirteen, and despite the prostration of his mother, his father succeeded in dispatching him to Paris for training as a piano virtuoso. Gottschalk, who was undersized and delicate, sailed for Le Havre in the care of a ship captain known to his father.

II (1842-1849): *Youth in Paris.* Gottschalk lived *en pension* in a city in which his mother's connections opened important doors for him. His general education, which included Greek, Latin, Italian, horsemanship, and fencing, was entrusted to fashionable tutors, one of whom he shared with the sons of Louis Philippe and other Bourbon young.

Upon his arrival in Paris, Gottschalk had been rejected without a hearing by Zimmerman, the Director of the Paris Conservatoire, on the grounds that anyone from America was necessarily a barbarian. Gottschalk consequently studied piano privately, first with Carl (later Sir Charles) Hallé, next with Camille Stamaty, a disciple of Kalkbrenner. In composition, which Gottschalk studied with Pierre Maledan, one of his junior fellow-pupils was Camille Saint-Saëns. Another, studying piano with Stamaty, was Georges Bizet. Gottschalk's lifelong altruistic trait was already marked. He was evidently a soft touch, generous with his pocket money, and his young friends called him "the millionaire."

At eighteen, Gottschalk was in full exercise of his most lasting social habit, which was simply that of knowing everybody. Through the entrée of a distant relative, the Marquise de la Grange, his patrons and partisans included the Duchesse de Narbonne, the Dukes Salvandi and d'Ecarre, the Rothschilds, the wealthy art patron Edouard Rodrigues, the Marquise de Salcedo, the Comtesse de Flavigny, "Mademoiselle" de Montijo (as Gottschalk speaks, in later days, of the future Empress Eugénie), the so-called Princesse de Salm, Monsieur Orfila, physician to the King, Monsieur de Girardin, press-lord of Paris, and the great English eccentric Lord Tudor. And, in the midnight world of *soupers d'artiste*—not the dolorous world of Murger's *La Vie de Bohème* but the glittering one of

Gottschalk's heroes and friends ran the gamut of musical style, having in common only that all were more or less French. Left to right: Hector Berlioz (1803-1869), Giacomo Meyerbeer (1791-1864), Jacques Offenbach (1819-1880), and Camille Saint-Saëns (1835-1921).


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Offenbach's *La Vie Parisienne*—there were many more.

These were the people, and theirs the milieu, that completed Gottschalk's education. Not all of them turn up in his journal, and as one senses, in his casual or elliptical allusions to those who do, the ingrained worldliness that sets Gottschalk apart from every other American of his era, it dawns that his boyhood really ended very early.

As he fulfilled, under the loftier of these auspices, his obligatory salon appearances, benefits, and *non payant* concerts, Gottschalk was officially "discovered," and with genuine admiration, by Chopin and Berlioz. Chopin liked the way he played Chopin (the E Minor Concerto) and publicly said so in 1845, when Gottschalk was not yet sixteen. Later Chopin also expressed his pleasure with Gottschalk's early compositions (particularly *Ossian: Deux Ballades*, published in 1848). In *Mes souvenirs*, Léon Escudier, the editor and music publisher, speaks of Chopin's regard for Gottschalk, and Antoine Marmontel, of the Conservatoire, reports it as coming from Chopin that he recognized in the American a sensitivity akin to his own.

Berlioz became Gottschalk's active champion and his lasting friend, guiding his early steps as a composer, advising him on his career, and writing him confidential letters about his own troubles for many years after Gottschalk had returned to America. Beginning in 1846, Berlioz presented Gottschalk often as soloist with his various orchestras, and after Gottschalk made his debut, Berlioz brought him under close scrutiny in *Le Journal des debats*, both as composer and pianist. Gottschalk possessed, says Berlioz, "all the different elements of the sovereign power of the pianist, all the attributes that surround him with an irresistible prestige."

In 1849, making his formal Paris debut at the age of twenty, Gottschalk played, as his most important group, those "Creole" compositions of his own that were already the rage of the salons he frequented. The critics compared his pianistic style to Chopin's, praised his dazzling technique, and defined the poetic originality of his temperament and his compositions. He was judged, by consensus, to be the authentic voice of the New World in music, and it was thus France that first perceived and insisted on the importance of his Americanism.

The literary community bestowed its imprimatur by way of Théophile Gautier and Victor Hugo. Gautier said that Gottschalk had "pitched his own tent alongside the masters"—meaning Liszt, Thalberg, and Prudent. Hugo called Gottschalk "a young bard come from America . . . a poet, a man of gay imagination, an eloquent orator who can move his audiences." These images were not just graceful compliments. All of them had pointed reference to Gottschalk and were much paraphrased by other critics. The "bardic" note covered Gottschalk's musical allusions to the Ossianic poems. His "gaiety," he was later to discover, unhappily, was exactly what humorless New Englanders detested in music. And his hypnotic eloquence in performance was posthumously summed up by a South American friend who said that his playing had "the effect of oratory in times of public commotion."

Thus begun, the critical chain reaction leaped frontiers, and even today it is possible to feel the contagion of real excitement in the reams of journalistic copy that accompanied Gottschalk across Europe. Within three years of his Paris debut, he was known from Madrid to Moscow as the first American musician of stature, an important composer whose originality had expanded the expressive resources of concert music.

The most important of the compositions that lit this unexpected blaze—*Bamboula*, *Le Bananier*, *La Savane*, *Le Mancenillier*—are virtuoso piano pieces developed from Gottschalk's juvenile recollections, New Orleans songs and dances in the Afro-American vernacular, and unquestionably the first so devised. Their rhythmic vitality, their jazzlike phrase-forms, and their exotic coloration predictably and universally galvanized European audiences—a phenomenon not unnoticed by other virtuosos, by the composing fraternity, and by music publishers from Germany to Spain. *Le Bananier*, in particular, was for several years played, published, and pirated without mercy. All the important pianists played it—Jaëll, Goria, Ravina, Prudent, Madame Pleyel—and somebody named Leon Reynier transcribed it for violin. Gottschalk's not-yet-famous friend Jacques Offenbach actually played it on the cello.

Possibly Gottschalk's greatest personal satisfaction in 1849 was not his Paris debut. In that year he sat by invitation on the honors jury of the Paris Conservatoire. On the same jury was Zimmerman, who had barred him from the Conservatoire just seven years earlier, and the trial composition for the contestants was Gottschalk's *Bamboula*, a tremendously kinetic piece based on the dances of the New Orleans Negroes in the Place Congo.

III (1850-1851): *Tours of Switzerland and the French Provinces.* In reading Gottschalk's press reviews for this period, one has an odd impression of blurred Alpine echo effects: the public interest in him is so great that his Paris concerts are reported as news in the provinces and his provincial activities are retailed in Paris. His concert schedule, his income, and his lionization are all increasing. At the beginning of 1851, the editor of *La France musicale* reports a Gottschalk "Return to Paris": "He has played more than fifty times in concert, and every time he has been, so to say, carried off in triumph."

In addition to his public concerts, Gottschalk played in the important provincial salons, and on occasion these private appearances too are reported. We have a glimpse of him at a *soirée* in Bordeaux, the lion of somebody's "Wednesday": "As to Gottschalk, everybody knows the immense effect he always produces. At half past two in

the morning he was still at the piano. Applauded, surrounded, fêted, they gave him no rest. . . ."

In the salons, Gottschalk at times played, along with "some dreamy legend of his distant country," certain fugues of Bach and Beethoven sonatas, including the *Appassionata*. The composer-violinist Julius Eichberg (later to be heard from as a distinguished musical figure in Boston) heard him play in the "profound" style of Beethoven and the "metaphysical" style of Bach, and in *La Nouvelliste Vaudois* of Geneva, Eichberg contended that Gottschalk, like Liszt and Thalberg, was one of the chosen, and had no need to take up a specialty. "*En résumé*," he concludes, "marvellous composer and pianist, the meteor of last winter's season in Paris, fondled and fêted everywhere."

Both of Eichberg's verbs, as it happened, were accurate. First, as to "feted" . . . . In Geneva, Gottschalk made his first royal conquest, the Grand Duchess Anna of Russia. The Grand Duchess was in a sense the senior royalty (non-regnant) of Europe. In addition to being the aunt of Queen Victoria, she was the wife (long estranged) of the Tsarevich Constantine (son of the mad Tsar Paul), to whom her marriage had been arranged by Catherine the Great. The Grand Duchess, now elderly, and her chamberlain and presumed lover, Baron de Vauthier, also elderly, were much affected by Gottschalk's public performance of the *Konzertstück* by Carl Maria von Weber. Who happened, of course, to have been an old friend of the Baron's. . . . (The reader deserves to be put on notice, at this point, that in Gottschalk's vicinity, coincidence overworks itself to the point of preposterousness.)

Life now became for Gottschalk a sort of euphoric garden party *chez* Her Imperial Highness, where he played the piano and described life in the United States for the Queen of Sardinia, for the "Vice-Queen of Poland," as an early account gives it, for the Prince of Prussia, and even for—according to the same account—"the Hospodars of Wallachia." The average pianist could dine out for years on having played for just *one* Wallachian Hospodar, but in Gottschalk's life two or more of them seem scarcely noticeable.

While clarifying the Grand Duchess' notions about American politics (she was under the impression that Barnum was one of our great statesmen), Gottschalk composed some music for her. The piece was *Jérusalem, Grande Fantaisie Triomphale*, a paraphrase on Verdi's *I Lombardi* under its Paris title. It is a big, showy, and not very good piece, but it has great interest as Gottschalk's first essay at royal *Gebrauchsmusik*. He would shortly much improve his mastery of this idiom, and in the United States he would even adapt it successfully to democratic circumstances. His mistake in Geneva was to use Verdi's melodies instead of tunes broadly relevant to his patron and familiar to everyone else, such as national airs.

Gottschalk atoned for *Jérusalem* very gracefully. His already published Opus 1 was a privately printed *Polka de salon*, allegedly composed in 1846 but more likely a year or two earlier. It is obvious juvenilia, much overwritten, but Gottschalk now took it in hand as a *bijou* for the Duchess and showed just how accomplished an editor he had become. Emended and dedicated to his patron as *Danse Ossianique* (Opus 12), with half the notes removed and a new tune added, it is fresh, delicate, and in fact could scarcely be prettier.

The Duchess meanwhile was returning his compliments with real jewels, including a brooch of diamonds

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There were many women in globe-trotting Gottschalk's life, and the two here juxtaposed give some idea of his range. Far left is Isabella II of Spain, at whose court in Madrid he was a five-month guest and from whom he received the Cross of Isabella the Catholic. Near left is Ada Clare (née Jane McElhinney), actress, journalist, and novelist, who presented him with a natural son.

and pearls that sounds like a dynastic Victorian museum piece. This trophy was the foundation of Gottschalk's extensive collection of honorific jewels, which eventually included royal orders, head-sized vermeil laurel wreaths set with amethysts, and gold medals struck in his honor by grateful communities and various public associations. Later he would always wear his royal orders at his public appearances, presumably impressing even the bemused gold-miners for whom he played operatic transcriptions on the California frontier.

As to Eichberg's other verb, "fondled". . . . It was in Calvinist Geneva, of all places, that Gottschalk's public amatory legend began and his first "disappearance" was recorded. At the conclusion of a public concert, he was summarily abducted, before witnesses, by an Amazonian young woman. Gottschalk was personable but rather slight, and his captress simply picked him up bodily, deposited him in her carriage, and drove off. He was gone for five weeks, during which hiatus Geneva was agog and Paris immensely tickled. "Jenny Lind has been surpassed," wrote the Paris critic Oscar Commetant in *Le Siècle*. "At least she was never carried off bodily."

On the face of it, the story couldn't be sillier, but the abductive act and the disappearance were real enough. The perfect calm maintained during the episode by Gottschalk's friends, royal and other, indicates that it was all *entendu*. Everybody must have had a lot of fun, not excluding Gottschalk.

He reappeared for the occasion of his farewell concert in Switzerland. This was a big benefit in Yverdon for the Grandson hospital, which realized the entire proceeds of the concert and named one of its wings in Gottschalk's honor.

IV (1851-1852): *The Spanish Apotheosis.* At the age of twenty-two, Gottschalk entered on the rather stupefying grand finale of his European period. Under the patronage of Queen Isabella II, officially declared and nationally promulgated, Gottschalk became the musical idol of Spain. Between his concerts in the provinces, he was for some eighteen months an on-and-off guest of the Court in Madrid. When out of Madrid, he was a kind of guest-on-loan to decentralized members of the royal family and the provincial governors.

His concerts, and particularly the Spanish music he wrote for them, caused frenzied popular demonstrations. Beginning in the theaters, these grew into public affairs involving civic processions, formal military reviews, and nocturnal serenades in brass under the composer's balcony. His new music won him, from Isabella II (and despite her intense dislike of the United States), his first knighthood—or rather, his first two knighthoods, those of the orders of Isabella the Catholic and, some years later, of Charles III. It also won him the sword of Francisco Montes, Spain's then greatest bullfighter, ceremoniously

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Gottschalk was assisted, at his first public appearance in Havana in 1857, by Adelina Patti; they subsequently toured in Cuba.

presented by José Redondo y Domínguez, a celebrated bullring protégé of Montes. And "with her own hands," the pretty Infanta Josefa, the younger sister of the King, baked him a cake.

Gottschalk had already created a more than parochial stir in Paris and Switzerland. But there is something about the sound of compacted national applause heard across a distant frontier that changes the world's notions of a man and the man's notions of himself. With his Spanish success, Gottschalk's musical image, and his personal gait, became truly international.

Among his new Spanish pieces, which may be seen as the principal power source for these extravagant developments, are some of Gottschalk's most convincing ones. They are based on national airs and on traditional dances of the provinces—or, in some cases, on Gottschalk's original and extremely effective tunes in the same idioms. The most popular of them in Spain, and Gottschalk's biggest effort to date, was a battle-piece, *El Sitio de Zaragoza* (*The Siege of Saragossa*), programed as a "grand symphony for ten pianos." This score, which numbered three hundred pages, has not survived except in a fragment reworked as a brilliant piano solo, *La Jota Aragonesa*, based on the same dance that Glinka used for his orchestral overture. In its original form, *El Sitio* was apparently a blockbuster for which the word extraordinary seems scarcely fair. In addition to assorted battle effects, including bugle calls and cannonades, it contained *La Marcha real* (the national hymn), the Aragonese *Jota*, and other familiar vernacular tunes.

The history of *El Sitio* does not end in Spain. After

Gottschalk's return to the United States in 1852, and the substitution of American tunes for Spanish ones, the piece —it is admittedly hard to imagine just how—became *Bunker's Hill, Grand National Symphony for Ten Pianos.* Still later, with the incorporation of Stephen Foster's *Old Folks at Home* and *Oh! Susanna*, it became a piano solo programed variously as *National Glory* and *American Reminiscences.* The last development represents Gottschalk's first use of Foster melodies, which thereafter he handles exactly as if they were a common fund of folk tunes.

The most impressive of the Spanish pieces, which incorporate such novelties as castanet effects and guitar figurations carried off with real brilliancy, are *Souvenirs d'Andalousie* (containing the *Cana*, *Fandango*, and *Jaleo de Jerez*), and *Manchega*, a concert etude. When compared to Gottschalk's earlier Afro-American pieces, they reveal a greater simplicity of treatment and a considerable gain in elegance. The tune of the *Fandango* is famous today as Ernesto Lecuona's *Malagueña.* The *Manchega* seems to be original Gottschalk, but with references to a dance from the province of La Mancha. It contains an extremely subtle and tricky cross-rhythm, and is, in fact, in every way a handsome piece. Its composition date is usually given as 1856 (which is when Gottschalk first played it in New York), so that it may reflect a Spanish mood fired by Gottschalk's visits to Cuba.

An early (1863) first-witness source provides an interesting footnote on Gottschalk in Spain. It reminds us that, thanks to his skill in improvising, he did a great deal of his composing in public. Speaking of *Souvenirs d'Andalousie*, the 1863 source says: "Its frame and its principal variations were extemporized by Gottschalk at the concert given to celebrate the saint's day of the Infanta of Spain, Doña Luisa, in Sevilla, by His Royal Highness the Prince of Montpensier."

V (1853-1859). *Initial Tours of the United States and the West Indies.* Gottschalk's first concert in New York was not the tumultuous affair he had learned to expect in Europe, and in fact it lost him money. But with his second appearance, a ground swell of enthusiasm began to be felt, and after his truly electrifying appearances in Philadelphia—which flatly called him King of Pianists—the American critics found the right words to use and Gottschalk found the right pieces to play.

He began by playing his Afro-American pieces from the Paris period (II) and some from the Spanish one (IV). He discovered that although the American public was curious to hear pieces so famous, and in fact received them warmly enough, the critics by and large did not perceive their originality and were not at all concerned about their Americanism. What the critics liked, it turned out, was *Jérusalem*, Gottschalk's splurgy *Grand Fantasie* for the Grand Duchess Anna, and *Carnaval de Venise*, a two-year-old and equally splurgy affair, sub-titled *Grand Caprice and Variations*, that he must have written simply because everybody else, in the 1850's, had a piece of that title on tap.

Since the Northern states lacked the treasury of traditional vernacular music that he was accustomed to raid, Gottschalk instinctively fell back on his considerable skill with national airs. He trotted out *El Sitio de Zaragoza*, refurbished it with *Yankee Doodle*, *Hail, Columbia*, and *The Star-Spangled Banner*, and found himself in business. He had struck a very rich vein, not only for his box-office receipts but, as it turned out later, for his imagination. Although much derided by a later age for

Below, left, is a studio portrait of Gottschalk taken at the time of his first American tour. Center, the "King of Pianists" (at lower right in picture) surrounded by admirers during one of his many visits to the fashionable spa at Saratoga, New York. Right, the brothers Gottschalk—Gaston, who was to become a well-known singer; Edward, who died of tuberculosis in 1863; and Louis Moreau.

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his persistence in this direction, his instinct was correct, for he had a special faculty for seizing and exploiting the broadly representative character of these tunes as folk images. Although his early examples were somewhat Parson Weems-ish, he was later to treat these hackneyed materials with eloquence, humor, and at times a moving dignity.

It was also at this time that Gottschalk invented, or perhaps a better word is confected, what might be called his *style pianola*. This genre was also a calculated response to American taste, which liked sad titles, *vox angelica* melodies, pathetic barbershop harmony, thrilly tremolos, sweepy harp effects, and lots of runs on cue. It is usually Gottschalk's *style pianola* that people have in mind when they talk loosely about his "salon music" —and little wonder, for his success with it was stupefying, flooding the nation's parlors with richly packaged woe. Not a few of these pieces—mazurkas, polkas, galops, caprices—are completely shameless potboilers, whether of the tear-jerking variety or all too archly winsome.

But the surprising result of playing—not just reading —through a batch of them is the discovery of how much better they work, as individual pieces, than our cliché notion of them as a genre would lead us to expect. They are awfully well made pianistically, and even the worst of them are several cuts above the tons of shabby imitations they inspired. On its own heartfelt terms, at least one of them, *The Last Hope*, deserves to be called a masterpiece. And four or five more, if sympathetically presented, say at promenade concerts, might be at least as amusing as Tiffany glass lampshades or period poster art.

In addition to his nationalistic pieces and his soulful "oleos" for the American home, Gottschalk in this period composed a considerable body of music that escapes both these categories simply by being first-rate. Some of it is so fine that its absence from the American concert repertoire is a disgrace, a standing accusation of the intellectually pretentious taste that let it fall silent in the first place and has failed to revive it since.

Much of this music derives from Gottschalk's grateful discovery of the West Indies, particularly Cuba and Puerto Rico. *El Cocoyé*, *Souvenir de Porto Rico*, and *Danza* are simply the best, not the only, piano pieces in this class. The *Escenas campestres* (Gottschalk called it a one-act opera; today it might be described as a sort of staged bucolic cantata) is full of sparkle and wit, and must be as much fun to sing as Rossini. And Gottschalk's first symphony, *A Night in the Tropics*, in addition to being a resounding joy in the ear, is unquestionably the chief evidence we have of America's participation in the real, not the counterfeited, Romantic tradition.

Gottschalk's best non-Antillean pieces in this period are *The Banjo*, *Columbia*, and *Chant du Soldat*. The first two contain references to Stephen Foster (*Columbia* does absolutely dazzling things with a curiously out-of-focus version of *My Old Kentucky Home*), and the last, which might be called *Scenes in the Life of the Common Soldier*, is possibly the most moving piano piece Gottschalk ever wrote.

With the help of music so conceived, and by dint of a concert schedule that bordered on lunacy, Gottschalk met the American public on its own ground and conquered it. Within two years of his New York debut (in February, 1853), his pre-eminence with the consumers—and with American professionals competent to judge, such as William Mason, Richard Hoffman, and George Upton—was challenged only by the arrival of Sigismond Thalberg, who in Europe had divided honors with Liszt himself. Gottschalk and Thalberg discouraged any serious partisanship among their followers by joining forces for two-piano recitals, and the Anglo-American pianist Richard Hoffman remembered them forty years later as producing the greatest volume of tone he ever heard from a piano.

As Gottschalk became the much-courted rage of society in New York and Saratoga, the press respectfully discovered that he was both the staple and the star of metropolitan musical life. He became a cherished fixture of the New York scene, and his amatory legend now got down to American cases. His overt pursuit by society women, the married as well as the presumably virginal, became proverbial.

Curiously, even Gottschalk's male acquaintances regarded his *vie galante* with the indulgence usually reserved by women for matinee idols. It was at the height of his social success that Gottschalk conducted, without reportable censure, his affair with the actress-columnist Ada Clare. Ada was an aggressively emancipated feminist who, as the first "queen" of New York's bohemian circle, had friends like John Wilkes Booth, with whom she performed in the theater, and Walt Whitman, whose poetry she printed in her column. While pursuing Gottschalk, landing him, and becoming the mother of his natural son, Ada chronicled the entire episode concurrently in her newspaper, the New York *Atlas*. Later, after the conclusion of their affair, she elaborated at length in a harrowing novel called *Only a Woman's Heart*.

NONE of these developments seemed to cool Gottschalk's appeal for his numerous other admirers, among them Mrs. Mary Alice Ives Seymour, in girlhood a pupil of Gottschalk's and later the wife of an Episcopalian minister. Mrs. Seymour, calling herself Octavia Hensel, would eventually become Gottschalk's first and, to an exasperating degree, his mushiest biographer.

In the West Indies, Gottschalk enjoyed an intoxicating sense of well-being, of self-realization humanly, that eventually disrupted his career in the United States.

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Gottschalk, attacked by a Chicago newspaper for playing exclusively on the Chickering piano, later noted in his journal that he did so "not because all others are bad, but because I like [its] *tone, fine and delicate, tender and poetic; because I can obtain . . . tints more varied than those of other instruments."*

His sensuous nature responded ardently to the people, the manners, and the landscape of the tropics, and he felt also an almost occult attraction to the legendary homeland of his mother's family (landed nobility of the governing order, most of whom were massacred in the slave insurrections in Santo Domingo in the 1790's).

In these latitudes, moreover, Gottschalk awoke a massive and peculiarly sympathetic popular response in audiences that could not get enough of him. He also formed warm and lasting friendships with professional men, musical and otherwise, who accepted his aesthetic and intellectual leadership. For performances with Arthur Napoleão, the brilliant young Portuguese pianist, Gottschalk wrote some of his most effective two-piano music. Next to Berlioz, Nicolas Ruiz Espadero, the distinguished Cuban pianist-composer (and the teacher of Ignacio Cervantes), was probably the most faithful Gottschalkian that the composer ever knew. After Gottschalk's death, Espadero edited numbers of his unpublished piano pieces and preserved the scores of others, along with vocal and orchestral works that the United States has yet to hear.

Most importantly, Gottschalk now tapped at its source, primarily in Cuba and Puerto Rico, the vital Afro-Hispanic musical vein that would nourish his best realized and most engaging works. Contact with West Indian earth seemed also to double his performing energies, and he now began to organize the oversized and operatically oriented concerts with which Latin America has since associated his name. For these spectacular projects (Gottschalk compared their scale and their cost in personal effort to the production of a Meyerbeer opera), he used huge orchestral and vocal forces plus military bands, in the manner of Berlioz, and to these he sometimes added batteries of pianos and native percussion. "My orchestra," he says of a concert in Havana's Grand Tacón Theater, "consisted of six hundred and fifty performers, eighty-seven choristers, fifteen solo singers, fifty drums, and eighty trumpets—that is to say, nearly nine hundred persons bellowing and blowing to see who could scream the loudest. The violins alone were seventy in number, contrabasses eleven, violoncellos eleven!"

Among his many other "firsts," Gottschalk was the first to exploit Cuban percussion in concert music. His first symphony, *A Night in the Tropics*, is scored for a large orchestra amplified by a wind band (it calls for the big E-flat trumpet and the ophicleide), and is further augmented by African drums (bamboulas). For the second movement of this symphony—a gay, glittering, and sumptuous *fiesta*, in which the full orchestra abandons itself to irresistible *cinquillo* syncopation above *habanera* rhythms in the percussion—Gottschalk secured the services of the King of the Cabildo of French Negroes, who came from Santiago de Cuba with a battery of bamboulas and a corps of native performers.

VI (1860-1862): *The Hiatus.* At the full tide of his Antillean success, Gottschalk in effect disappeared. Lost to United States view in the West Indian back country, he perversely gave the better part of three years to self-indulgent idleness and neglect of his career. From time to time the newspapers in various countries reported his death. Without concern he wandered from island to island, an unregenerate amatory nomad—"indolently permitting myself to be carried away by chance," as he remarks in his journal, "giving a concert wherever I found a piano, sleeping wherever the night overtook me. . . ."

Later, after his return to the United States during the Civil War, he explained with pulverizing candor:

> I again began to live according to the customs of those primitive countries, which, if they are not strictly virtuous, are nonetheless terribly attractive. I saw again those beautiful *trigueñas*, with red lips and brown bosoms, ignorant of evil, sinning with frankness, without fearing the bitterness of remorse. . . .
>
> The moralists, I well know, condemn all this, and they are right. But poetry is often in antagonism with virtue; and now that I am shivering under the icy wind and grey sky of the north, now that I hear discussions on Erie, Prairie du Chien, Harlem, and Cumberland, now that I read in the newspapers the lists of dead and wounded, the devastation of incendiaries, the abductions and assassinations that are committed on both sides under the name of retaliation, I find myself excusing the demisavages of the savannas who prefer their poetic barbarism to our barbarous progress.

While doing, as you might say, the West Indies, Gottschalk wound up living—with his piano, on which

he improvised by moonlight—near the crater of an extinct volcano, Mount Matouba in Guadaloupe, where the terrace of his villa commanded a magnificent view much resembling the celebrated painting *The Heart of the Andes* by his friend Frederick Edwin Church. Here Gottschalk's only companion was an educated but deranged mulatto, Firman Moras, whose mind was unbalanced, in Gottschalk's opinion, by the brutal racial subjection that denied him the reward of his abilities. Moras responded to Gottschalk's friendship by recovering his sanity and becoming, for the balance of the composer's life, his devoted factotum and inseparable traveling companion.

In 1862, the depleted state of Gottschalk's finances—plus an access of guilty dissatisfaction with his irresponsible existence—reawakened his ambition. He resumed composing and concertizing, corresponded with his publishers, and picked up the threads of his social life.

VII (1862-1865): *Reappearance in the United States.* After identifying himself officially with the Union cause, Gottschalk plunged into concertizing in the North on what presently proved to be a continental scale. Thanks to his grim disregard for his ennui, his fatigue, the cold ("When I see snow, I see death . . ."), and the general resistance of the American frontier to culture, Gottschalk now established himself, from Washington to Montreal and from New York to San Francisco, as the dominant musical figure of the Civil War era.

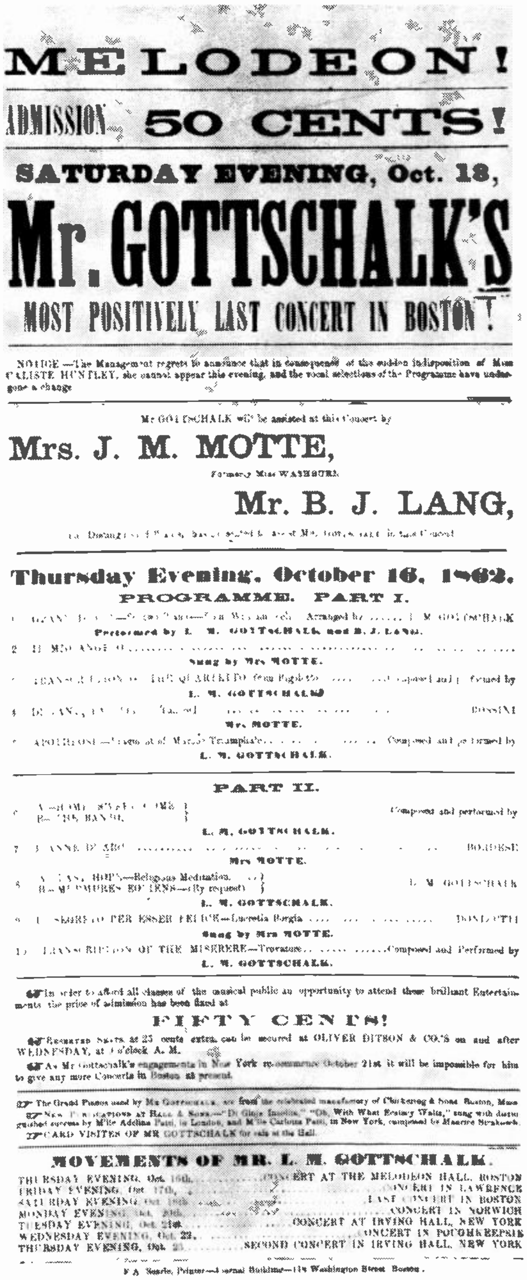
Two concerts a day had long been a commonplace for him, and now he sometimes managed, thanks to his profound study of railroad timetables, to give three:

> I live on the railroad—my home is somewhere between the baggage car and the last car of the train. . . . All notions of time and space are effaced from my mind. Just like the drunkard who, when asked the distance between the Chausée-d'Antin and the Porte St.-Denis, replied, "ten small glasses." If you ask me what time it is, I will reply, "It is time to close my trunk" or "It is time to play *The Banjo*" or "It is time to put on my black coat."

He spends so much time riding on trains that when he falls asleep in his hotel room, he dreams that he is riding on trains. "The railroad conductors," he says plaintively, "salute me as one of the employees."

In the summer of 1864, he sends a correction to the press: "In the paragraph extracted from my last letter to the *Home Journal* the editor committed an error that many of the other papers reproduced and that I wish to rectify. 'Gottschalk, it is said, has given in the United States nearly one thousand concerts and has travelled by rail and steamboat nearly eight thousand miles.' " After some humorous observations, Gottschalk adds, "But it is *eighty thousand miles* I have travelled in less than two years, giving, on an average, three concerts every two days."

The critics now remarked that in his absence his art



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Gottschalk's concert schedule was a marathon. In early November of 1862 he scheduled twenty-one concerts in twenty days.

had matured, and that his popular appeal had, if anything, increased. Not uncommonly he now aroused his audiences to emotional demonstrations, sometimes with earlier works (V) that had become hits during his absence (like *The Last Hope*), or with unfamiliar works composed during his West Indian vacation (VI), but more often with new works, related to the war, that he developed from American vernacular sources—particularly an extraordinary battle-piece called *The Union* (it is discussed, with *The Last Hope*, in a separate section of this article), and *Le Cri de Délivrance*, an effort in the same direction that has exciting moments but is less imaginative and fumbles the required epic posture.

As the war continued, Gottschalk became as much a social lion in Washington, where he concertized frequently, as he continued to be in New York. For this there were other than musical reasons. As a celebrated raconteur (and as the real-life hero of an amatory saga as lively as any he could relate), Gottschalk was a treasured after-dinner asset to the sneakily rebellious forces of upper-class male conviviality, and his admiring and highly placed cronies were scattered throughout the diplomatic services and the military establishments of half a dozen nations.

In his journal for 1862 we read, "My first concert at Washington given—great success. Audience varied! diplomats, generals, etc. In the first row I recognized General Herron, my old friend from New Granada." And on a later occasion:

At Washington I had the whole diplomatic corps at my concert. They were all placed together in the front rows of orchestra seats—Count Mercier, French minister; His Excellency M. de Tassera, a distinguished poet, Spanish minister; Baron Stockel, Russian minister; Mr. Blondel, Belgian minister; Chevalier Bertinati, Italian minister. . . . The idea came into my mind to salute each of the gentlemen by playing to him the national air of the country he represented. . . . I had the pleasure of seeing all these official countenances brighten as fast as appeared *"Partant pour la Syrie,"* *"La Marcha real,"* "Garibaldi's hymn," "God Save the Czar." Not knowing the Belgian hymn, I was satisfied by playing Blondel's air, *"O Richard, o mon roi"* [from Grétry's opera *Richard Coeur de Lion*], as counterpoint to *"Partant pour la Syrie."* Mr. Blondel, the minister of Leopold—I was about to say the minstrel—whose taste for art renders his mansion the rendezvous of all the artists who visit Washington, found my impromptu to his taste and rewarded me with some beautiful verses, which I intend to set to music.

VIII (1865-1869): *Escape and Finale.* As the war neared its end, Gottschalk carried his campaign, as did many performers, to California. In San Francisco there was no doubting the approval of his audiences. Gottschalk had to dodge the gold and silver coins they hurled at the stage. In addition, he became, to an even greater degree than he was accustomed, the instant lion of the Gold Rush aristocracy, who perhaps had few enough occasions to demonstrate their own social graces to a polished international celebrity. In San Francisco, concert followed triumphant concert, and in the outlands he reached even Virginia City, Nevada.

Here the picture suddenly changed: all was desolation, meanness, apathy. His audiences heard him, he says, with a "curious and vacant air . . . exactly as if I was speaking Chinese." He became ill, and his mortal enemy, his ennui, tormented him into the bitterest outburst known of him:

I cannot recollect in fifteen years of travels and vicissitudes having passed eleven days so sadly as here. I defy your finding in the whole of Europe a village where an artist of reputation would find himself as isolated as I have been here. If in place of playing the piano, of having composed two or three hundred pieces, of having given seven or eight thousand concerts, of having given to the poor one hundred or one hundred and fifty thousand dollars, of having been knighted twice, I had sold for ten years quarters of salted hog, or had made a great fortune by selling dear what I had bought cheap, my poor isolated chamber would have been invaded by adorers and admirers. Decidedly the country of money is not the one of artists. *"Muse, étendez vos ailes et fuyez au plus vite."*

Back in San Francisco, adorers and admirers awaited him in plenty. The great of the city presented him with a gold medal nine inches in circumference crusted with

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According to caricaturists, piano virtuosity equals flying fingers, and thus we have Gottschalk with a digital ruff in Rio de Janeiro (far left) and Sigismond Thalberg with supernumerary extremities in New York (near left). When Thalberg came to New York in 1856-1857, he and Gottschalk chose to combine rather than to compete, and played many two-piano concerts together.

diamonds and rubies, and the newspapers rose to the occasion with a paean for Gottschalk and a plug for the home town: "This present is worthy of a monarch, and it appertained to the Queen City of the Pacific to present to the first musician of America a testimony which was at the same time worthy of the artist and in harmony with the magnificent generosity and the marvelous development of the modern El Dorado."

The next news of Gottschalk was heard from coast to coast—a nationally reported scandal involving him with a young San Francisco girl of family, a student at the Oakland Female Seminary. Hastily spirited aboard ship under cover of darkness to escape vigilantes, Gottschalk had left the United States. It is certain that Gottschalk had enemies in San Francisco, among them a hostile impresario noted for his ruthlessness, and it is obvious that the storm of abuse that howled there in the newspapers was motivated and viciously slanderous. But three facts were unhappily not to be denied. Gottschalk *had* spent several hours with the girl unchaperoned. She *was* late returning to her Seminary. The third and most damaging fact was that Gottschalk had fled.

The ship on which, to his mortification, he found himself was bound for South America, and there Gottschalk spent his last years. Good and influential friends in the United States urged him to defend himself, to return and bring suit for slander. He declined to do so. Spirited defenses of him were published, as well as letters of his

L. M. GOTTSCHALK: THE CIVIL WAR ODES

TWO PIANO pieces by Gottschalk are deeply entwined in the sentimental history of the Civil War. For many thousands of Americans, *The Last Hope* and *The Union* gave voice, respectively, to the lyric and the epic moods of that ordeal, and did so with greater eloquence than any other music they knew.

