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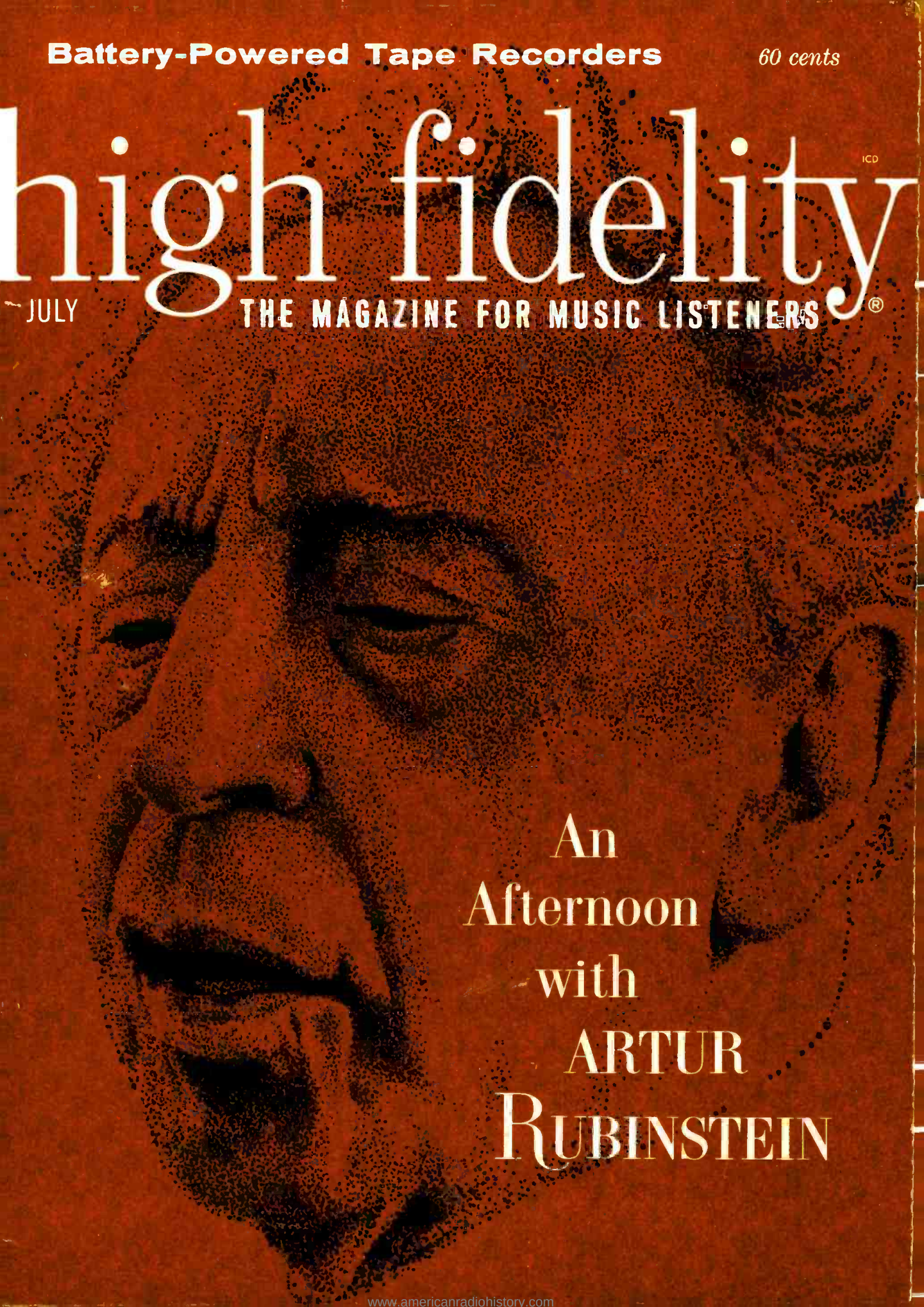
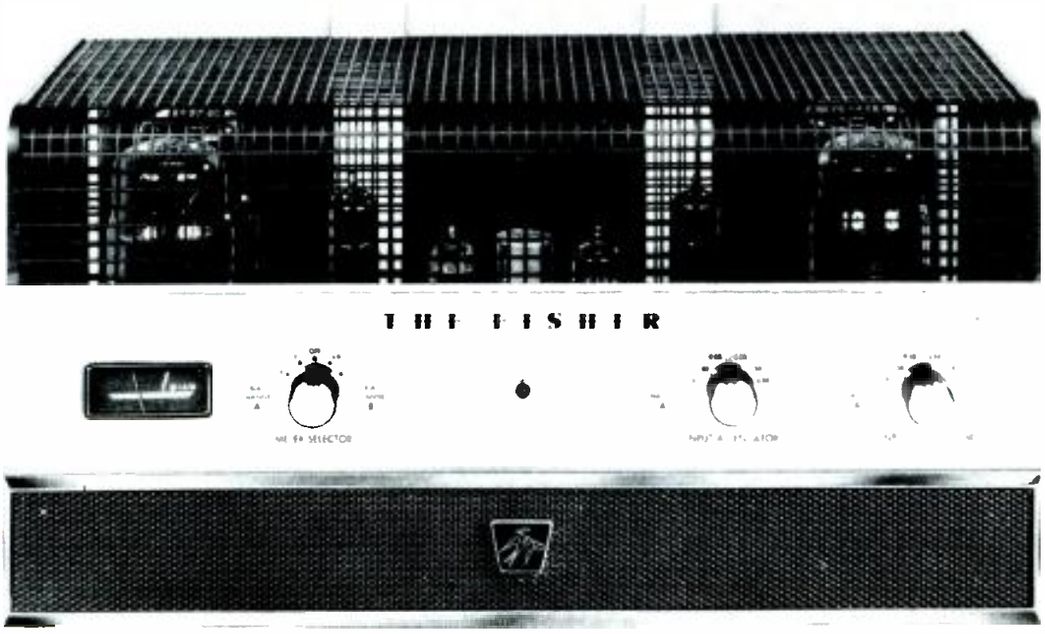
THE MAGAZINE FOR MUSIC LISTENERS®



An Afternoon with ARTUR RUBINSTEIN

This is the new K-1000, 150-watt StrataKit stereo power amplifier—the finest, most powerful in the world. It costs $279.50



You build it...

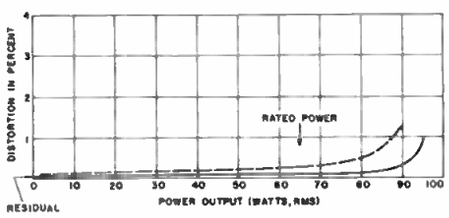
The reception accorded the new Fisher SA-1000 150-watt stereo power amplifier can best be described as "extraordinary." Its performance capabilities, coupled with its almost unbelievably moderate price of $329.50 (possible only because of Fisher production techniques and volume), indicate that it is destined to represent a milestone in the production of superb quality components at a realistic price.

Now, Fisher engineering expertise provides the opportunity for an even greater number of audiophiles to own this matchless dual-channel basic stereo amplifier by offering it in *kit form*. We refer to the new Fisher K-1000 StrataKit, which duplicates *in every way* the unsurpassed performance and specifications of the powerful SA-1000, its factory-wired counterpart.

The Fisher StrataKit method of construction is unique. Assembly takes place by simple, error-proof stages (Strata). Each of these stages corresponds to a separate page in the instruction manual. Each stage is built from a *separate* transparent packet of parts (StrataPack). Major components come pre-mounted on the extra-heavy gauge steel chassis. Wires are precut for every stage, which means every page. All work can be checked stage-by-stage, page-by-page, before proceding to the next stage.