Musicologists have tended to dismiss *The Last Hope*—a sad piece of a curiously exalted character with yearning chromatic harmony and extremely elegant treble figurations—as a crassly sentimental potboiler meriting no further discussion. It is true that Gottschalk wrote it to make money—this in 1854, when he added his father's considerable debts and the support of a large family to his other responsibilities. Deliberately selecting a theme related to death (as the most readily marketed commodity in nineteenth-century music), Gottschalk wrote a piece that fell well within the emotional and technical competence of almost any moony young woman—or of "I and 999,999 other American girls," as Amy Fay put it. Miss Fay, when she wrote that, was our pioneer girl piano student in Germany, and the phrase summarizes the seduction of her entire generation by Gottschalk's pre-Wagnerian *Liebestod*.

These circumstances explain the genesis of *The Last Hope* but not its method. The piece is actually an exquisitely calculated feat of moralizing ventriloquism—a pious theatrical turn in which the views expressed are not necessarily those of the author. Its intention is to raise our hearts above this vale of tears by fixing our blurred gaze firmly on a consolatory vision every bit as murky as the theophany of *Parsifal*. But it does this so stylishly, and in quasi-religious terms so acceptable to the Protestant gentility of its age, that it may be imagined as describing, simultaneously, the majestic self-commiseration of Queen Victoria after Albert's demise and the pathetic fortitude of poor, doomed Beth in *Little Women*. It takes more than a willingness to cheapen your art to grab so inclusive a chunk of the *Zeitgeist*. What is called for is a steady hand and a fund of irony, and there is evidence that Gottschalk viewed his numerous mortuary pieces with precisely this kind of detachment.

In any case, *The Last Hope* became something more than a mortgage-lifter. During the Civil War it was a nonpartisan national institution. Known as "Gottschalk's evening hymn," it became an emotionally therapeutic vesper rite from Boston to New Orleans. The effect in wartime of sad *songs—Tenting Tonight*, for example, or *The Vacant Chair*—is readily predictable. But *The Last Hope* is certainly the only *instrumental* piece that systematically, in the North and South alike, assembled the female half of the nation around the parlor piano for a good cry.

WITH *The Union*, Gottschalk wrote a battle-horse of another color. A magnificently rabble-rousing paraphrase on national airs, this piece contains not a trace of irony, which is perhaps its chief defect. It is as much a *tour de force* of impassioned forensic oratory as anything by Daniel Webster.

The two strengths of *The Union* are its idiomatic naturalness as a piano piece, an area in which Gottschalk was absolutely first-rate, and the heat and obvious sincerity of its taken-from-real-life sentiment. Its weaknesses are its formal substructure, which is improvisational—or, rather, adventitious—and a lack of the detachment that turns sentiment into something cooler and profounder.

The Union begins with a thunderous onslaught of cannon sound, a piano-shaking uproar that proves, upon inspection, to be much more inventive, not to say more fun, than others in its special genre. Keyboard battle-pieces had come into their own with the perfection of the piano's high-tension bass strings, and many nineteenth-century examples were published with special instructions covering the firing of the artillery: "The cannon shots are to be expressed by the flat of the left hand upon the lowest portion of the bass, all at once, *loud*. . . ."

As Gottschalk knew from observation, the resulting thwack is not remotely like the sound of artillery,

ISADORA BENNETT

New York City Center's Joffrey Ballet performs Cakewalk, *Ruthanna Boris' ballet to a Gottschalk-derived score by Hershy Kay.*

own concerning the matter. The response was favorable to Gottschalk, and as time passed, his old manager, Max Strakosch, probably had sound enough reasons for his belief that vindication and greater success than ever awaited his return to the United States.

But Gottschalk chose to remain away. It was almost as if he preferred exile, and in his journal there are certain clues to his behavior. It seems evident that, as he neared forty, Gottschalk was increasingly vulnerable to the charms of immature girls. The ordinary pathology of this preference is well known and simple: young girls are not only pretty but presumptively less critical than older women, and Gottschalk never began a concert in his adult life without scanning his audience for them—

which is a prolonged *turbulence* of sound. In *The Union*, therefore, this amateurish device is replaced with a muscular virtuoso rumble of interlocking octaves, these being interspersed with explosive chords, so that Gottschalk's bombardment not only erupts fearfully but seems to score several direct hits. The piece is far from easy to play, and it is obvious that the maidenly market of *The Last Hope* was the furthest thing from its composer's mind.

After its cannonade, the piece proceeds with the least expected and probably the most imaginative arrangement of *The Star-Spangled Banner* in existence —an uncanny evocation, hauntingly harmonized, of the numbed hush that falls on a battlefield when the guns stop. Considering the broad popular associations of this tune, the use Gottschalk makes of it is remarkably personal and poetic, for it sheds all traces of its public character. Here it has the private solemnity, the loneliness, and some of the virile sweetness of a bugle playing *Taps*, and the effect is both arresting and momentarily disturbing, like certain too-intimate lines of Whitman's.

Then the piece winds up with a rambunctious contrapuntal free-for-all of *Hail, Columbia* and *Yankee Doodle* heard simultaneously. Flags fly, the Marines land, the U. S. Cavalry comes over the hill, and the audience is goaded to cheers by what, according to the awed critic of the St. Louis *Republican*, writing in 1862, is "an extraordinary imitation of the drum—an effect the cause of which we can hardly venture to guess."

The historical matrix that engendered *The Union* endured less long than the veterans of the conflict that piece commemorates. In the 1860's, it seemed only fitting to Americans that their struggle should be celebrated by an American composer using American tunes. But just thirty years later, in the euphoric heyday of William McKinley, Dvořák startled American composers no end when he advised them to forget Europe (meaning Germany) and to cultivate their own back yard. At the turn of the century, the patriotic energies of *The Union* were already becoming obsolete, and the rhetoric of its flamboyant epic style sounded as dated as John C. Calhoun's. In some quarters today the piece is considered, even at its Fourth-of-July best, to be little more than an amusingly opportunistic period oddity.

But *The Union* escapes this definition on two important counts. Aside from the musicological fact that its *coupure* is prophetic of Charles Ives (it was written twelve years before Ives was born), the piece retains a nostalgic power to stir forgotten and old-fashioned emotions. Its roots were nourished by the kind of moral convictions, and the kind of reportorial realism, that dignified our best Civil War statuary. It moves us, despite certain quaintnesses, like the solitary soldier that still stands guard in the small-town squares of rural America.

GOTTSCHALK knew and often denounced the evils of slavery (he had freed his own slaves in 1854 upon inheriting them). He also knew war. During his youth in Paris he wrote a Mass within earshot of the February Revolution, noting that the carnage made of the city "a vast slaughter-house." Beginning in 1862, he routinely traveled to his front-line concert dates on trains full of soldiers, including the dying and the dead. Sometimes, smoking his cigar in the solitude of the baggage car, he brooded beside the crude pine coffins of young men taking their last ride home.

On the evening of March 24, 1864, Mr. Seward, the Secretary of State, brought the President and Mrs. Lincoln to hear Gottschalk play *The Union*. After the concert Gottschalk was angry with himself, feeling he had played it badly. Thirteen months later he played the piece for Mr. Lincoln again, this time in a memorial concert for the assassinated President that Gottschalk organized aboard the steamer *Constitution*, under way for California.

"Where are now," he asks his journal afterwards, "those frivolous judgements on the man whom we are weeping for today? Yesterday his detractors were ridiculing his large hands without gloves, his large feet, his bluntness; today this type we found grotesque appears to us on the threshold of immortality, and we understand by the universality of our grief what future generations will see in him."

It was in this perspective that *The Union* served, perhaps not unworthily, as Lincoln's first epitaph.

—Robert Offergeld

"faces to make one play wrong notes," as he repeatedly calls them.

For roughly three years, Gottschalk concertized in Peru, Chile, Argentina, and Uruguay. His success can only be called triumphant, but from time to time he suffered bouts of acute depression, betraying in his journal a sense of defeat and a growing indifference to life.

His interests revived with his indignation as he observed the frightful poverty, illiteracy, and social brutality that were endemic under the bloody military dictatorships common to the time (he makes an angry list of the worst of them) and that were generally compounded by a corrupt church. Under the persuasion of Luis Ricardo Fors, an admiring young Spanish journalist exiled from Spain for his republican opinions, Gottschalk began to write and lecture, with considerable passion and force, on the advantages of democracy as practiced in the United States.

A New Gottschalk Catalogue

NOW IN preparation by Robert Offergeld, a *catalogue raisonée* of the published and unpublished compositions of Louis Moreau Gottschalk will appear in a forthcoming issue of HIFI/STEREO REVIEW. No attempt at a comprehensive listing of the composer's work has been made since 1880. This early account was necessarily far from complete. The new Gottschalk catalogue describes the orchestral and operatic manuscripts, sequestered for a century in South America (and long thought lost or even mythical), that were acquired last year by New York's Lincoln Center Music Library. It also incorporates an extensive and hitherto unfamiliar first-witness source printed during the composer's lifetime. The new catalogue substantially expands our conception of Gottschalk's output, and should prove a useful tool for further investigation.
—*Ed.*

Simultaneously Gottschalk began to plan the rehabilitation of his larger career, and despite failing health he threw himself into all these projects with desperate energy. It was his hope to return to Paris, by way of concert tours in Italy and England, bearing impressive evidence of current success and artistic self-realization. He now composed, as a tribute to Montevideo, his second symphony, an imposing one-movement work with obvious political implications, reconciling Uruguayan airs with those of the United States. His *Gran Tarantella*, a big, exuberant piece for piano and orchestra (again, the first such by an American), produced what *L'Art musical* in 1868 called "*fanatisme*," explaining that the elegant women of Montevideo were wearing locks of his hair in little gold reliquaries. Gottschalk resumed work on his two full-scale operas, *Isaura di Salerno* and *Charles IX*.

In Uruguay and particularly in Brazil, where he had the friendship and open-handed patronage of the Emperor, Dom Pedro II, Gottschalk organized and conducted monster "festivals," mobilizing the entire musical community as performers and including the military musicians placed under his direction by the Emperor. As produced with great care for theatrical effect on the stages of the national operas, these grandiose ventures revealed to South America for the first time the wealth of its musical potential. In the press, Gottschalk was now the eponymous hero of his art, designated simply as "*o divino pianista*" or "the great artist." In the professional community he would be venerated for generations as a founding father of South American music and even as a *chef d'école* of the Latin American idiom.

In 1869, ignoring a series of serious illnesses, Gottschalk committed a kind of suicide by overwork combined, as seems probable, with sexual intemperance. He died at the age of forty in Tijuca, a suburb of Rio de Janeiro. Although his autopsy revealed the cause of death to be what would later be identified as peritonitis, rumor in the United States revived the scandalous aspects of his career and attributed his end to assassination by an amatory rival. No real evidence supported this belief, but a century later it would be almost the only thing about Gottschalk remembered in United States musical circles.

Gottschalk's remains were brought to the United States in 1870 and interred in Green-Wood Cemetery, Brooklyn. His family erected above his grave an elaborate monument, an angel of white marble bearing a lyre and a book. On the pages of the book were engraved the titles of six Gottschalk pieces—a selection that might be called, as representing the American taste of the time, the first published critical list of his work:

Bananier	*Marche de Nuit*
Last Hope	*Dernier Amour*
Murmures Eoliens	*Morte!!*

Even conceding the importance of *Le Bananier*, the list contains none of Gottschalk's best music. *Marche de nuit* and *Murmures éoliens* are later developments of the Ossianic vein in which Gottschalk felicitated the Grand Duchess Anna. *Morte!!*, written in the last year of Gottschalk's life, is a calculated tear-jerker in the *style pianola* for the South American market, a lugubrious pendant to *The Last Hope*. The only reference to the marvelous Cuban pieces is *Dernier amour*, which has *tresillo* and *habanera* rhythms. And *Le Bananier* itself was not included, we may be sure, as calling attention to the world's first composer of Afro-American music, but as being Gottschalk's first great European hit and the foundation of his family's prosperity.

Today the angel, the lyre, and the book have vanished from Gottschalk's grave. Only the pedestal remains, and an all but indecipherable name.

***Robert Offergeld**, who initiated the American Composers Series during his tenure as Music Editor of this magazine, is a widely published free-lance writer on musical and cultural subjects.*

GOTTSCHALK ON RECORDS

Among the very few Keepers of the Gottschalk Flame for our times have been pianist Eugene List (near right), principally through his evergreen recital of Gottschalk piano music for Vanguard, and composer Hershy Kay (far right), whose justly popular ballet Cakewalk *makes brilliant use of Gottschalk themes. And a very special kind of appreciation is owing to pianist Jeanne Behrend, whose scholarly editing and annotation of Gottschalk's own* Notes of a Pianist *was published by Knopf in 1964.*

THE BEGINNINGS of recording happened to coincide with Gottschalk's long eclipse in the concert repertoire, which was almost total by the time of World War I. Annette Essipoff Leschetizky played a number of Gottschalk pieces in the 1870's, and Arthur Friedheim played *The Banjo* as late as the 1920's. The Venezuelan pianist Teresa Carreño, Gottschalk's faithful protégée, played him well past the turn of the century. But it is to be noted that even Carreño, who played nothing *but* Gottschalk when she performed for President Lincoln, played nothing by him when she performed for President Wilson.

In consequence, a Gottschalk performing tradition can scarcely be said to exist, and if this is true of his piano music, it is even truer of his orchestral works, which North America did not even sample until the present decade. As described by his contemporaries, Gottschalk's piano technique was proto-Horowitzian, and his performance style, as I remarked in an earlier issue of HIFI/STEREO REVIEW, ranged "from a torrential *brio* that left his audiences limp to a sensuous languor that the Boston critic John S. Dwight found downright immoral." Meanwhile, Gottschalk's orchestral concepts were grandiose in the extreme, calling particularly for a greatly expanded brass choir and exotic percussion. His principal reference here was obviously his friend and mentor Berlioz, and Gottschalk's symphonies and other orchestral works similarly demand tremendous sonorities, incandescent color, and virtuoso wind playing.

Paradoxically, the most distinguished Gottschalk piano recording available, that of Eugene List, does not exploit the famed Gottschalk showiness at all. Yet List consistently discovers music of great immediacy and elegance across the whole Gottschalk range—in the Afro-American, the West Indian, and even in the nostalgic *style pianola* display pieces.

The Abravanel-Utah Symphony version of *A Night in the Tropics* is the only complete one. The opening Andante movement is properly spacious and soaring, but for Latin-American *joie de vivre* and sinuousness, the Kostelanetz version (for reduced orchestra) is more effective. Of the two versions of the *Grande Tarantelle*, the Nibley-Abravanel performance comes nearest the kind of breakneck tempo and dance-now-breathe-later *perpetuum mobile* treatment that the piece demands.

It would seem to be time for the recording companies and the subsidizing foundations to come to the aid of their country's first internationally recognized composer. A variety of big, effective, and *unfamiliar* piano pieces are awaiting the enterprising virtuoso: among them *El Cocoyé*, *Danza*, *The Union*, *Impromptu*, *Grand Scherzo*, and, for four hands, *Ses Yeux*, an incomparable polka—not to mention a knockout *William Tell* Overture arrangement for two Horowitzes.

And, with recent discoveries, there are now *two* symphonies and a one-act opera standing by for performance with the grand sonorities and lavish color that will, for the first time, show America what Gottschalk really had in mind. —*R.O.*

Piano Music. *The Banjo, Op. 15*; *The Dying Poet*; *Souvenir de Porto Rico*; *Le Bananier, Op. 5*; *Ojos Criollos, Op. 37*; *Bamboula, Op. 2*; *The Maiden's Blush*; *The Last Hope, Op. 16*; *Suis Moi*; *Pasquinade, Op. 59*; *La Savane, Op. 3*; *Tournament Galop.* Eugene List (piano). VANGUARD Ⓜ VRS 485.

Piano Music. *The Banjo, Op. 5*; *Berceuse, in A Major, Op. 47*; *La Scintilla, Op. 20*; *Ballade No. 6, Op. 85*; *Tournament Galop*; *Souvenir de Porto Rico*; *Morte!!, Op. 60*; *Le Bananier, Op. 5*; *Minuit à Seville, Op. 30*; *Pasquinade, Op. 59.* Amiram Rigai (piano). DECCA Ⓢ DL 710143, Ⓜ DL 10143.

Le Bananier, Op. 5 (with pieces by Aaron Copland, George Gershwin, Norman Dello Joio, and Harold Shapero). Frank Glazer (piano). CONCERT-DISC Ⓢ CS 217.

A Night in the Tropics, Symphony No. 1 (with the *Grande Tarantelle* and a piece by Morton Gould). Utah Symphony, Maurice Abravanel cond. Reid Nibley (piano, in the *Tarantelle*). VANGUARD EVERYMAN Ⓢ SRV 275 SD (formerly Vanguard 2141/1103).

A Night in the Tropics, second movement, Allegro moderato (with pieces by Guarnieri, Hovhaness, Moussorgsky, Miyagi, and Albéniz). Orchestra, André Kostelanetz cond. COLUMBIA Ⓢ CS 9381, Ⓜ CL 2581.

Grande Tarantelle (with pieces by Addinsell, Tchaikovsky, Rachmaninoff, and Gershwin). Ivan Davis (piano); Orchestra, André Kostelanetz cond. COLUMBIA Ⓢ MS 6826, Ⓜ ML 6226.

KAY, HERSHY: ***Cakewalk*** (selections from the ballet, after Gottschalk). Boston Pops Orchestra, Arthur Fiedler cond. RCA VICTROLA Ⓢ VICS 1053, Ⓜ VIC 1053.

DOLLARS AND SENSE IN STEREO

A WORKING MEMBER OF THE AUDIO FRATERNITY OFFERS THE CONTROVERSIAL SUGGESTION THAT MANUFACTURERS SHOULD CONCENTRATE ON GREATER SIMPLICITY AND LOWER COST RATHER THAN ON COMPLEXITY AND NON-AUDIBLE IMPROVEMENTS

By DAVID STEVENS

In most fields of human endeavor, the old-fashioned craftsman who individually shaped his products with a proud and confident artistry has long since passed on, but his ghost still remains available for exploitation and merchandising. In electronics, the individual-craftsman approach probably never did make much artistic or economic sense. Squared-off and beautifully hand-cabled wiring, aside from using up a lot of extra wire, can even degrade circuit performance; and etched-circuit boards, dipped momentarily—and lovelessly—in a solder bath can construct a circuit instantaneously and far less expensively than a master craftsman ever could. But that's the way of progress—and it *is* progress, after all, because it means better sound at lower cost for more people. And that's what the hi-fi game is all about, isn't it?

You might not think so from the way some manufacturers promote performance parameters that go far beyond the audible or the functionally necessary. The listener who wishes only to own equipment capable of reproducing music to the degree of fidelity his ears (or anyone else's) can appreciate is in consequence made to feel like an unsophisticated clod. But since human beings will be human, anyone with even a modicum of psychological insight will find it perfectly understandable that there are those among us who take great pleasure, for example, in driving a Ferrari to work and back through the city

traffic each day. They consider their cars as a part of their attire, a help in sustaining an image of affluence and taste, and having an importance well beyond the basic function of transportation.

Perhaps for a similar reason, equipment for music reproduction has also evolved to the point that its ego-satisfying functions are frequently confused with and sometimes even overshadow its primary purposes. Those who simply want to have easy-to-use and economical transportation, or to hear a recording well reproduced, may easily find themselves being told that certain "features" are essential to optimum results when in fact they are not. When an appreciable part of the cost of a product goes to cover the expense of adding functional non-essentials, there is nothing illegal, unethical, or immoral about it—just so long as the purchaser is aware of what his product dollar is really paying for.

In my view, a good example of a functional non-essential in audio equipment is "wide-band response"—that is, an amplifier's ability to handle electrical waveforms having frequencies which, if converted to sound waves, would be several octaves outside the range of human hearing. To my knowledge, no benefit whatever has ever been demonstrated to derive from such capability from the standpoint of listening to music, although there has been considerable theoretical speculation in these pages and elsewhere on the subject. Wide-band response, when it is the natural result of other circuit-design considerations such as stability, is not in itself a bad thing; but to claim that audible benefits result from ultrawide-range frequency response *per se* is to delude or to be deluded. The amount of sound energy above 20,000 Hz in an original musical performance is negligible; it is further reduced by the microphones used; it is not recorded on the tape master because it would interfere with the recorder's internal bias signal; and what is left, if any, would be greatly attenuated by normal equalization anyway. If, after all this, any energy at frequencies much beyond the range of hearing were to come out of the amplifier, it would simply be turned into heat—not sound—by the loudspeakers, which in general are designed to reproduce audible tones only.

Nonetheless, wide-band proponents again and again cite questionable data, declare that "all the evidence is not in," or simply ask, "How do we know?" It is evident, however, that while they wave the flag of open-mindedness with one hand, they are usually holding a product they wish to sell in the other. Actually, as of June 1968, the word comes from the psychophysics laboratory of one of our major universities that perception of frequencies much beyond 14,000 Hz is very unlikely in adult males over the age of thirty. It might therefore be added that those most likely to be in a position to afford "wide-band" response are also those least likely to be able to hear it.

The same sceptical approach can be applied, with some care, in the evaluation of ultra-low-distortion amplifiers. When it comes free as a consequence of good engineering and the buyer is not expected to pay a premium for it, 0.1 per cent distortion at rated power is a testament to skill in design plus care in the choice of parts and in assembling them. However, figures quoted by manufacturers are all too frequently derived from engineering prototypes, and thus are not necessarily typical of production units sold in stores. In a recently published test survey of amplifiers (*Electronics World*, June 1968), perhaps half the amplifiers tested met their manufacturer's claims for power output and harmonic distortion. This is not to say that the other half missed their specifications by a great deal, that the equipment was not of good quality, or even that there would be any *audible* difference between a laboratory prototype with 0.1 per cent distortion and a production-line product with double or even triple that amount.

In another, less technical, area, manufacturers may sometimes be caught, in a sense, invoking the ghost of the craftsman. This is in the interesting use of the rather elevated phrase "military-grade" as applied to parts and construction—not to be confused, of course, with "surplus parts," a term that contains its own built-in sneer. Both, of course, are really the same, but I suppose that if what we are buying is prestige, it does not help us any to know that someone has managed to save a few dollars in bringing it to us. The fact of the matter is that inexpensive, machine-made transistors have made possible excellent high-fidelity equipment at low cost, and these semiconductors were never intended to meet military specifications. The "handcrafted" misconception is at its most obvious here: today, the fewer the "hands" involved in making something, the better it comes out. The uniformity and dependability of modern solid-state devices has been achieved by automation, not by painstaking individual craftsmanship.

All the word magic aside, when it comes to "military-grade" components, few manufacturers would ever consider using out-and-out aerospace construction techniques and parts for the simple reason that they are prohibitively expensive. Designing high-fidelity components to resist extreme physical and thermal shock, ultra- and sub-sonic vibration, and the effects of high vacuum is plainly ridiculous. Those who wish to take their preamplifiers to the moon with them certainly should not shrink from spending what is necessary for reliability under those conditions, but earthbound types will hear no difference between an unglamorous circuit assembled from commercial-grade parts and the same circuit built with the most expensive resistors and capacitors available.

But won't the more expensive parts stand up longer? Probably; but any manufacturer who made a practice of using such ultra-long life or ultra-rugged components in

his products would soon find that he had priced himself right out of the market. And he would have done this without achieving for the audiophile any significant increase in reliability or sound quality over equipment using commercial-grade parts in conservatively designed circuits. There is a great deal to be said for simplicity of design and construction. Proponents of elaborate and costly construction methods for amplifiers, for example, need look only as far as the famous early mono power-amplifier kit that sold for approximately a dollar a watt to discover that reliability and first-rate performance are entirely compatible with simplicity and low cost.

Loudspeaker systems are probably the favorite products of those who are ineluctably drawn to merchandising confusion at a profit. From the viewpoint of the unscrupulous promoter, the speaker system has several obvious advantages. First, it is nearly impossible for the user to challenge the claims of the manufacturer regarding performance because speaker-testing equipment is so elaborate and costly. Second, there is a tradition of judging speaker systems as one would judge wines—subjectively. The catch is that a large element of subjectivity and an overly humane attitude on the part of a reviewer could result in a mediocre product's receiving a good—and well publicized—review. Third, the essential part of the product, the loudspeaker driver itself, is completely concealed inside an oiled walnut shell, so that the user can hardly tell what he has bought. If the ordinary music listener can work his way through all this without purchasing a second-rate system at a first-rate price, it is only because a few reviewers do occasionally tell it like it is, and some loudspeaker-system manufacturers have found it profitable to play it straight.

Buyers are often asked, for example, to pay for large cabinets or numerous drivers in order to avail themselves of "big-system" sound. Now, there is nothing intrinsically bad—or good—sonically about either big or small systems. However, small systems do have two inherent advantages: they take up less room, and they can generally be manufactured at a lower cost—furniture woods are quite expensive. As it happens, the low-frequency efficiency of any type of speaker system—horn, bass-reflex, infinite-baffle, acoustic-suspension, open-back baffle—can be improved by increasing the size of the system. But one cannot say that large system "A" is better than small system "B" simply because it is larger.

The question is just how large and expensive a speaker system must be to reproduce recorded and broadcast music accurately. To require an absolutely flat response down to 30 Hz is really being rather fussy; the lowest fundamentals in Bach's *Orgelbüchlein* and the *Toccata and Fugue in D Minor* are about 70 Hz, and if played typically, will be registered by the organist using pipes at about half that figure. Some not-too-expensive bookshelf-size speaker systems have been able to reproduce the 30- to 70-Hz region quite well for ten or fifteen years now. It is therefore incumbent on any manufacturer advocating large speaker systems to state clearly (and, if possible, demonstrate) whatever additional acoustic virtues such systems possess. Anyone who prefers to have a speaker system that is also a substantial item of furniture is certainly entitled to that preference. But the prestige that may accrue to the owner of a large and expensive system simply because it *is* large and expensive should not be confused with the matter of how well the system reproduces music.

It seems to me that there are much better uses for all the cash and energy now being expended in creating inaudible improvements in fidelity and in selling them to listeners who can neither measure nor hear the difference. Prices could be lowered, for example, so that more people could afford good equipment. This would be effort well spent. Manufacturers could also spend more time making objective measurements of the performance of their products and then making this information easily available. It is hardly necessary to point out that specification data sometimes require very informed interpretation, or that all listeners are not able to make such interpretations. But when data are inadequate or not available, nobody, unless he is already an expert, has a hope of knowing the essential characteristics of an amplifier or speaker system before he buys it. There is really no reason why speaker manufacturers, for example, should continue to state the frequency response of a speaker system simply as "20 to 20,000 Hz" when most audiophiles know that these numbers mean nothing without some information about the on- and off-axis variations inside this range.

One argument has often been raised in favor of continuing such nonsense as has been under discussion: in our free-enterprise system, people "vote with their dollars." If they purchase a product—whether an amplifier or automobile—that has a large burden of non-functional "features" it is because they elected that the manufacturer make it that way. In a democracy, however, it is assumed that the electorate makes its choices on an *informed* basis, that the candidates for your vote or your dollar have stated their positions and philosophies honestly and clearly. Perhaps it doesn't always work out quite that way in politics, but audio, it seems to me, is an easier case. The consumer *can* be educated to know the sonic implications of specification differences, and manufacturers should encourage and support such education not only to be fair to those who buy their products, but to give some meaning to their own activity.

***David Stevens** is the pen name of an engineer and industrial designer who has served as a product development consultant for a number of leading manufacturers of high-fidelity components.*

HI FI/STEREO REVIEW'S SELECTION OF THE TOP RECORDINGS

BEST OF THE MONTH

CLASSICAL

A REMARKABLE DEBUT: VIOLINIST STEVEN STARYK

Everest's "Four Hundred Years of the Violin" is a gratifying setting for a major talent

THEORETICALLY speaking, a six-record set with the imposing title "Four Hundred Years of the Violin—An Anthology of the Art of Violin Playing" could hardly be expected to have much appeal for anyone except violinists and hard-core violin enthusiasts. I suspect, however, that this new collection on the Everest label will prove to be a rousing exception, for not only is its price preposterously low ($9.95!), but it displays the musical gifts of a really extraordinary artist.

Canadian-born Steven Staryk, still in his thirties, has had a very successful career, although it has not been of the kind that would garner him much publicity. Discovered by Sir Thomas Beecham about ten years ago, he has since served as concertmaster of the Royal Philharmonic, the Amsterdam Concertgebouw, and the Chicago Symphony orchestras. His violin solos can be heard in the Beecham recordings of *Scheherazade* and *Ein Heldenleben*, but, to the best of my knowledge, he has not had a previous recital release.

That this virtuoso fiddler could have remained undiscovered by the major labels when artists far less gifted are given ample recorded representation is a minor miracle. But the major miracles inherent in Staryk's playing are more to the point. The man's control of his instrument is demonic: all the violinistic tricks and devices (and this consciously virtuosic program is full of them) are brilliantly handled, his dynamics are beautifully calculated, the transparency and absolute ease of his playing are boundless. His tone is suave, with an amount of vibrato that is, like everything else about his playing, just right. Some of the bravura pieces are executed at a dazzling pace, but never at the expense of clarity (the *Scherzo-Tarantelle* of Wieniawski is a good example). And when a different kind of virtuosity is needed—for Bach and the Italian masters—Staryk supplies classical purity and long-breathed phrases in abundance. His playing is often reminiscent of that of Heifetz in its sweetness of tone and unruffled security. In vain did I wait in this lengthy program for a reassuring sign of normal human failing, at least one instance of impure tone or inelegant phrasing, for it was not forthcoming.

It is perhaps excusable that the program itself does not live up to its rather over-ambitious title from the musicological point of view, but what is inexcusable in a project of this kind is the fact that the album contains no literary material whatever. The listing of selections, moreover, is an unmitigated mess, perhaps the most confused and error-ridden I have ever come across. The Handel "Larghetto," for example, is from one of the Sonatas for Flute and Figured Bass (Op. 1, No. 9) and has been arranged by Hubay. The Mozart "Rondo" derives from the orchestral "Haffner" Serenade, and it would be interesting to know the name of the arranger. I have no idea which Stamitz wrote the Divertimento offered here, and the Italian Baroque sonatas certainly require more identification. That of the Corelli is obviously incorrect, and I regret that

STEVEN STARYK
Everything just right

I do not possess the scores necessary to name it correctly. Two of the Bach sonatas are unidentified except as to key; they are not from the well-known set of six, but separate works, and I have added the correct BWV numbers. In general, I have corrected and expanded Everest's listing wherever possible below, but in some cases I have simply had to let mysterious matters stand. Disgraceful, but perhaps a concomitant of the bargain price.

Nonetheless, many of the pieces are of unusual interest. The second record is devoted to the *études* of Dancla, Kreutzer, Dont, and other creators of the finger-twisting nightmares familiar to violin students. But played by Staryk, these sometimes mechanical-sounding pieces reveal the true inventiveness that is at their core. The all-Wieniawski disc includes nine Étude-Caprices for two violins, most of them recorded here for the first time, with both parts undertaken (through overdubbing) by Staryk. The solo sonatas on the sixth record are excellent choices, beginning with the little-known Pisendel (1687-1755) item with its remarkable third movement. With the early (1924) Hindemith and late (1947) Prokofiev, the recital is brought into the twentieth century. The Hindemith Sonata is a lyrical piece with a quasi-Impressionistic opening and a Mozartian fourth movement; the Prokofiev work (erroneously labeled Op. 121 here) is more exuberant and athletic. Both are inventive explorations of the violin's capabilities.

Technically, the set is first-rate. Understandably, the violin is given prominence in the balances, but the capable assisting artists are not neglected, and stereo has been imaginatively employed. *George Jellinek*

FOUR HUNDRED YEARS OF THE VIOLIN—AN ANTHOLOGY OF THE ART OF VIOLIN PLAYING. I. Staryk in Recital: Fiocco: *Allegro.* Handel: *Larghetto.* Mozart: *Rondo,* from *Serenade in D (K. 250).* Schumann: *Romance in A, Op. 94, No. 2.* Brahms: *Scherzo, in C Minor (Sonatensatz).* Paganini: *Sonata No. 12, in E Minor, Op. 3, No. 6.* Prokofiev: *Melody, Op. 35a, No. 2.* Falla: *Danse Espagnole,* from *La Vida Breve.* Szymanowski: *Chant de Roxane.* Novacek: *Perpetuum Mobile.* **II. Every Violinist's Guide:** Eighteen traditional *études* by Kreutzer, Dancla, Rode, Fiorillo, Kayser, Dont, and Wieniawski. **III. All-Wieniawski Program:** *Étude-Caprices for Two Violins, Op. 18, Complete; Polonaise in D, Op. 4; Mazurka, Op. 19; Legende, Op. 17; Scherzo-Tarantelle, Op. 16.* **IV. Italian Baroque Sonatas:** Nardini: *Sonata, in D Major.* Veracini: *Sonata, in E Minor, Op. 2, No. 8.* Locatelli: *Sonata, in G Minor.* Corelli: *Sonata, in B-flat, Op. 5, No. 2;* all for violin and harpsichord. **V. Bach Sonatas:** *Sonatas in G Major (BWV 1021), E Minor (BWV 1023), F Major (BWV 1022),* and *G Minor (BWV 1020),* for violin and continuo. **VI. Solo Sonatas:** Pisendel: *Sonata for Violin Solo.* Geminiani: *Sonata for Violin Solo.* Stamitz: *Divertimento, in Two Parts, for Violin Solo.* Hindemith: *Sonata for Violin, Op. 31, No. 1.* Papineau-Couture: *Aria for Violin Solo.* Prokofiev: *Sonata for Violin, Op. 115.* Steven Staryk (violin); Eloise Niwa and Adele Kotowska (piano); Kenneth Gilbert (harpsichord). EVEREST Ⓢ 3203/6 six discs $9.95.

THE BARTÓK QUARTETS AS STANDARD REPERTOIRE

The "Forbidding Six" are so no longer in irreproachable performances by the Tátrai Quartet

IT HAS BEEN some time since I've listened to Béla Bartók's six string quartets with any kind of concentration on their chronological aspect, and the experience of doing so with the new set of the six offered by the Tátrai Quartet on the Dover label has had the curious effect of making me feel at least a thousand years old.

Everyone is by now familiar with the "Béla Bartók Story." Until the day of his death in 1945, he was relatively impoverished and neglected. His work was then, for the most part, considered forbiddingly "modern," dissonant, and erudite. In 1943, when he lay ill in a New York hospital, his personal (and professional) status was at so low an ebb that Serge Koussevitzky paid him a visit to commission an orchestral work. The result was the now

ubiquitously recorded and performed *Concerto for Orchestra*, a flashy work I have always imagined to have been composed with an eye to attracting the audience the composer had until then been denied.

In my own student days, however, the Bartók legend revolved about the quartets. Recordings of them were virtually unavailable, although sophisticated musicians were uniformly agreed they were the greatest—albeit most elusive—accomplishments in the medium since the death of Beethoven. My first encounter with performances of all six of them was in 1948, during a summer of study at Tanglewood, where they were played (I believe by the Juilliard Quartet) in a series given in the Chamber Music Hall. Unbeknownst to anyone, this was the beginning of the end of the period in which Stravinsky's white-note neoclassicism was the *dernier cri*; still, Bartók's highly chromatic dissonance sounded extremely nasty. The first two works were easy enough to take: the Hungarian musical folklore baldly evident gave one something to hang onto. But beginning with the Third Quartet, which revealed Bartók's determination to extend string technique with bizarre, *outré* effects, the going got pretty rough. (I recall one hot night when the Fifth was being performed and the hall was under siege by countless buzzing mosquitoes; between their cacophony and that produced by the musicians, several of us thought we were going mad.)

I mention all this because listening to the quartets today is, if you won't block my metaphor, like rolling off a log. The first two sound positively dulcet; the ensuing three sound merely hectic and angry; and the last sounds positively resigned—almost as if the composer realized it was to be all he would have to say on the matter. The far-out string effects are *de rigueur* for *anybody's* string quartet now; the quasi-atonal dissonance has long since been rendered comparatively mild by our saturation in the excesses of the post-Webernite twelve-tone-serial revival that was so soon to follow that summer at Tanglewood. And that Schoenberg's quartets had their influence on Bartók is now beyond question.

None of this is to be interpreted as an attempt to lessen the stature of Bartók's music. On the other hand, our own Elliott Carter has since come along with a couple of string quartets that make us realize that what was once assumed is not the case: namely, that Bartók *had* said the last word on the subject for our time. And if the extreme dissonance of much of Bartók's quartet writing seems curiously mild today, it merely verifies for me what I once heard Virgil Thomson say about Bartók's posthumous popularity. In effect, he suggested that even the most total "dissonance saturation" would eventually overcome public resistance if its use was "expressive"; it is, Thomson continued, only when dissonance is the *status quo*, when it is used unabatingly for its own sake, that the average listener balks. I suppose that this, as much as anything else, explains the quick absorption of the Bartók quartets into the standard repertoire.