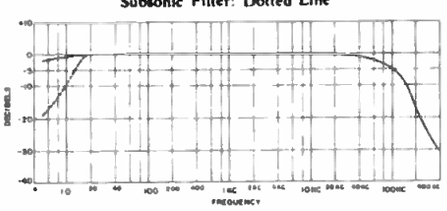
What is true for the Fisher SA-1000 is equally true of the K-1000. Once completed, it is undistinguishable from its factory-produced mate. Once complete, it is the same challenge to the severest critics and most discriminating judges of professional sound reproducing equipment, both as to specifications and listening quality. Its music power rating is 150 watts IHFM Standard, with *both* channels driven. The RMS power rating, again with both channels driven, is 130 watts (65 watts per channel). However, as a glance at the intermodulation curve will show, each channel will deliver at least 80 watts at well under 1.0% IM distortion, thus indicating the extremely conservative rating.

Total Harmonic Distortion at 1 kc: Solid Line
Intermodulation Distortion (60 cps/7 kc, 4:1): Dotted Line



The output stage is engineered around the newly-developed 8417 beam power pentodes, *never before used in any electronic device*. Designed specifically for use in this amplifier, the 8417 offers extreme linearity, resulting in greatly reduced distortion, and has unusually low drive-voltage requirements, permitting the previous stages to 'coast' at their lowest possible distortion levels. The unique *cavity anode* design of the 8417 is an important factor of its superior performance characteristics.

Frequency Response (0 db = 4 watts)
Subsonic Filter: Dotted Line



Each pair of 8417's drives a giant output transformer via plate-cathode coupling — a modified and improved 'ultra-linear' configuration that provides 12 db of the most desirable and stable type of negative feedback in the output stage. The custom-wound output transformers are unlike all others in that their response rolls off below 5 cps and above 200 kc *without the slightest peak or dip*. (See the frequency response curve.) This results in exceptional stability and superb square wave reproduction.

The driver stage, as well, is entirely

CIRCLE 34 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

This is the SA-1000, 150-watt stereo power amplifier—the finest, most powerful in the world. It costs $329.50

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Three ways to find out all there is to know about building the finest in stereo high fidelity components:

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2. **Drop it in a mailbox.**
3. **Flip this flap.**

Please send me, without charge, the Kit Builder's Manual, plus detailed brochure on the Fisher K-1000/SA-1000 Stereo Power Amplifier.

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novel. A triode-connected 6HU8/ELL80 dual power pentode circuit developed by Fisher engineers is capable of delivering 40% more drive to the output stage than is required — and at a remarkably low impedance. The result is very low distortion, the fastest possible recovery time, great stability and hence outstanding transient response.

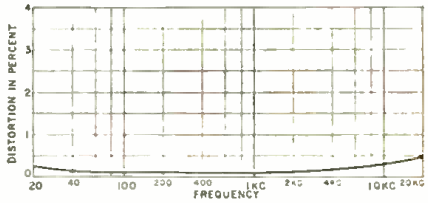
For the pre-driver and phase inverter stage, an ECC83/12AX7 dual triode is used in a DC-coupled cathodyne configuration characterized by extremely low distortion and phase shift. A feedback loop from the output transformer secondary to the pre-driver cathode provides 17 db of distortion-reducing feedback.

The input stage is a type widely used in laboratory oscilloscopes but never before in high-fidelity amplifiers. A compensated input attenuator in conjunction with a cathode-follower circuit permits adjustment of the input signal from 0 db to −12 db in accurately calibrated 3 db steps without the slightest effect on input impedance and frequency response. This feature in effect provides five different input sensitivities, ranging from 0.5 to 2.0 volts (for full rated RMS output), so that the preamplifier volume control can be operated strictly within its optimum range.

A switchable subsonic filter has also been designed into the input stage, in keeping with the widely held engineering view that, for the majority of practical applications, response should be flat down to 20 cps only and then fall off as rapidly as possible. (See dotted part of frequency response curve.)

The power supply is one of the most elaborate ever used in a stereo power amplifier. Regulation and filtering are of the highest order and all silicon diodes as well as filter capacitors are most conservatively operated.

Total Harmonic Distortion (One Channel) at 65 watts RMS
(Note that from 20 cps to 10 kc distortion does not rise above ¼% even at maximum rated power.)



Bias and balance are readily adjustable on each channel by means of the built-in laboratory-type calibration meter, but the controls for these rarely-needed adjustments are ingeniously concealed behind an attractive hinged cover—another Fisher exclusive.

Patented StrataBalance® Technique Insures Minimum Distortion Without Special Test Instrumentation. Recognizing the need for a simple, fool-proof method whereby the finished StrataKit might be precisely adjusted to maintain its optimum performance specifications at all times, Fisher engineers have devised a simple testing procedure. Now, utilizing an ordinary light bulb, the builder of the K-1000 can attain absolute balance of its push-pull circuitry. It will assure you that your home-built unit will be as perfect a performer as the factory-engineered, factory-wired version.

You cannot, however, fully evaluate the Fisher K-1000 by reading about it. But a comparative listening test utilizing its factory-wired counterpart, the SA-1000, against *any* amplifier at *any* price, is an absolute must. Only then, can you know that not all 'prestige' power amplifiers sound exactly alike. And that you can own the best of them for only **$279.50.***

The warranty that means more and does more for you. In striking contrast to the industry-wide standard of 90 days, the Fisher Warranty is extended to all tubes and diodes for a period of one year from date of purchase.