JABLONSKI COLLECTION, COURTESY PETER BARTOK

BÉLA BARTÓK
At the time of composition of his First Quartet

The Tátrai String Quartet has given us performances of these works that would be irreproachable at any price, but at $2.00 a disc, the collection is a unique bargain. I wouldn't suggest that the players *surpass* the Juilliard's recording of the six, over the years, the Juilliard players have worked out such "definitive" performances that they might be tempted to lay some claim to having partially composed the music. But the Tátrai have a superb sense of the special character of each work (the group is, after all, Hungarian), and an almost musicological concern for demonstrating the evolution of Bartók's structural technique in the medium. There are no concessions to "prettiness," and the music's motivic design is clearly displayed.

I might add that Dover has done its prospective buyers an uncommon service in assigning the annotative and analytical booklets that accompany each release to the American composer George Perle. If anyone knows this music better, I should very much like to know who. But this, along with excellent sonics, is just another aspect of a thoroughly distinguished recording accomplishment.

William Flanagan

BARTÓK: *Six Quartets.* Tátrai String Quartet. DOVER Ⓢ HCR ST 7272/3/4, Ⓜ HCR 5272/3/4 $2.00 each (available separately).

COLUMBIA RECORDS

BILLY STRAYHORN:
An uncommonly gifted melodist

JAZZ

DUKE ELLINGTON PLAYS BILLY STRAYHORN

RCA offers a fitting tribute to the memory of the late jazz orchestrator-composer

FOR NEARLY thirty years Billy Strayhorn served as Duke Ellington's alter ego, arranger, co-composer, and confidante. The full effects of that remarkable relationship will probably never be known. Certainly one of the most brilliant periods in the Ellington canon began in the early Forties, shortly after Strayhorn arrived on the scene. But then there were other factors also—new sidemen, new ideas in the wind—that contributed to the stirring performances produced by the Ellington organization in those eventful years.

What we do know is that the musical intuition and understanding that developed between the two men was so intimate artistically that even veteran members of the Ellington band often found it difficult to determine whether a given section or piece was composed by Ellington or Strayhorn. Most likely the interaction took place both ways. Like Ellington, Strayhorn was a superb orchestrator and an uncommonly gifted melodist. He was the composer of several ballads which, though they may never achieve hit-parade popularity, will ever remain as examples of the aesthetic excellence that can be achieved within the confines of a popular art form.

RCA's new ". . . And His Mother Called Him Bill" is a memorial disc, of course, and it is to Ellington's credit that he has made it the kind of tribute Strayhorn would have wanted—a program of his most "living" music. The pieces included, both the familiar and the rare, have all (except *Blood Count*) been recorded before, but most are no longer available (in this country, at least) in their original forms. Ironically, they give the Ellington orchestra an opportunity to play music of a quality it rarely sees in these days of Ellington's maturity, and the response to the challenge is simply magnificent.

The most stunning piece, however, is one played by Ellington alone. It was recorded after the session was officially ended, while the musicians chatted and slowly packed up their instruments. Ellington spontaneously began to play Strayhorn's lovely *Lotus Blossom*. As the musicians realized what was taking place, they gradually paused to listen, and Ellington proceeded to demonstrate his affection for both the person and the artistry of his departed companion.

Ellington will surely miss Strayhorn, but he will miss him no more than those of us who have long loved his music.

Don Heckman

DUKE ELLINGTON: ***". . . And His Mother Called Him Bill."*** Duke Ellington (piano); the Ellington Orchestra. *Snibor*; *Boo-dah*; *Blood Count*; *U.M.M.G.*; *Charpoy*; *After All*; *Intimacy of the Blues*; *Rain Check*; *Day-Dream*; *Rock Skippin'*; *All Day*; *Lotus Blossom*. RCA Ⓢ LSP 3906, Ⓜ LPM 3906 $4.79.

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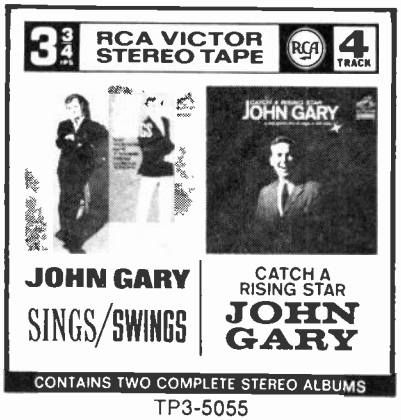

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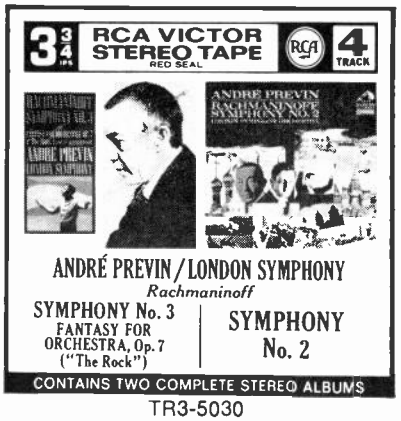

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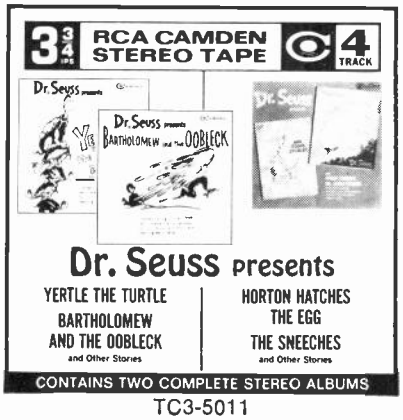

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HIFI/STEREO REVIEW'S CHOICE OF THE LATEST RECORDINGS

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Reviewed by WILLIAM FLANAGAN • DAVID HALL • GEORGE JELLINEK • IGOR KIPNIS • ERIC SALZMAN

RECORDING OF SPECIAL MERIT

BACH: *Brandenburg Concertos (complete).* Manfred Clement (oboe); Hansheinz Schneeberger (violin); Hans-Martin Linde and Günther Höller (recorders); Aurèle Nicolet (flute); Pierre Thibaud (trumpet); Hedwig Bilgram (harpsichord, in Nos. 1-4, 6); Karl Richter (harpsichord, in No. 5); Munich Bach Orchestra, Karl Richter cond. DEUTSCHE GRAMMOPHON ARCHIVE Ⓢ 198438/9 two discs $11.58.

Performance: **Extremely impressive**
Recording: **Superior**
Stereo Quality: **Excellent**

Perhaps the most striking aspect of this latest set of Brandenburgs is the quality of the instrumental playing. Rarely have the gambas in No. 6 sounded so mellifluous, the recorders in No. 4 so pleasing and unforced, and the hair-raising trumpet solo in No. 2 so effortlessly virtuosic. At first, as I began listening, I thought that this third Archive recording of the Brandenburgs might be a little more musicologically correct than the previous Baumgartner version. In a few respects it is—a harpsichord improvisation, for instance, is played between the two movements of No. 3. In other respects, however, there are weak points: No. 3 has a full complement of strings rather than one man per part (though they do play beautifully), and Richter is rather careless with his execution (or non-execution) of the often unwritten cadential trills. Tempos throughout are extraordinarily brisk, sometimes almost slick in fast movements. Slow movements, such as that in No. 5, are beautifully paced, however, and the set as a whole is, in spite of its defects, a distinguished one. Hedwig Bilgram's continuo playing is quite imaginative on occasion; I found Richter himself in the solo harpsichord part of No. 5 rather ordinary, even technically. As impressive as the playing of the orchestra and its soloists is the quality of reproduction; with the single exception of No. 5, in which the harpsichord is, as usual, swamped in the ensemble passages, the balances are excellent. Those looking for a set of Brandenburgs would be well advised to investigate this new recording; it is certainly among the best of the currently available albums. *I. K.*

Explanation of symbols:
Ⓢ = *stereophonic recording*
Ⓜ = *monophonic recording*
* = *mono or stereo version not received for review*

RECORDING OF SPECIAL MERIT

BACH: *Orgelbüchlein (BWV 599-644).* Anton Heiller (Metzler Organ in Netsal, Switzerland). CARDINAL Ⓢ VCS 10026/7 two discs (available separately) $3.50 each.

Performance: **First-rate**
Recording: **Excellent**
Stereo Quality: **Fine**

The forty-five chorale-preludes that make up the *Orgelbüchlein* have been recorded many times, most recently on a highly interesting

VANGUARD

ANTON HEILLER
Superb playing for the Orgelbüchlein

Nonesuch release in which the original chorales were sung as well as played in the Bach settings. Of the versions with organ alone, I have always had a preference for the mono-only recording by Helmut Walcha. Heiller's interpretation runs a close second, I think. The Austrian organist, playing a fine 1964 instrument, is particularly adept at bringing out for the listener the chorale tunes, not always an easy task in Bach's complex settings. His registrations are extremely well chosen, as are his tempos, and he gauges the character of each chorale most successfully. Moreover, the recorded sound is first-rate. *I. K.*

RECORDING OF SPECIAL MERIT

BACH: *Preludes and Fugues in C Minor ("Arnstadt," BWV 549), D Minor ("Fiddle," BWV 539), and E Minor ("Cathedral," BWV 533); Six Schübler Chorales (BWV 645-50).* E. Power Biggs (Flentrop Organ of the Busch-Reisinger Museum, Cambridge, Mass.). COLUMBIA Ⓢ MS 7108 (includes free bonus record, "The Many Sounds of E. Power Biggs on Nine Great and Historic Organs in America, Austria, England, Holland, Germany, Italy, Spain, and Switzerland, and on the Unique Pedal Harpsichord," of music by Soler, Bach, Gabrieli, Mozart, Buxtehude, others) $5.79.

Performance: **Colorful**
Recording: **Very good**
Stereo Quality: **Excellent**

E. Power Biggs' third volume of his Bach "Organ Favorites" series is characteristic: he shows an unerring instinct for good program-building and a colorful and logical choice of registration, through which the excellent Flentrop tracker organ is shown off to good advantage. Those who own the previous two volumes in this series will surely enjoy this one as well. Columbia has given the performances its customary vivid recording, but there is some slight constriction at the side ends, and the Schübler Chorales are all on an unbanded second side, which means that individual pieces cannot be picked out without some difficulty.

Columbia also provides a bonus album with this volume, a kind of sampler of Mr. Biggs' work which features short pieces from fifteen discs. It is a very fine survey, both of Mr. Biggs' playing and of the many and varied organs he has recorded on—and of his latest interest, the pedal harpsichord, as well. It would be difficult to think of a better introduction to this distinguished performer. *I. K.*

BACH: *Sonatas for Violin and Harpsichord (complete, BWV 1014-19).* Hansheinz Schneeberger (violin); Eduard Müller (harpsichord). NONESUCH Ⓢ HB 73017 two discs $5.00.

Performance: **Straightforward and reliable**
Recording: **Very good**
Stereo Quality: **Satisfactory**

When these performances were available several years ago on the imported Bärenreiter label, I remember listening to them without much enthusiasm; the playing at the time seemed to me to be rather too Teutonic and stolid. Rehearing them now, I was a little more impressed: the playing is technically quite satisfactory (except for some slight intonation difficulties in the violin double-stops of Sonata No. 5), and more important, the readings are musically sensible, with a good concept of style. The version by Menuhin, Malcolm, and Gauntlett (the last playing the continuo viola da gamba) still seems to be the warmest as well as

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the most stimulating, but I would now certainly rate Schneeberger and Müller above most of the other competing versions. Excellent balances. *I. K.*

BACH: *The Well-Tempered Clavier, Book II, Volume 1: Preludes and Fugues Nos. 1-8.* Glenn Gould (piano). COLUMBIA Ⓢ MS 7099 $5.79.

Performance: Individualistic, as usual
Recording: Superior
Stereo Quality: Excellent

With this release, Glenn Gould commences the second book of *The Well-Tempered Clavier*. The usual Gould characteristics are heard here: staccato articulation, fairly fast tempos, uncommon clarity in delineating the parts, superb technique, and audible vocal involvement. Gould's desire to avoid conventional interpretation has refreshing results on occasion, although his ultra-streamlined, speedy Prelude in E-flat, I think, completely misreads the character of the music. As I have pointed out about other discs in the series, much of the playing here is more Gould than Bach, but then again a great many of his admirers might similarly criticize the Bach of Myra Hess, Edwin Fischer, Dinu Lipatti, or Wanda Landowska. One can only retort: to each his own. Columbia's sonic reproduction is quite splendid. *I. K.*

BARTÓK: *Six Quartets* (see Best of the Month, page 72)

BAX: *Overture to a Picaresque Comedy* (see BENNETT)

BEETHOVEN (trans. for piano by Liszt): *Symphony No. 5, in C Minor, Op. 67.* Glenn Gould (piano). COLUMBIA Ⓢ MS 7095 $5.79 (also includes bonus disc: "Glenn Gould: Concert Dropout," featuring Glenn Gould in conversation with John McClure).

Performance: A verbal and pianistic "in" joke
Recording: Excellent
Stereo Quality: Fine

This is altogether an absurd release. The annotative material, consisting entirely of quotations from purported American and European periodicals, appears to have been written by somebody who perhaps very much resembles someone who resembles Glenn Gould. A British "magazine," *Phonograph*, blasts this recording in apparent anticipation of its release; a German sheet, in a similar scoop, concentrates with attractive loyalty on Liszt's desecration of Beethoven; a report for a mid-Western psychiatric journal, allegedly written by a psychiatrist allowed to visit the recording session, hints darkly of emotional irregularity in Gould.

Well, come to think of it (even as I helplessly assume the role of armchair psychiatrist in writing of the Gould-McClure "bonus" interview), I'm not certain that the album wouldn't *fascinate* even the most enlightened qualified psychiatrist by virtue of both verbal and musical content. The reclusive Mr. Gould reveals himself as a sort of performing John Cage playing his games at the expense of the standard repertoire. He has given up "treading the boards," because public performance is "dead." While at one point he blames the need for pleasing again and again "the man in the balcony" for some

(Continued on page 80)

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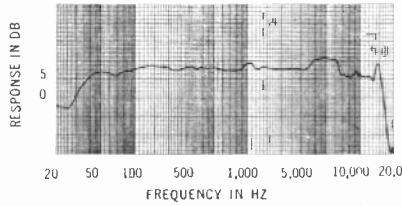

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of the extensively noted "eccentricities" of interpretation that characterize his playing, he admits the exhibitionistic desire to shock by illustrating at the piano two comically opposite approaches to a public performance of a Beethoven concerto. (The slower, more "shocking" of the two was ultimately chosen.) Whether or not either of them approaches Beethoven's or, by implication, any other composer's intent is evidently a matter of supreme indifference to the pianist. The concertgoer he refers to as "sadistic," the possessor of a "lust for blood" in his hope that the performer will stumble. He talks of what live audiences "did" to him (make him rich and famous, perhaps?). Says Mr. Gould of the typical "case-hardened" concertgoer: "I don't trust him."

So the man who has been all but driven by public persecution into the more withdrawn, controllable confines of the recording studio now amuses himself by creating his interpretations with "tape and razor blade," as Mr. McClure phrases it: by splicing together two startingly different "takes" of a Bach fugue, for example, a delicate one and a lumpish one, one for fugal statement and the other for transitions—I forget which is which.

I hope I do not seem to be biting the hand of the industry that feeds me, but I believe that (1) star performers are allowed by typical case-hardened concertgoers to get away with murder and still receive accolades—apparently, unless the name is Glenn Gould; (2) the super-perfectionism possible in recording is no replacement for the sense of "theatre" that may or may not take place in the concert hall; (3) the presence of a "finger fault" on a recording is untenable because, in repeated playing, it takes on a large life of its own that is alien to the music (like Mr. Gould's singing-along-with-Beethoven on a recent release of sonatas), while in the concert hall it's an "he's-only-human" error that disappears as sound forever; and (4) Mr. Gould's rather blasé statement that *he* never goes to concerts unless for a special event will hardly be news to most musicians of experience, who find nothing startling in one of their number's being averse to the busman's holiday as a form of diversion.

Well, I've been playing dead-pan to John Cage's more extreme carryings-on for years, because I know that critical and public outrage is the sought-after reaction, part of the creative investment. So I'm not going up in smoke over the ghoulish notion of Gould's asking anyone to spend good money for a piano transcription of the most popular classical symphony in the world.

Glenn Gould's musical performance here and the "annotative material" supplied would ask us to take him as a low-camp iconoclast—the Andy Warhol of the keyboard. His performance in the interview would apparently ask us to take him (please!) "seriously." I don't know whether it can in actuality be *had* both ways or not. But even if it can, this isn't it, my friends. Mr. Gould plays lots of notes very loud. But the waste of one of this generation's most impressive native talents (apparent even here) is, in the last analysis, saddening, no matter how modishly *outré* its form. *W. F.*

RECORDING OF SPECIAL MERIT

BENNETT: *Symphony No. 1.* BAX: *Overture to a Picaresque Comedy.* BERKELEY: *Divertimento in B-flat.* Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, Igor Buketoff cond. RCA Ⓢ LSC 3005, Ⓜ LM 3005 $5.79.

Performance: **Sounds fine**
Recording: **Excellent**
Stereo Quality: **Good**

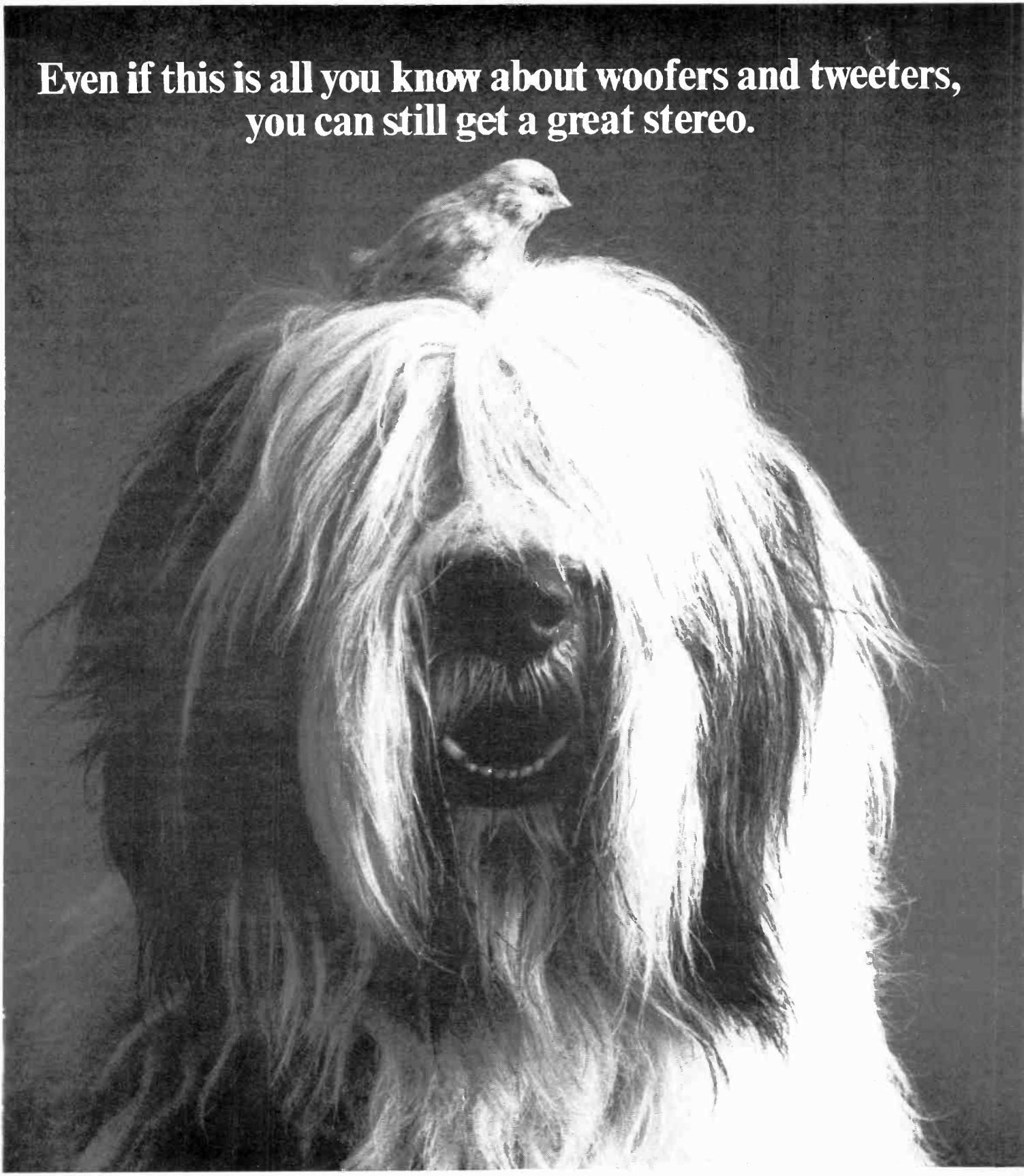
Richard Rodney Bennett (b. 1936) is one of England's young-composer "hot properties"—if such a phrase can properly be applied to any serious composer. As the information supplied here by RCA's annotative editors would have it, Bennett's attention has been taken mostly by vocal music; this symphony, written during four months of 1965, was specially commissioned and is described as his "first mature orchestral work on a substantial scale."

Bennett's symphony is a work of moderate length (some twenty-three minutes), and its composer's talent and precocity are undeniable. It is far more than normally complex by the usual British standards and, in view of the short time he spent in composing it, it must be assumed that the composer has enormous facility. (Are we in the presence of another Benjamin Britten here?) Its style is rooted in Viennese atonality—Berg comes to mind more than occasionally—and the piece has scarcely a dull moment. It's fluent, dramatic, and lyrical, and it really "sounds."

For some strange reason, our own Gunther Schuller came to mind as I listened to the work. Come to think of it, there is little (if anything) I have written above that couldn't fit a good part of Schuller's work like a glove. Furthermore, the music creates

(Continued on page 82)

Even if this is all you know about woofers and tweeters, you can still get a great stereo.



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another impression that extends the Schuller analogy: wrong though it may turn out to be, one leaves the work initially with a discomfiting sense that the attractiveness of its surface is somehow what the piece is *really* all about, that repeated hearings would reveal little that cuts very deep. This may be merely the price that a composer who obviously composes easily must pay on early acquaintance; after all, how often has such an accusation been leveled against even Mozart? (On the other hand, in much of his work, how often it's true!)

In any case, Bennett's symphony is musicality itself, and I far prefer listening to a work that really *sounds* like music—even though it may be little more than sheer attitude—than much of the dubious, sententious obscurantism that we've been getting from the international contemporary music world in recent years.

We hearken back to British post-Romanticism with Bax's Straussian Overture and Berkeley's Divertimento. The words that most immediately come to mind for both of these pieces are, I'm afraid, rather patronizing: pleasant and harmless. There is one rather curious experience I had on first listening to them (Berkeley follows Bax on side two). My attention, as it is sometimes wont to, wandered a bit toward the end of the Bax, and I was a few moments into the Berkeley before I realized that I was listening to a different piece. The experience may or may not say something about musical "personality" where these two composers are concerned.

Performance, recorded sound, and stereo quality all are of the first order. *W. F.*

RECORDING OF SPECIAL MERIT

BERLIOZ: ***Requiem, Op. 5.*** Peter Schreier (tenor); Bavarian Radio Choir and Symphony Orchestra, Charles Munch cond. DEUTSCHE GRAMMOPHON (S) 139264/65 two discs $11.58.

Performance: **Powerful**
Recording: **Impressive**
Stereo Quality: **Highly effective**

Nearly a decade after the memorable sessions in Symphony Hall that produced the Boston Symphony recording of the Berlioz Requiem, Charles Munch has decided to have another go at this mighty Gallic masterpiece in an unexpected locale—Munich, Germany. But when we remember that the greatest successes of Berlioz's middle life—and, with the help of Franz Liszt, much of what led to his international fame—took place in Germany rather than in Paris, perhaps the choice of recording locale for this sixth version of the Requiem is not inappropriate.

In general, Munch's reading follows the pattern of his 1959 Boston performance, achieving a most effective balance between the almost Gluckian lyricism of the quiet episodes and the shattering drama of the *Dies Irae* and *Lacrymosa*, with their four brass bands and sixteen timpani. (N.B. Berlioz's famous "rolling chords" can be produced with half that number of timpani nowadays, thanks to development of the pedal mechanism for instant pitch change.) There are differences: the *Quid sum miser* is decidedly faster and the *Quaerens ille* slower than in the Boston records; the *Lacrymosa* in this new version gets off to a rather slowish start, but mounts to a devastating climax in the finale pages, and the spirited *Hosanna* fugal episode in the *Sanctus* profits from the livelier treatment here.

More to the point for today's prospective purchaser are the differences in recorded sound between the RCA and DGG performances. I was present at the RCA Boston sessions, and have lived with the discs for a long time, in spite of their rather noisy surfaces. Unfortunately, I have never heard the RCA four-track tape, but I hope it is not as troubled with phase distortion in the great *Dies Irae* brass climaxes as my discs are. The new DGG pressings are flawless, the volume levels are closer to American standards, and even the most shattering climaxes come through with the utmost clarity and power. While the wide-open spaces of Boston's Symphony Hall were more conducive to a cathedral-like sonic *ambiance* than the hall used by DGG, they also contributed to occasional muddiness of textural detail in the complex portions of the music. In general the stereo perspective of the Boston recording is deeper and narrower, while that of the DGG is broader and closer. I am not going to throw out my Boston version of Munch-Berlioz, but I wouldn't be without this new one. *D. H.*

RECORDING OF SPECIAL MERIT

BRAHMS: ***Intermezzos: in E Major, Op. 116, No. 4; in A Minor, Op. 118, No. 1; in A Major, Op. 118, No. 2; Capriccio in C-sharp Minor, Op 76, No. 5; Rhapsody in E-flat Major, Op. 119, No. 4.*** STRAVINSKY: ***Three Movements from "Petrouchka".*** Misha Dichter (piano). RCA (S) LSC 2970, (M) LM 2970 $5.79.

Performance: **Very good**
Recording: **Good**
Stereo Quality: **Okay**

Take a young pianist with good looks, technique, a certain amount of flair, a few of the right prizes, *and* a name like Misha Dichter—how can he miss? Misha Dichter has just *gotta* be a famous pianist that everybody's heard of. He isn't, or rather he wasn't, but by now he is or ought to be. This is his first solo record (he made his recording debut with the Boston Symphony and the Tchaikovsky B-flat Minor Concerto!). The pairing is odd, but Brahms and Stravinsky are obviously to his taste, and records like this are obviously for piano-watchers, not for musical purists. I thought he didn't quite get the proper bardic quality for the E-flat Rhapsody, and thus its big shape was not convincing; otherwise, this is Brahms of considerable lyric beauty. The Stravinsky—originally written for Artur Rubinstein but, if I am not mistaken, never performed by him—is a remarkable *tour de force* which Dichter carries off brilliantly. Good piano sound by RCA. *E.S.*

BRAHMS: ***Serenade No. 1, in D Major, Op. 11.*** London Symphony Orchestra, István Kertész cond. LONDON (S) CS 6567 $5.79.

Performance: **A bit fussy**
Recording: **Splendid**
Stereo Quality: **Good**

In this third currently available version of the Brahms D Major Serenade, István Kertész has the benefit of beautifully transparent yet rich recorded sound and first-rate orchestral playing. Yet the extreme wealth of nuance which he brings to the work as a whole and to the first movement in particular seems almost too much for music that is in itself as inherently luxuriant in scale and melodic substance as this youthful first serenade. Indeed, where the Kertész approach is needed is in the second, the A Major serenade, with its less varied texture (stemming from the absence of violins). I hope that a Kertész reading of that work will be forthcoming.

As for the other disc versions of the D Major Serenade, I have not heard the Philadelphia Chamber Symphony recording for RCA Victor, but can say that I definitely prefer to Kertész's the wonderfully virile and straightforward reading done by Stokowski for Decca, despite the somewhat less spacious recorded sound. *D. H.*

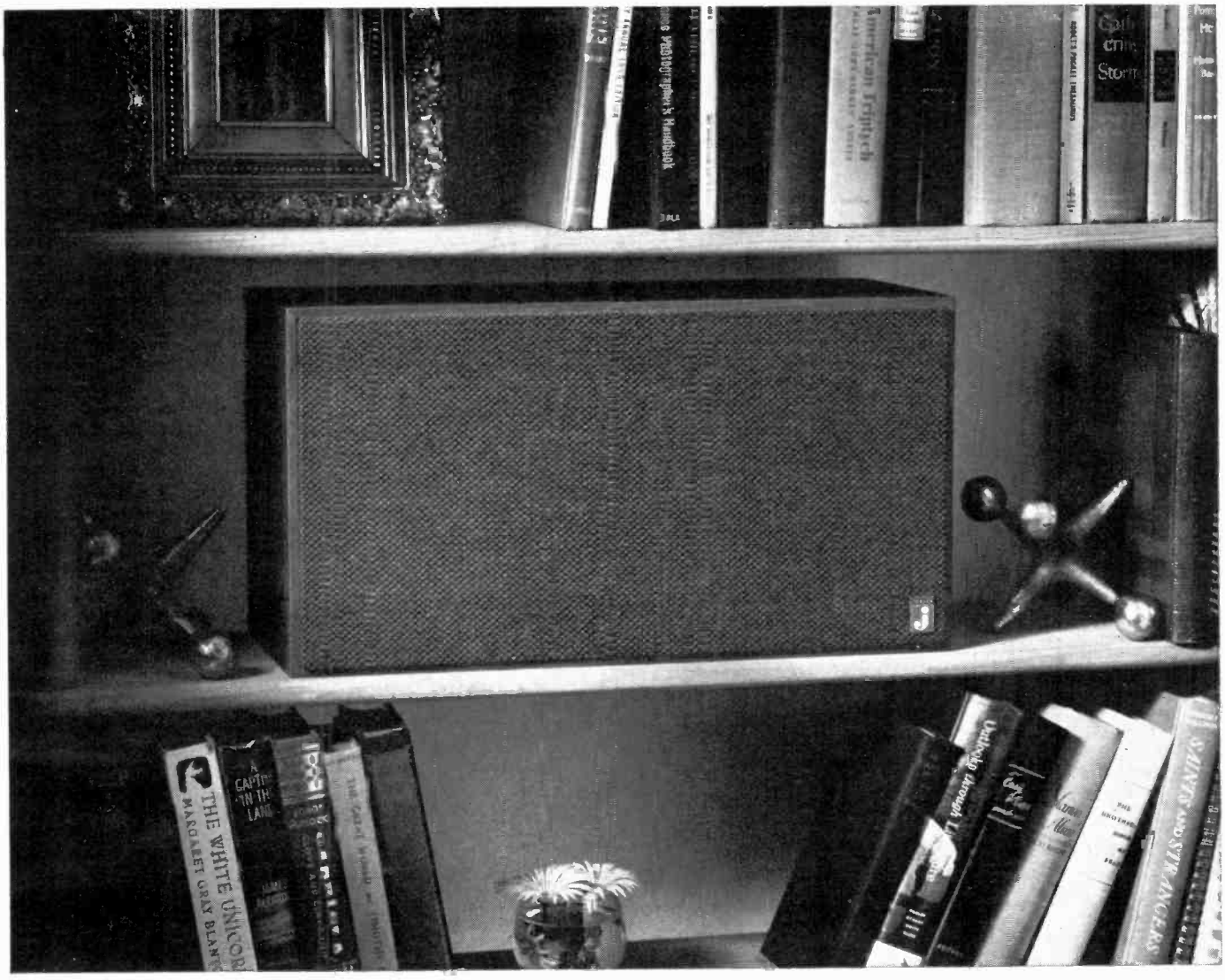
BRITTEN: ***Six Metamorphoses after Ovid, Op. 49, for Oboe Solo; Suite for Violin and Piano, Op. 6; Phantasy Quartet, Op. 2, for Oboe, Violin, Viola, and Cello.*** Humbert Lucarelli (oboe), Gerald Tarack (violin), Thomas Grubb (piano); New Art String Trio. LYRICHORD (S) LLST 7195, (M) LL 195* $5.98.

Performance: ***Britteniae triviae***
Recording: **Good**
Stereo Quality: **Good**

Benjamin Britten, at fifty-four, is accumulating a recorded representation in the Schwann catalog that is remarkably comprehensive and, without researching it, probably unrivaled both as to quantity and quality among Western-world composers of his generation. He must feel pretty good about it.

But, of course, he is and has been an enormously prolific composer, and there is plenty of material, of variable quality, for the microphones to listen to. I'm far more a Britten fan than not, but I'm not sure this collection of chamber works spanning about twenty years would send me rushing to my retail

(Continued on page 84)



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shop. The *Metamorphoses* for solo oboe, for example, amount to little more, to my ears, than a facile display piece for Lucarelli's admirable command over his instrument. The Suite for Violin and Piano (1936) is so unmistakably influenced by Stravinsky's neoclassicism that it gives me a turn to realize that the infinitely more personal and celebrated *Variations on a Theme by Frank Bridge* came along so soon after, in 1937.

The *Phantasy* Quartet, composed in 1932 when the composer was nineteen, is precociously talented, also rather Stravinskian, and not without a youthful sweetness and charm. But included in this grab-bag, some of these qualities are lost in context.

The performances seem altogether masterly, and the sonics are good. *W. F.*

BRITTEN: *The Burning Fiery Furnace, Op. 77.* Peter Pears (tenor). Nebuchadnezzar; John Shirley-Quirk (baritone), Shadrach; Bryan Drake (baritone), Astrologer; Robert Tear (tenor), Meshach; Stafford Dean (bass), Abednego; Peter Leeming (baritone), Herald. Members of the Chorus and Orchestra of the English Opera Group, Benjamin Britten cond. LONDON Ⓢ OS 26049 $5.79.

Performance: **Superb**
Recording: **First-rate**
Stereo Quality: **Excellent**

Benjamin Britten's *Burning Fiery Furnace* (1966) is described as his "Second Parable for Church Performance," making it, I presume, a sequel to the stunning *Curlew River* (1964), which it quite clearly resembles. But whereas the earlier work, with its quasi-Japanese Nō-play stylization, was both an original and a moving experience for me, my feelings about this more recent work are decidedly ambivalent.

As ever, Britten's resourcefulness with limited instrumental forces is uncanny; the workmanship, as ever, is impeccable. But, somehow, *The Burning Fiery Furnace* never really moves one. Certainly, as to vocal lyricism, it is either Britten's most calculatedly austere or simply his least inventive work. And I find the overall textural bareness of the work somehow more a mannered and strained affair than a convincing extension of the composer's style or even an effective stylization of musical means to suit this particular text. To be blunt about it, there is something curiously unattractive about much of this music (and that's a sentence I never imagined I would find myself writing about anything that Benjamin Britten might have composed).

William Plomer's Biblically inspired libretto after the Babylonian saga of Nebuchadnezzar, Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego is ingenious and highly theatrical in conception; I should imagine it to be very effective in an actual church performance. The "staging" requires that "the abbot, his company of clergymen and acolytes describe the setting and thenceforth assume the roles of the parable." Britten's score relies almost exclusively on lyrical declamation and instrumental color for dramatic effect. The only real tunes, as such, are assigned pretty much to the chamber orchestra. Curiously enough, having elected a declamatory style, the text is weirdly difficult to understand when it should be perfectly clear. Getting the words over is, after all, the purpose of declamation as used by most composers—a device to clarify exposition so that the composer can run amok lyrically without concern.

Altogether, this is one of those pieces that bring to mind the classic rejoinder to a bad reaction when one recounts a funny experience: "You had to be there to really appreciate it." In the proper surroundings, with all the visual trappings, the work might well be extremely effective. But the sea change engendered by the move from an English church to London records and thence to my Greenwich Village studio is all too apparent.

The work has been given a superb performance and recording, and the stereo effects are uncommonly telling and meaningful. I could be wrong about this one, so if you're a real Britten-watcher, you will want to look into it anyway. *W. F.*

BRITTEN: *The Young Person's Guide to the Orchestra* (see MOUSSORGSKY-RAVEL)

Josef Hofmann, with his son Anton at the piano, in a photograph taken about 1930

CHOPIN: *Piano Concerto No. 1, in E Minor, Op. 11.* Maurizio Pollini (piano); The Philharmonia Orchestra, Paul Kletzki cond. SERAPHIM Ⓢ S 60066 $2.49.

Performance: **Partly very impressive**
Recording: **Good**
Stereo Quality: **All right**

RECORDING OF SPECIAL MERIT

CHOPIN: *Piano Concerto No. 1, in E Minor, Op. 11.* Josef Hofmann (piano); Unidentified orchestra and conductor. INTERNATIONAL PIANO LIBRARY Ⓜ IPL 502 (Available at no charge as a bonus for a one-year $10.00 subscription to International Piano Library, 215 West 91st Street, New York, N. Y. 10024).

Performance: **Legendary**
Recording: **Late Thirties broadcast**

Maurizio Pollini recorded Chopin's First Piano Concerto at the age of eighteen, in 1960, shortly after he won first prize in the Warsaw International Chopin Competition. Since that time, he has appeared but little on the international musical stage, preferring instead to continue his piano studies (with, I believe, Arturo Benedetti Michelangeli). This reissue reconfirms his obvious assets: a splendid technique and highly poetic sensibilities. The second and third movements show him off most favorably; the opening movement seems to be a bit cool and without emotional involvement. The orchestral accompaniment is solid and sympathetic, and the recording is perfectly adequate, although somewhat distant and lacking in presence.

Hearing Josef Hofmann play this same concerto gives one an entirely different impression of the music, as well as an insight into the differences in performing styles between generations. Pollini, for all his talents, sounds almost bland in comparison with the mercurial, utterly spontaneous, and vital Hofmann. Not everything that Hofmann does here is entirely convincing interpretively, but there is no doubt whatsoever about his exciting and colorful mastery of the instrument. The recording, taken from a "live" broadcast *circa* 1937, is admittedly poor in its unevenness and imperfect pickup, but there is not one place where the electricity of the performance does not come through. As with a similar issue of Hofmann's broadcast of Chopin's F Minor Concerto, released under the same auspices as this one, collectors should be most grateful to the International Piano Library for making this kind of rare material available. *I. K.*

CHOPIN: *Scherzos: No. 1, in B Minor, Op. 20; No. 2, in B-flat Minor, Op. 31; No. 3, in C-sharp Minor, Op. 39; No. 4, in E Major, Op. 54. Prelude in C-sharp Minor, Op. 45; Barcarolle in F-sharp Major, Op. 60.* Vladimir Ashkenazy (piano). LONDON Ⓢ CS 6562 $5.79.

Performance: **Very good**
Recording: **Excellent**
Stereo Quality: **Good**

This disc must set some kind of record for average number of notes per groove. The Chopin scherzos are works of high intensity and fast tempo, and Ashkenazy drives them to their limit—sometimes too much so for my taste. The *più mosso* in the second scherzo starts too soon; the *meno mosso* in the third is not *meno* enough. The driving ahead is sensational; what I miss is the ability to hold back—equally important in these dramatic works. The curious late C-sharp Minor Prelude and the Barcarolle which serves as a postlude provide some contrast, and they are very beautifully played. It is the scherzos themselves which, impressive as they are, need more scope and contrast. I am usually not overly enthusiastic about the recorded sound of the solo piano, but I liked this one. An attractive disc if you don't mind the lack of inwardness and the continued emphasis on high-powered tension. *E. S.*

CORIGLIANO, JOHN Jr.: *Sonata for Violin and Piano (1963).* John Corigliano, Sr. (violin); Ralph Votapek (piano). STRANG: *Concerto for Cello with Woodwinds and Piano (1951).* Gabor Rejto (cello); Chamber Ensemble, Gerald Strang cond. COMPOSERS RECORDINGS, INC. Ⓢ CRI 215 $5.95.

Performance: **Superb Corigliano, believable Strang**
Recording: **Fine**
Stereo Quality: **Good**

On the occasion of the New York recital

premiere of what was probably exactly *this* work by John Corigliano, Jr., I vividly remember an intelligent and moderate critic for a now-defunct New York daily describing the young composer as probably the only American under fifty working in a neoclassic tonal style. I was so thoroughly shocked by the exaggeration that I alluded to it unkindly in a review for another periodical of a batch of recordings of new tonal music by composers under fifty, even though at the time I'd heard not a note of Corigliano's music—including the piece in question.

I must now apologize to the critic. For, after observing 1938 as the date of Corigliano's birth, I was myself taken aback by the phenomenon of a composer so young who could write a work in 1963 so *totally* untouched by the preoccupations of his generation. But, after hearing him out, and listening then to Gerald Strang (b. 1908) and his Concerto (1951), it struck me that the two works, cheek by jowl, are a fascinating comparison between lifeless conservatism and the persistent mystery of really gifted conservatism.

Corigliano's tonal, eclectic Sonata hasn't a note in it that couldn't have been composed during the Forties, but judging by this work, the thirty-year-old composer is the genuine article as far as talent is concerned. Once over the initial shock, I was completely caught up by the lyrical sensitivity of the piece, its considerable command over traditional musical disciplines, and its engaging sweetness and honesty. Its second-movement Andantino is perfectly beautiful: it manages to be utterly fresh in its expressive effect—don't ask me how—and is otherwise animated and lovely throughout. Like so many of his breed, Corigliano falls prey to the habit of making rather specific references to other composers and other styles when fast music is called for (the Stravinskian neoclassic attitudes of the first movement, for example), and his last movement runs a bit afoul of its own virtuosity. Nonetheless, he seems to me to be so natural a talent that if his next work should prove to be up to *le dernier cri*, I'd be willing to bet it would be full of life and beauty. The sympathetic performance by the composer's father here only strengthens the impression.

Strang's work (although he tells us in a quotation in the notes that it is composed of "non-tonal material which does not sound 'atonal' ") sounds far more old hat than Corigliano's, far less "real," and far more dull. And, curiously enough, *not* strikingly less conservative. It is not surprising to me to read that since 1963 he has "been working almost exclusively with computer sound synthesis and compositional techniques." *W. F.*

COWELL: *Sinfonietta.* SURINACH: *Melorhythmic Dramas.* Louisville Orchestra, Jorge Mester cond. LOUISVILLE FIRST EDITION RECORDS Ⓢ LS 681 $8.45. Ⓜ LOU 681 $7.95.

Performance: **Proficient**
Recording: **Good**
Stereo Quality: **Good**

Henry Cowell's *Sinfonietta* (1928) represents yet another facet of this many-faceted American composer's catalog. This one is described by Louisville's annotator as neoclassical out of and, by now, somewhat in advance of Stravinsky. I suppose the work *is* neoclassical, but its relationship to Stra-

vinsky's stylization of tradition seems to me undiscernible. The work jogs along energetically, but without much elegance, style, or personality. Neoclassicism, among all of Cowell's stylistic probings, would seem to me to be the one least suited to his restless, rather undisciplined musical temperament. I find it rather surrealistic to learn (from a quotation in the liner notes of an article by Oliver Daniel) that Anton Webern, of *all* people, conducted a performance of this relatively unsophisticated work in Vienna in 1932.

Surinach's piece is a sort of musical entertainment showing no apparent interest in either stylistic vogue or innovation. While it's a perfectly serious piece of music, I mean no derision when I say that it's fun to listen to, entertainingly rhetorical and dramatic, and brilliantly, if conventionally, orchestrated. It calls for a more brilliant orchestra than the Louisville, but it, as well as the Cowell, seems well performed. The recorded sound is not quite as good as some of Louisville's more recent efforts. *W. F.*

RECORDING OF SPECIAL MERIT

DEBUSSY: *La Mer*; *Three Nocturnes*. Concertgebouw Orchestra of Amsterdam, and Women's Chorus of the Collegium Musicum of Amsterdam, Eduard van Beinum cond. WORLD SERIES (S) PHC 9097 $2.50.

Performance: Crisp and brilliant
Recording: Excellent
Stereo Quality: Superior

There are so many unassailably good recorded performances of these Debussy classics, representing such various and interesting points of view, that I'll not even attempt the "preferred recording" game here. Instead, I'll simply state that here is another one. Van Beinum's overall approach is streamlined, dazzlingly virtuosic, attractively unsentimental—even quite extraordinarily unpicturesque. The men who play those famous muted trumpets in *Fêtes* don't march onto the scene (as they did when I was a boy) from some remote area; they're right with us from the beginning. And those girls in *Sirènes* seem to be far less concerned with wooing us to our destruction than they do with creating musical order.

Van Beinum's reading of *La Mer* is supercharged and exciting. Among those recordings of the work with which I am familiar, few get as much beauty and excitement out of the last movement as this one. The recorded sound and stereo, though by no means new, are still exceptionally good. *W. F.*

DEBUSSY: *Prelude à l'après-midi d'un faune* (see RAVEL)

DUFAY: *Missa Caput*; *Isorhythmic Motets: Apostolo Glorioso*; *Nuper Rosarum Flores*; *Fulgens lubar Ecclesie*. Capella Cordina, Alejandro Planchart dir. LYRICHORD (S) LLST 7190 $5.98, (M) LL 190* $4.98.

Performance: Commendable
Recording: Very good
Stereo Quality: Excellent

The fifteenth-century Burgundian Guillaume Dufay is most familiar on records through his chansons; rather more neglected is his sacred music, notably the important isorhythmic (a set rhythmic pattern which is repeated throughout a piece) motets. This Lyrichord disc makes considerable amends by including three such motets, all splendidly complex works rhythmically, plus a lovely Mass, which is notable for its lyricism and melody. The latter, once available on L'Oiseau-Lyre by Denis Stevens and the Ambrosian Singers, is considered to be Dufay's first *cantus firmus* Mass; its tune, incidentally, was also used by Obrecht and Ockeghem. The performance is altogether a good one—not perhaps the last word in vocal finish, but the singing and playing (mostly using modern instruments) effectively reveal the energetic rhythms and clarity of the parts. The vocal sound tends to be a bit American in inflection, and Mr. Planchart does not always point up his cadences, but these defects are far outweighed by the pleasure of the pieces themselves. The recorded sound is highly satisfactory, and detailed notes plus texts and translations are supplied. *I. K.*

ELGAR: *Symphony No. 1, in A-flat, Op. 55*. Philharmonia Orchestra, Sir John Barbirolli cond. SERAPHIM (S) S 60068 $2.49.

Performance: Luxuriantly Romantic
Recording: Good
Stereo Quality: Good

After more than a generation of neglect, the two symphonies of Sir Edward Elgar are again being heard by concertgoers, at least by those who have attended some of the recent programs led by William Steinberg.

For me, the core of both Elgar symphonies lies in their middle movements—the

(Continued on page 90)

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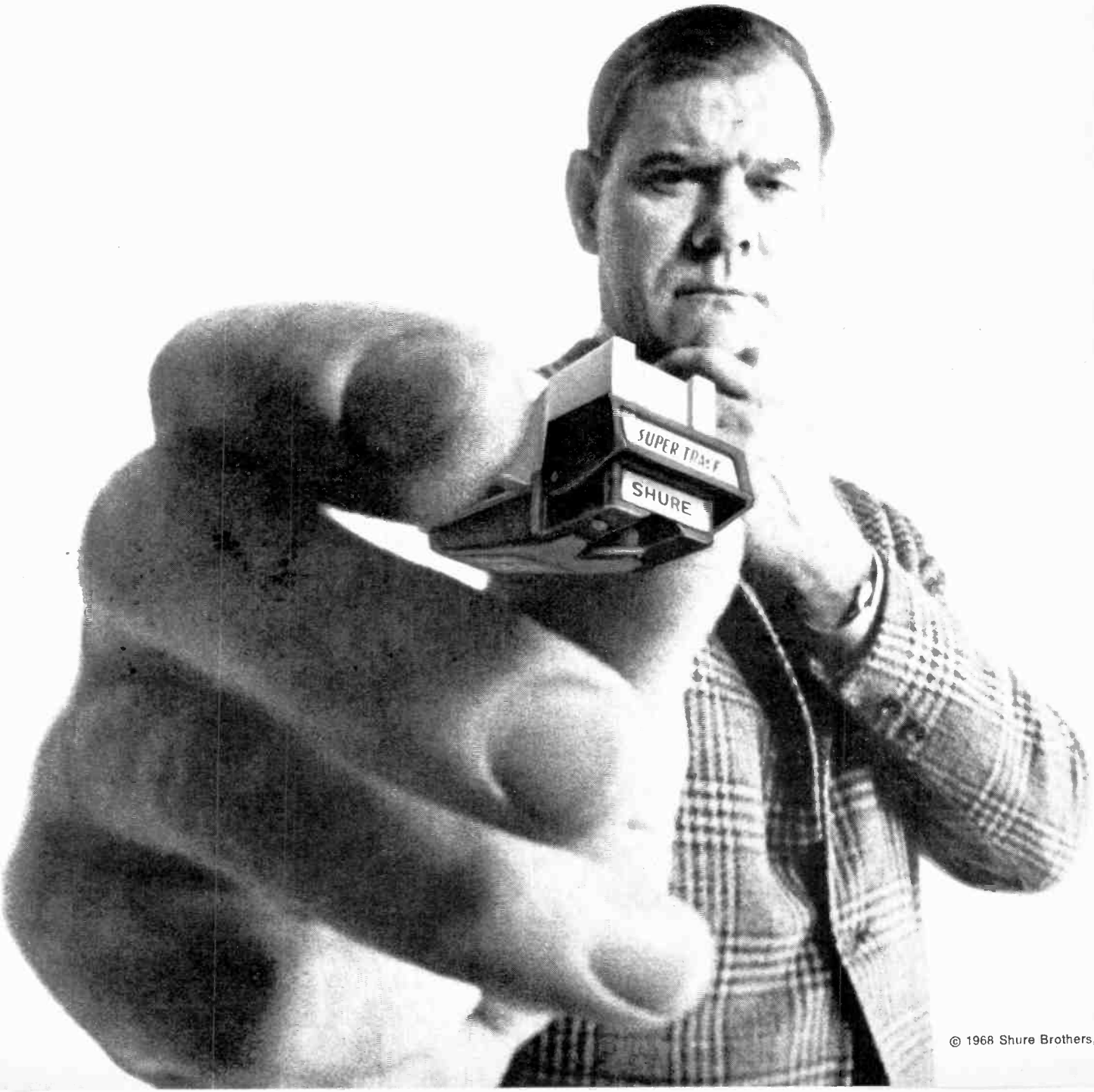

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Photo: Angus McBean

grim scherzo and seraphic slow movement of the First, and the corresponding movements of the Second, in which the scherzo is truly terrifying and the slow movement a most moving elegy for a bygone age. The first and last movements of the A-flat symphony, like those of the E-flat, are highly elaborate in both structure and texture (in a Brahms-Wagner-Richard Strauss vein), exceedingly brilliant on their own terms, but perhaps a bit indigestible for today's taste, for the polyphonic texture and rhythmic pulse are less clear and pointed than in Mahler and lack the inevitable flow of the best of Bruckner. This First Symphony begins with a magnificent "Intrada" in Elgar's finest *nobilimente* manner; but although, unlike the celebrated opening of the Tchaikovsky B-flat Minor Piano Concerto, it does undergo a certain amount of cyclical transformation to reach an apotheosis at the end, one feels somehow that Elgar put too much of a good thing too soon in the opening of this piece.

Nevertheless, I recommend this record, for all the many fine things in the music itself, and for the warmly loving performance given by Barbirolli and the Philharmonia. The 1963 recorded sound is full and rich, as befits the musical matter. At $2.49 this disc is a first-rate value. *D. H.*

FIELD: *Nocturnes, Nos. 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 9, 10, 12, 13, 15, 17, and 18.* Noël Lee (piano). NONESUCH (S) H 71195 $2.50.

Performance: **Stylish**
Recording: **A trifle glassy**
Stereo Quality: **Of minor moment**

Noël Lee gives us here a dozen out of the eighteen short pieces by John Field, the Irish-born composer-pianist who was long a resident of Russia. These were styled "nocturnes" by their composer more than a decade before Chopin wrote his first works bearing that title. Save for touches of Bellini-like ornamentation of the melodic line, Field's nocturnes seem more akin to the shorter Romantic-style pieces of Beethoven and Weber than to even early Chopin. The structure and melodic line are essentially classical, though here and there—as in the Nocturne No. 15—there are bold harmonic suspensions. In issuing these stylish performances by American pianist Noël Lee, Nonesuch has filled a significant gap in the recorded repertoire of early Romantic keyboard music. The piano sound is clean and has nice body, but seems a bit glassy in the upper middle register. *D. H.*

RECORDING OF SPECIAL MERIT

GINASTERA: *Concerto for Piano and Orchestra (1961); Variaciones Concertantes.* João Carlos Martins (piano); Boston Symphony Orchestra, Erich Leinsdorf conductor. RCA (S) LSC 3029RE, (M) LM 3029RE $5.79.

Performance: **Excellent**
Recording: **Very good**
Stereo Quality: **Unusual**

The main item here is the big, boisterous concerto, serial in content but quite extrovert in manner—those who know Ginastera's operas *Don Rodrigo* and *Bomarzo* will know what I mean. An odd effect results from the fact that most of the serial and twelve-tone manipulations are confined to the orchestra, which thus has a character of expressionist fantasy, while the toccata-like piano part is much more straightforward and traditional-modern, in the vein of Bartók or even Prokofiev. Martins, the young Brazilian pianist, is a brilliant interpreter of the solo part. Leinsdorf has separated strings and winds (with piano and percussion in the middle), which results in some unbalanced stereo but a generally effective clarity and spread of sound. The *Variaciones Concertantes*, written in 1953, show a much earlier stage in Ginastera's development—somewhere between the nationalism of the early works and the serial style of the recent ones. With the exception of an Indian-Stravinsky finale, it could not be more opposed to the hard-driving overside. This theme and twelve variations, each for a solo instrument or two with chamber orchestra, is in a rather small-scaled, sweet, lyrical style—somewhere between Hindemith and Britten, with a French touch here and there. It is, in any case, a superb showcase for the exceptional talents of the Boston first-desk men, and it is attractively recorded. *E. S.*

HADLEY: *Salome* (see PARKER)

HENRY: *Le Voyage* (electronic music). MERCURY (S) SR 90482 $5.79.

Performance: **Fixed**
Recording: **Good**
Stereo Quality: **Built-in**

Pierre Henry was one of the pioneers of *musique concrète*, the recorded collage technique that actually preceded electronic mu-

(Continued on page 92)

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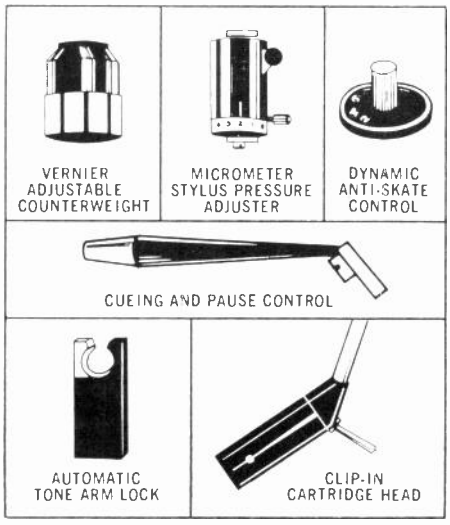

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sic proper by several years. Nowadays the distinctions between the various "schools" and techniques have become increasingly blurred, and Henry has here switched to sound sources that are mostly or entirely electronic (I thought at first that some of the sounds were vocal in origin, but now I am not so sure).

This epic electronic composition is described as "based on The Tibetan Book of the Dead." No further elucidation arrived with the test pressings, and I presume that the connection is purely programmatic and inspirational. The work, like several other recent attempts to create large-scale electronic compositions, is sectional and develops a few given configurations at great length. These sounds, direct and often quite evocative, gain much of their intensity from a kind of subtly varied insistence and iteration as well as from the occasional semi-vocal quality that adds a note of poignancy, of desperation, and even of fear. Whether the way all this is spun out justifies the length is, however, questionable. Still, *Le Voyage* is a notable addition to the fast-growing repertoire of electronic works on disc, and is worth the attention of anyone interested in this form of musical expression. *E. S.*

HUMMEL: *Bassoon Concerto, in F Major* (see WEBER)

IBERT: *Escales* (see RAVEL)

KODÁLY: *String Quartets: No. 1, Op. 2; No. 2, Op. 10.* Tátrai Quartet. QUALITON Ⓢ LPX 11322 $5.79.

Performance: **Good**
Recording: **Acceptable**
Stereo Quality: **Acceptable**

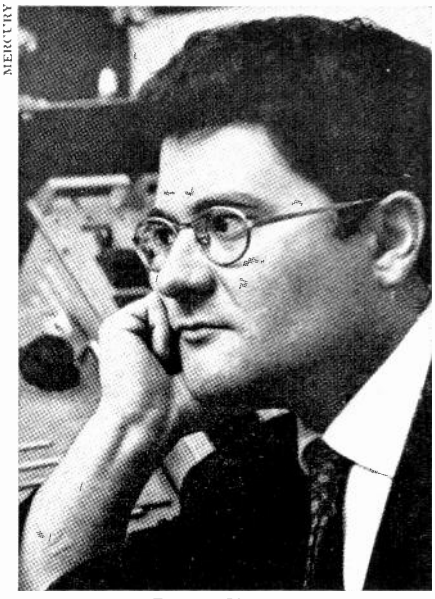
The music of Kodály has never been as well known outside Hungary as has that of his colleague Bartók, but there have been several recent flurries of interest in it. These quartets are attractive late-Romantic works with folk elements and modern touches. In spite of a clear attempt to unify the music through the use of certain tonal and motto material, both works tend to ramble. Kodály is probably at his best when he is simplest and most traditional: *i.e.*, in the last-movement variations of Op. 2 or the first movement of Op. 10. But if you don't mind a little discursiveness, there is much to admire in these fluent, unsentimental, Romantic works, and they are well performed by this capable Hungarian ensemble. The sound is little on the dull side, but adequate, and I was impressed by the exceptionally quiet surfaces. If you cannot find the original Qualiton record containing both quartets, the first one has recently been released here by Dover. *E. S.*

LISZT: *Hungarian Historical Portraits*; *Valses Oubliées Nos. 1 through 4*; *Polonaises Nos. 1 and 2.* Edith Farnadi (piano). WESTMINSTER Ⓢ WST 17127, Ⓜ XWN 19127 $4.79.

LISZT: *Hungarian Historical Portraits*; *Valse Oubliée No. 4*; *La lugubre gondola Nos. 1 and 2*; *Bagatelle without tonality.* Ernö Szegedi (piano). QUALITON Ⓢ LPX 1304 $5.79.

Performances: **Farnadi preferred**
Recording: **Westminster is better**
Stereo Quality: **Westminster only**

In 1870, Liszt wrote a piece in memory of the Hungarian composer Mihály Mosonyi; seven years later he wrote another on the death of the Hungarian national poet Sándor Petöfi. Then, at the very end of his life, he added five other such pieces and grouped all seven under the title of *Hungarian Historical Portraits.* These last five seem to have disappeared for seventy years or so and were published only in 1956. While there is evidence that Liszt planned these pieces as an orchestral cycle, they exist only in keyboard form and, as outstanding works from the composer's very last years (even the earlier pieces were revised), they must command special attention. Of these two recent recordings, it is the one by Miss Farnadi that will be of greater interest to most potential buyers. She includes the two brilliant Polonaises—much earlier works, from 1851—and all of the late and little-known *Valses Oubliées.* The fourth of these was indeed a forgotten waltz; it was written in 1885 but published only in 1954. Of the other three, written a few years earlier, only the first has become widely known. These curious works, with their mixture of salon style and very "modern" harmonic ambiguity, are attractively played by Miss Farnadi. Essentially a lyric pianist, she lacks something in Lisztian demonic power—a requirement in the Polonaises and sometimes needed in the *Portraits.* Nevertheless, there is much to praise in her performances, and I far prefer Miss Farnadi's poetic readings to the long and endlessly doleful *Portraits* of Mr. Szegedi. Szegedi's disc, which also includes the fourth Forgotten Waltz as well as two pieces in memory of Richard Wagner and the extraordinary "atonal" Bagatelle, is reasonably well played, but heavy-handed in performance and recording and uninformative in its presentation. *E. S.*



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LISZT: *Psalm 13, "Herr, wie lange willst Du so gar vergessen"*; *Psalm 18, "Die Himmel erzählen"*; *Psalm 23, "Mein Gott, der ist mein Hirt"*; *Psalm 125, "Qui seminant in lacrimis"*; *Psalm 129, "De Profundis."* József Réti (tenor); László Jámbor (baritone); Anna Lelkes (harp); Sándor Margittay (organ); Budapest and Hungarian Army Chorus; State Concert Orchestra, Miklós Forrai cond. QUALITON Ⓢ SLMPX 1261*, Ⓜ LPX 1261 $5.79.

Performance: **First-rate**
Recording: **Good average**

This Hungarian import adds welcome new documentation to the growing record of Franz Liszt's monumental output. Religion was an essential aspect of Liszt's art and, whatever we may think of his unusual ways of practicing it, the influence of spiritual forces on his muse was undeniable. All of these Psalms are creations of Liszt's mature years. Nos. 13 and 23 were written in Weimar (1855 and 1859, respectively), No. 18 shortly thereafter. Their Romantic style is reminiscent of other important Liszt works of the period (*Les Préludes* and the First Piano Concerto); all three are moving and intensely emotional. The long—perhaps overlong—No. 13 is beautifully written for tenor solo, orchestra, and chorus. Its concluding section contains a striking anticipation of some *Tristan* music (Act III)—perhaps less startling to those who recall the closeness between Wagner and Liszt in this period. The influence in Psalm 23 went the other way: the voice here has a simple harp accompaniment, and the effect is somewhat reminiscent of Wolfram's music in *Tannhäuser*, a work Liszt had an opportunity to conduct in Weimar. Psalm 18 is for chorus only, a vigorous, somewhat bombastic work, but very effective. Psalms 125 (of which the opening portion is given) and 129 reveal an altogether different compositional style: dating from Liszt's autumnal years (1881-1884), these are austere and reflective works, pointing forward, searching for new directions.

Tenor Réti is virtually perfect in the exacting tenor parts of Psalms 13 and 23. With a sweet, expressive voice, firm tone and sensitive phrasing, he sounds like a Hungarian Aksel Schiøtz. The veteran baritone Jámbor is sonorous but unsteady in Psalm 129. Chorus and orchestra give strong performances, and the solo harpist is excellent. The choral reproduction is distant and not always clear in my mono review copy; the stereo version may be better. A worthwhile release. *G. J.*

MAHLER: *Das klagende Lied (Song of Lamentation).* Teresa Zylis-Gara (soprano); Anna Reynolds (mezzo-soprano); Andor Kaposy (tenor); Ambrosian Singers and New Philharmonia Orchestra, Wyn Morris cond. ANGEL Ⓢ S 36504 $5.79.

Performance: **Good**
Recording: **Unsettling**
Stereo Quality: **Passable**

Ever since contracting in 1951 for the first recorded performance of *Das klagende Lied*, led by Zoltan Fekete for Mercury and still available on the Lyrichord label, I have had a soft spot in my heart for this hyper-romantic, stunningly effective score from the pen of the twenty-year-old Gustav Mahler. The basic story-line of the cantata is that of the fairy tale *The Singing Bone* by the Grimms, in which a minstrel plays for a festive court wedding-feast on a flute fashioned from a human bone, and the gruesome instrument reveals through its song the fratricidal guilt of the royal bridegroom. The background of

(Continued on page 94)

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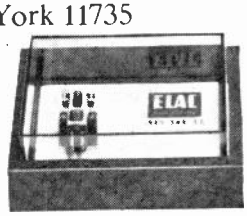

CIRCLE NO. 11 ON READER SERVICE CARD

Mahler's use of the tale and fashioning of the text is told in fascinating detail by Jack Diether in the liner notes that come with the new Angel recording. We are also told of the existence (and an actual performance, in 1934-35) of the unpublished introductory section of *Das klagende Lied* by Mahler's brother-in-law, Arnold Rosé, then Vienna Philharmonic concertmaster. Professor Rosé's son, now resident in Canada, has refused to make public this part of the score, even for perusal, not to mention for copying or performance—a situation similar to that of Alban Berg's *Lulu*, whose final act evidently exists, but cannot be published because the composer's widow will not allow it.

Das klagende Lied as recorded gives us the tale of the minstrel's discovery of the bone, his fashioning of the flute and the tale it tells, and the catastrophic results of the wedding feast. As I have already intimated, the music shows the young Mahler in remarkable command of the essential characteristics of his mature musical language, with a flair for orchestral color equaled only by Berlioz and Tchaikovsky in their earliest major works. With only the seventeen-year-old Fekete mono disc and a weak Fritz Mahler-Hartford Symphony reading as past recordings, a new version—even of the incomplete published score—backed by careful restudy has been in order for years. And we get it from conductor Wyn Morris, whose 1966 recording of (most of) Mahler's *Knaben Wunderhorn Lieder* with Janet Baker and Geraint Evans showed this English conductor to be a Mahler interpreter of note. As with the *Wunderhorn Lieder*, Morris' treatment of *Das klagende Lied* is rich in detail and high in drama. Much comes through in this recording that has remained unheard heretofore. His soloists are expert in putting across the dramatic import of the words, and the chorus is absolutely first-rate. However, on the basis of a hearing of the original British Delysé disc (Morris originally recorded the *Wunderhorn Lieder* for the same label), I must take issue with the manner in which the Angel transfer has been handled. Whereas the Delysé disc reveals a bright, rather forward sound with sharply defined stereo directionality and perhaps a mite of shallowness in depth illusion, the Angel by comparison sounds cavernous and lacking in highs. Evidently in an effort to enhance the sense of depth, Angel has seen fit to touch up the original tape with artificial reverberation and to roll off the highs. The result is not only an apparent decrease in overall volume level, but an unnecessary muddying of both orchestral texture and intelligibility of solo and vocal enunciation. I urge a remastering of the disc to match as closely as possible the Delysé original, and without the electronic tinkering that mars this release.

D. H.

MOEVS: ***Musica da Camera.*** Contemporary Chamber Ensemble, Arthur Weisberg cond. ***Variazione for Viola and Cello.*** Jack Glick (viola), Robert Sylvester (cello). SIMS: ***String Quartet No. 3.*** Lenox Quartet. COMPOSERS RECORDINGS, INC. Ⓢ CRI 223 USD $5.95.

Performance: **Convincing**
Recording: **Fine**
Stereo Quality: **Good**

Although neither Robert Moevs (b. 1920) nor Ezra Sims (b. 1928) is exactly baby-pink young, perhaps it is not too late for them—and other "advanced" American composers of the post-war generation—to learn that their own annotative descriptions of how their music gets written are probably of interest to no one but themselves, and that, where *some* listeners are concerned, the descriptions of the creative act as some sort of harrowing, incomprehensible intellectual masochism make the prospect of listening to the music a dread before a note is sounded.

Take Ezra Sims. He would have us believe that he was in some mystifying way virtually bludgeoned into the use of microtonal techniques: "I came to a use of microtones not by whim, not because of intellectual decision [was he in a trance, perhaps?] nor from a desire to be *épatant* [perish the thought!]." Instead, writes Mr. Sims, it was "of necessity" and even "against [his] better judgment." The Third Quartet, by the way, he claims to be his last work to use quarter tones. "Now I'm calling for quarter and sixth tones mixed." (The call, I trust, will be answered.)

WYN MORRIS
Drama and detail for Mahler's Klagende Lied

This is all very dramatic. It saddens me because I would have guessed something quite different regarding the origins of the musical technique involved. The musical "events"—I *believe* that's still the "in" word—are themselves mostly rather plain and, through its larger portion, the piece seems to be calling for a deeper meaning for the word "static." Without the *outré* "sound effects" (no properly "advanced" string quartet has been acceptable without them for at least twenty years) no one would bat an eye. Even with them, I didn't. I don't *mind* the piece, just what Mr. Sims has written about it.

Things are evidently even spookier in Mr. Moevs' neighborhood. Should you so choose, you can be flabbergasted to learn that in *Musica da Camera* "the number of measures in each section is a multiple of three, from nine to thirty." Or if that doesn't turn you on, perhaps knowing that the composer's "pattern of tempi is built on multiples of twenty-five from MM fifty to one hundred fifty" will. However, if you are not enthralled by numbers, the *inside* story might do the trick: *Variazioni sopra una melodia* (1961), in spite of its being written in "the extraordinarily beautiful environment" of the Villa Aurelia of the American Academy in Rome, is "an outgrowth of crisis" —"intensely personal." Apparently things hadn't got much better by 1965, when *Musica da Camera* was being multiplied: "The character of the music," says the composer, "may be suggested by a poetical image of Rilke . . ." who, with a few words of German, "is evoking a sense of foreboding, a tension of imminent, unknown danger in the gathering afternoon silence of a park or a grove, broken by the sudden cries of a bird." The piece, we are informed, was in fact "written in surroundings charged with a similar quality."

Actually, though Mr. Moevs' revelations inspire a sincere gesture—here made—of personal sympathy, he makes it empathetically traumatic for me to write that these works sound like most of the complicated, characterless, undoubtedly skillful "anti-tonal" music that is played at the typical "special" concert of "advanced" music in New York every season.

The sonics and stereo are good. *W. F.*

MOUSSORGSKY: ***Pictures at an Exhibition.*** Vladimir Ashkenazy (piano). MOUSSORGSKY-RAVEL: ***Pictures at an Exhibition.*** Los Angeles Philharmonic, Zubin Mehta cond. LONDON Ⓢ CS 6559 $5.79.

MOUSSORGSKY-RAVEL: ***Pictures at an Exhibition.*** BRITTEN: ***The Young Person's Guide to the Orchestra.*** Chicago Symphony Orchestra, Seiji Ozawa cond. RCA Ⓢ LSC 2977, LM 2977* $5.79.

Performance: **From fair to poor**
Recording: **Both excellent, London better**
Stereo Quality: **Both good**

I confess to a certain sense of relief in being dissatisfied with Vladimir Ashkenazy's rendition of *Pictures*—relief in knowing that the man is actually subject to human failings, for it is the first piece of music that I can remember having heard him play badly. I won't say that he doesn't understand the music, but I do get the feeling that he doesn't like it very much, and his impatience shows up in his rather erratic *Promenades*, and in a strangely unidiomatic approach to the whole work. Indeed, listening to his interpretation, I quite forgot that he was Russian; things sounded *that* Germanic. That he doesn't have the natural power to bring off certain sections of the work is also true, but he has been known to overcome that limitation in the past; here he doesn't. The recording of this work to own, as far as I am concerned, is still the one that Richter did in concert in Bulgaria, the flu epidemic with all its resultant noises and the mono-only recording notwithstanding.

The other side of this London record, which is certainly a blockbuster in terms of the sheer quantity of music offered, is given over to Mehta's rather unexceptional account of Ravel's orchestration of the music. It is an orderly, nicely played rendition, with only occasional moments of imperfect ensemble, but I find nothing in it to get excited about, save that at times it sounds more like pure Ravel (particularly *Ma Mere l'Oye*) than any other performance I can remember hearing. To some, perhaps, this will be an incitement

(Continued on page 97)

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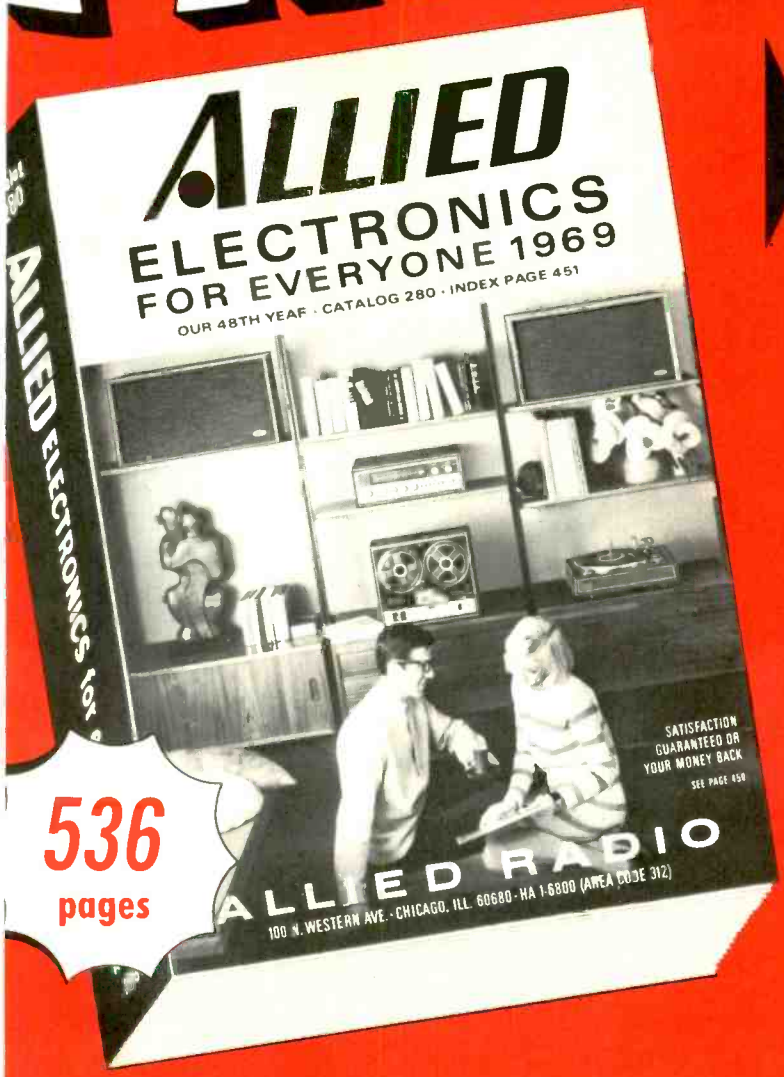

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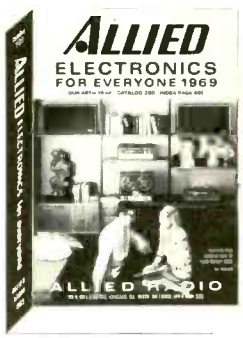

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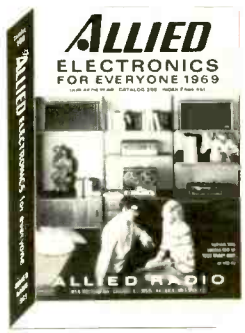

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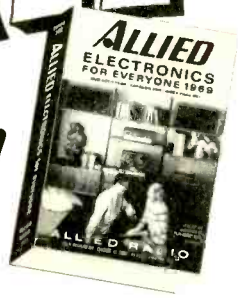

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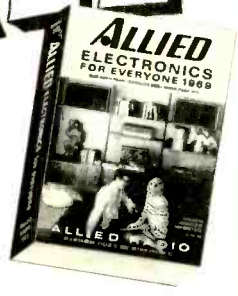

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to purchase it. They will be happy to find the recorded sound quite beautiful.