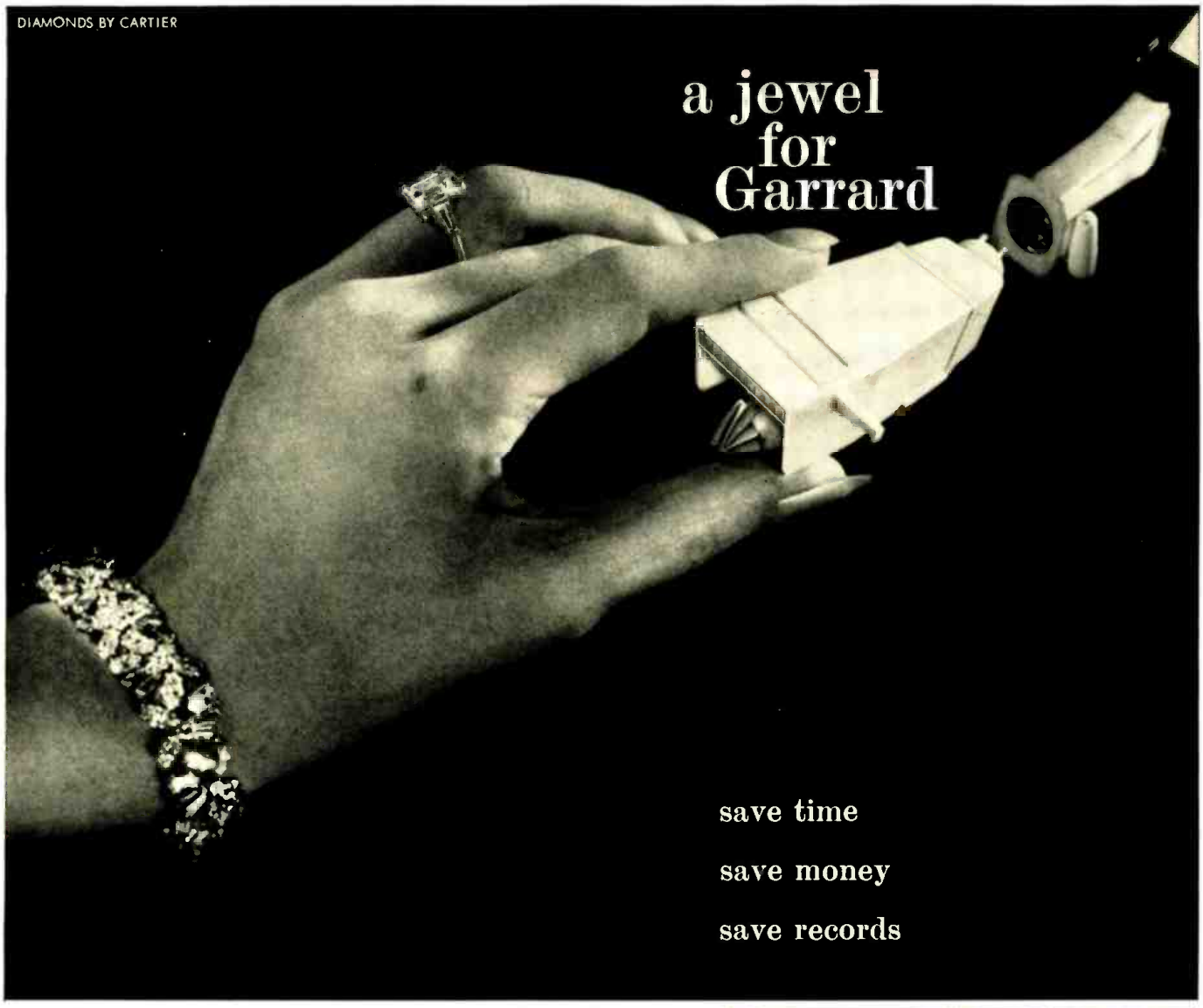
The Fisher

*SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN THE FAR WEST. EXPORT: FISHER RADIO INTERNATIONAL, INC., LONG ISLAND CITY 1, N.Y. CANADA: TRI-TEL ASSOCIATES, LTD., W. CLOVERDALE, ONT.

CIRCLE 34 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

DIAMONDS BY CARTIER

a jewel for Garrard



save time

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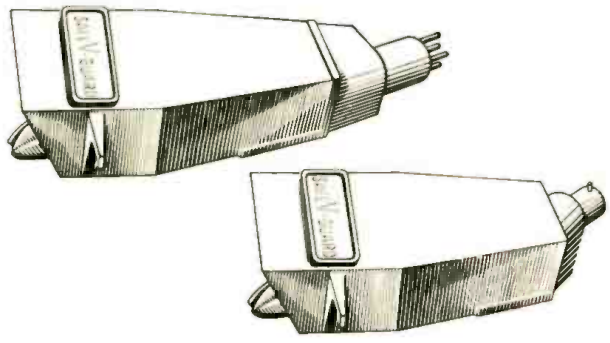
save records

Plug-in head assemblies with pre-mounted cartridges for Type A and Model AT6 Garrard Automatic Turntables.



Choose the **right** pickup for your Garrard installations — choose a Pickering — the new U38/ATG and the famous U38/AT are both available premounted in Plug-in Heads for Garrard Type A and Model AT6 Automatic Turntables.

FEATHERWEIGHT OPERATION — for maximum record protection, 1 to 3 grams tracking (recommended 2 grams) — where environmental conditions permit light tracking forces.

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STANDARD OPERATION — for use where environmental conditions require a nominal tracking force of 4 grams or more.

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CIRCLE 54 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

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Page 31

high fidelity

Page 26

JULY 1963 • VOLUME 13 NUMBER 7

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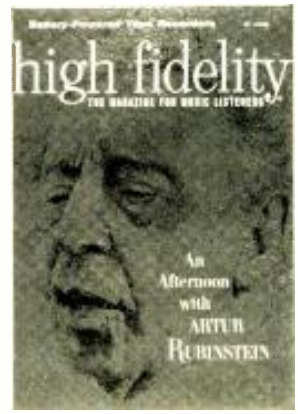
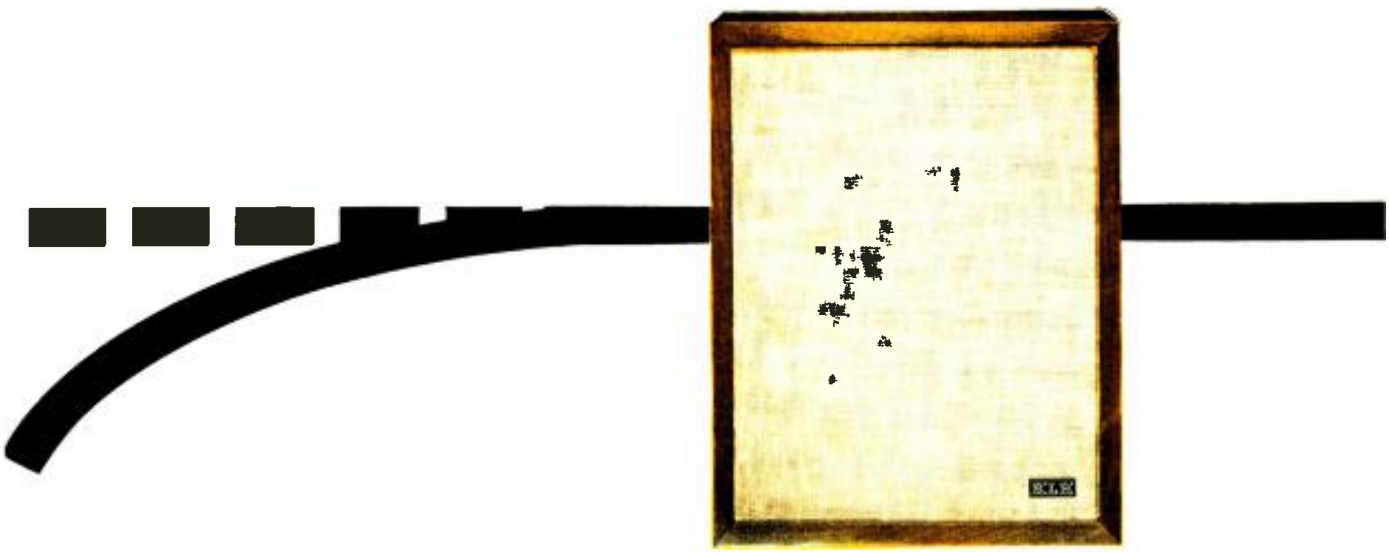


Cover Design: by Roy Lindstrom

Now you know why you waited



KLH has just introduced a new speaker system — the Model Fourteen — designed to accomplish two objectives: — to reproduce music (1) with less distortion and (2) with more bass than has heretofore been possible for a small speaker system. Inside the compact enclosure of this new speaker are a number of vital departures from any speaker system ever produced before.

The Model Fourteen employs two extremely compliant *full-range* speakers. The diameter of their cones is only 3". Their maximum excursion is ⅜". This excursion is controlled by the highest ratio of magnet power to cone lightness ever engineered into a loudspeaker.

There are a series of problems involved in achieving good bass response in a small speaker system. First, all speakers roll off in the bass region. Small speakers have higher resonant frequencies and roll off at higher frequencies than large speakers. But a large speaker is not effective in a compact enclosure. The conventional small speaker is no better, since it cannot move enough air to produce respectable bass.

In the Model Fourteen, part of the answer is a small speaker with a very powerful magnet and long excursion. This provides two great advantages — the ability to move large volumes of air, and the precise control over cone movement necessary for freedom from distortion. It also provides a problem, however, since the damping effect of the heavy magnet increases at the lower frequencies. This reduces the bass output of the speaker.