Ozawa's performances are another matter entirely; I find this truly an alarming record for a conductor with his reputation. It isn't simply the sloppy ensemble work that bothers me (though heaven only knows the Chicago Symphony is not noted for bad ensemble), but what seems to be a sloppy approach to the points the music is making. To give two examples: Ozawa treats that terrific trumpet-led run up the scale at the end of *Limoges* as if it were an ending, pausing for an absurdly long time before sounding the first grim chord of *Catacombs*, thus taking what is essentially an exciting climax followed by a dramatic contrast and making them into an ineffectual ending followed by an anti-climax. Worse, in the Britten, he vitiates what is probably the musical high point of the work by completely drowning out the fast-moving high wind and violin passages toward the end with the long-note statement of the Purcell theme instead of clearly presenting the counterpoint of the two. This does not add up to sensitive or informed music-making; I certainly hope to hear better things from Ozawa in the future.

James Goodfriend

NIELSEN: *Commotio, Op. 58*; *Preludes, Op. 51: Nos. 2-6, 8-13, 15, 16, 18, 22, 23, 26-28.* Jørgen Ernst Hansen (organ). TURNABOUT (S) TV 34193 $2.50.

Performance: **Studied**
Recording: **A shade opaque**
Stereo Quality: **Good**

Here we have the second stereo recording of the last gigantic masterpiece to come from the pen of Denmark's Carl Nielsen, the *Commotio* for organ solo. Nielsen died less than a month before the work had its premiere at the Lübeck Marienkirche, where his great seventeenth-century predecessor, Buxtehude, held sway. With the twenty-five-minute *Commotio* here we have twenty of the twenty-nine short studies that Nielsen wrote in preparation for the larger work. Some are mere sketches; others are fascinating examples of what Nielsen could make out of the bare substance of interval and rhythm.

Jørgen Ernst Hansen, the distinguished Copenhagen organist, whose recordings of Buxtehude and other classic organ repertoire have significantly enriched the catalog over the past few years, delivers a thoughtful rather than an overwhelming reading of *Commotio*. The same description applies to his treatment of the preludes—he excels in the lyrical and ruminative pieces. This impression is reinforced to some extent by the prevailing dark coloration that characterizes the Frobenius instrument of Copenhagen's Andreaskirke, used in this recording.

Inevitably one must turn for comparison to performances of *Commotio* and eighteen of the preludes by Grethe Krogh Christensen for Lyrichord. She uses two instruments, both brilliant Marcussen creations—one at the Holmenskirke in Copenhagen (*Commotio*), the other at the Paulikirke in Aarhus. The power and brilliance of the Holmenskirke organ—I heard *Commotio* played on this instrument in 1957 by George Fjelrad, who made the first recording of *Commotio* a dozen or so years ago—together with Miss Christensen's more pointed phrasing and more assertive rhythmic pulse, make of *Com-*

motio an overwhelming listening experience. The recorded sound of the Lyrichord disc is somewhat less refined than that of Turnabout. Nevertheless, the former is the *Commotio* recording I would recommend. *D. H.*

RECORDING OF SPECIAL MERIT

NIELSEN: *Symphonic Suite, Op. 8 (1894)*; *Chaconne, Op. 32 (1916)*; *Suite, Op. 45 (1919)*; *Three Piano Pieces, Op. 59 (1928).* John Ogdon (piano). RCA Ⓢ LSC 3002, Ⓜ LM 3002 $5.79.

Performance: Very good
Recording: Excellent
Stereo Quality: Good

All but one of the five major works for piano by the Danish master Carl Nielsen are included on this disc—I hope that the Theme and Variations, Op. 40 (1916), will also be recorded by the same artist. For Mr. Ogdon has a special flair for dynamic gradation and tonal coloration that relieves the sense of excessive chordal and polyphonic density encountered in some performances of this music. I have in mind particularly the Brahms-cum-Moussorgsky opening and closing of the early Symphonic Suite and the craggier episodes of the Chaconne. Indeed, Ogdon's performance of the Chaconne is the prize of the album: he makes it dramatic and magical.

The Suite, Op. 45, written for Artur Schnabel, remains probably the most formidable and least known work of such importance in the literature of Scandinavian music. In the course of its six movements, Nielsen synthesizes in his own special way Brahmsian intellect, Romantic poetry, and modern experimentalism. In this and in the three piano pieces, Op. 59, Nielsen accomplished what Busoni strove for and narrowly missed. It is undoubtedly because of his own experience with Busoni's music that Ogdon has gotten so close to the heart of Nielsen's piano style.

It is interesting to compare with Ogdon's interpretations some of the Danish recordings of Nielsen's piano music. Hermann Koppel—a noted composer-pianist who has recorded the major works for the Odeon MOAK series—seems to have come to Nielsen by way of Prokofiev, and the extraordinarily imaginative Arne Skjold Rasmussen, in his recordings for the Danish Tono label, brings an almost Bartókian fierceness and drama to these works. But Ogdon's approach is undeniably idiomatic.

Ogdon's performances have been well served by the recording engineers. I hope it will not be too long before we have a second Nielsen piano disc from him. *D. H.*

PARKER: *Vathek—Symphonic Poem, No. 2, Op. 56.* HADLEY: *Salome-Tone-Poem, Op. 55.* Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, Karl Krueger cond. SOCIETY FOR THE PRESERVATION OF THE AMERICAN MUSICAL HERITAGE (P.O. Box 4244, Grand Central Station, New York, N.Y. 10017) Ⓢ MIA 138 $6.00.

Performance: Not at all bad
Recording: Okay
Stereo Quality: Good

For today's music lovers, Horatio Parker (1863-1919) is better known as the teacher of Charles Ives than as founding father of the Yale University School of Music and a composer of note in his own right. Although a 1953 recording of Parker's most imposing work, the oratorio *Hora Novissima*, is currently available, Karl Krueger's unique and enterprising mail-order Society for the Preservation of the American Musical Heritage offers a clearer view of Parker's work via performances of two orchestral works, *A Northern Ballad*, Op. 45 (1899) on MIA 132, and, on this record, *Vathek*, Op. 56 (1902). Parker made his reputation as a composer through his choral works, but both of these tone poems display—along with their solid nineteenth-century German craftsmanship—genuine substance and poetry. The dramatic evocation is romantic and legendary and the thematic manipulation post-Wagnerian; but there are also powerful modal elements and a rhythmic strength that make one think of Brahms, the better New England hymnody, and Gregorian chant.

Although *Vathek* evokes a fairly lurid

JOHN OGDON
Special flair for Nielsen's piano music

early nineteenth-century romance by one William Beckford concerning a sinister Abassid caliph, the music sustains itself quite well without any reference to the implied program. In fact, Parker suppressed the programmatic title in all published catalogs of his work. Indeed, there has been no known performance of *Vathek* (under that name, at least) up to the time of the present recording.

Henry Kimball Hadley (1871-1937), like Parker, was another vastly energetic New Englander, and also a pupil of George Whitefield Chadwick, but with the final polish to his musical training added in Vienna rather than Munich. Hadley conducted throughout Europe and America during most of his life, heading in turn the Seattle and San Francisco symphony orchestras, and eventually establishing, in 1929, the Manhattan Symphony, dedicated to the performance of contemporary American music. His highly eclectic compositional output included four symphonies and eight operas, besides smaller orchestral works, chamber works, and songs. During his lifetime, thanks in part to his own conducting ability, Hadley's work was much heard in American concert halls, and he won prizes aplenty; but since his death his work has fallen into almost total neglect(I am familiar only with the Piano Concertino recorded on RCA Victor 78's in the late 1930's).

The tone poem *Salome* was composed in 1903 and performed in 1907 by the Boston Symphony Orchestra under Karl Muck, just a few weeks after Richard Strauss' notorious opera of the same name had received its American premiere at the Metropolitan. And indeed, Hadley's tone poem seems pretty thin and genteel stuff by comparison. The orchestration is skillful, and there are a few exotic harmonic touches here and there, but the music has none of the strength of Strauss.

Karl Krueger leads conscientious performances of both scores; and though Parker's seems to be able to stand on its own under this kind of adequate recorded performance, Hadley's suffers—due in part to absence of a properly full-bodied violin tone. Be that as it may, those who are interested in building a record library reflecting the total development of American art music will be well advised to note this record and others released by the Society. *D. H.*

POULENC: *Sonata for Oboe and Piano* (1962); *Sonata for Clarinet and Piano* (1962). SCHUMANN: *Phantasiestücke, Op. 73, for Oboe and Piano*; *Three Romances, Op. 94, for Clarinet and Piano.* Harry Shulman (oboe); David Weber (clarinet); Harriet Wingreen (piano). LYRICHORD Ⓢ LLST 7193 $5.98, Ⓜ LL 193 $4.98.

Performance: Superior
Recording: Excellent
Stereo Quality: Good

Poulenc fan though I am, I have never been able to go along with the bulk of his chamber and instrumental music. The tunes are lovely, but they are essentially vocal in conception. A poem, by its very nature, dictates an unpredictable, personal form if it's set by a composer of talent. But a sonata doesn't. So Poulenc simply plays the tunes and, rather than developing them, he plays them again. I find it tiresome as a practice—and particularly so in these two pieces. And telling me that he did it out of irreverence for Germanic tradition doesn't make the pieces more interesting.

Schumann was no less endowed with lyric gift than Poulenc—that's for certain—and he was no master of musical development. But he at least made a stab at it, and in the pieces included here, enough of a stab to make them both beautiful and interesting.

The playing of all concerned is absolutely first-rate, and the recorded sound and stereo are well above average. *W. F.*

PURCELL: *Suites: Nos. 1, in G Major (Z. 660)*; *2, in G Minor (Z. 661)*; *4, in A Minor (Z. 663)*; *5, in C Major (Z. 666)*; *6, in D Major (Z. 667)*; *and 7, in D Minor (Z. 668)*; *Musick's Hand-maid: A New Irish Tune (Lilliburlero, Z. 646)*; *Sefauchi's Farewell (Z. 656)*; *Miscellaneous Pieces and Transcriptions: Round O (Z. T684)*; *Ground in C Minor (Attrib. Croft, Z. D221)*; *Chacone (Z. T680)*; *Jig (Z. T686)*; *Ground (Z. D222)*; *Hornpipe (Z. T685)*; *Ground (Z. T681).* Sylvia Marlowe (harpsichord). DECCA Ⓢ DL 710149, Ⓜ DL 10149 $5.79.

Performance: Accomplished
Recording: Excellent
Stereo Quality: Natural

(Continued on page 100)

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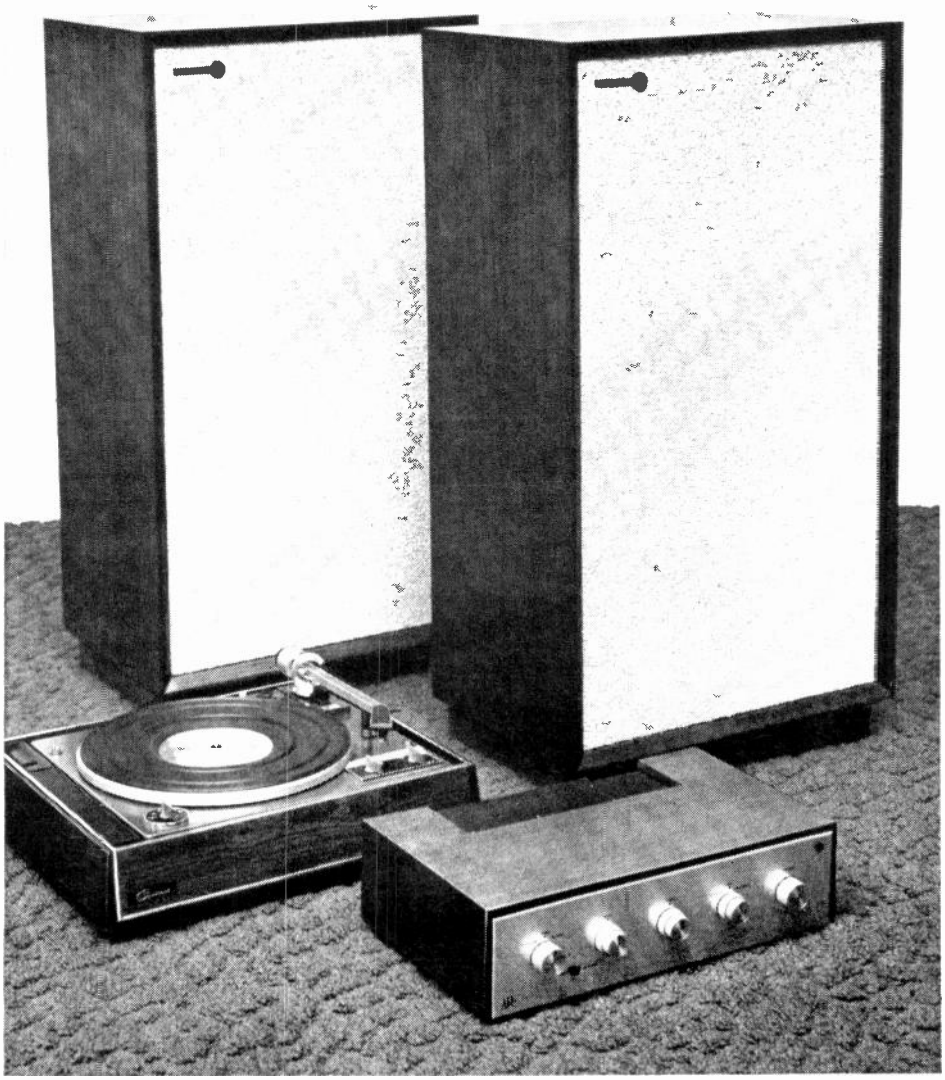
By RONALD M. BENREY / *PS Electronics Editor*



Record Player — The Garrard SL-95 Cartridge — The Empire 999VE Amplifier — The AR Amplifier, Solid State

Somewhere, mixed up in my daydreams about driving a Ferrari, piloting my own jet plane, and living on the French Riviera, is owning the perfect stereo system.

That last daydream is the closest one (for me) to reality, and it comes at a price that may surprise you: You can spend $5,000 for a stereo rig, but my dream system costs less than $1,000, and I can't believe that a more expensive set of components could produce significantly better sound.

The speakers. The ones I'd choose are the first product of Rectilinear Research, Inc. (30 Main St., Brooklyn, N.Y. 11201), a new company. Their Model IIIs are the finest loudspeakers I've ever listened to, regardless of size, type, or price. They produce beautiful bass tones without boom, accurate midrange tones without a trace of coloration, and crystal-clear treble tones without a hint of harshness. And they do it at any volume, including "window-rattling" sound levels.

By today's standards, the IIIs aren't small—at 35 inches high, 18 wide, 12 deep—but then, each contains six loudspeakers: a 12-inch woofer, a five-inch midrange, and four tweeters ranging in size from two to 2½ inches, all coupled to an unusually complex crossover network. The pair costs $558.

One of Sylvia Marlowe's earliest recordings was a set of 78's devoted to the eight keyboard suites of Henry Purcell, a very distinctive set in its day. Here we are given a new recording of six of the suites plus a varied selection of shorter pieces, including some keyboard transcriptions from Purcell's other works (*i.e.*, the Rondeau from *Abdelazar*, which Britten was to use as the theme for his *Young Person's Guide to the Orchestra*) and a couple of pieces of doubtful ascription. All are very well played, although I find Thurston Dart's two-disc set of the complete Purcell keyboard music (Spoken Arts 207/8, mono only) even more idiomatic, especially in the fluidity of the tempos of certain dances such as the Corant. Miss Marlowe's interpretations, however, are very accomplished, and she has added considerably to the stylishness of the performance by including some very effective embellished repeats in some of the simpler movements. The reproduction of the harpsichord in both mono and stereo is first-class. *I. K.*

RECORDING OF SPECIAL MERIT

RAMEAU: ***Suite from the Opera "Dardanus,"*** Collegium Aureum, Reinhard Peters cond. RCA VICTROLA Ⓢ VICS 1333, Ⓜ VIC 1333* $2.50.

Performance: **Marvelous**
Recording: **Excellent**
Stereo Quality: **Fine**

Dardanus (1739) was Rameau's tenth opera, and, like most of his stage works after *Les Indes galantes* (1735), an extremely successful one. Considering only the instrumental music included in the present recording, it is not difficult to understand the success. The portions of the score one hears here are marvelous, not only for their rhythmic *ésprit* in such dances as the *tambourins*, but also for their full and true Baroque grandeur, for instance the final *chaconne*. This is really a splendid score, and equally splendid is the performance by the chamber orchestra that calls itself the Collegium Aureum. Anyone familiar with the names of the best German instrumentalists, the specialists in Baroque music who often appear on DGG Archive recordings, for example, will recognize most of the names of the participants here. The instruments used are all old ones or reproductions, and the aggregate sound is extremely impressive. Rarely on records has Rameau sounded as stylish as he does here, and the performance is further distinguished not only by correct ornamentation but also by very tasteful application of *notes inégales*. For the Baroque collector, this disc is a must. *I. K.*

RAVEL: ***Boléro***; ***La Valse.*** DEBUSSY: ***Prélude à l'après-midi d'un faune.*** IBERT: ***Écales.*** Boston Symphony Orchestra, Charles Munch cond. RCA VICTROLA Ⓢ VICS 1323, Ⓜ VIC 1323* $2.50.

Performance: **A couple of pluses and a big minus**
Recording: **Okay**
Stereo Quality: **Same**

I'll state my prejudice openly, and let the chips fall where they may: with but the rarest exceptions, I've never come away from a Munch-Ravel performance without the wish that this conductor would just lay off this composer. Granted, the trained conductor who can set a good, steady beat can't very well lose with *Boléro*, provided he allows the crucial, long-awaited modulation to make its point—usually through some articulative or rhythmic device. But Munch fluffs even this.

On the subject of Munch's *La Valse*, I would do well to restrain myself. Although the work is structured as a sort of chain of waltzes, if the tempos of the various waltz interludes are moved briskly and unsentimentally the piece is surprisingly tightly packaged and shapely as musical form. But if the conductor launches into each new episode with Viennese rubato, ritards, and accelerandos, the work not only collapses as structure but, wallowing in glucose, loses its aura of sinister beauty all but completely. Munch puts the ax to this piece with perennial regularity in concert, and to a substantial degree, he does so here.

To his performance of Debussy's *L'après-midi d'un faune* he applies a relievingly more subtle touch, and his performance of *Écales* is rashly free but effective as musical sound.

JEAN-PHILIPPE RAMEAU
A suite from his Dardanus *splendidly done*

Since the recorded sound and stereo are pretty good, the release is a good budget buy if you don't share my antipathy to Munch's Ravel. *W. F.*

RESPIGHI: ***The Fountains of Rome; The Pines of Rome.*** New Philharmonia Orchestra, Charles Munch cond. LONDON Ⓢ SPC 21024 $5.79.

Performance: **Rather heavy-handed**
Recording: **Powerful and weighty**
Stereo Quality: **Amply evident**

Though the number of Schwann catalog listings for these two most popular items of Respighi's Roman trilogy (the third is *Feste Romane*) looks ample at first sight, only Ormandy on Columbia and Reiner on RCA Victor offer this new London Phase 4 recording real competition as the best combination of poetic performance and sonic grandiloquence. This new recording is splendid on the latter count, but seems a bit short in the delicate evocative poetry element as a performance. This poetic element is especially important at the beginning and the end of *Fountains*, and I wonder whether London's "analytical" multi-miking is not as much to blame for the lack of it here as Munch's rather heavy-handed way with the music. *D. H.*

SCHUBERT: ***Rosamunde—Incidental Music op. 26, D. 797.*** Anneliese Rothenberger (soprano); Bavarian Radio Chorus and Orchestra, Robert Heger cond. ANGEL Ⓢ 36497 $5.79.

Performance: **Fair to good**
Recording: **Rather blowsy**
Stereo Quality: **Will do**

Save for the omission of the very brief *Shepherd's Melody*, veteran conductor Robert Heger and his Bavarian Radio forces here give us complete the lovely Schubert *Rosamunde* score, including the familiar *Zauberharfe* Overture. Heger, who has made many distinguished contributions to recorded repertoire over the years—most notably the celebrated pre-war Lehmann-Schumann-Mayr *Rosenkavalier* (Angel GRB 4001)—delivers a reading of the orchestral pieces that seems slack, at least when compared with the alert yet warm performance by Bernard Haitink and the Amsterdam Concertgebouw on Philips; and Haitink omits nothing from the score. Anneliese Rothenberger sings *"Der Vollmond strahlt"* with great sweetness, but Aafje Heynis on the Philips disc has greater warmth. The Philips recording is also superior in presence and clarity of detail. So—the choice seems clear. *D. H.*

SCHUMANN: ***Phantasiestücke for Oboe and Piano; Three Romances for Clarinet and Piano*** (see POULENC)

SIBELIUS: ***Symphony No. 1, in E Minor, Op. 39.*** Hallé Orchestra, Sir John Barbirolli cond. ANGEL Ⓢ 36489 $5.79.

Performance: **Over-luxuriant**
Recording: **Lacks clarity in bass**
Stereo Quality: **Acceptable**

As with the Elgar "Enigma" Variations, which Sir John Barbirolli recorded in stereo in the late 1950's, so with the Sibelius First Symphony—not only is his earlier version more tightly knit and powerful as a reading, but the recorded sound has greater clarity and impact, if not quite as much sheer richness as its new counterpart. Both the earlier readings are currently available in the Vanguard Everyman series, and the comparison will speak for itself. If one wants a recorded version of the Sibelius First that combines the finest possible stereo sonics with a superbly disciplined and powerful interpretation, I suggest Lorin Maazel's London disc as the best around nowadays. *D. H.*

SIMS: ***Quartet No. 3*** (see MOEVS)

STRANG: ***Concerto for Cello with Woodwinds and Piano*** (see CORIGLIANO)

SURINACH: ***Melorhythmic Dances*** (see COWELL)

TELEMANN: ***Four Cantatas from "Harmonischer Gottesdienst."*** *Was gleicht dem Adel wahrer Christen*; *Die Kinder des Höchsten sind rufende Stimmen*; *Zischet nur, stechet, ihr feurigen Zungen*; *Packe dich, gelähmter Drache!* New York Chamber Soloists (Charles Bressler, tenor; Melvin Kaplan, oboe; Gerald Tarack, violin; Albert

Fuller, harpsichord; Alexander Kougell, cello). NONESUCH (S) H 71190 $2.50.

Performance: Accomplished
Recording: Excellent
Stereo Quality: All right

These four small-scale cantatas—for solo voice, an obbligato instrument, and continuo—come from a 1725-1726 cycle of cantatas for the whole church year, one of twelve such sets written by Telemann. The present works, composed respectively for the Sunday after Christmas, the Feast of St. John the Baptist, Whitsun Monday, and St. Michael's day, all have the same pattern: two *da capo* arias with a recitative in the middle. The performances are very commendable on the whole, with fine obbligato work by Kaplan and Tarack, a well-supported continuo (though strangely the cello is silent in the recitatives), and fervent singing by Bressler. My only reservation concerns the somewhat breathless, agitated approach to most of the music; could Telemann have meant these intimate works to sound quite so intense and nervous? The recording is most satisfactory, and texts and translations are provided. *I. K.*

VERDI: *Un giorno di regno.* Renato Capecchi (baritone), Belfiore; Sesto Bruscantini (bass), Baron di Kelbar; Lina Pagliughi (soprano), Marchesa del Poggio; Laura Cozzi (soprano), Giulietta; Cristiano Dalamangas (bass), Tesoriere; Juan Oncina (tenor), Edoardo; Mario Carlin (tenor), Count Ivrea. Orchestra and Chorus of Radio Italiana. Alfredo Simonetto cond. EVEREST/CETRA (S) 456-2 two discs $5.96.

Performance: Unpolished, but spirited
Recording: Weak
Stereo Quality: Synthetic

Un giorno di regno was Verdi's second work for the stage. It was an *opera buffa* written, on commission, during a period of nearly unbearable tragedy that included the deaths, in quick succession, of Verdi's wife and two small children. The opera's failure nearly provoked the grieving composer's withdrawal from music. Fortunately, he surmounted the crisis, but more than fifty years had to elapse before Verdi would take on another comedy.

That he had a natural flair for *opera buffa* is evident enough in this youthful score, though *Un giorno di regno*—a story about the amorous involvements of a French nobleman masquerading as a Polish king—owes a great deal to Verdi's older contemporaries, particularly to Donizetti. There are a lot of perky, tuneful inspirations, some good arias and ensembles arising out of standard situations, but also a goodly amount of formula writing that has little to do with the Verdi to come.

In this 1951 recording we hear a star of the preceding decade who still had plenty to offer (Lina Pagliughi), and several prominent artists of today who were promising newcomers at the time. Their spirited collaboration yields adequate musical results, well supported by Simonetto's energetic conducting. The poorish sound will depress most opera lovers—except the specialist, who will want to own a recording of the earliest Verdi opera but one, especially at an attractive price. *G. J.*

VERDI: *I Lombardi.* Aldo Bertocci (tenor), Arvino; Mario Petri (bass), Pagano;

Miriam Pirazzini (mezzo-soprano), Viclinda; Maria Vitale (soprano), Giselda; Mario Frosini (bass), Pirro; Gustavo Gallo (tenor), Oronte; others. Orchestra and Chorus of Radio Italiana, Manno Wolf-Ferrari cond. EVEREST/CETRA Ⓢ 454/3, Ⓜ 454/3* three discs $8.94.

Performance: **Fervent but unpolished**
Recording: **Dated**
Stereo Quality: **Synthetic**

I Lombardi, Verdi's fourth opera, is noticeably inferior both to *Nabucco*, his third, and to *Ernani*, his fifth. It is an extremely uneven work, burdened by a patchy and "uncouth" (English critic Francis Toye's appropriate word) libretto. And yet it is not without pages of unusual interest: the choruses are exceptionally fine, the vocal trio in Act III (known from distinguished recordings) has been justly praised, and the elaborate violin solo in the same scene finds Verdi in an experimental flight. Moreover, it is always interesting to detect in these early scores the Verdi to come; in the present instance, anticipations of *La forza del destino* and *Aïda* are quite evident.

The only first-class singer in the present cast is bass-baritone Mario Petri, in the improbable role of an assassin turned holy man. Though enthusiasm abounds among his colleagues, tonal polish is in short supply. Wolf-Ferrari's conducting is effective, though at times it appears rather cursory. In sum, this is only an "adequate" performance. I am not at all certain that *I Lombardi* deserves a better one, but it would definitely make a more favorable impression in superior aural surroundings. This Cetra reissue, from around 1952, shows its age badly, and the artificial stereo is no help. *G. J.*

VERDI: ***Luisa Miller: Overture*; *Quando le sere al placido. I Lombardi, Act III: Trio, Qui, posa il fianco. Rigoletto: Act IV.*** Zinka Milanov and Vivian Della Chiesa (sopranos); Nan Merriman (mezzo-soprano); Jan Peerce (tenor); Leonard Warren (baritone); Nicola Moscona (bass). NBC Symphony Orchestra, Arturo Toscanini cond. RCA VICTROLA Ⓢ VICS 1314(e), Ⓜ VIC 1314* $2.50.

Performance: **Exceptional**
Recording: **Mediocre**
Stereo Quality: **Bad *ersatz***

This reissue offers half of RCA Victor's memorable 1956 album "Verdi and Toscanini," containing invaluable documentation of the late conductor's Verdi interpretations originally recorded in 1943 and 1944. The final act of *Rigoletto*, for those unfamiliar with this version, will be a revelation. The lighter moments have an incomparable lilt, the Quartet is controlled in masterly fashion, and the storm (outside the hut as well as within) literally seethes with excitement. At times the pacing approaches the brink of danger, but the singers seem to thrive on the tension, and all respond with their absolute best. The melting lyricism of Jan Peerce in his prime is also revealed very effectively in the *Luisa Miller* aria and in the *I Lombardi* trio; the latter is an unusual example of early Verdi, in which the inspired vocal ensemble is preceded by a long, almost Paganini-like violin solo.

The disc is a technical letdown. Prospective buyers are urged to take the mono version, for the "electronic" stereo submitted for review sounds diffuse and overmodulated in comparison with the 1956 pressing. There is also pronounced tape hiss throughout the *Rigoletto* side. *G. J.*

WEBER: ***Bassoon Concerto, in F Major, Op. 75.*** HUMMEL: ***Bassoon Concerto, in F Major.*** John Miller (bassoon); Chamber Orchestra of Copenhagen, Harold Farberman cond. CAMBRIDGE Ⓢ CRS 2818 $5.79.

Performance: **Good**
Recording: **Excellent**
Stereo Quality: **Good**

Though I don't find Weber's 1811 Bassoon Concerto quite as vital and lively as his concertos and Grand Duo for clarinet, it is still an engaging piece, and this recorded performance by Baltimore-born, Boston-resident John Miller, backed by solid accompaniment and good recorded sound, is first-rate. It is, however, the heretofore unknown

COLBERT ARTISTS

MARILYN HORNE
Singing of lavish beauty and virtuosity

Hummel Concerto that is the *pièce de resistance* here. It is a full-scale work planned along lines similar to one of the mature Mozart concertos, and not the kind of brief divertissement that makes up the bulk of the bassoon-concerto repertoire. Whether or not one cares for Hummel's essentially classical derivativeness is beside the point; here is one of the few large-scale concerted works for this somewhat unwieldy instrument. The recorded performance is fluent and vital. For bassoon buffs this record is a "must." *D. H.*

RECORDING OF SPECIAL MERIT

WERNER: ***Der curios musicalischer Instrumental-Calender: Excerpts.*** Vienna State Opera Orchestra, Paul Angerer cond. NONESUCH Ⓢ H 71193 $2.50.

Performance: **Entertaining**
Recording: **Excellent**
Stereo Quality: **Very good**

Gregor Joseph Werner (c. 1695-1766) is best known today, if he is known at all, as Haydn's immediate predecessor at Eisenstadt: Haydn became his assistant in 1761. *The Curious Musical Instrument Calendar*, published in 1748, is a programmatic suite describing the months of the year, complete with humorous descriptions, numerological devices, seasonal storms, hunts, weddings, torrid and frosty music—in short, a post-Baroque version of Vivaldi's *The Seasons*. Each "month" generally consists of five movements, but for the purposes of this recording, only two movements from each of the twelve months were chosen, enough at any rate to give the impression that Werner, usually described as an unpleasant, conservative hack, must have had a fairly lively sense of humor. The performance of this rarity is thoroughly diverting and entertaining. Fine sound. *I. K.*

COLLECTIONS

RECORDING OF SPECIAL MERIT

DENNIS BRAIN: ***The Art of Dennis Brain, Volume II.*** Mozart: *Quintet in E-flat (K. 452).* Dennis Brain (horn); Leonard Brain (oboe); Stephen Waters (clarinet); Cecil James (bassoon); Colin Horsley (piano). Berkeley: *Trio, Op. 44.* Dennis Brain (horn); Manoug Parikian (violin); Colin Horsley (piano). SERAPHIM Ⓜ 60073 $2.49.

Performance: **Masterly**
Recording: **Good vintage 1953**

This second volume of reissued recordings by the late Dennis Brain is, in sum, rather more rewarding than the first. For one thing, it comprises two complete works, each of which sets the other off nicely, rather than excerpted bits and pieces like the first. Furthermore, the recorded sound is more evenly matched (both pieces were done in 1953). What I'm really trying to suggest, I guess, is that it's a release that can be enjoyed without frustration on a purely musical level, rather than an archive resuscitation for other French horn players or students of Brain's artistry alone.

The Mozart Quintet is a masterpiece of its kind, and Brain's approach to Mozart was supremely knowing and in advance of its time. Berkeley's Trio shows clear indication of his study with Boulanger during that period when, by some mysterious process, virtually all of her students reflected the stylistic attitudes of Stravinsky's neoclassicism. Berkeley's Trio does, but not apingly, and by no means unattractively. *W. F.*

FOUR HUNDRED YEARS OF THE VIOLIN (see Best of the Month, page 71)

MARILYN HORNE: ***Arias from French Operas.*** Massenet: *Werther: Air des lettres*; *Air des larmes.* Thomas: *Mignon: Connais-tu le pays? Gavotte—Me voici dans son boudoir*; *Elle est là! Près de lui!* Bizet: *Carmen: Habanera*; *Seguidilla.* Saint-Saëns: *Samson et Dalila: Printemps qui commence*; *Mon coeur s'ouvre à ta voix.* Marilyn Horne (mezzo-soprano); The Vienna Opera Orchestra, Henry Lewis cond. LONDON Ⓢ OS 26064 $5.79.

Performance: **Sumptuous**
Recording: **Good**
Stereo Quality: **Suitable**

As a dramatic performer on stage, Marilyn Horne is still largely untested, but her vocal gifts are so lavish that other considerations may, in the final analysis, matter very little. There have never been many singers about

(Continued on page 104)

STANTON 681EE CALIBRATION STANDARD

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STANTON

whom such a statement could be made—Ponselle, Milanov, and Tebaldi will do as examples—illustrating the fact that Miss Horne is unusual indeed. And when you add a penetrating musical intelligence and gracefulness of phrasing to the velvety richness of her vocal sound, the effect is very often thrilling. Her singing, though full of sensitive dynamic shadings, exhibits little variety of color, but that simply means that we hear the same gorgeous tone all the time, so why complain? And under the spell of such vocal enticements, one can easily forgive her lack of verbal nuance, without which there can be no real mastery of the elusive French style.

In one area, however, I find the singer's allure flawed: Miss Horne's intonation is somewhat peccable. The imperfections are minute and perhaps measurable only in tonal fractions, but they are nonetheless disturbing to me. With this reservation—major or minor, depending upon the sensitivity of the listener's ear—I recommend this recital very highly. It offers singing of extraordinary beauty coupled with technical virtuosity. Particularly exciting are Mignon's *"Elle est là"* and the *Seguidilla*. In the latter, Miss Horne is assisted by William Blankenship, a capable but small-voiced tenor—as sung here, the scene suggests *Carmen* as Tennessee Williams might have conceived it.

The orchestral accompaniments are very good; the sound is rich but at times excessively resonant. *G. J.*

RECORDING OF SPECIAL MERIT

ERZSÉBET KOMLÓSSY: ***Opera Recital.*** **Gluck:** *Orphée et Eurydice: J'ai perdu mon Eurydice.* **Saint-Saëns:** *Samson et Dalila: Printemps qui commence*; *Amour! viens aider ma faiblesse.* **Wagner:** *Das Rheingold: Weiche, Wotan, weiche!* **Verdi:** *Un ballo in maschera: Re dell' abisso, affrettati. Il Trovatore: Stride la vampa. Aïda: Act IV, Scene 1* (with Ferenc Szalma, bass). **Moussorgsky:** *Khovantchina: Marfa's Prophecy.* **Kodály:** *The Spinning Room: The bad wife.* **Bizet:** *Carmen: Habanera.* Erzsébet Komlóssy (contralto); Hungarian State Opera Chorus and Orchestra, Ervin Lukács cond. QUALITON Ⓢ LPX 11329 $5.79.

Performance: **First-rate**
Recording: **Very good**
Stereo Quality: **Very good**

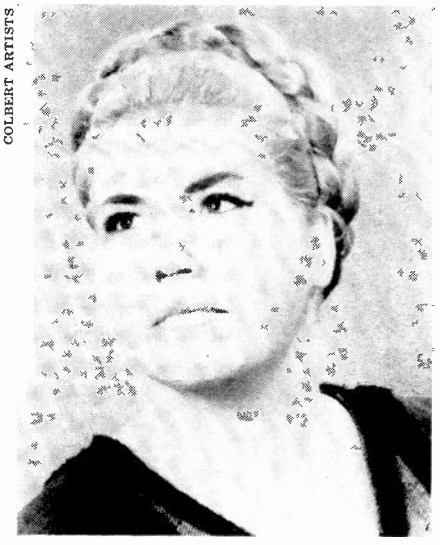
On the basis of this recital, Erzsébet Komlóssy, leading contralto of the Hungarian State Opera, is an artist of international caliber. For one thing, she *is* a contralto, with a sumptuous, well-supported low register and with the proper dark resonance and coloration. Her voice, moreover, is well equalized, and quite lovely throughout the entire range. She is also a seasoned performer who has probably done on stage every one of the roles from which the present recital is drawn. Not all of the arias come off with equal strength vocally (she has some trouble in the higher reaches of *"Stride la vampa"*), but the overall level is very high. In the *Aïda* scene, which is seldom recorded by itself because of its choral requirements, the artist shows a truly regal quality, and her Dalila radiates subdued sexuality. Though Miss Komlóssy's French and German diction could stand improvement, this is an impressive recital debut indeed.

The program's appeal is increased by the inclusion of the seldom-heard Moussorgsky excerpt and the even more unfamiliar song from Kodály's scenic tableau, *The Spinning Room*, done to absolute perfection. The production itself is also praiseworthy: scenes are given complete, with assisting voices in the *Rheingold* and *Ballo* excerpts. Some of the conductor's tempos are too slow, but the orchestral playing is first-rate, and the sound is up to the best Western standard. *G. J.*

MAHAPURUSH MISRA: *The Transcendental Tal. Tal Roopam*; *Tal Ektal*; *Tal Sitar Khani.* Pandit Mahapurush Misra (tabla); Ustad Ali Akbar Khan (lahara); unidentified tamboura player. CONNOISSEUR SOCIETY Ⓢ CS 2001 $5.79, Ⓜ CM 2001 $4.79.

Performance: **Classical Indian percussion music**
Recording: **Excellent**
Stereo Quality: **Excellent**

I suppose it is a faith in the growing musical sophistication of the contemporary audience



COLBERT ARTISTS

NANCY TATUM
An American song recital of rare excellence

that prompts Connoisseur Society to issue a recording of music for solo tabla. With the familiar forms of Indian classical music—those which feature solo sitar, sarod, or shehnai—it is possible to sit back and bathe in the comfortably exotic sounds, blissfully unaware of the technical and aesthetic aspects of what one is hearing. But tabla solos are something else. Oh, I suppose there are those who will listen with the same air of detachment they would bring to, say, a jazz drum solo. But in order to have any real feeling for what is taking place, the listener is going to have to make at least a minimal effort to perceive the rhythmic cycles—*talas*—that are the organizing principles underlying Mahapurush Misra's playing.

Fortunately, Nat Hentoff's notes are a model of concise information. The listener will have few problems if he reads them carefully. One problem he *will* have, however, with or without Hentoff's notes, is in hearing the sections of *tala roopam*. This unusual rhythmic pattern is in a cycle of eight and a half beats, with the last one and a half beats accented as three rapid eighth notes to conclude one cycle or serve as an anacrusis to the next. The other two *talas*—in twelve and sixteen—are easier and should pose no difficulties for the Western ear, although hearing the inner accents is a challenge.

Misra, of course, is best known in the United States for his playing with Ali Akbar Khan. That he is one of the great contemporary tabla players is beyond question.

Don Heckman

RECORDING OF SPECIAL MERIT

ZINKA MILANOV: ***The Art of Zinka Milanov.*** **Verdi:** *La forza del destino: Madre, pietosa Vergine*; *La Vergine degli angeli* (with the Robert Shaw Chorale); *Pace, pace, mio Dio!*; *Io muoio! Non imprecare* (with Jan Peerce, Leonard Warren, and Nicola Moscona); *Aïda: Ritorna vincitor*; *O patria mia. Il Trovatore: Tacea la notte*; *Di tale amor*; *D'amor sull' ali rosee. Un Ballo in Maschera: Morrò, ma prima in grazia.* **Ponchielli:** *La Gioconda: Suicidio.* Zinka Milanov (soprano); RCA Victor Orchestra, Renato Cellini cond. Metropolitan Opera Orchestra, Dimitri Mitropoulos cond. (in *Ballo in Maschera*). RCA VICTROLA Ⓢ VICS 1336(e), Ⓜ VIC 1336* $2.50.

Performance: **In the grand style**
Recording: **Good**
Stereo Quality: **Artificial**

Here is a bouquet of vintage Milanoviana culled from several past but well-remembered sources (1951-1955), including the complete *Il Trovatore* and the *Ballo* highlights in which Marian Anderson sang Ulrica. The program is appropriate for the great diva, who was a born Verdi interpreter and whose Aïda, Leonora, Amelia, and Gioconda (virtually a Verdian role) are still vivid in the memory of operagoers.

The singing here displays the wealth of tone, triumphant high register, and pure, floated pianissimos which contributed to so many unforgettable evenings at the Old Met. There is, furthermore, a consistency to this collection that was not always characteristic of this beloved singer—an admission this confirmed Zinkaphile must make in the interest of historical accuracy. In the theater, a certain cliff-hanging intensity was always part of a Milanov performance, and amidst that golden shower of thrilling notes there were a few that were coined of considerably less precious metal. No matter; in these excerpts she comes through in the grand manner, surmounting all challenges in a superb fashion. In time, the disc will be a valued collector's item; now, at this price, it is an outstanding buy. *G. J.*

RECORDING OF SPECIAL MERIT

MODERN MUSIC FOR BRASS. **Riegger:** *Music for Brass Choir, Op. 45*; *Movement for Two Trumpets, Trombone, and Piano, Op. 66*; *Nonet for Brass, Op. 49.* **Etler:** *Concerto for Brass Quintet, String Orchestra, and Percussion (1967)*; *"Sonic Sequence" for Brass Quintet (1967).* Members of the Alumni of the National Orchestral Association, John Barnett cond.; American Brass Quintet. COMPOSERS RECORDINGS, INC. CRI Ⓢ S 229 $5.95.

Performance: **Tops**
Recording: **Good, but bad surfaces**
Stereo Quality: **Good**

The outstanding work on this record is the Riegger Music for Brass Choir, a striking

ter blocks of brass sound. The Nonet, written in 1951 (two years after its brass predecessor), is a more complex work—it is twelve-tone and full of busy rhythmic and contrapuntal writing—but it is also more diffuse in its effect. The witty little Movement is the latest of three—it was written in 1960 on commission from Juilliard—and yet, oddly enough, the most tonal; it has a lively brass bounce. The Etler pieces on the overside are effective works, striking in their inventive use of brass sonority.

A notable feature of this recording is that the players are all alumni of the National Orchestral Association. This "training" orchestra, directed by John Barnett, is a kind of junior-varsity team which prepares talented young instrumentalists for the big leagues by giving them orchestral experience under professional conditions. Since this is an all-star ensemble of graduates, the playing is, needless to say, of the very top quality. The American Brass Quintet, the solo group, is impressive indeed, and the recorded sound is excellent. The pressing sent in for review was noisy; otherwise high ratings. *E. S.*

ANDRÉS SEGOVIA: *Mexicana.* Ponce: *Sonata Mexicana*; *Sonata Clásica.* Paganini: *Romanza.* Turina: *Sevillana.* Sór: *Minuet in E, Op. 32*; *Minuet in G*; *Minuet in E, Op. 11, No. 10.* Andrés Segovia (guitar). DECCA Ⓢ DL 710145, Ⓜ DL 10145 $5.79.

Performance: Irreproachably idiomatic
Recording: Natural
Stereo Quality: Ditto

Classical guitar fanciers should have a pleasant time with Decca's new Segovia recital. I find the music of Manuel Ponce (1882-1948), which occupies the majority of space and time here, something other than the most exciting of more or less "modern" Latin American music. But it's always tuneful and idiomatic, and I would be the last to deny the composer the stature in Mexican musical culture granted him by his countrymen. Oddly enough, I find I prefer the more stylized, classically oriented *Sonata Clásica* to the *Sonata Mexicana*; it's a tougher, more sophisticated and disciplined piece of work.

If Sór's Minuets are, to varying degrees, a little predictable and a little academic, they're pleasant enough. These apart, the pieces that attract me most are Turina's rather more potent, masculine, highly colored *Sevillana* and the loosely organized but hauntingly romantic *Romanza* by Paganini.

Segovia's command of this repertoire will meet with no challenge here. Decca's recorded sound is happily natural, and the stereo treatment has none of that one-guitar-sounding-like-two trickery that engineers have been dishing up recently. *W. F.*

RECORDING OF SPECIAL MERIT

NANCY TATUM: *Recital of American Songs.* MacDowell: *To a Wild Rose*; *The Sea.* Gold: *Shall I Compare Thee to a Summer's Day?*; *Parting*; *Peace*; *Time Does Not Bring Relief.* Manning: *Shoes.* Copland: *Why Do They Shut Me Out of Heaven?*; *The World Feels Dusty.* Bischoff: *Five Little White Heads.* Barber: *The Monk and His Cat*; *The Crucifixion.* Guion: *Mary Alone.* Thomson: *Before Sleeping*; *Let's Take a Walk.* Griffes: *Time Was When I in Anguish Lay. He's Gone Away (trad.).* Nancy Tatum (soprano), Geoffrey Parsons (piano). LONDON Ⓢ OS 26053 $5.79.

Performance: Generally distinguished
Recording: Superb
Stereo Quality: Excellent

Once upon a time it was considered axiomatic in the recording business that any song recital—unless it involved the standard repertoire, perhaps operatic excerpts, and *Cielito lindo* thrown in, by a Big Name singer—was a predestined dud in the retail shops. But unless my eyes and ears deceive me, the industry is not only changing its tune on this matter, but is actually turning to recitals of contemporary song. It was only three or four years ago that I was complaining about the neglect of such an acknowledged master song composer as Poulenc; recently I've found myself gazing with awe at recordings of contemporary *American* song—by tradition the most neglected area of both American music and contemporary song.

I have just listened to about the best disc of this sort, in performance and production, that I've ever heard. Nancy Tatum's "art-song" style is rare indeed. On records, at least, she manages to create the impression of owning a voice of operatic scope. But she doesn't sing just the vowels, nor does she sully the intimacy of the form by hooting as if to the tenth tier; her diction is, in fact, impeccable, and she can sound both as grand as she wants and as delicate. Miss Tatum's voice is a rather mezzoish soprano that equips her to cover a lot of ground. Adele Addison's recent recording of Copland's superb but uncomfortably ranged Dickinson songs was the best performance of them I've ever heard. But, style apart (and there is certainly nothing particularly wrong here), I have the impression that Miss Tatum—she sings two songs from the twelve—has the voice this cycle has been aching for since its composition in 1950.

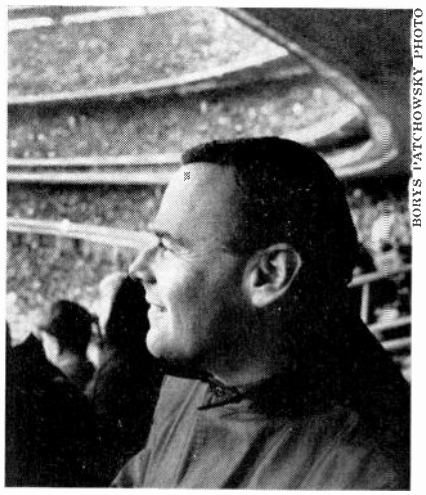
Happily, there is a minimum of latter-day Oley Speaks claptrap in the program. Kathleen Manning's *Shoes* approaches the manner perilously, and the Gold and Guion songs, while felicitously written for the voice, are to me merely inoffensive phases of the "arty" contemporary art-song breed that Anna Russell once parodied so devastatingly in a number she composed called *My Heart Is Red*. But apart from these, I have no complaints with the choice of material and few with what is done with it. If the singer misses by a hair the slight jazziness of the syncopations in Barber's delicious *The Monk and His Cat*, she does full justice to *The Crucifixion*, and her performances of the MacDowell pieces are restrained and tasteful.

Perhaps Miss Tatum's most surprising work here is in the two songs by Virgil Thomson. I can't make up my mind whether the effect stems mainly from the particular songs involved or from Miss Tatum's singing of them, but both are touching, sensitive and tender, as I hear them—quite without the *soupçon* of dryness and detachment I associate with even the most expressive of Thomson's music.

Altogether, the release is distinguished. I should have liked to hear Miss Tatum sing more of Thomson, Barber, and Copland, and less of the others, but since you can't have everything, I'd best shut up and tell you that Geoffrey Parsons has given the singer sensitive support at the piano and add that the sonics are impeccable. *W. F.*

Third in a new series of short biographical sketches of our regular staff and contributing editors, the "men behind the magazine" —who they are and how they got that way. In this issue, critic of music and Boston Red Sox fan

MARTIN BOOKSPAN



BORYS PATCHOWSKY PHOTO

"THE CONSTRUCTIVE commentator on music should constantly strive to establish a personal relationship between the listening public and the great musical literature." So Martin Bookspan said recently, and the best evidence that he means what he says is that his Basic Repertoire series, initiated with the November 1958 issue of this magazine, has now passed the one-hundred mark. Throughout the decade of its existence, this popular column has, in Bookspan's hands, awakened—or reawakened—the interrest of countless readers in the staple works of the Western heritage of concert music. Now his advice is about to reach even further, for in November Doubleday will publish a book—*101 Masterpieces of Music and Their Composers*—based on the Basic Repertoire.

For practically all of his professional life, Bookspan has been spreading the gospel of great music. After graduating from Harvard College, he became music director for Boston's pioneer good music radio station, WBMS, and during the next decade he held executive positions at several other Boston stations. For a brief time he was also in the record business. In 1956 he began a stint of a dozen years with Radio Station WQXR in New York, first as director of recorded music, then successively as music director, program director, and program consultant. In the mid-Fifties he also became program commentator for the radio broadcasts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra ("my first love"), an association that ended last year after eleven seasons. He has been a tape critic and columnist for the New York *Times*, and for three and a half years was a consultant to the Rockefeller Foundation's arts program. Since 1965 he has been music and dance critic for Channel 7 News, WABC-TV, in New York City, and on April 1 of this year he joined ASCAP (American Society of Composers, Authors, and Publishers), the country's oldest and largest performing-rights licensing agency, as Coordinator of Concert and Symphonic Activities. He is a member of the music advisory panel of the United States Information Agency, and vice-president of the National Association of American Composers and Conductors. He commutes daily from his home in Eastchester, New York, where he lives with his wife and three children.

Bookspan's musical interests became evident early. "Both of my parents are innately musical," he says, "but untrained. As I remember, there was always a lot of singing around the house. But it was I who decided that I would take violin lessons. I was at home sick one day, when I was in kindergarten or the first grade—I don't remember which. It was during the Depression, and a door-to-door salesman came to our house peddling, of all things, music lessons. I listened to his spiel and started tugging at my mother's skirt, saying, 'Yeah, yeah, I want to take music lessons.'" Later Bookspan studied at the Boston Music School. But one day, when he was about fifteen—"in the middle of playing the Mendelssohn Violin Concerto"—he realized he would never be able to play it as well as he wanted to, so he abandoned the idea of a musical career.

Reflecting on the experience of his youth, he says, "Maybe my need to communicate about music stems from the frustrated music-maker in me. And I've had some unpredictable experiences along the way. My first radio affiliation, WBMS, was modeled on WQXR, but it was fighting a losing battle against sponsor and listener apathy. Overnight it suddenly flip-flopped and became a Top-40 station, and I became a pop-music D.J. for a while. I was dismayed at first, but I made some discoveries and I passed them on to my listeners. I was impressed by the then unknown recordings of a pianist named Barbara Carroll. I played them all the time. I also developed a mad passion for certain jazz pianists—Billy Taylor and Art Tatum among them. And I have always been a hot-and-heavy Dixieland man. Often after a Koussevitzky concert at Symphony Hall in Boston, I would wind up at a small club called the Hi-Hat down the street, listening to Bob Wilbur, a marvelous Dixieland sax player. I like the Modern Jazz Quartet, and some—only some—of what I hear from Brubeck and a few others. Ornette Coleman leaves me cold. In fact, much of the jazz of 'today' is meaningless to me."

He feels the same way about a good part of the serious music of today's avant-garde. "As a consultant to the Rockefeller Foundation, I traveled around the country listening to all sorts of new music. Much of it struck me as nothing but perverse nihilism. The avant-garde of a generation ago was looking *for* something. The avant-garde of today is turning *away* from something. There's a big difference." Still, he says, he is optimistic. "I can't help feeling that somehow things will right themselves. After all the negativism, there is going to be a return to something positive. Otherwise," he concludes with a smile, "we're all lost."

WHAT recorded repertoire, I wondered, would the man who has so long been advising others on a basic repertoire find basic to his personal contentment? Bach's B Minor Mass was the first piece that sprang to his mind. "Then the Beethoven C Minor String Quartet, Op. 18, No. 4, which is a microcosm of all that is in Beethoven's writing for strings. It doesn't have the emotional content of, say, the C-sharp Minor, but it has another quality that is so much a part of Beethoven: spontaneous good humor. Next, the Oboe Quartet of Mozart, which encapsulates his genius—a perfect little piece of its kind. And the Bloch Violin Concerto. A heaven-storming work—an unjustly neglected masterpiece.

"I think I would also have to have Brahms' Horn Trio. It has very personal associations for me. I got to know it through the old Brain-Busch-Serkin recording, and it made an indelible impression. Then Schubert's C Major Quintet, which I consider one of the most sublime works ever written. Mahler's Fourth—a gentle pastoral work quite different from what one usually associates with the name Mahler. And I wouldn't want to be without *Der Rosenkavalier*."

Mentally surveying his choices, he added, "I don't know what my selections make me out to be. With the exception of the Bloch, they're all rather serene. I guess I just like life's gentler pleasures."

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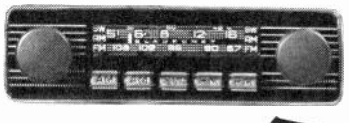

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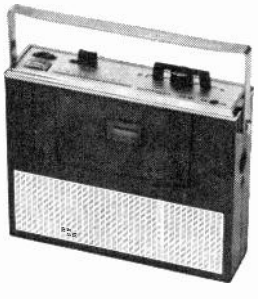

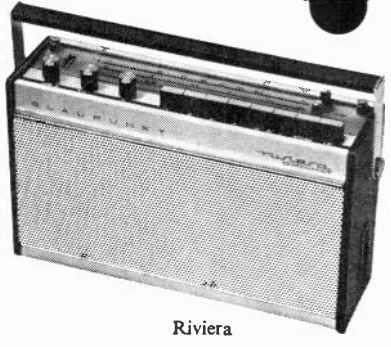

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Reviewed by CLIVE BARNES • DON HECKMAN • PAUL KRESH • REX REED • PETER REILLY

AL BANO: *Nel sole.* Al Bano (vocals); instrumental accompaniment. *Nel sole*; *Caro, caro nome*; *Il mondo dei poveri*; *Io di notte*; *La siepe*; *Pensieri "P 33"*; and four others. CAPITOL Ⓢ ST 10508 $4.79.

Performance: **Sweet but solid**
Recording: **Good**
Stereo Quality: **Standard**

Billed as Italy's "most talked-about, written-about new singing star," Mr. Bano—shown in an album photograph with long, shaggy hair and Ben Franklin eyeglasses, and plucking the usual guitar—makes his debut here singing the hits that apparently are driving his audiences wild in Italy. There's the title song from his latest movie, *La siepe* (*The Hedge*) with which, we are informed, he "placed high at the 1967 San Remo Festival," and various other impassioned items about love, moonlight, and the popular topic of poverty. Signor Bano, who was a bricklayer, painter, pizza-maker, and waiter before he became a singing star, puts over a song with tremendous fervor. His is a big voice which, even when almost overwhelmed by the frantic "contemporary" beat of his accompanists, manages to preserve a discernible Italianate sweetness that rescues his style from banality. There is a curious meeting here of Latin emotionality and the cool contemporaneity of the musical language of the moment. The combined result is a wide-awake, supple, and forceful sound that is far from unattractive, and is quite genuinely musical. *P. K.*

RECORDING OF SPECIAL MERIT

JUKE BOY BONNER: *Juke Boy Bonner.* Weldon Bonner (songs, guitar, and harmonica). *Going Back to the Country*; *Sad, Sad Sound*; *She Turns Me On*; *Hard Luck*; *Trying to Be Contented*; and seven others. ARHOOLIE Ⓢ F 1036 $4.98.

Performance: **Strong country blues**
Recording: **Good**
Stereo Quality: **Fair**

Juke Boy Bonner is a relatively young blues guitarist/singer. But at the age of thirty-six he has a style imbedded in an "old" form of country-blues expression. For example, Bonner does not restrict himself to balanced melodic phrases; he plays little that can be called twelve- or eight-bar blues, since he takes as long as he likes or needs to sing each phrase, making fifteen-, sixteen-, seventeen-bar blues, *etc.* His couplets and rhymes are uncomplicated and direct; he is a story-teller in the truest sense. I should caution you, however, that Bonner's range of expression is not wide. Unless you are prepared to listen closely to the undeniably fascinating stories he has to tell, you may find his music not to your taste. *D. H.*

Explanation of symbols:
Ⓢ = *stereophonic recording*
Ⓜ = *monophonic recording*
* = *mono or stereo version not received for review*

THE CANDYMEN: *Candy Power.* The Candymen (vocals and instrumentals).

ABC

RAY CHARLES
He's what's happening

Ways; *Great Society*; *Sentimental Lady*; *Crowded Room*; *Candyman*; and six others. ABC RECORDS Ⓢ ABCS 633 $4.79.

Performance: **Uneven but promising**
Recording: **Very good**
Stereo Quality: **Very good**

The Candymen have had a checkered career. For a few years they backed up Roy Orbison, a powerful white Southern singer whose style was compounded of equal elements of rhythm-and-blues, hillbilly, and folk. Since leaving Orbison, the group has hit most of the country's rock palaces; this is their second recording on their own.

Although Rodney Justo, the lead vocalist, has an attractive enough voice, he hardly compares to Orbison, and as a result the group lacks the strong identity that such lead voices as Jim Morrison, Grace Slick, Janis Joplin, and Eric Burdon provide for their respective ensembles. Another drawback, curiously, traces to the Candymen's highly publicized ability to imitate better-known rock groups. About six months ago I heard them do a surprisingly accurate imitation of the Beatles. Well, imitation is a talent that deserves appreciation, but it is hardly a substitute for an original style. (Another example, included on this recording, is their convincing re-creation of Bob Dylan's *The Memphis Blues Again.*)

Since the Candymen are a musically promising group, it's a shame they can't seem to pin down their own identity. Their singing is strong (despite a fondness for parallel major seventh chords that rivals the Four Freshmen's), and their playing is professional. Let's hope their considerable potential begins to pay off on their next outing. *D. H.*

RECORDING OF SPECIAL MERIT

RAY CHARLES: *A Portrait of Ray.* Ray Charles (vocals); orchestra, Sid Feller, Oliver Nelson, and René Hall arr. *Never Say Never*; *The Sun Died*; *When I Stop Dreaming*; *I Won't Leave*; *A Sweet Young Thing Like You*; *The Bright Lights and You Girl*; and four others. ABC Ⓢ ABCS 625 $4.79.

Performance: **Where it's at**
Recording: **Very good**
Stereo Quality: **Very good**

Ray Charles is what's happening, baby. I wouldn't trade him for ten Lou Rawls. Charles is simply our finest soul-and-blues singer, and if you ever doubted it, this album is Exhibit A for the defense. He can take an old song, such as Jerome Kern's *Yesterdays*, or a new one like Lennon and McCartney's hit *Eleanor Rigby*, and sing it as it has never before been sung, making you forget all the other versions you've ever heard. In this day of rapidly changing styles and techniques, Ray remains a blessed constant; his way with a tune is universal, and can be appreciated by people of the most varied tastes. In his *Am I Blue* he shows no mercy: I defy anyone not to be affected by his emotion-charged delivery. In fact, I wouldn't be at all surprised to find it banned from airplay like Billie Holiday's *Gloomy Sunday*. *All* the songs on this disc are fantastic, but I'd like to call special attention to Ray's own composition, *Understanding*, for its humor and much-needed message. But, as Ray always says in his night club act, "Wait a minute!" Don't read; run out, buy, and listen. *R. R.*

CHRISTOPHER'S MOVIE MATINEE: *3's a Crowd.* Christopher's Movie Matinee (vocals and instrumentals). *Let's Get To-*

gether; *Coat of Colors*; *Wasn't It You*; *Gnostic Serenade*; *Bird Without Wings*; *The Way She Smiles*; and six others. DUNHILL (S) DS 50030, (M) D 50030* $4.79.

Performance: **Re-make**
Recording: **Good**
Stereo Quality: **Good**

"Produced & Directed by Mama Cass Elliot & Steve Barri" proclaims the liner here, and by the time you get to the second band, *Let's Get Together*, you wonder whether or not it is also Mama Cass doing the singing. It is not, actually; it is Donna Warner doing a more than plausible imitation of that gifted lady. The rest of the album continues in a similar Mamas-and-Papas vein—which is all right, I guess, except that it only served to whet my appetite to hear the real thing. "3's a Crowd" has been given an extra-glossy production job in both recording and packaging: there is an unpretentious leg-pull atmosphere about both.

I wish the Mamas and the Papas would come home again. *P. R.*

LESTER FLATT AND EARL SCRUGGS: ***The Story of Bonnie and Clyde.*** Flatt and Scruggs (instrumentals and vocals) with The Foggy Mountain Boys. *Foggy Mountain Breakdown*; *Another Ride with Clyde*; *The Barrow Gang Will Get You, Little Man*; *See Bonnie and Clyde Die*; and seven others. COLUMBIA (S) CS 9649 $4.79.

Performance: **Corny and obvious**
Recording: **Good**
Stereo Quality: **Good**

What has Warren Beatty done? His *Bonnie and Clyde* film has not only created a fashion revolution in America that has most of our girls looking like walking rummage sales, but has also produced a plethora of crummy, soporific, pubescent-mentality record albums about two of the scummiest creeps who ever disgraced the world. It looks as though the discs are still reproducing each other at maternity-ward tempo, and the market is as crowded as a Radcliffe phone booth with Bonnie and Cylde posters, buttons, pennants, clubs, and maybe imitative bank robberies.

Flatt and Scruggs' hominy-and-grits corniness, however, comes as close to the real era in which Bonnie and Clyde lived as anything I've heard, and their album about the Deadly Duo is therefore the most interesting. The songs are all patently absurd ("see Bonnie and Clyde stop, then suddenly turn pale, as bullets fly and they realize they've come to the end of the trail"), and Lester Flatt is such a terrible singer you can decipher only one out of every three words he sings. Still, there is such a hoky, red-clay, Northern Louisiana thump to this music that it's fun in spite of its cheapjack attempt to make a fast buck. It's probably the kind of music the Barrow Gang would have et up like red beans and rice. *R. R.*

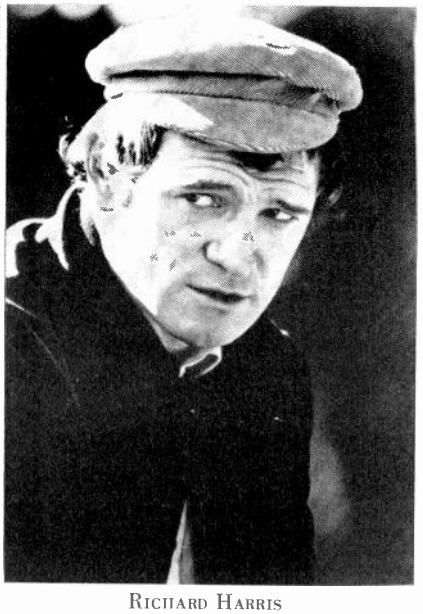
RECORDING OF SPECIAL MERIT

RICHARD HARRIS: ***A Tramp Shining.*** Richard Harris (vocals); orchestra, Jimmy Webb arr. *Paper Chase*; *MacArthur Park*; *Dancing Girl*; *If You Must Leave My Life*; *A Tramp Shining*; and four others. DUNHILL (S) DS 50032 $4.79.

Performance: **Expressive**
Recording: **Good**
Stereo Quality: **Good**

Although the jacket of this album gives only its title and the name of Richard Harris (and several enormous pictures of Harris), once the album is opened and played the real hero of the occasion emerges. He is Jimmy Webb, who wrote, arranged, and produced this gorgeous album. Not that Harris is not good. He is—very. He's probably the best actor-singer I have heard since Rex Harrison (although the voice and approach are completely different). But it is Webb whose work here is truly stunning. And it is stunning in every respect. The songs he has written are marvels of poetic perception, the arrangements he has devised are superb, and the production of the album is both creative and super-professional.

"A Tramp Shining" is a cohesive whole. The songs are interwoven with a series of short musical interludes which provide breathing space between the often highly


DUNHILL

RICHARD HARRIS
Musical, expressive, and genuinely moving

emotional song pieces. Harris' voice is musical and highly expressive, and in something like *MacArthur Park*, which I think is a pop masterpiece, he is genuinely moving. That seven-minute band alone would be worth the price of the album, but there are many other beautiful things here. *Dancing Girl*, a wry and tender little ballad, is brief but poignantly touching. Then there's the title song, the last song on the album, which truly does shine with gentleness and humanity.

There is something of a return to 1930's glamour in Webb's work, a suggestion of the great era of lush film scoring when velvet-sounding violins appeared seemingly out of nowhere and emotion erupted from the music itself. Nowhere is this more apparent than in *MacArthur Park*. Its almost waltz-like theme is ornamented with rock, and it has surreal lyrics in ballad form.

I have not heard a first album that I have enjoyed as much as this one since Dunhill's other notable contribution to our well-being, the Mamas and the Papas. This album is a musical event, and as long as Jimmy Webb is around, no one will be able to complain that they don't write them like they used to. *P. R.*

TOM JONES: ***The Fever Zone.*** Tom Jones (vocals); orchestra. *Delilah*; *Don't Fight It*; *Hold On, I'm Coming*; *Get Ready*; *I Wake Up Crying*; and seven others. PARROT (S) PAS 71019 $4.79.

Performance: **Robust and raucous**
Recording: **Variable**
Stereo Quality: **Good**

There is a masterpiece of sorts in this album. It is called *Delilah*, and it was a big hit for Tom Jones. It is such an inspired piece of flushed and impetuous romantic-novelist lunancy that I am sure even General Westmoreland could have gotten it onto the charts. It's about this chap, madly in love with a lady named Delilah. He happens one night to pass her window and observes "the shadows of love" on her blinds. (Good old Delilah—never one to take things lying down!) Said chap waits in the shadows until the object of Delilah's affections has driven off into the night (now *there's* a comment on our hero's bravery) and then runs upstairs to confront Delilah. She heartlessly laughs at him, so he stabs her. Wow! The song ends as our Don José, while waiting for the door to be broken down, tells the now somewhat inattentive Delilah that he loves her and needs her. "My, my, my Deeli-lah" he wails at the beginning of each chorus in a rhythm that is more Hattie MacDaniel than murderous lover. The music that accompanies all of this is really quite the equal of the lyrics. It is a sort of perfervid tarantella with bullfight trumpets and smashing crescendos. All in all, this song is an experience. I'll leave it to you to decide what kind.

The rest of the album never quite reaches this level, but Mr. Jones tries valiantly with such numbers as *I Was Made to Love Her*, *You Keep Me Hanging On*, and *I Wake Up Crying*. Mr. Jones' voice, which is really not bad, breaks at suitable intervals to indicate emotional expression, but I fear that the total effect is stolid and heavy-handed. *P. R.*

BRENDA LEE AND PETE FOUNTAIN: ***For the First Time.*** Brenda Lee (vocals); Pete Fountain (clarinet); orchestra. *Cabaret*; *Basin Street Blues*; *Night and Day*; *Windy*; *One of Those Songs*; *Can't Take My Eyes Off You*; *Anything Goes*; and four others. DECCA (S) DL 74955, (M) DL 4955* $4.79.

Performance: **Like him, hate her**
Recording: **Good**
Stereo Quality: **Good**

"For the First Time." And, if the gods are smiling on us this season, it will be the last. Brenda's voice can best be described as a combination of Fannie Flagg doing her Lady Bird imitation and a garbage-disposal unit going at top speed. She has the additional dubious distinction of stylistically adding an extra syllable to almost every word, many of which she mispronounces too. Example, on *Cabaret*: "Come-a hear-a thee-a moosic-a pay." The New Orleans Chamber of Commerce should ban her recording of *Basin Street Blues*—might frighten away prospective tourist trade. Her performance of this great jazz tune is as subtle as Durante's nose, with none of the enthusiasm of Dinah Shore's version, none of the jaded sexiness of the definitive Peggy Lee rendition. And what she does to *Anything Goes* and *Night and Day* is enough to make Cole Porter turn over in his grave.

Brenda gives the downbeat and yells "Pay it, Pete!," and the clarinetist struggles

(Continued on page 112)

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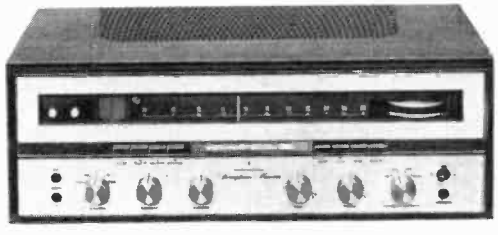

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valiantly in the background. On the few occasions when the spotlight shifts his way, he performs nicely, and some of the flavor of the many nights I've spent in his club on Bourbon Street in the Vieux Carré is restored. I hope he'll quickly have this merger annulled.

R. R.

RECORDING OF SPECIAL MERIT

MICHELE LEE: ***L. David Sloane and Other Hits of Today.*** Michele Lee (vocals); orchestra, Bill Justis arr. and cond. *I Didn't Come to New York to Meet a Guy from My Hometown*; *The Look of Love*; *Love is Blue*; *Do You Know the Way to San José?*; *Goin' out of My Head*; *Kiss Me Goodbye*; and five others. COLUMBIA (S) CS 9682, (M) CL 2486* $4.79.

Performance: **Appetizing**
Recording: **Good**
Stereo Quality: **Good**

Michele Lee displays tremendous versatility on her second disc for Columbia. *L. David Sloane*, her latest hit single, is one of those songs that always drive me slightly cucumbers, as it is impossible to stop humming it once I hear it. But since I always think of Michele when I hum it, there are compensations for its banality—she's as lovely as she is talented. She easily slips in and out of her chameleon disguises—from youthful kook on *Sloane* and *I Didn't Come to New York to Meet a Guy from My Hometown*, to sexy vamp on *The Look of Love* (that song again!)—and emerges as an icy goddess on *Love is Blue*. The wind-up is an exceptionally breezy arrangement of Burt Bacharach's latest effort, *Do You Know the Way to San José?* The only fault I find with this disc is the inclusion of *Honey, I Miss You*, a detestably inane song which does nothing to display Michele's assets. *R. R.*

GLORIA LORING: ***Today.*** Gloria Loring (vocals); orchestra. *Hard Loving Loser*; *Catch the Wind*; *Just Say Goodbye*; *Today*; *Meantime*; *Going out of My Head*; and five others. MGM (S) SE 4499 $4.79.