The rest of the answer is the first use, in a small multi-speaker system, of a revolutionary technique which we call *frequency contouring*. This technique was pioneered by KLH in the now famous Model Eight FM Receiving System and Model Eleven Portable Stereophonic Phonograph — each generally conceded to be the finest example of its class yet produced. Incorporated in the Model Fourteen is a passive electronic network which reshapes the power output of any conventional amplifier to match exactly the low frequency power requirements of the speakers, so that their response curve remains flat far below its normal roll-off point.

This technique can only be applied successfully with speakers whose low frequency response is held precisely to a profile of certain specific characteristics. Only because the speakers used in the Model Fourteen — including their impregnated paper cones — are designed and manufactured in our own plant can they be held to the rigid uniformity required for the use of frequency contouring. No commercially supplied cones have the necessary uniformity. No other manufacturer of small full-range speakers produces its own cones.

The result is a range and quality of reproduction you have never heard before in a compact speaker. The Model Fourteen, at any given level of overall loudness, will deliver more bass power, at lower frequencies, with less distortion than any other speaker system in the same range of cost or size.

The Model Fourteen's dimensions are 18" x 14" x 3¾". The price is about $50. Wait no longer.

KLH RESEARCH AND DEVELOPMENT CORPORATION

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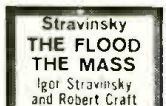

262

107

265

261

242-243 *Two-Record Set

236

*Two-Record Set—Counts As 2 Selections

267

171

86

97

156 (Stereo version is electronically re-channeled)

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Your only membership obligation is to purchase six selections from the more than 400 records to be offered in the coming 12 months; you may discontinue membership at any time thereafter. If you continue, you need buy only four records a year to remain a member in good standing.

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43-60

CIRCLE 22 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

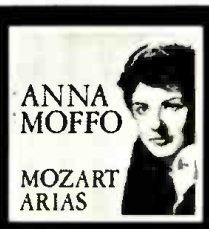
AUTHORitatively Speaking

On page 26 of this issue you are invited to spend "An Afternoon with Artur Rubinstein," through the good offices of RCA Victor recording director **Max Wilcox.** For four years now, Mr. Wilcox has not only been a constant listener to Mr. Rubinstein at the piano in RCA's studios but he has been his frequent luncheon companion and auditor of the famous Rubinstein talk. Thus our leading feature this month is no journalistic inquisition of a celebrated personality; it is, rather, a conversation between friends. Mr. Wilcox himself is a pianist *manqué* (i.e., for some time, including a period under Schoenberg specialist Eduard Steuermann, he studied with serious intent, but something seems to have interrupted his practicing) and has devoted himself completely to music in general ever since embarking on graduate work at Columbia. In fact, M. W. willingly confesses to the practically un-American position of "having no hobbies"; he *thinks* only about music, he says. Except sometimes he thinks about Mrs. Wilcox and the three younger members of his family—they're nice too.

The last note we had from regular contributor **Robert Silverberg** consisted of one line: Busy! We'd be tempted to think that when people start delving into archaeology—Mr. Silverberg has recently produced three books on the subject—they become utterly lost to contemporary civilization. However, Mr. Silverberg's succinct communique was accompanied by the article he had written for us on the very timely subject of battery-powered portables (p. 31). From certain sources we will not divulge we understand that a good deal of the credit for keeping Mr. S. at what we here regard as his proper business must go to Mrs. S. That lady is an electronics engineer. Apparently we needn't fear to lose Mr. Silverberg from the fold. . . .

Peter Yates has been interested in contemporary music, particularly that of American composers, for more than two decades, working to further its cause not only by his writings in numerous publications, but through the Los Angeles concert series called "Evenings on the Roof" which he founded and, for many years, directed, through the radio programs he has presented over FM station KPFK, and through extensive lecturing. His article on Harry Partch ("Genesis of a Music," p. 35) is an affirmation of faith in a composer quite *sui generis*; it is also, we feel, an expression on the author's part of that vigorous independence of thought he finds in his subject.

When **Joseph Kerman** made his first appearance in HIGH FIDELITY (September 1956) he was a young instructor in the Department of Music at the University of California. Since that time he has crossed the continent to teach at Princeton, and thence retraced his steps to become the Chairman of the Department at Berkeley. There, among his other courses, he has taught a class in music criticism, and his essay in this issue ("Why Bother with Words?" p. 39) we suspect may be related to that experience as well as to certain controversies raging in print on the "meaning" of music. Mr. Kerman is also, of course, a practicing critic—at work on studies of Beethoven and William Byrd and author of *Opera as Drama* and *The Elizabethan Madrigal.*



57-16. MOZART ARIAS: ANNA MOFFO. A thrilling new voice sings 11 arias from *Don Giovanni, Le Nozze di Figaro, Mass in C Minor*, others.

85-23. AMERICANA: CARMEN DRAGON and the Capitol Symphony Orchestra. "American music emphasized to the full . . ."—*Record Review.*

Angel

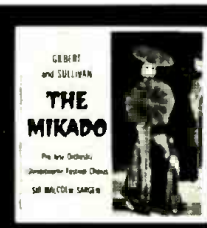
15-38. SINATRA: ALL THE WAY. Frank's greatest hit singles. *High Hopes, Witchcraft, Talk to Me, Sleep Warm, Ol' MacDonald*, 7 more.

16-42. KINGSTON TRIO. CLOSE-UP. 12 songs never before recorded: *Sail Away, Ken Karanga, Jesse James, Weeping Willow, Glorious Kingdom*, etc.

15-20. PEGGY LEE. BASIN STREET EAST. Catch her club performance of *Fever, The Second Time Around, Them There Eyes, Yes, Indeed*, 11 more.

35-95A, 35-95B. BEETHOVEN: MISSA SOLEMNIS. Elisabeth Schwarzkopf, soprano; von Karajan conducts Philharmonia Orchestra. "Sung and played with style, lyricism and fervor. . ."—*LP Stereo Guide.* Beautifully boxed.

(2-Record set counts as two separate selections.)



35-73A & 35-73B. THE MIKADO. Gilbert and Sullivan. Hear the biting wit and enchanting music of the Savoyards in a brilliant new album. Sir Malcom Sargent leads the Glyndebourne Festival Chorus and the Pro Arte Orchestra.

(2-Record set counts as two separate selections.)

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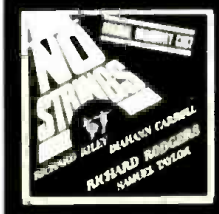
When you become a trial member of the Angel Division of the Capitol Record Club and agree to buy only six future selections from the several hundred available Angel and Capitol albums to be offered you during the next 12 months.



16-95. NO STRINGS. New Orig. B'way Cast album! Stars Diahann Carroll, Richard Kiley, 14 fresh R. Rodgers' songs: *The Sweetest Sounds*, others.

51-95. CALLAS PORTRAYS PUCCINI HEROINES. Favorite arias from *Manon Lescaut, Madame Butterfly, Turandot, La Boheme, Suor Angelica*, others.

17-59. VIVA BOSSA NOVA! LAURINDO ALMEIDA, his fiery guitar and band swing the new dance rage. *Lazy River, Mr. Lucky*, 10 others.

85-82. THE INTIMATE BACH: DUETS WITH SPANISH GUITAR, VOL 2. LAURINDO ALMEIDA. *Fuga, Komm Süsser Tod, Partita in B Flat*, others.

15-74. NAT KING COLE. THE TOUCH OF YOUR LIPS. Dreamy musical memories: *Not So Long Ago, Illusion, I Remember You, Funny*, 7 more.

85-02A, 85-02B. THE ART OF MILSTEIN. NATHAN MILSTEIN, violinist. TCHAIKOVSKY. Violin Concerto in D; BEETHOVEN, Sonata No. 5. Steinberg, Pittsburgh Symphony; Firkusny, piano. Also, short works by Szmanowski, Debussy, others.