Performance: **Promising**
Recording: **Plushy as Harlow's bedroom**
Stereo Quality: **Excellent**

Gloria Loring is a spectacularly upholstered young lady who knows her way around a microphone, and who has been given a debut production here that quite complements her person. She is, apparently, a protégée of Merv Griffin's, since the liner notes brandish an encomium from him as well as a "Griffin Production" credit line. And a production this assuredly is. The arrangements by Herb Bernstein, Jack Franklin, and a particularly lovely one by Luiz Henrique (*Good Day Sunshine*) are top-flight. The engineering by Val Valentin is consistently excellent. The voice? Hard, really, to say at this point. For sure it is big, flexible, and musical, but there seems to be something almost machine-tooled about it. Everything sounds honed down until it becomes a set piece. The lack of humor anywhere here, I suppose, can be attributed either to a "gotta-make-it" sincerity or to an excess of caution about doing something wrong. Certain numbers turn out very well, including *Going out of My Head*, *Catch the Wind*, and *Good Day Sunshine*, but the total effect of this album's glossiness is apt to be a bit overpowering. *P. R.*

LES PAUL: ***Les Paul, Now!*** Les Paul (guitar). *How High the Moon*; *Bye Bye Blues*; *The System*; *Whispering*; *Lover*; *Caravan*; and seven others. LONDON (S) SP 44101 $5.79.

Performance: **Expert**
Recording: **Excellent**
Stereo Quality: **Excellent**

"Les Paul, Now!" is pretty much what Les Paul has always been: an excellent pop guitarist and the innovator of a fancy recording technique (which he has stuck with). But in these days of free-wheeling experimentation in sound, Paul's technique now sounds as dated as his playing. When he tries for a rock beat and sound, as he does here in *The System*, it turns into stodginess. There is here, as on all Les Paul recordings, a lot of multi-track mixing, and so much reverberation that one might think the recording

MICHELE LEE
As lovely as she is talented

was made in the Carlsbad Caverns. Since it is applied to such wilted flowers as *Whispering*, *Lady of Spain*, and *Bye Bye Blues*, it only adds to the general goutiness of the whole enterprise. As usual, Phase 4's sound is very, very good. *P. R.*

FRANKIE RANDALL: ***The Mods and the Pops.*** Frankie Randall (vocals); orchestra, Al Capps arr. and cond. *Life Can Be Beautiful*; *I Can See for Miles*; *Flowers in the Rain*; *Lelainia*; *Let's Go to San Francisco*; *Mr. Dream Merchant*; and five others. RCA (S) LSP 3941, (M) LPM 3941* $4.79.

Performance: **Pedestrian**
Recording: **Good**
Stereo Quality: **Good**

Some performers, such as Jack Jones and Tony Bennett, can build strong and powerful careers by singing high-quality material. But Frankie Randall, although he is a very accomplished craftsman, is not in their league, and he has discovered that good taste does not build a career for everyone. In this collection, he forgoes the brassy Nelson Riddle-Billy May arrangements and tries for the top ten by heading out for miniskirt country, where he is hopelessly adrift. The voice is as good as ever, but the material is slush. Donovan's *Lelainia* is especially forgettable ("It's your lot in life, Lelainia, can't blame ya, Lelainia . . ."). Another good singer down for the count. *R. R.*

RECORDING OF SPECIAL MERIT

OTIS REDDING: ***The Dock of the Bay.*** Otis Redding (vocals, guitar); other musicians. *(Sittin' On) The Dock of the Bay*; *I Love You More than Words Can Say*; *Let Me Come on Home*; *Open the Door*; *Don't Mess with Cupid*; and six others. VOLT (S) S 419 $4.79.

Performance: **Important performances**
Recording: **Good**
Stereo Quality: **Good**

A tragic plane crash in December 1967 took the life of Otis Redding, one of the most influential rhythm-and-blues performers of the last decade. Like Ray Charles, James Brown, and Aretha Franklin, Redding was one or two steps removed from the root sources of black music in America. Nevertheless, he has had a profound effect not only upon his black contemporaries, but upon the growing numbers of white rock musicians who have patterned their styles upon note-by-note, syllable-by-syllable imitations of one or another black performer.

Several important Redding pieces are included in this wide-ranging collection. *Dock of the Bay* is his best-selling single and, for my taste, one of his finest performances; *Nobody Knows You (When You're Down and Out)* and *Old Man Trouble* trace back to an early stage of the Redding career; *The Glory of Love* was a hit in 1967. On *Tramp*, Redding is joined by another good r-&-b performer, singer Carla Thomas. If you're not familiar with the rhythm-and-blues genre, I suggest you try this record. A broad sampling of a superb performer's work, it may open a fascinating new area of musical experience for you. *D. H.*

NANCY SINATRA/LEE HAZLEWOOD: ***Nancy and Lee.*** Nancy Sinatra and Lee Hazlewood (vocals); orchestra, Billy Strange cond. and arr. *You've Lost that Lovin' Feelin'*; *Elusive Dreams*; *Summer Wine*; *Jackson*; *Some Velvet Morning*; *Sand*; *Storybook Children*; and four others. REPRISE (S) RS 6273, (M) R 6273* $4.79.

Performance: **Competent**
Recording: **Good**
Stereo Quality: **Excellent**

Some resentment seems to have been aroused by the fact that, as the boss' daughter, Nancy Sinatra gets special treatment around the Reprise recording studios. So what else is new? There is a long tradition behind this—Napoleon is said to have told the people of Spain, Naples, and Holland, "Have I got a king for *you*!"

Contrary to what you're often told, no one can make a star. (Cashing in on a fad—in the manner of many of the recent rock groups—is certainly possible, but only for a limited amount of time.) I won't go so far as to say that Miss Sinatra is one hundred per cent fade-proof, but she is quite the equal of many young women recording today, and a lot better than some. She is assuredly no great shakes as a stylist, but she makes a real effort to be sincere and to deal honestly with lyrics. Her voice is not particularly mu-

(Continued on page 114)

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sical, but it is pleasant, and she makes the most of it. She is joined here by Lee Hazlewood, who has written most of the songs on the album, including the lovely *Summer Wine*. Sinatra and Hazlewood make a good vocal blend, and they are highly amusing in such songs as *Greenwich Village Folk Song Salesman* and *Lady Bird*.

This is scarcely an album in the "must have" category, but as my little twelve-year-old niece Griselda Schwarzwald (for whom I got the job of kiddie record reviewer on *Whip and Garter Review*) recently remarked, "There are a helluva lot worse ways I could be spendin' my time!" *P. R.*

MIKIS THEODORAKIS: ***The Bouzoukis of Mikis Theodorakis.*** Maria Farantouri, Antonis Kalovannis (vocals); orchestra, Yannis Didilis cond. *Myrtia*; *Varko Sto Yalo*; *Balandra Tou Andrikou*; *Apagoghi*; *Marina*; and six others. UNITED ARTISTS Ⓢ UNS 15541, Ⓜ 14541* $4.79.

Performance: **Seemingly authentic**
Recording: **Good**
Stereo Quality: **Good**

This recording was made in Paris as a tribute to the art of Mikis Theodorakis, who has been imprisoned in his homeland by the ruling Greek junta. It is a sincere and worthwhile venture. Many of the songs are written to lyrics by modern Greek poets; two are translations from Brendan Behan's *The Hostage*. Almost all are of a political nature. Mr. Theodorakis' music often reflects the tempestuous and life-enhancing attitudes of the people of his troubled and often tragic country. I really do not know enough about Greek music to say whether or not this album is a particularly good example of it, but I can testify to its spirit and vitality in both composition and performance. *P. R.*

MEL TORMÉ: ***A Day in the Life of Bonnie and Clyde.*** Mel Tormé (vocals); orchestra, arr. by Lincoln Mayorga. *Cab Driver*; *Brother, Can You Spare a Dime?*; *Button up Your Overcoat*; *Annie Doesn't Live Here Anymore*; *Little White Lies*; *You're the Cream in My Coffee*; and six others. LIBERTY Ⓢ LST 7560 $4.79.

Performance: **Depressing regression for Mel**
Recording: **Good**
Stereo Quality: **Fair**

This is a very depressing album, because it just doesn't go anywhere, and Mel Tormé has always been a brilliantly hued meteor, streaking across the musical sky in a thousand directions at once. His last two albums for Columbia were disasters, and this first time at bat for Liberty is also a strike-out.

In an apparent move to cash in on the recent success of the film *Bonnie and Clyde*, he has put together several songs reminiscent of the Model-A era and has even added a title song of his own, but the whole thing is really minor-league Mel. There are no hints of his great jazz style in the casual manner. With *I Found a Million Dollar Baby*, a song he once recorded for posterity on the old Bethlehem label, and *I Concentrate on You*, he even regresses to the syrupy style he used when everybody called him the Velvet Fog in the old MGM musicals of the Forties.

His composition about Bonnie and Clyde must have been tossed off in about twenty minutes—it has a weak melody and even weaker lyrics. This is very sad to admit, because I am probably the biggest fan of Mel Tormé the singer of superhuman good taste and phenomenal technical expertise and of Mel Tormé the composer of great sensitivity. But this song (and the way he sings it) shows none of the brilliance or originality he brought to such classics as *Poor Little Extra Girl*, *The Christmas Song*, *Born to be Blue*, *County Fair*, or *A Stranger in Town*.

Mel closes the disc with a vo-vo-dee-oh-do version of *Little White Lies* complete with megaphone à la Rudy Vallee. C'mon, Mel, leave these gimmicky shenanigans to Carmen Lombardo and Tony Randall. Of all the male singers in the overcrowded market, no one needs innovations and gimmicks less than you do. If these forgettable albums don't stop coming soon, I'm going to have to reluctantly resign my presidency of the Mel Tormé Fan Club and sell my stock. *R. R.*

ULTIMATE SPINACH: ***Ultimate Spinach.*** Ultimate Spinach (vocals and instrumentals). *Ego Trip*; *Sacrifice of the Moon (in four parts)*; and seven others. MGM Ⓢ SE 4518 $4.79.

Performance: **Tedious but shows potential**
Recording: **Very good**
Stereo Quality: **Very good**

Ultimate Spinach arrived early this year on a wave of publicity extolling a group of Boston rock bands generally described in the media as the "Bosstown sound." The boomlet seems to have gone nowhere. If Boston is producing groups any more distinctive than those of the other major Eastern cities, this reviewer has yet to hear them.

Like many young rock bands, Ultimate Spinach is hung up with the idea that youthful (I almost wrote adolescent) poetic fantasies are significant enough to be given a position of prominence on a publicly distributed recording. The group is also hampered by an extremely rudimentary harmonic conception and a deadeningly repetitious rhythmic style. Tune after tune is constructed on three or four basic chords, and many repeat pulsating rhythmic ostinatos. (Similar ostinatos have worked well for some of the San Francisco groups, but they are just tedious when employed by Ultimate Spinach.) I have nothing against trance-like rhythmic repetitions, but surely they should be tempered with at least a seasoning of harmonic color and melodic invention, or both. Ultimate Spinach provides neither.

A case in point: *Ballad of the Hip Young Death Goddess* consists of a snatch of poetry that might be funny if included in a Bela Lugosi vampire film, a brief song that is almost melodically nonexistent, and a long, single-chord improvisation. All this, of course, is great fun to play; almost anyone can improvise beautifully if there are no harmonic, rhythmic, or melodic restrictions—just do your thing, baby!—but it soon becomes boring for the listener.

Ultimate Spinach may have the germ of some talent. Ian Bruce-Douglas, responsibile for all the group's recorded material (with the exception of a melodic fragment generously attributed to Erik Satie, who is described as a French "impressionist"), might become an interesting composer, but it's still too early to be sure. In any case, the ballyhoo about the Bosstown sound appears to have been an empty threat. *D. H.*

(Continued on page 116)

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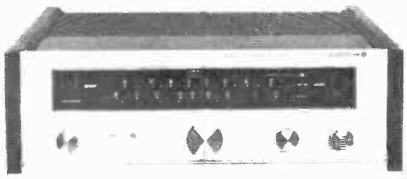

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THE VELVET UNDERGROUND: *White Light/White Heat.* The Velvet Underground (vocals and instrumentals). *White Light/White Heat*; *The Gift*; *Lady Godiva's Operation*; *There She Comes Now*; *I Heard Her Call My Name*; *Sister Ray.* VERVE (S) V6 5046 $4.79.

Performance: Not sa good
Recording: Fair
Stereo Quality: Distinct

The Velvet Underground (Lou Reed, John Cale, Sterling Morrison, and Maureen Tucker) is another creation of the L. B. Mayer of the underground, Andy Warhol. One thing I'll say about Warhol and the movement he claims to spearhead: you are never quite sure just how much of it is put-on and how much is supposed to have "meaning." In this album I would say the put-on proportion is about one hundred percent. Take *The Gift*, for example: it seems that poor Waldo does not have enough money to go to the city to see his sweetheart Marcia, so he decides to mail himself to her in a large box. Marcia receives the box and in her effort to open it uses her father's speed saw. In the process she neatly cleaves not only the box but Waldo's head. Lou Reed chants this little tale against a counterpoint of mediocre rock.

There must be an audience for this sort of thing somewhere, and I congratulate Warhol for pulling off yet another swifty in getting this recorded and released. There are times, however, when I harbor the suspicion that Andy Warhol smokes Chesterfields, has a stock broker, and has been laughing up the sleeve of his leather jacket all along. *P. R.*

RECORDING OF SPECIAL MERIT

NANCY WILSON: *Easy.* Nancy Wilson (vocals); orchestra, Jimmy Jones arr. and cond. *Make Me Rainbows*; *Wave*; *How Insensitive*; *Gentle on My Mind*; *Make Me a Present of You*; *Face It, Girl, It's Over*; and five others. CAPITOL (S) ST 2909 $4.79.

Performance: Lush, warm, gentle
Recording: Excellent
Stereo Quality: Excellent

"Easy" is a perfect title for Nancy Wilson's new one. I've never heard her sound more relaxed or more on top of the songs she sings, handling each one with warm woolen mittens. I'm also happy to announce that she sounds less mannered.

The tunes themselves are tops. (This girl must know every songwriter in the world, because she usually ends up doing the best material any singer of today can find, and, more often than not, she performs it first.) On this tropical menu Antonio Carlos Jobim's *Wave* and *How Insensitive* begin and end the banquet. Served in between are such creamy confections as Joe Greene's jazz aria, *Make Me a Present of You*, the liltingly funky rock poem *Gentle on My Mind* (sung better than it has ever been by anyone else), a murky, barroom-bluesy *Face It Girl, It's Over*, and Nancy's hauntingly beautiful approaches to such ballads as Leslie Bricusse's *When I Look in Your Eyes* and a new song (*Make Me Rainbows*) by the talented husband-and-wife team Alan and Marilyn Bergman.

Nancy is tossing out albums these days like daisy petals in summer, but none have been as sensitive or as warm as "Easy." Highly recommended. *R. R.*

JAZZ

DONALD BYRD: *Blackjack.* Donald Byrd (trumpet), Sonny Red (also sax), Hank Mobley (tenor sax), Cedar Walton (piano), Walter Booker (bass), Billy Higgins (drums). *Blackjack*; *West of the Pecos*; *Loki*; *Eldorado*; *Beale Street*; *Pentatonic.* BLUE NOTE (S) BST 84259 $5.79.

Performance: Not Byrd's best
Recording: Very good
Stereo Quality: Very good

Donald Byrd continues to mature. He has always been blessed with fine technical powers, so much so that jazz sometimes seemed to come too easily for him. In his thirties now, he has begun to find a maturity and a depth in his improvisations that were too often lacking in his playing of a decade ago. This collection is not one of his better recent efforts, but it has its moments. Some of the best are provided by the occasionally brilliant alto saxophone work of Sonny Red and the consistently solid support from the rhythm team of Booker and Higgins. *D. H.*

DUKE ELLINGTON: *". . . And His Mother Called Him Bill"* (see Best of the Month, page 74)

GARY McFARLAND: *Does the Sun Really Shine on the Moon.* Gary McFarland (vibes), Jerome Richardson (soprano sax, flute), Marvin Stamm (flugelhorn), Sam Brown (guitar), Richard Davis and Chuck Rainey (bass), Donald MacDonald and Grady Tate (drums), Warren Bernhardt (organ). *God Only Knows*; *By the Time I Get to Phoenix*; *Lady Jane*; *Flamingo*; and seven others. SKYE (S) SK 2 $5.79.

Performance: Glossy but bland
Recording: Very good
Stereo Quality: Very good

Gary McFarland's career seems to be moving away from the creation of original jazz material toward the re-creation of a palatable jazz-rock music suitable, I suppose, for the over-twenty-five generation. (There's nothing wrong with that, of course, since the more powerful forms of rock are surely going to have to be diluted in order to reach an audience not particularly responsive to the aural intensities, assertive rhythms, and thick textures favored by young listeners.) Fans of McFarland's earlier efforts, therefore, will find little to please them on this recording. Only one McFarland original, a relatively lightweight melody called *Flea Market*, is included.

The musicians, however, are something else. Drummer Don MacDonald and organist Warren Bernhardt are fast becoming the sidemen most in demand for jazz/rock recording dates—and justly so. Bernhardt in particular is a brilliant talent, one of the few musicians genuinely capable of translating

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jazz into a pop/rock style without loss of swing or rhythmic momentum.

McFarland has chosen tunes that are a virtual compendium of recent pop hits, added a bossa nova, and tacked on a couple of standards. But I'm afraid his first effort for this new label searches too hard for the middle ground. McFarland's music has always been threatened by the deceptive blandishments of mass popularity, and there are too many moments here in which the sirens of success appear to have captured their man. *D. H.*

THELONIOUS MONK: *Underground.* Thelonious Monk (piano), Charlie Rouse (tenor sax), Larry Gales (bass), Ben Riley (drums). *Thelonious*; *Ugly Beauty*; *Raise Four*; *Boo Boo's Birthday*; and four others. COLUMBIA Ⓢ CS 9632 $4.79.

Performance: **Tired**
Recording: **Very good**
Stereo Quality: **Very good**

Thelonious Monk's credentials as one of the major jazz composer-performers of the last two decades need little confirmation. Yet, as happens so often with jazz players, Monk did not begin to reach a large audience until he had written most of his remarkable compositions and thoroughly set the elements of his unique playing style. By the time he signed with Columbia several years ago, many observers felt that he was coasting on the energies of past glories.

I am not suggesting, of course, anything so general as that his Columbia work has been totally lacking in improvisational creativity, for there have been moments that can match anything he produced in his earlier, more consistently rewarding dates for Blue Note and Riverside. But the fact remains that in his Columbia recordings Monk usually has reworked old material and old ideas. This latest release, in fact, is one of the few Columbia dates that present new Monk tunes, but the intermittent excellence that appears in some of them doesn't compensate for the many other problems present here. The most noticeable is that everyone simply seems bored. Tenor saxophonist Charlie Rouse has never shown himself a particularly brilliant improviser, although he has been an adequate interpreter of Monk's music; but on these sessions he has fallen back on his most hidebound clichés. Monk, too, is immersed in personal gimmicks (I was rather unpleasantly reminded of the endless self-imitations that have come to dominate Count Basie's recent work). Further, on at least one track—appropriately titled *Ugly Beauty*—Rouse's intonation is astonishingly poor, making his unison melody lines into something less than a thing of beauty, "ugly" or otherwise.

All in all, this is an unimpressive Monk date, despite the new material—one wonders if his string is beginning to run out. If so, Monk is going to have to dig deeper into his personal resources—not an impossible task for an artist of his capacities—or fade into the limbo of mediocrity. *D. H.*

JIMMIE NOONE/EARL HINES: *At the Apex Club, Volume 1 (1928).* Jimmie Noone (clarinet), Earl Hines (piano), Joe Poston (alto sax, clarinet), Bud Scott (banjo, guitar), Johnny Wells (drums), Lawson Buford (tuba, bass). *I Know That You Know*; *Sweet Sue, Just You*; *Four or Five Times*; *Every Evening (I Miss You)*; *Ready for the River*; and eight more. DECCA Ⓢ DL 79235, Ⓜ DL 9235 $5.79.

Performance: **Hines is superb**
Recording: **Good**
Stereo Quality: **In name only**

Jimmy Noone was one of the first important clarinetists. With Sidney Bechet and Johnny Dodds, he influenced virtually every clarinetist who came to maturity in the Twenties and Thirties. Curiously, however, his playing has not survived as well as that of Dodds or Bechet. Although Noone was an able technician who played with a highly personal sound, he had neither the astonishing rhythmic invention and powerful authority of Bechet nor the penetrating musical conception of Dodds.

Hines' playing, as always, is a joyful ex-


DECCA

EARL HINES
His playing, as always, a joyful experience

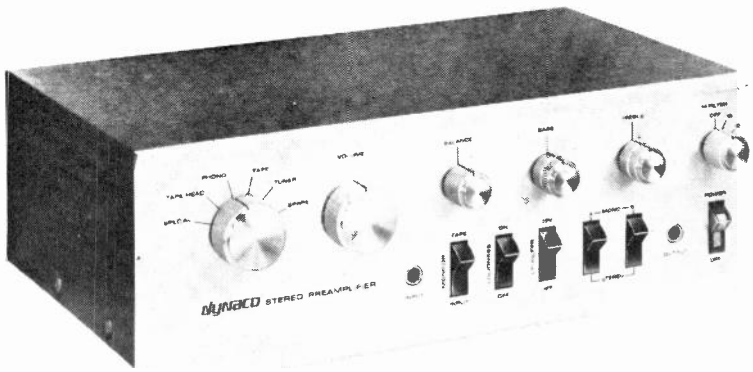
perience. And the instrumentation is worth noticing, too: alto saxophonist Poston was an underrated player, but he is heard in a superb context here as he takes the unusual role of playing trumpet-style melodies to Noone's rambling counterpoint obbligatos. Even given the record's positive aspects, however, I suspect that it will be of little interest to anyone other than the most devoted collectors. *D. H.*

BUD POWELL: *Blue Note Café Paris, 1961.* Bud Powell (piano), Kenny Clarke (drums), Pierre Michelot (bass). *There'll Never Be Another You!*; *Thelonious*; and six others. ESP DISK Ⓢ ESP 1066 $4.98.

Performance: **Erratic**
Recording: **Fair**
Stereo Quality: **Fair**

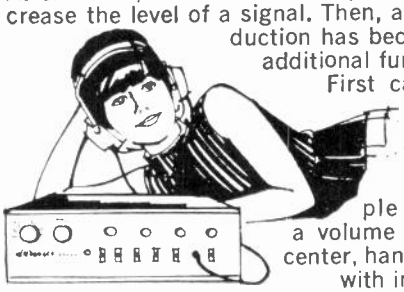
The be-bop musicians of the middle and late Forties were the advance guard of a new generation of black artists in America. More self-conscious, more aesthetically oriented, more aware of themselves as black men, they were equally aware of their degrading position in American society. The contradictions implicit in their self-knowledge may explain, more than anything else, how a music that was so outwardly assertive and "hot" (I am not referring to the white-oriented "cool" jazz of the Fifties, which was a pale echo of be-bop) could be produced by musicians whose personal lives were determined-

(Continued on page 120)



A FLEXIBLE PREAMPLIFIER

At one time, the function of a preamplifier was simply to increase the level of a signal. Then, as the art of sound reproduction has become more sophisticated, additional functions have been added. First came tone controls, then equalization, filtering, tape monitoring, blending, and so on.



What was once a simple amplifying circuit and a volume control is now a control center, handling a variety of sources with input signals ranging from a few millivolts to several volts (a range of 1000 to 1), and which must impress special response characteristics on some of these signals. Requirements for distortion now are far more stringent than in the past. Distortion levels which were once significant laboratory achievements are now common in commercial equipment.

The resultant increase in complexity of the preamplifier has caused some confusion. The knobs and switches which the audio hobbyist considers mandatory for proper reproduction bewilder and dismay family and friends.

The Dynaco PAT-4 is a preamplifier which simplifies operation so that the basic functions are readily utilized by the uninitiated. The illuminated power switch tells you the system is on—and transistors eliminate any waiting. The two large knobs are the primary controls—one selects all sources (including the tape recorder) and the other adjusts the volume. [A third similar knob on the companion stereo Dynatuner completes the radio controls.] The smaller knobs and remaining switches contribute the complete versatility and unlimited flexibility so much appreciated by the enthusiast.

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You may save a power amplifier in another way, too. If you need a remote speaker system, or a center or third stereo channel, the PAT-4's exclusive "blended-mono" mode is all set to provide this from your regular stereo amplifier, where other preamps having center channel outputs require an additional power amplifier.

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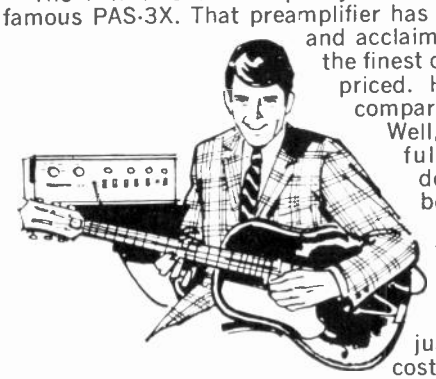
The overall quality of parts, ease of construction for the kit builder, accessibility for service, and audio performance are in the Dynaco tradition of acceptability to the perfectionist. On every performance count, the PAT-4 is exceptional. Noise and distortion are almost non-existent. Equalization is precise. Frequency response is superb, resulting in outstanding square wave and transient characteristics. There is not a trace of so-called "transistor sound". And finally, there is the undeniable virtue of complete independence from the power amplifier, so that you can choose the power, price, and tube or transistor design as your requirements dictate.

The PAT-4 is of the quality standard set by the world-famous PAS-3X. That preamplifier has been widely accepted and acclaimed for many years as the finest quality and reasonably priced. How does the PAT-4 compare with the PAS-3X? Well, the quality of both is fully comparable. It is doubtful that it would be possible to hear any difference between them on careful listening tests. The PAT-4 does have some extra features which justify its slightly higher cost for many users.



The PAT-4 is very much in demand, and it will be many months before it is in ready supply. If you are willing to forego its extreme flexibility, the PAS-3X will match its quality, with the added virtues of economy and availability. If you want the ultimate in flexibility along with quality, please wait for the PAT-4. It is worth waiting for.

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ly directed inward. Extensive use of narcotics, financial instability, broken relationships, and alcoholism represented a way of life for many boppers, and a list of those who did not survive past their thirties—headed, of course, by Charlie Parker—would be a role call of important names from one of the most significant jazz movements.

Powell, the bop pianist *sine qua non*, survived—somehow—until 1966 (he died at the age of forty-two), but his musical skills had virtually disappeared years before. Plagued by personal problems, Powell produced music in the last ten years or so that was a fumbling, sometimes pathetic imitation of past brilliance. Only on rare, magical occasions did the old genius flash through. These tracks, recorded in Paris at the Blue Note Café in 1961, are filled with tempting moments of beauty, yet virtually every time Powell's improvisations break through his clouded vision they are quickly and sadly buried by slow-moving musical thoughts and fumbling fingers. As a jazz document, of course, this is an invaluable collection (especially so because of the inclusion of Thelonious Monk's *'Round Midnight* and *Thelonious*). My copy, by the way, is mislabeled; actually only three tracks appear on side A, with the last five on side B. *D. H.*

JEROME RICHARDSON: *Groove Merchant.* Jerome Richardson (flute, bass flute, tenor sax, soprano sax), Grady Tate (drums), Ernest Hayes (piano, organ), Buddy Lucas (baritone sax, harmonica), Charles Rainey (bass), Eugene Young (trumpet), Joe Newman (trumpet), Warren Smith (percussion), Eric Gale (guitar), Carl Lynch (guitar), Alan Raph (bass trombone). *Groove Merchant*; *To Sir, With Love*; *Gimmie Little Sign*; *Girl, You'll Be a Woman*; *Ode to Billie Joe*; *No Matter What Shape*; and four others. VERVE (S) V6 8729 $4.79.

Performance: **Neither jazz nor pop**
Recording: **Very good**
Stereo Quality: **Very good**

Richardson is one of the best examples of the new breed of all-purpose musicians that has developed in the last few years. He is a remarkable talent, able to play strong, original jazz improvisations and equally competent in the demanding role of studio sideman. His background is as a jazz saxophonist, but in recent years Richardson has demonstrated exceptional competence as a flutist and has added alto flute, soprano sax, and bass clarinet to his arsenal of instruments.

The idea here was to showcase a jazz musician playing pop tunes strongly associated with the rhythm-and-blues style. Richardson is good enough to knock off a session like this in two or three afternoons, and he plays as excellently as one would expect. But the premise ultimately influences the resulting music. Although it is pleasant enough—with a few bright sparks of jazz improvisation—it is a compromise recording, one which is neither pop nor jazz. I'm afraid that it will not provide much satisfaction for the adherents of either camp. *D. H.*

PEE WEE RUSSELL/OLIVER NELSON: *The Spirit of '67.* Pee Wee Russell (clarinet), accompanied by Oliver Nelson and his orchestra. *Love Is Just Around the Corner*; *This Is It*; *Memories of You*; *Pee Wee's Blues*; *The Shadow of Your Smile*; and five

(Continued on page 122)

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others. IMPULSE (S) AS 9147 $5.79, (M) A 9147 $4.79.

Performance: **Russell *si*, the band *no***
Recording: **Excellent**
Stereo Quality: **Excellent**

Pee Wee Russell's jazz is one of the most curious of artistic mutants, coming from nowhere and based on so personal a vision that it will probably influence no one else. This is not to say that Russell is not a fascinating player. A great deal of his most interesting playing, in fact, has been done in recent years. Loosed from the shackles of Chicago jazz and East-side Dixieland bands, he has finally become his own man. In recent groups he has demonstrated an eclecticism in his choice of repertoire that is matched only by the variety of sounds in his improvisations. Playing works by Thelonious Monk, John Coltrane, and Ornette Coleman, Russell generally prefers tunes that have familiar chord changes—blues and the like—even though their melody lines may be out of the ordinary. He interprets them in a style based on what is probably the strangest collection of groans, snorts, trills, squeaks, and bits and pieces of melody ever produced by a jazz player.

Oliver Nelson's settings for Russell on this disc are puzzling. Russell struggles manfully, trying to find some room to play, but the almost mechanical smoothness of the rhythm section too often conflicts with his herky-jerky statements. I'm glad that Impulse has enough confidence in Russell's work to provide him with a relatively high-budget recording situation, but I wish someone had given a little more thought to understanding the essential qualities of his style before they did it. *D. H.*

COLLECTION

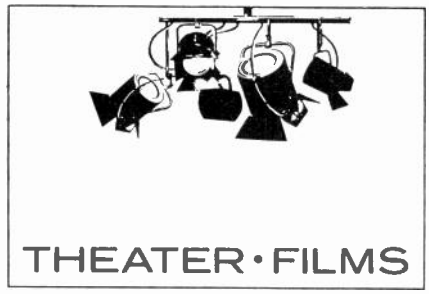
THE JAZZ GIANTS: *The Jazz Giants.* Wild Bill Davison (cornet), Buzzy Drootin (drums), Herb Hall (clarinet), Claude Hopkins (piano), Benny Morton (trombone), Arvell Shaw (bass). *Struttin' with Some Barbecue*; *Dardanella*; *Black and Blue*; *I Would Do Anything for You*; and five others. SACKVILLE (S) S 3002 (available by mail from Sackville Distributors, 719 Yonge Street, Suite 5, Toronto, Ont., Canada) $5.00.

Performance: **Happy but superficial**
Recording: **Very good**
Stereo Quality: **Very good**

The only way to evaluate a recording like this is as out-and-out entertainment. How else can one judge a production in which musicians whose points of view were tempered by the music of the Thirties and Forties are brought together to play Dixieland, a musical style that predates them?

Does everyone play well? Yes. Wild Bill Davison will probably shake your new true-tracking cartridge to the very limits of its specs; Benny Morton has always been, and continues to be, a superb mainstream trombonist; Herb Hall, brother of the better-known clarinetist Edmond, is a more modern player than his brother and easily his equal as an improviser.

Are the tunes good? Sure, and just exactly what one might expect to hear at, say, a reunion party for the Princeton class of 1928. So for those of you who like your jazz slick, brisk, and not particularly demanding, this should be your cup of tea. *D. H.*



THEATER • FILMS

DARLING OF THE DAY (E.Y. Harburg-Jule Styne.) Original-cast recording. Vincent Price, Patricia Routledge, Brenda Forbes, Peter Woodthorpe, Teddy Green (vocals); chorus and orchestra, Buster Davis cond. RCA (S) LSO 1149, (M) LOC 1149* $5.79.

Performance: **Second-hand goods**
Recording: **Good**
Stereo Quality: **Standard**

Darling of the Day dumps us down in Edwardian England *circa* 1905 to consider the story of Priam Farll, a celebrated painter who, when his death is mistakenly reported, impersonates his own valet to see for himself how the world will treat his reputation after he's gone. If the story sounds familiar, you should hear the score! You'd never believe Mr. Styne had written the tunes for *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes* and *Gypsy*, or that Mr. Harburg had provided the lyrics for the songs in *Finian's Rainbow*. So determined were both these gifted gentlemen to give the music a proper period flavor that they seem to have tapped every source from Gilbert and Sullivan to the Lerner and Loewe of *My Fair Lady* in the process. Even so, Mr. Harburg's celebrated agility with a lyric is occasionally in evidence, and one energetic number called *Not on Your Nellie* deserves at least a nod for trying. The painter of the piece is Vincent Price, who has one of the best sneers in the business, but is here called upon to imitate Rex Harrison relentlessly. He is more to be pitied than censured, as are Patricia Routledge, whose clear sweet voice is applied to the singing of an alarming amount of rubbishy twaddle, and a great many others who would probably like to forget all about *Darling of the Day*. *P. K.*

RCA

STEVE LAWRENCE AND EYDIE GORMÉ
Belting out songs from Golden Rainbow

GOLDEN RAINBOW (Walker Marks). Original-cast recording. Steve Lawrence, Eydie Gormé, Scott Jacoby, others (vocals), chorus and orchestra, Elliot Lawrence cond. CALENDAR (S) KOS 1001, (M) KOM 1001 $5.79.

Performance: **Show-time in Vegas**
Recording: **Very good**
Stereo Quality: **Very good**

The only good thing that can be said about *Golden Rainbow* is that it finally provides Broadway's soggy, palsied musical theater with two stars who know how to sing—Steve and Eydie couldn't Rex-Harrison through a song any more than Dame Edith Evans could do a buck-and-wing. Of course the way they *do* do it looks and sounds more like the late show at the Flamingo Hotel than a legitimate Broadway musical, but people who only listen to the album need not worry about such trivia. The performances are big, full-blown, brassy, and projected with a built-in amplification all their own.

Unfortunately, the material the Lawrences have been given to sing hardly rates their efforts. The best song on the disc is a duet called *We Got Us*, sung by Steve and a staggeringly endearing kid actor named Scott Jacoby, who all but steals the show out from under Steve and Eydie. This is one of those father-son duets sophisticates sometimes find to reek with cuteness. It doesn't. Later, Eydie has a tender and natural duet with Jacoby called *Taking Care of You*. Steve and Eydie also join in a Lower Second Avenue take-off on Nelson Eddy and Jeanette MacDonald called *Desert Moon*, a frivolity as obvious as its title. Occasionally the Lawrences step to center stage to belt out a couple of hit-tune-type ditties, and the whole thing is loosely tied together with big production numbers full of half-naked showgirls coming out of trap doors in the stage and slowly being lowered on swings from the flies. All very show-bizzy. But underneath lurks desperation: oversell the sequins to compensate for second-rate material.

Solid performances, cheapjack score. *R. R.*

COLLECTIONS

TEN GOLDEN YEARS—**Thirty-six motion-picture themes and original soundtracks.** Various orchestras. *A Man and a Woman*; *In the Heat of the Night*; *The Good, the Bad and the Ugly*; *Goldfinger*; *Never on Sunday*; *Exodus*; *Mondo Cane*; *The Magnificent Seven*; *A Hard Day's Night*; *West Side Story*; and twenty-six others. UNITED ARTISTS (S) UXS 68 two discs $5.79.

Performance: **Up, down and in-between**
Recording: **Good**
Stereo Quality: **Okay**

If an orgy of movie music is your secret desire, here is a bargain package that will fulfill it once and for all—or maybe cure it altogether. At first I thought I had put the wrong record on the turntable and was listening to "Great TV Commercial Themes"—the "Marlboro Country" music started coming out of my speakers. But this turned out to be *Ai Caiola* from Elmer Bernstein's score for *The Magnificent Seven*, which the Marlboro people later made their own. Once that shock was past, I settled down with a bag of popcorn and listened to the

(Continued on page 124)

thirty-five remaining "great motion picture themes" in one session. I had a high old time. The choice of themes is certainly excellent, and when the performance is from the original track—that obsessive twanging thing from *A Man and a Woman*, the sassy and impudent tune from *Lilies of the Field*, the sumptuous indulgences of the music from the various James Bond pictures, and Zero Mostel singing *Comedy Tonight* from the opening credits of *A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum*—one is in safe hands. When, too, there is the sound of a daring and original musical mind at work, in Ennid Morricone's scores for *The Good, the Bad and the Ugly* and *For a Few Dollars More*, the experience is delightful. The slumps come in the sections *not* from soundtracks, when the themes are debased in slick arrangements played by sleazy orchestras—for example, *Tonight* from *West Side Story*, set for piano and orchestra like some twentieth-rate concerto. On the other hand, a highpoint is Count Basie's hair-raising setting of the theme from *Goldfinger*, and. . . . Well, look, movies are louder than ever, as well as longer, and unlike many of them, what with today's marked-up prices at the box office, "Ten Golden Years" at least gives you your money's worth. That's something these days, right? *P. K.*

MARC WILKINSON: ***Original Music from the National Theatre of Great Britain Productions:*** *Rosencrantz and Guildenstern Are Dead, The Royal Hunt of the Sun*, and *As You Like It*. Edward Petherbridge, Alan Adams, David Belcher, Neil Fitzpatrick, Edward Hardwick, Luke Hardy, Carolyn Jones, Richard Kay, Louise Purnell, Malcolm Reynolds, and David Ryall (performers and vocalists); various instrumental groups, Marc Wilkinson cond. LONDON (S) AMS 88003 $6.79.

Performance: **Immaculate**
Recording: **Good**
Stereo Quality: **Theatrical**

Marc Wilkinson is a composer of considerable flexibility and virtuosity, with a firm knowledge of how music can introduce or underline a scene, and a sense of economy that serves him well in providing a rich variety of effects with a modest number of instruments. He is also something of a mockingbird, with more of a flair for imitation than real inventiveness. Therefore, these scores, which served so well in the theater, are less than exceptional when heard in concert form. The music for *Rosencrantz and Guildenstern* is a series of miniatures for woodwinds, brass, and percussion that is too fragmented and discreetly modest to stand alone. The more elaborate score for *Royal Hunt of the Sun*, with its chants and percussive rhythms, owes embarrassingly much to Carlos Chávez. The score for *As You Like It*, a curious blend of tranquil pastoral half-melodies and the popular idiom of the moment, is the most interesting suite of the three, especially in the arresting but tasteful way the songs have been recast with a modern flavor. *Under the Greenwood Tree* and *Blow, Blow Thou Winter Wind* retain their character, yet emerge with a new sound both striking and appropriate. Still, something extra—Mr. Wilkinson's own, original inner voice, perhaps—is lacking here, too. One hopes for his sake he will find it. *P. K.*

SPOKEN WORD

JEAN COCTEAU: ***The Infernal Machine.*** Margaret Leighton, Jeremy Brett, Diane Cilento, Alan Webb, Miriam Karlin, Patrick Magee (actors); Howard Sackler, director. CAEDMON (S) TRS 321 three discs $18.85.

Performance: **Admirable**
Recording: **Excellent**
Stereo Quality: **Unobtrusive**

Once upon a time, not too many centuries ago, there were two lady film critics, highly competitive and much read, on the two leading London Sunday papers. One climactic Sunday—after years of friendly over-competition—the two ladies both had to review a Cocteau film, and as a large part of London gasped in Sunday-morning euphoria, they both came up with the same headline: "Poppy-Cocteau." And Poppy-Cocteau to this new album too.

The French have always had a way with the classics—treating the Greeks in rather a high-handed manner. With Racine (and Napoleon for that matter) it worked rather well, but when one is down to Jean Cocteau and General De Gaulle, the method is far less effective.

The Infernal Machine is Cocteau's version of Oedipus, and it suffers confoundedly from over-cleverness and that deplorably cute sensibility that make so much—if, indeed, not all—of his work simply trivial. Anything for an effect (a philosophy he picked up from Diaghilev) is a method of art tending toward the evanescent.

In this version of Oedipus, Cocteau is too smart by half, but I must admire wholeheartedly the Caedmon performance. Rarely has a play so little worth doing been done so well. Howard Sackler directs plays for the phonograph with an uncanny perception. I am not sure whether the phonograph is a "medium" (although I suppose radio is), but if it is, then Mr. Sackler is a master of it.

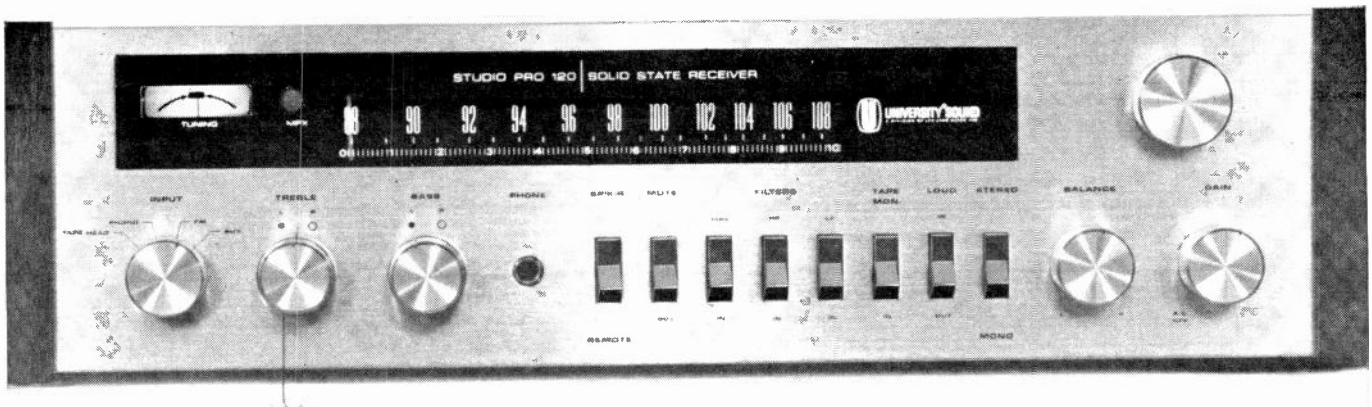
The performances here are superb. Jeremy Brett, taut-voiced yet eloquent, makes a superb Oedipus, and the smoky-sadness of Margaret Leighton's falling tones proves precisely right for Jocasta, his wife-mother. Diane Cilento, crisp, pure, and sharp, still has a mystery as the voice of the Sphinx, and Alan Webb, all agony and foresight, provides a noble though unconventionally magnificient Tiresias.

But when all is said and done, when the needle had run its course, I did find myself wondering precisely how many people would listen to six sides of Cocteau without—if you will forgive the personal touch—being paid for it. *C. B.*

RECORDING OF SPECIAL MERIT

BILL COSBY: ***To Russell, My Brother, Whom I Slept With.*** Bill Cosby (comedian). *Baseball*; *Conflict*; *The Losers*; *The*

(Continued on page 126)



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CIRCLE NO. 74 ON READER SERVICE CARD

Apple; *To Russell, My Brother*. WARNER BROS. Ⓢ WS 1734, Ⓜ W 1734* $4.79.

Performance: **Skilled**
Recording: **Good**
Stereo Quality: **Good**

Bill Cosby doesn't tell jokes or reach for his laughs through the kind of knowing topical references that make up the stock-in-trade of so many comedians—stock that sometimes is already shopworn by the time it arrives on the retail shelf. The Cosby method is to aim for total audience identification through total recall. He not only tells stories about his childhood, he relives it before your very ears.

In this, Mr. Cosby's sixth comedy album since 1963, he has achieved some sort of breakthrough in his own idiom. I have wondered in the past, in listening to a grab-bag assortment of this performer's early memories, what would happen if he really let himself go and developed one of his stories at length rather than settling for a series of quick sketches. The answer can be found on the second side of this disc, and it is thoroughly gratifying.

Side one is the usual succession of remarks and monologues: the agonies a kid goes through if he's a lousy ball player; the conflict between a mind determined to find its way through a dark room and a toe that knows it's going to get stubbed; the eating habits of two-year-olds; Adam and Eve retold in the latest lingo. All passable Cosby, good but unremarkable. Side two is something else. Recorded before an audience of more than ten thousand justifiably convulsed listeners in a Cleveland auditorium, it dwells for nearly half an hour on the night talk and mischief of two young brothers lying awake in the dark bedroom of a housing-project apartment. The structure of the tale is so skillful that it approaches literature, but don't let that scare you off. Mr. Cosby is right in there bringing his incidents to uproarious life by every vocal means at his command: the leonine growl of the father threatening from the bedroom door to "take the belt" to his insomniac offspring; the voices of older and younger sibling, each precisely impersonated; a whole anthology of convincing sound effects—from creaking beds to angry footsteps—that issue unaided from the Cosby mouth at the mike.

The action builds to a completely satisfying denouement, and I wouldn't want to deprive the potential purchaser of a moment's pleasure by giving away any of the twists and turns of the route by which it gets there. There has not, until now, been anything quite like this on a comedy record. *P. K.*

RECORDING OF SPECIAL MERIT

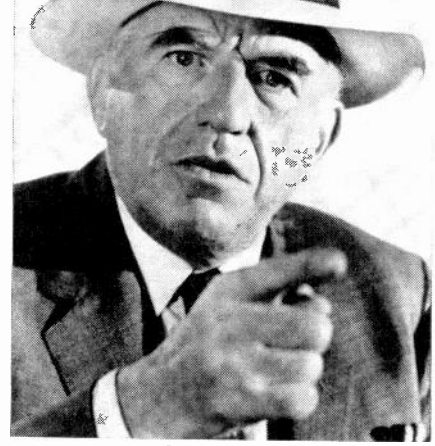
DISCOVERING RHYTHM AND RHYME IN POETRY. Including *The Owl and the Pussycat*, *The Three Billy-Goats Gruff*, sections of *The Pied Piper of Hamelin*, and many *Mother Goose* rhymes. Julie Harris and David Wayne (readers); Howard Sackler, director. CAEDMON Ⓢ Ⓜ TCp 1156 $6.95.

Performance: **Impeccable**
Recording: **Admirable**

For a week or so I had noticed—a little grimly I might say—that a certain record of nursery rhymes seemed to be occupying a great deal of the record player's time in my house. I presumed that it was one of the records owned by the children. Then one day, looking at the record sleeve, I realized it did not belong to the children at all, but was mine for review.

In a way, the manner in which my own children had totally appropriated the record is its own recommendation. The record is intended, by its deviser Louis Untermeyer, to enable children to understand verbal rhythm, and the choices are sound, honest, and immediate in their impression. The readers—and they are both beautiful—are Julie Harris and David Wayne. Here is the kind of record that even your children can recommend to you. *C. B.*

WASHINGTON IRVING: *The Legend of Sleepy Hollow*. Ed Begley (reader). CAEDMON Ⓜ TC 1242 $5.95. *Rip Van Winkle*. Ed Begley (reader). CAEDMON Ⓜ TC 1241 $5.95.



ED BEGLEY
Homespun dramatics for Washington Irving

Performance: **Authentic**
Recording: **Good**

WASHINGTON IRVING: *The Legend of Sleepy Hollow*. Martin Donegan (reader). CMS RECORDS Ⓜ CMS 533 $4.98.

Performance: **Self-conscious**
Recording: **Adequate**

WASHINGTON IRVING: *The Legend of Sleepy Hollow*. Hurd Hatfield (reader). SPOKEN ARTS Ⓜ SA 991 $5.95. *Rip Van Winkle*. Hurd Hatfield (reader). SPOKEN ARTS Ⓜ SA 997 $5.95.

Performance: **Persuasive**
Recording: **Good**

Washington Irving is an acquired taste that probably few of us will ever have the time to acquire. Edgar Allan Poe once called Irving "a pioneer," and this I suppose he was, but his rambling, waggishly literary style will not be to everyone's taste—it certainly is not to mine.

His most famous story, adapted from the German, incidentally, is *Rip Van Winkle*, which is one of those strange examples of a story that has become a legend, for the idea of this man going to sleep one day in the Catskill Mountains and, enchanted, waking up twenty years later to find that life has

moved on, has in some way become part of the Anglo-American consciousness. But, be warned, the legend is better than the story.

The same cold assessment is also true of *The Legend of Sleepy Hollow*, the story of that Yankee schoolmaster Ichabod Crane's wooing and the headless horseman of Tarrytown. Mention of Tarrytown reminds me of Irving's most positive merit: his love of the Hudson River and of the early nineteenth-century villages set on it. He was a writer who had a sense of place, and this is no small distinction.

The present Irving record festival comes from Caedmon (with a new version of *Rip Van Winkle* and *Sleepy Hollow*) and from CMS (which offers a *Sleepy Hollow*). The Caedmon reader is that Hollywood stalwart Ed Begley, whose home-spun dramatics are perfect for the subject, and the Caedmon recordings, as ever, have considerable expertise. Martin Donegan, reading *Sleepy Hollow* for CMS, is less successful—he sounds a little self-conscious. Mind you, for an actor reading *The Legend of Sleepy Hollow* that might be construed as a compliment.

The third runner in the Washington Irving stakes comes from Spoken Arts, and has another Hollywood actor, Hurd Hatfield, as the reader. Mr. Hatfield's leisurely yet precise manner seems just right for a storyteller, and on the whole he brings rather more vocal variety to the stories than either of his competitors. Presuming that no one will want all the versions of these stories by the sage of Tarrytown, the Spoken Arts recordings, with their clarity and directness, probably constitute the best buy. *C. B.*

MAHARISHI MAHESH YOGI: ***Love; The Untapped Source of Power that Lies Within.*** Maharishi Mahesh Yogi (lecturer), Amiya Das Dupta (sitar accompanist). WORLD PACIFIC (S) WPS 21446, (M) 21446* $5.79.

Performance: Stupefying
Recording: Fair
Stereo Quality: Mysterious

I read in the papers not long ago that Ringo Starr and his wife left Maharishi Mahesh Yogi's retreat on the sacred Ganges and dropped out of his meditation course because the curry he served was too spicy. I wish the same could be said for his patter, intoned with an unrelieved monotony of inflection against a drone of sitar music, and dished out in great lumps of flavorless clichés about the boat of life on the ocean of love, the "rich plains of fulfillment," and the fullness of oneness, or maybe it was the other way 'round. I even tried sitting on the floor holding a flower upright in one hand to try to get into the right mood, but my dog came along and ate the flower.

Side two informed me that "our life is the expression of our potentialities" and advised that I "contact the source," but without the sitar music this time I became entirely stupefied and had to be helped up out of a metaphysical swoon when the record was over. I understand that the Maharishi has stirred up some bitterness in his home neighborhood for refusing enrollment to native Indians and packing his course with foreigners at $400 a head. If *this* is what he means by tapping "the untapped source of Power that lies within," I may yet come to comprehend the full import of the prosperous guru's message. *P. K.*

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RCA

HIFI/STEREO REVIEW'S CHOICE OF THE LATEST RECORDINGS

STEREO TAPE

Reviewed by WILLIAM FLANAGAN • DAVID HALL • IGOR KIPNIS
PAUL KRESH • REX REED • PETER REILLY • ERIC SALZMAN

BEETHOVEN: *Violin Concerto, in D Major, Op. 61.* Yehudi Menuhin (violin); New Philharmonia Orchestra, Otto Klemperer cond. ANGEL Ⓢ Y1S 36369 $7.98.

Performance: **Low on tension**
Recording: **Good**
Stereo Quality: **Good**
Speed and Playing Time: **3¾ ips; 44'45"**

There are five competitive stereo tape versions of the Beethoven Violin Concerto, four of which (Francescatti-Walter, Heifetz-Munch, Oistrakh-Cluytens, and Szigeti-Dorati) are in the same price bracket as this new Menuhin-Klemperer effort. The fifth, at $11.98, offers Milstein and Leinsdorf in both the Beethoven and Brahms concertos. In my opinion, all five of the competitive recorded performances are as good or better than the new one from the standpoint of interpretive vitality. There is a fine sustained lyricism in the Menuhin-Klemperer traversal of the first two movements, though Heifetz and Francescatti have an edge in sheer intensity of melodic projection. In the finale, however, Menuhin and Klemperer deprive the recurrent rondo theme of its inherent rhythmic bounce. Let it be said for Dr. Klemperer, however, that he brings more than ordinary interest to the first-movement accompaniment by means of his canny balancing of inner voices. On the other hand, I can't understand why Klemperer or the tape editors let some of the glaring bits of sloppy ensemble go by in the *pizzicato* variation episode of the slow movement. The recorded sound is full, warm-toned, and well balanced. If you like an easygoing Beethoven Violin Concerto, this one is for you. Otherwise, I would suggest Heifetz-Munch or Francescatti-Walter. *D. H.*

RECORDING OF SPECIAL MERIT

BRAHMS: *Piano Concerto No. 2, in B-flat Major, Op. 83.* TCHAIKOVSKY: *Piano Concerto No. 1, in B-flat Minor, Op. 23.* Vladimir Horowitz (piano); NBC Symphony Orchestra, Arturo Toscanini cond. RCA Ⓜ TR3 5027 $10.95.

Performance: **Legendary**
Recording: **Fair**
Speed and Playing Time: **3¾ ips; 74'57"**

Both of these are exceptionally powerful, highly vital performances. The Brahms stems from a 1940 recording session and has been admired for years; the Tchaikovsky, first released on discs a few years ago, was taken from a 1943 War Bond concert (a studio-made version had been available before the release of this one). It was a good idea to couple them, and the slower speed is no detriment since the original fidelity of the recordings was far below today's standards. There is a good bit of constriction present—some listening fatigue may result. But these are legendary performances whose excitement and impact are unique, and under such circumstances the less than ideal sonics are not of paramount importance. *I.K.*

Explanation of symbols:
Ⓢ = *stereophonic recording*
Ⓜ = *monophonic recording*

MELODIYA/ANGEL

NIKOLAI PETROV
Prize-winning strength and dexterity

CHOPIN: *Nocturnes (complete).* Artur Rubinstein (piano). RCA Ⓢ TR3 5023 $10.95

Performance: **À la mode**
Recording: **Excellent**
Stereo Quality: **Good**
Speed and Playing Time: **3¾ ips; 96'47"**

In a recent review of an all-Chopin Rubinstein tape, I complained, in effect, that the great pianist's years of specialization in Chopin had resulted in a sense of boredom with the music, and a resultant inclination to rethink the works arbitrarily in terms of performance. As it happens, I sense boredom in this new recording of nineteen nocturnes, but in rather a different form: the playing is sensitive, masterly, and mellow—but so mellow that there is almost something ghostly about it. It is almost as if the pianist's mind were not quite fully on what he was doing, but, incapable of doing otherwise, he is playing beautifully nonetheless.

The last recording of Rubinstein's that I recall deriving enormous pleasure from was a glowing, vibrant, energetic performance of Ravel's *Valses nobles et sentimentales.* I've no idea of how long he has played them, but the recording exuded the enthusiasm of a youngster. I'm not opting for Ravel's piano music, or for anyone else's in particular; but nothing, I should imagine, rejuvenates the playing of a master pianist of even Rubinstein's age like fresh material. *W. F.*

MOZART: *String Quintet, in G Minor (K. 516).* MENDELSSOHN: *Octet, in E-flat, Op. 20.* SCHUBERT: *String Quintet, in C Major (D. 956).* Jascha Heifetz, Israel Baker, Arnold Belick, Joseph Stepansky (violins); William Primrose, Virginia Majewski (violas); Gregor Piatigorsky, Gabor Rejto (cellos). RCA Ⓢ TR3 5022 $10.95.

Performance: **Sleek and brilliant**
Recording: **Close and clear**
Stereo Quality: **Good**
Speed and Playing Time: **3¾ ips; 95'34"**

It is the utterly breathtaking performance of the Mendelssohn Octet by this galaxy of virtuosos—recorded along with the other works on this tape following a 1961 series of concerts in Hollywood—that make this package uniquely worth having. The lightness, precision, and tonal warmth simply beggar description; and once you hear the famous Scherzo as played here, you will never again settle for the orchestral version.

A somewhat frantic pacing of the outer movements in the Mozart Quintet leads me to prefer the Griller-Primrose taping on Vanguard as an alternate. A choice between the present reading of the great Schubert Quintet and the nobly lyrical version by members of the Vienna Philharmonic London is a matter of personal taste—the tautly dramatic as against the piercingly lyric.

The recorded sound somewhat lacks the special tonal warmth that can come with a wider range of overtones, but the sound texture as a whole is admirably clean. *D. H.*

PROKOFIEV: *Piano Concerto No. 3, in C Major, Op. 26.* RACHMANINOFF: *Piano Concerto No. 4, in G Minor, Op. 40.* Nikolai Petrov (piano); Moscow Radio Symphony Orchestra, Gennady Rozhdestvensky cond. MELODIYA/ANGEL Ⓢ Y1S 40042 $6.98.

Performance: **Impressive prize-winner**
Recording: **Very good**
Stereo Quality: **Fine**
Speed and Playing Time: **3¾ ips; 52'2"**

(Continued on next page)

Nikolai Petrov, a twenty-five-year-old Soviet pianist who won the 1964 Gold Medal Award in the Queen Elizabeth Piano Competition in Brussels, plays both of these virtuosic showpieces with the strength and dexterity one expects from a prize-winner. But if one compares Petrov's playing with that of other pianists—say, Gilels or Argerich in the Prokofiev, and Michelangeli or Rachmaninoff himself in the Rachmaninoff—one cannot help noticing that, although the notes are all very nicely in place, the young Russian's conception does not always hang together. Missing in the Prokofiev are the sarcastic, incisive inflections; and likewise the Rachmaninoff, for all its good points, lacks Romantic sweep and fervor. But this is impressive playing, and one should not, of course, judge Petrov on these performances alone. The recording is very good, but a treble boost helps. *I. K.*

SCHUBERT: *String Quintet, in C Major* (see MOZART)

RECORDING OF SPECIAL MERIT

SIBELIUS: *Symphony No. 2, in D Major, Op. 43*; *The Swan of Tuonela, Op. 22, No. 3.* The Hallé Orchestra, Sir John Barbirolli cond. ANGEL (S) Y1S 36425 $7.98.

Performance: Superb
Recording: Excellent
Stereo Quality: Excellent
Speed and Playing Time: 3¾ ips; 53'51"

I am no Sibelius fan, but a performance like this one might even convert me. To my ears this is ideal Sibelius: its Romantic style—very tense, very "held back," big in scope, remarkably pure—might put it above Maazel and Szell for Sibelius fans. Superb orchestral playing and a sonorous recorded sound are effectively transferred to tape. *E. S.*

TCHAIKOVSKY: *Piano Concerto No. 1, in B-flat Minor* (see BRAHMS)

ENTERTAINMENT

JEAN SHEPARD: *Heart to Heart.* Jean Shepard (vocals); orchestra. *I Don't See How I Can Make It*; *What Locks the Door*; *Hangin' On*; *Evil on Your Mind*; *Roll Muddy River*; and seven others. CAPITOL (S) Y1T 2871 $6.98.

Performance: Warm
Recording: Good
Stereo Quality: Good
Speed and Playing Time: 3¾ ips; 29'42"

Jean Shepard is the Pet Clark of the washtub set. She sings country-and-western songs with warmth and a sincerity that is admirable. Her material is never very socially conscious or intellectually arresting, but her saucy beat sees her through. Love is her bag, and she sings about it like a young innocent whose heart has been flung across the Black Hills like the puff of a dandelion. I like Jean Shepard, and I especially like the way she sings *Roll Muddy River.* Try it. It cures what ails ya. *R. R.*

NINA SIMONE: *Sings the Blues/Silk and Soul.* Nina Simone (vocals, piano). *In the Dark*; *My Man's Gone Now*; *Backlash Blues*; *The House of the Rising Sun*; *The Look of Love*; *Go to Hell*; *Cherish*; *Since I Fell For You*; *Turn Me On*; *Blues for Mama*;

Consummation; and ten others. RCA Ⓢ TP3 5043 $9.95.

Performance: Sullen and disappointing
Recording: Good
Stereo Quality: Good
Speed and Playing Time: 3¾ ips; 58'39"

I don't know what's happened to Nina Simone, who used to be one of my favorite singers. She has always been a very highly charged performer, temperamental and unpredictable. I've seen her bring Carnegie Hall to its knees and bathe in the sound of adoring heroine-worshiping applause; and I've seen her walk onstage (at the Apollo Theatre in Harlem), take a look at the audience, sing one chorus of *I Loves You Porgy*, and then walk offstage, disgusted for no apparent reason—leaving the audience hissing and booing and yelling for its money back. She is a peculiar mixture of soul, passion, humor, black terror, loveliness, warmth, pathos, and venom. Lately she's sounded rather tired of the music business, and on these two albums she sounds as if she's already left it.

This is lamentable indeed, for Nina Simone can be wonderful. There is no evidence of her lush jazzy lyricism on these bands. She sounds mad. The "Silk and Soul" side of the tape is badly arranged by Sammy Lowe and contains a group of unimportant folk and jazz tunes such as John Loudermilk's *Turn Me On*, which Loudermilk sings better, and Nina's own *Consummation*, which she herself has sung better in person many times. The "Blues" side is more in the groove I've come to expect from Nina, and features some hard-driving piano. There is also some nice tenor work by Buddy Lucas, who doubles on harmonica. Nina's own *Blues for Mama* is interesting for its poignant quality, and so is *My Man's Gone Now*. But in all these tunes, I get the feeling that Nina feels pressured to get the record date over with. She never really wails. Too bad, because when Nina really wails, you hear it in your rib cage. *R. R.*

NANCY WILSON: *Welcome to My Love.* Nancy Wilson (vocals); orchestra, Oliver Nelson cond. *For Once in My Life*; *Welcome to My Love*; *Ode to Billie Joe*; and eight others. CAPITOL Ⓢ Y1T 2844 $6.98.

Performance: Clinging
Recording: Good
Stereo Quality: Claustrophonic
Speed and Playing Time: 3¾ ips; 31'09"

Nancy Wilson is a seductive-sounding, note-holding performer whose voice has a tendency to cling like inexpensive perfume. She is also something of a word-garbler, so I can't honestly tell you very much about the contents of these songs, except that they are usually about how good it feels when you have someone who needs you, and how bad it feels when you don't. There are also a couple of soul songs, including the one about a fellow named Billie Joe who jumped off the Tallahatchie Bridge, if I heard correctly, and a number about being sober but drunk in San Francisco, a condition to which singers with the cuddlesome approach of Miss Wilson could drive me with no effort at all. "Why try to change me now?" Miss Wilson warbles breathlessly in one of her stickier moments. It always turns out to be *my* fault. P.K.

(Continued on next page)

THEATER MUSIC

RECORDING OF SPECIAL MERIT

HELLO, DOLLY! (Jerry Herman). Broadway-cast recording. Pearl Bailey, Cab Calloway, Emily Yancy, Chris Calloway, Jack Crowder, others (singers); chorus and orchestra, Saul Schechtman cond. RCA ⓢ TO3 1006 $8.95.

Performance: Delicious
Recording: Excellent
Stereo Quality: On-stage realism
Speed and Playing Time: 3¾ ips; 44'45"

It will not come as news at this point that, of the long succession of gifted ladies who have kept *Hello, Dolly!* running on Broadway since Carol Channing left the title role, none was better cut out for the job than Pearl Bailey. Indeed, I would be hard put to choose which of the two Broadway-cast recordings of this still sparkling musical to keep in my collection if I had to give one up. Can a man be in love with two women at the same time? Miss Channing rasped her way into my heart years ago, and the album she graces glitters with infectious exuberance, well conveyed by top-notch forces in every department. Miss Bailey has transformed the part, taking the edge off the character of the meddlesome match-maker and suffusing it with a warmth and astringency all her own. The all-Negro cast accompanying her is excellent, and brings a mellower, more easy-going quality to the tuneful score. Jack Crowder is not as forceful a Cornelius as Charles Nelson Reilly was, but Emily Yancy has relieved the part of Mrs. Molloy, the milliner, of the operetta-like quality Eileen Brennan found in it, and delivers *Ribbons Down My Back* and *It Only Takes a Moment* with singular ease in a more current idiom. Cab Calloway is altogether right as the prosperous Horace Vandergelder, and Chris Calloway is winning as little Minnie Fay. The chorus and orchestra sound blander under Saul Schechtman's baton than they did when Shepard Coleman was at the helm, but the tunes and the big spectacle numbers such as *Put on Your Sunday Clothes* and *Before the Parade Passes By* are as persuasive as ever—not to mention the title song, with Pearl right up there greeting everybody within earshot, in a style to make the loneliest listener feel absolutely wanted. *P. K.*

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Those who find it difficult to leave their music behind when they take to car, boat, beach, or vacation spot are turning more and more to the sensible compromise with high fidelity represented by the new tape-cartridge and cassette machines. A new bimonthly called *The Glass List*, a useful guide to the repertoire available in these formats, includes personality sketches and reviews of new releases plus comprehensive listings of all four-track, eight-track, and cassette tapes in the current catalogs. The magazine is available at 50c per copy wherever cartridge tapes are sold or by subscription ($2.50 per year) from the publisher, Glass Publishing Company, 664 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Illinois 60611.

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TAPE HORIZONS

By DRUMMOND McINNIS

TAPE MAPS

IF YOU take as many automobile trips as I do, either for your job or simply for sightseeing, you've doubtlessly observed that what seemed to be the best planned routes of mice and mapmakers may nevertheless lead you astray. The problem goes something like this: you've been told to follow Route 22 until you hit the Goshen Turnpike. That seems simple enough, right? So you are speeding along, 10 miles per hour above the limit like everyone else, and you encounter a sign with two arrows pointing in opposite directions—one saying Route 22 North, the other saying Route 22 South. And you haven't the slightest idea whether Goshen Turnpike is in the land of the icebergs or the pineapples.

I was faced with such a problem a few months ago when I decided to invite a group of geographically scattered friends up to my newly rented summer place. The privacy factor that made the place ideal for me also made it devilishly difficult to find. It is in an isolated, woodsy area and the last mile or so up to the cabin is strictly dirt road. To make matters worse, it isn't even my *private* dirt road, so there are numerous divergent twists and turns leading to nearby lakes and to the few other local residents. I gave some thought to the problem and came up with what I felt to be a rather inspired solution—at least for those of my friends who have portable tape recorders at hand.

I made the trip myself with my battery-operated unit on the car seat alongside me and talked myself home from the center of town—which is easy enough to find on any commercial map. As I drove I described the salient landmarks and the scenery. I became somewhat creative after a while and added a historical note or two when appropriate: "The garage you see on your left was held up so many times that the owner decided to get himself one of those dogs that have been trained to protect property; I understand that sometime last week somebody stole the dog." That kind of thing. I added other more useful pieces of information such as, "See that large billboard advertising orange juice about five hundred feet up ahead on your right? Well, slow down because our local law enforcement officer is probably lurking behind it in his patrol car ready to pick you up for speeding."

Depending on the length of the trip and the type of tape recorder you are using, you can either talk to your guest for the full length of the tape, or for longer trips you can turn the machine off between landmarks, leaving instructions such as "Turn the machine back on about five miles from here when you see a large gray water tower on your left. If you come to a small bridge, you've missed the water tower."

It seems to me that this tape-map idea could be extended to other areas. I might try a tape tour one day for my guests. If you have some tape pals on vacation dropping in on you when you can't take time off from work, you might try recording a tape tour of your town and its local points of interest for them. The principle is the same as the tape map, but the accent would be on anecdotes and reminiscences of the old local swimming hole and other personal memorabilia.

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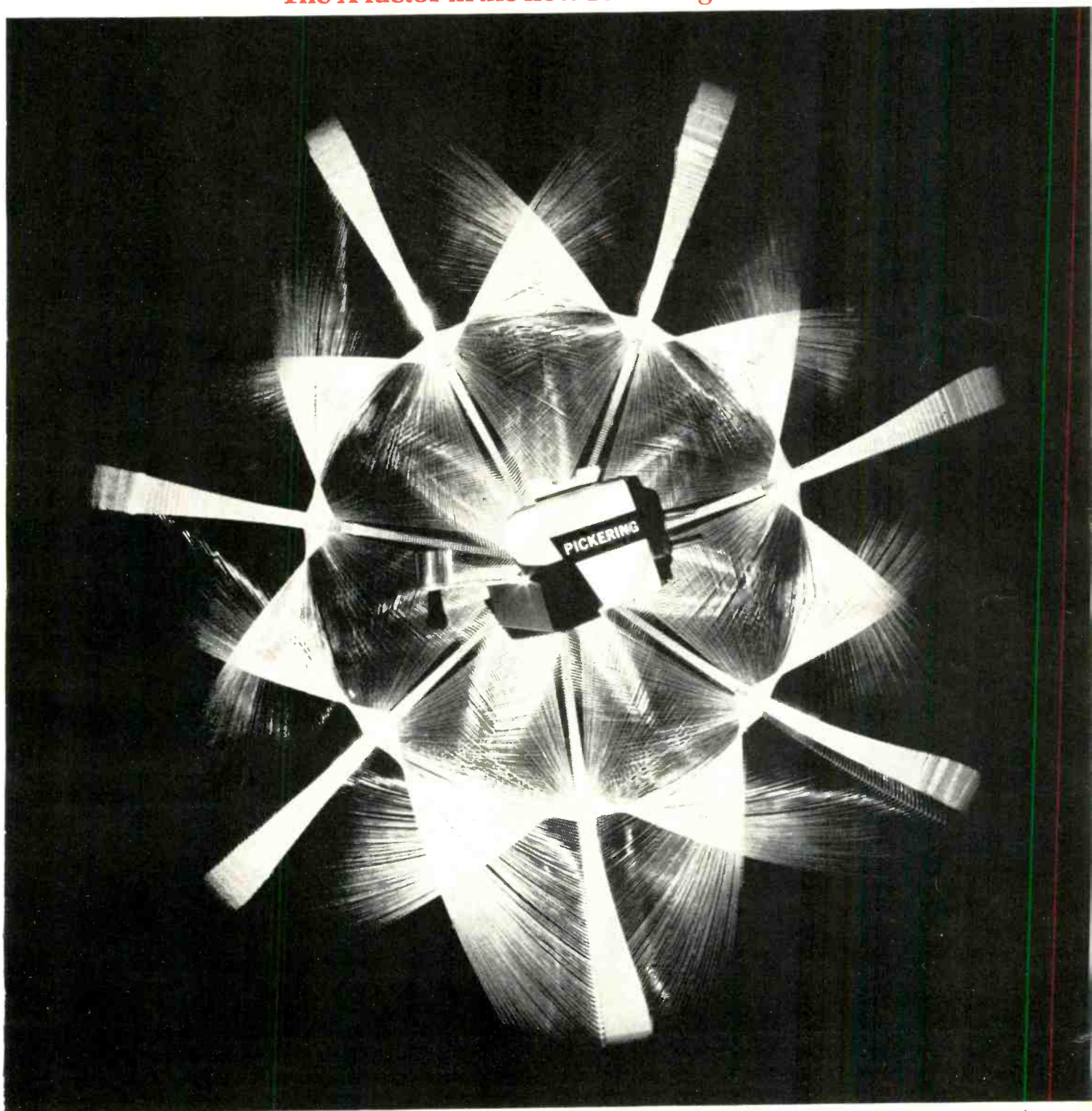
HI FI/STEREO REVIEW ADVERTISERS' INDEX

HI FI/STEREO REVIEW PRODUCT INDEX

As an additional reader service, we list below, by classifications, the products advertised in this issue. If there is a specific product you are shopping for, look for its listing and turn to the pages indicated for the advertisements of manufacturers supplying that equipment.

The X factor in the new Pickering XV-15.



The X in the new Pickering XV-15 stands for the numerical solution for correct "Engineered Application." We call it the Dynamic Coupling Factor (DCF).[SM]

DCF is an index of maximum stylus performance when a cartridge is related to a particular type of playback equipment. This resultant number is derived from a Dimensional Analysis of all the parameters involved.

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

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

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

For free literature, write to Pickering & Co., Plainview, L.I., N.Y.

[SM] Dynamic Coupling Factor and DCF are service marks of Pickering & Co.

CIRCLE NO. 41 ON READER SERVICE CARD

The woofer that lost its whistle

...and other stories.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Listen to the E-V EIGHT with the whistle-free woofer at your nearby Electro-Voice high fidelity showroom today. Then ask the price. At no more than $47.00 it's the best story of all.

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CIRCLE NO. 19 ON READER SERVICE CARD

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616 Cecil St., Buchanan, Michigan 49107

Send me catalog information on the E-V EIGHT and the complete line of Electro-Voice high fidelity products.

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