(2-Record set counts as two separate selections.)

ANGEL DIVISION
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83-82. MILSTEIN. DVORAK & GLAZOUNOV: VIOLIN CONCERTOS. William Steinberg and Pittsburgh Symphony. "Poetic"—*LP Stereo Guide.*

57-21. LALO: SYMPHONIE ESPAGNOLE. Leonid Kogan, violinist. Kondrashin conducts Philharmonia Orchestra. "Lofty, lyric"—*LP Stereo Guide.*

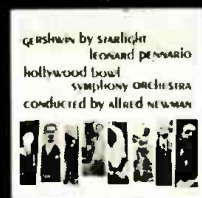
53-83. ELISABETH SCHWARZKOPF: SONGS YOU LOVE. 16 songs by the superb soprano. "Great in every way . . ."—*Phil. Daily News.*

52-02. BERLIOZ: SYMPHONIE FANTASTIQUE. Von Karajan and the Philharmonia Orchestra in a "powerful performance." Monaural only.

57-96. BRAHMS: CONCERTO #2 in B FLAT MAJOR. Richter-Haaser, piano; von Karajan and Berlin Philharmonic. A monumental recording.

59-22. SIBELIUS: FINLANDIA AND SYMPHONY #5. von Karajan conducts The Philharmonia Orchestra. "Masterly, rich."—*HiFi Stereo Review.*

56-41. FRANCK. SYMPHONY IN D MINOR; PSYCHE ET EROS. Carlo Giulini, Philharmonia. "Finest performance . . ."—*Amer. Record Guide.*



85-81. GERSHWIN BY STARLIGHT: Leonard Pennario, pianist; Hollywood Bowl Symphony. Cuban Overture, Second Rhapsody, etc.

02-10. PIAF. 12 ballads in the poignant style of France's greatest torch singer, with Robert Chauvigny's orchestra. Monaural only.

57-31. BACH: THE MUSICAL OFFERING. Yehudi Menuhin, Bath Festival Orchestra. "Moving musical experience"—*High Fidelity Magazine.*

54-11. THE SOVIET ARMY CHORUS AND BAND. 200 thundering male voices sing Russian folk ballads, army songs, and *Tipperary*—in Russian!

85-71. LAURINDO ALMEIDA: REVERIE FOR SPANISH GUITARS. 11 selections from Ravel, Debussy, Tchaikovsky, Brahms, Chopin, Albeniz, others.

55-80. BEETHOVEN: PIANO CONCERTO #1; SONATA #27. Solomon, piano; The Philharmonia Orchestra conducted by Herbert Menges. Sparkling.

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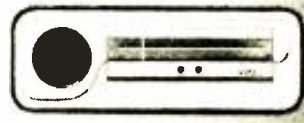

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NOTES FROM ABROAD

LONDON

We here are halfway through a second chapter in the career of Italian pianist Maurizio Pollini—aged twenty-one, egocentric, granite-willed. A lot of people in (and on the periphery of) the musical scene are still staring at each other in a dazed way and wondering just what it was that hit the town.

L'Enfant Terrible. To begin at the beginning. Three years ago I reported in this column that a reluctant Pollini had been persuaded by EMI-Angel to join Paul Kletzki and the Philharmonia Orchestra in recording Chopin's E minor Piano Concerto. This was the test piece which had won him the crucial Chopin Prize in Warsaw a month or two earlier. At the playback he buried his head in his hands and said his playing was bad, very bad. Kletzki talked him out of this state of mind. The record was marketed and, according to an EMI spokesman, "had an enormous success."

In the autumn of the same year, Pollini came back to the Abbey Road studios here and recorded the Chopin études, which were scheduled for issue on two discs. Again he buried his head when he heard the tapes; again everybody else was congratulatory. But this time the young man was adamant as well as irreconcilable. He refused to approve the tapes, went home to Milan, and that was that.

In the two years that followed he was reminded from time to time by EMI of his contractual undertakings. He replied with doctors' certificates. By this winter, however, he was ready for battle once more, provided that on the strength of his Chopin successes he was not to be type-cast for nineteenth-century Romanticism. It was therefore settled that he should play Beethoven's Piano Concerto No. 3, in C minor, with the London Symphony Orchestra at the Royal Festival Hall, and that some ten weeks later he would return to record both it and the No. 4, in G, with Kletzki and the Philharmonia.

The first rumpus blew up three weeks before the Festival Hall date. From a representative of Pollini the LSO received a demand for three rehearsals. The LSO replied testily that three rehearsals were out of the question, that in the matter of artistic proficiency the LSO was no provincial orchestra, and that, when it came to standard repertory pieces such as Beethoven's No. 3, world pianists generally—among them Rubinstein and Richter—were content to work with the LSO on a one-rehearsal basis. Ultimately, however, the LSO conceded Pollini a second rehearsal of one hour at a session which was to have been devoted exclusively to the purely orchestral items of the program. It was arranged also that he should have a preliminary run-through (piano only) with Colin Davis, who was to conduct.

Tempos Make for Tempests. The run-through took place at Mr. Davis' home. It quickly became clear that Pollini's notions of tempos, especially those of the opening movement (*Allegro con brio*) were sharply at variance with those of Mr. Davis and, indeed, with the tempos favored by tradition. During this meeting and later, Pollini continued to insist that the traditional approach is lethargic, that most players undervalue the *con brio* direction, and that the music should be taken with a spanking *alla breve* beat. He refused to shift by a hairbreadth from this position, with the result that the rehearsals were tense occasions. Yet short of withdrawing from the engagement entirely, there seemed nothing for Mr. Davis to do but conform to the soloist's requirements while privately deploring them.

On the night, conductor and pianist came on the platform together smiling affably. Out in front sat a large audience, including various recording company emissaries. As the first movement of Beethoven's No. 3 came up off the pad and streaked into the blue with booster fumes coming from its tail, they raised quizzical eyebrows at each other. In the artists' room afterwards, one critic (known to be among Pollini's foremost admirers in this country) was heard to tell him: "Your technique is marvelous. In many ways your playing was immaculate. But you took the opening Allegro at such a lick that some passages sounded trivial and even meaningless in a strictly musical sense." Pollini did not reply. His silences are, or can be, formidable.

The night was Saturday. The reviewers had twenty-four hours in which to hone their phrases. These turned out to make the viva-voce rebuke the pianist had suffered seen mild. Said the *Times*: "The impression left by his playing was that he was due to catch the 9:15 from

Continued on page 16

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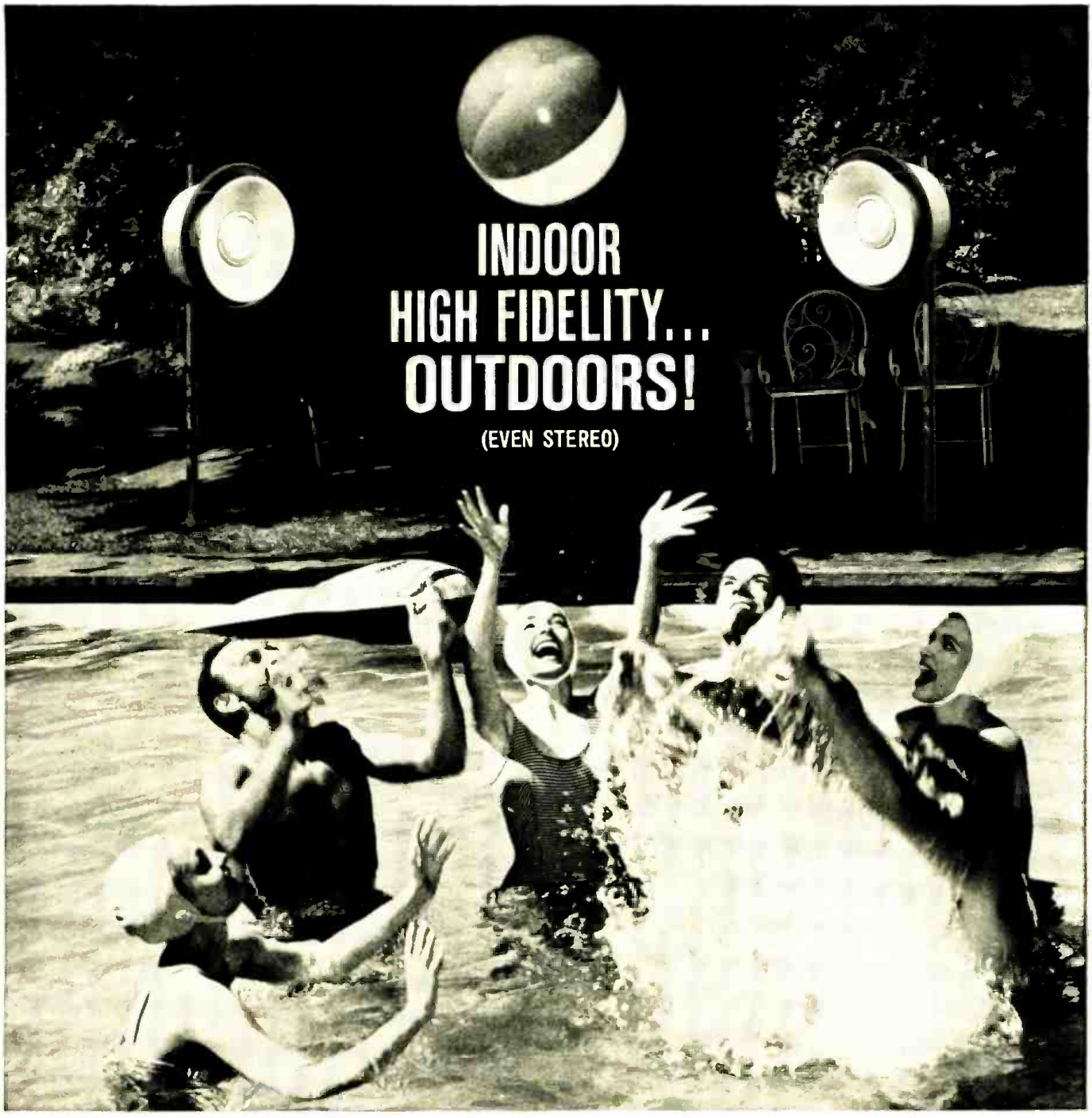

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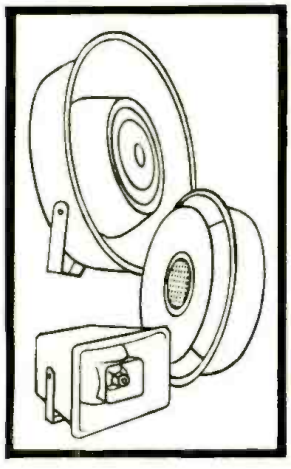

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NOTES FROM ABROAD

Continued from page 12

Waterloo. . . . His only concern seemed to be getting the notes over and done with as soon as possible." Said the *Daily Telegraph*: "Preposterously quick tempi in the first movement made so grotesque an impression that it was hard to believe one's ear." In some quarters doubts were voiced as to whether EMI would proceed with its Pollini recordings. From an EMI official came this prompt reaffirmation of faith: "The two Beethoven concerto recordings are emphatically on." It will be interesting to discover whether their tempos are à la Pollini or à la practically every other pianist of repute. CHARLES REID

PARIS

During the past two years the local branch of Deutsche Grammophon has shown that it can be rather more French than the French. First came a prize-winning version of Ravel's *L'Enfant et les sortilèges*, then a disc premiere of Rameau's opera-ballet *Pygmalion* (issued in the Archive series). The company's latest demonstration of its Gallic bent has Colette Herzog, with Jacques Février at the piano, singing some of Debussy's and Poulenc's most elegantly shaped melodies. The Debussy items are Baudelaire's *Le Balcon*, *Harmonie du soir*, *Le Jet d'eau*, *Recueillement*, and *La Mort des amants*. They are thus mature Baudelaire (is there any other kind?) and youthful Debussy, having been set when the composer was in his late twenties. The Poulenc numbers exhibit on the composer's part a characteristic affection for the wry, half-tragic, half-Pierrot strain in twentieth-century French verse: the poems are Louise de Bilmorin's *Fiançailles pour rire*, Paul Eluard's *Ce doux petit visage*, and Maurice Careme's *La courte paille*.

Another Poulenc recording, by the way, has been assured by Pathé-Marconi's making definite its projected *Stabat Mater* with Régine Crespin as

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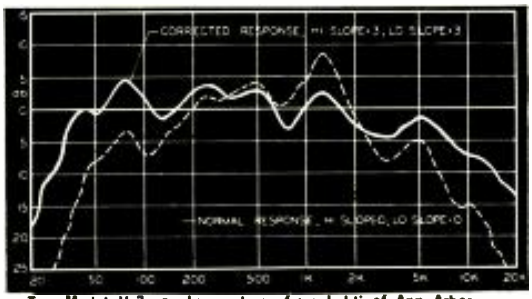
Test procedure involved ⅓ octave sequence bandwidth analysis of white noise weighted by −3 db per octave with both left and right channels operating. Two examples of room effects are shown. Note that the useful bandwidth of the system in each case is severely limited under normal conditions of operation (dashed line). The Stereo Room Equalizer was then set to provide natural balanced sound as judged by the listener. The resulting curve shows a very marked improvement in system performance.



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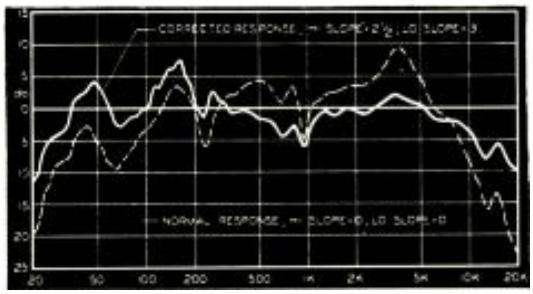

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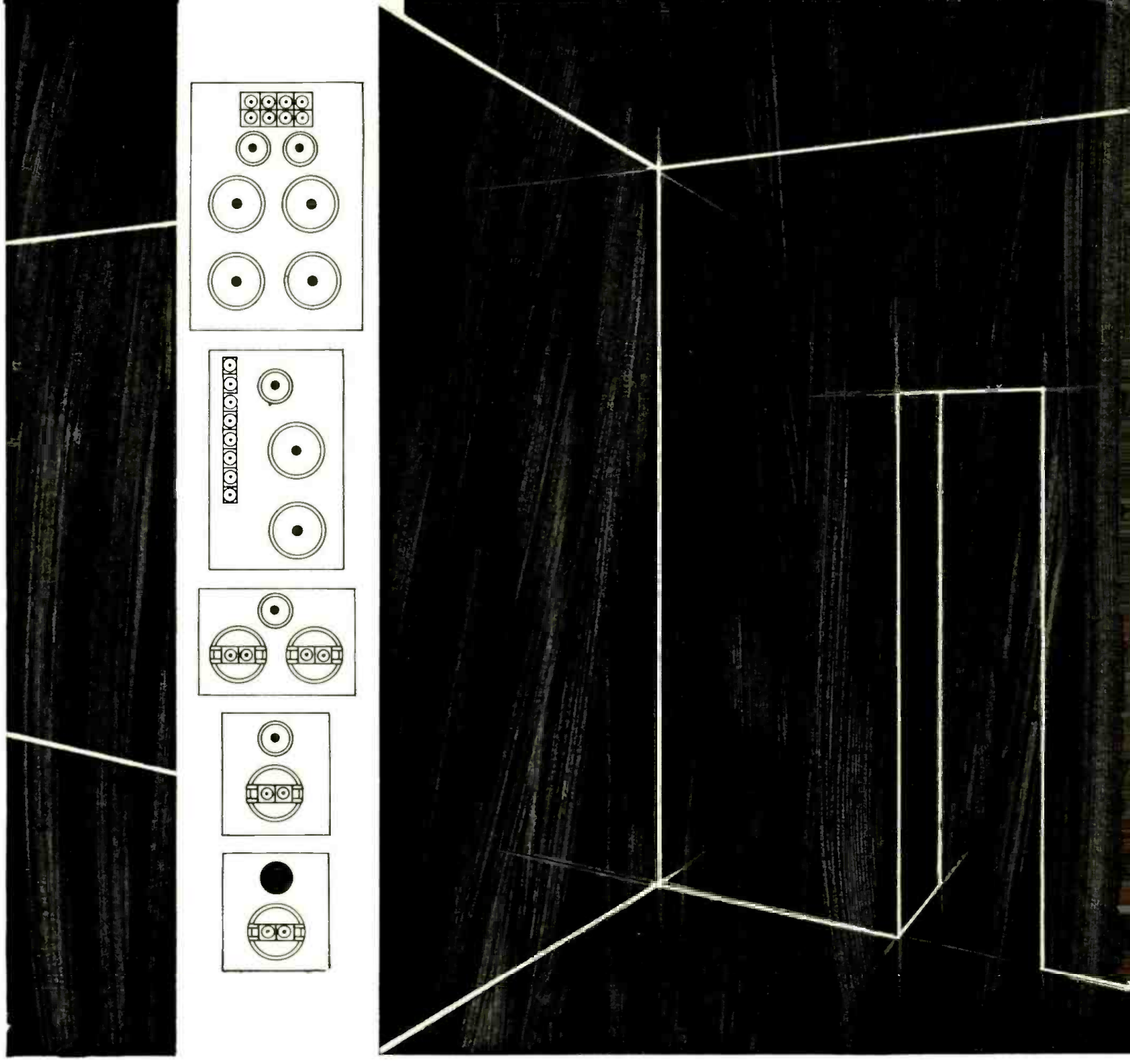

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NOTES FROM ABROAD

Continued from page 16

soloist (Angel). On the overside will be Poulenc's *Motets pour un Temps de Pénitence*. Georges Prêtre will conduct the Conservatoire Orchestra.

Festival du Son. The fifth international "audio show," held here as usual in the seductive 1900-style Palais d'Orsay hotel, was such a success that it is now safe to say that the French have at last accepted stereo. There were twice as many visitors as last year, and twice as many exhibitors of high fidelity equipment. The concerts of live music, designed to give listeners an opportunity to compare recorded sound with "reality," offered Beethoven, Brahms, Schumann, Bach, Debussy, Poulenc, *musique concrète*, and a fascinating work by the American avant-garde composer Earle Brown.

ROY MCMULLEN

VIENNA

This city's celebrated Theater an der Wien, restored as an opera house last year [see H. C. Robbins Landon's article, HIGH FIDELITY, June 1962], has now seen its first recording sessions. As it happened, the stage where *Fidelio*, *Die Fledermaus*, and *The Merry Widow* had their premieres was chosen for the first stereo re-creation of *Lohengrin*. Actually, EMI had begun to try out the acoustical properties of the building almost immediately after the reopening, and had professed itself satisfied with test recordings (the Vienna Philharmonic, mainly in rehearsals) made as early as June 1962. By November the company was ready to begin its Wagner project.

Wagner—Angel-Style. The British recording team, led by Victor Olof, set up its microphones; conductor Rudolf Kempe restudied the familiar score; and singers assembled. Jess Thomas, the American singer who is now one of the best-known tenors in Germany, came by plane from Munich to take the title part. Elisabeth Grümmer, the Elsa, interrupted her activities at the Berlin Opera and established herself in a small pension on the Lehargasse (named after the composer), within walking distance of the theatre. Christa Ludwig arrived to sing Ortrud, a role she had previously essayed in Berlin to Grümmer's Elsa and Thomas' Lohengrin. A surprise in the cast was Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau as Telramund—a part he had never sung before and which, for reasons unexplained, he apparently never intends singing on the stage. For the King, Gottlob Frick had been engaged, and Otto Wisner was the Heerrufer. After the usual false starts and delays which seem to beset large-scale recording projects, work proceeded steadily. The final sessions were held this spring, and the five-disc album—on the Angel label—should be available in the late fall.

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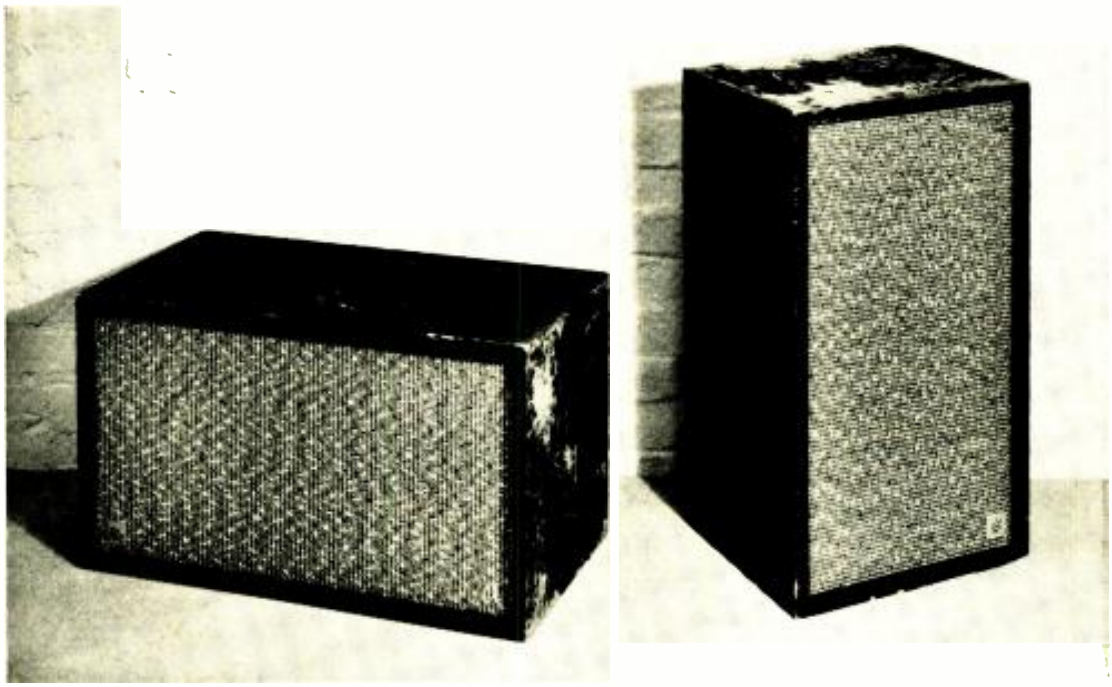

David Jones, the recording engineer who owns them, brought them in to AR for a preventive maintenance checkup. We made a few minor repairs, replaced the grille cloths, and took a picture of them.

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Dick Schory

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PERCUSSIONIST Dick Schory was first made visible to the general record-buying public on the jacket of an RCA Victor album, which pictured him looking somewhat bemused and lying flat on his stomach, with his head protruding from beneath a pile of percussion instruments. Probably no one who keeps abreast of stereo in the light-hearted vein needs to be reminded that this disc was entitled "Music for Bang, Baaroom, and Harp," and that it placed Schory in the forefront of a new breed of musician to which the stereo era has given rise—the composer-arranger who is one part electronic savant and one part painter in tone colors.

On completion of "Bang, Baaroom" Schory managed to get out from under the instrumental heap, pick his glasses off the floor, and go on to become an undeniable favorite in Victor's pops-spectacular department. He is inevitably picked as a demonstrator of the latest recording techniques, and he fills these assignments with a flair: his releases in RCA's "Stereo Action" series were generally regarded as among the best of their kind, and when Dynagroove was announced this spring Schory appeared in the front line-up with a record called "Supercussion," which in spite of its title proved to be an engaging essay in easygoing tempos and transparent instrumentation.

When it comes to percussion Schory is, one might say, to the manner born. He played in jazz groups while still an undergraduate at Northwestern University, and was afterwards a percussionist for three and a half years with the Chicago Symphony. In spite of his stint with the classics, however, his real sympathies always lay in the field of jazz and popular music, and even at the time of his employment with Dr. Reiner he led a jazz group of his own during off hours. This group eventually grew into the New Percussion Ensemble, and in 1958, Schory—under the auspices of ConcertDisc—made what is reported to be the first ping-pong stereo recording ever played in public demonstration.

The same year, he drew up a complete plan for the "Bang, Baaroom" album, submitted it to RCA, and was signed up for the project with no further questions asked. Since then he has been given a free hand in the production of his programs—his perquisites include the privilege of working with the engineer of his own choice (a guitarist named Ron Steele who plays with the ensemble when not at work in the control room), and recording exclusively in Chicago's Orchestra Hall, which he considers one of the best auditoriums in the country.

DICK Schory himself is a pleasantly unpercussive man, still under thirty, quiet, humorous, and self-possessed. "It takes me longer to conceive what I want to do than actually to put it on paper," he said shortly after the release of his Dynagroove disc. "I've had to study the technical end of recording as much as the musical. In the 'Stereo Action' records we had four elements to deal with: melody, harmony, rhythm, and motion. In Dynagroove, I've scored particularly for separation. This sometimes involves different seating and different microphone placement for each piece." It also involves a lively-looking score sheet on which channel notations appear in green, red, and black, with an additional blue strain denoting a channel going under the poetic name of "the phantom fourth." The phantom can be swung left, right, or center as the case requires.

"We used sixteen mikes in our Dynagroove session, sometimes with three mikes on an instrument. There were three, for instance, on Joe Morello's drums in *Brush Off*, and others were set up to catch the natural resonance of the auditorium. We never use any fake echo at all—it is strictly the pure sound from the hall."

One reason, perhaps, for the popularity of Schory's records is the careful consideration he gives to each program as a whole. "I approach an album just as if it were a concert. It must have the same variety, the same pacing, as a live performance." And a live performance by the nineteen-man Percussion Pops Orchestra (which has already made four cross-country trips) is a tour de force in directional sound quite as striking as the recorded counterparts. Schory uses stereo amplification in large auditoriums, and he once presented a six-day show called "Music in Motion" at the Arie Crown Theatre in Chicago—a hall outfitted with a five-channel stereo public address system which he studied for two months in preparation for the program.

It is no exaggeration whatever when Dick Schory states: "I think in stereo."

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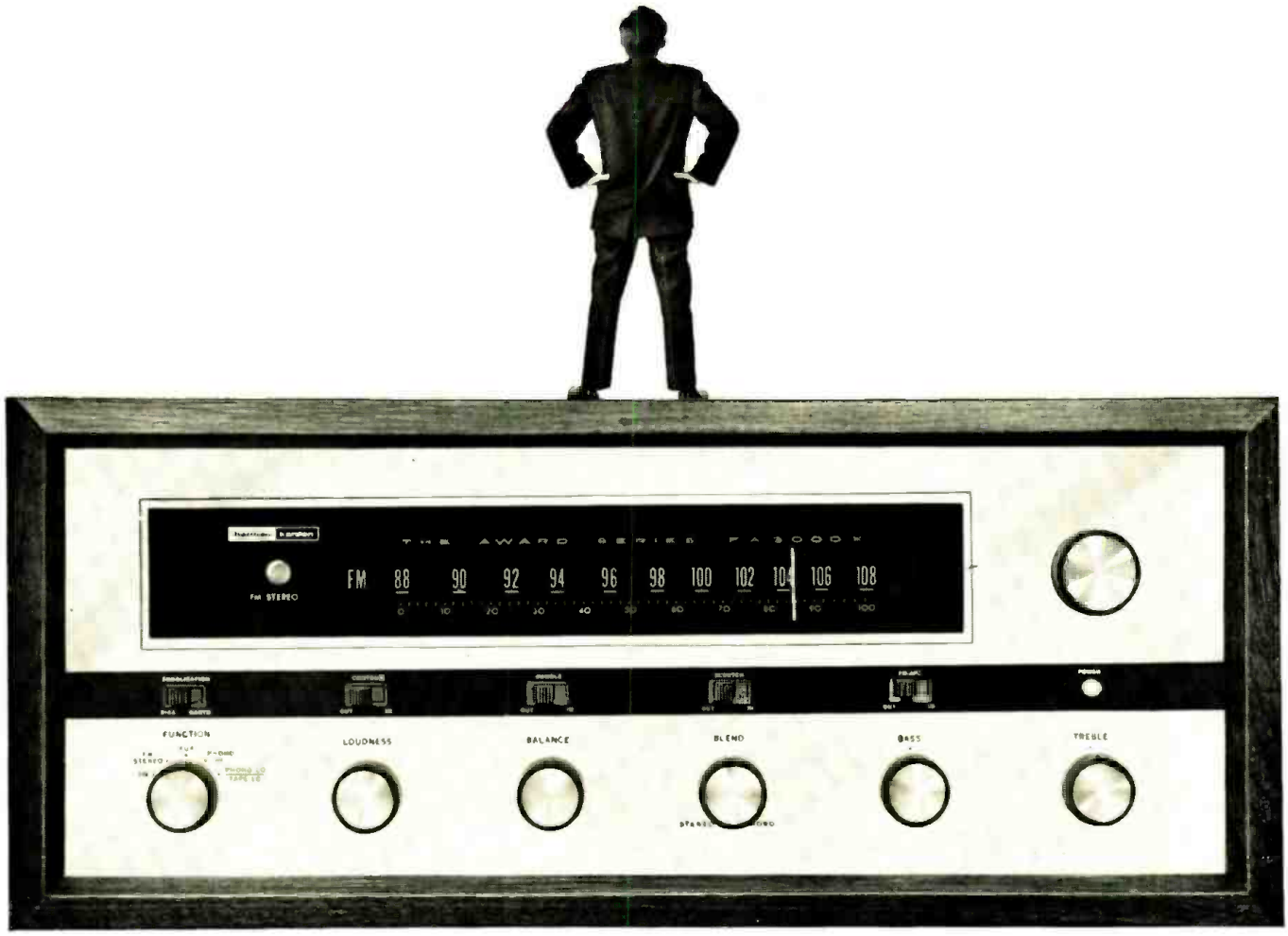

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CIRCLE 39 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

HIGH FIDELITY NEWSFRONTS

BY NORMAN EISENBERG

Solid State in the Poppy State. In a city where the bank buildings vie with each other to look anything but somber, and where the residents are oriented to living outdoors as much as indoors, it is small wonder that such an event as the High Fidelity Music Show in Los Angeles this past April took place in a garden setting, and in an atmosphere as festive as it was businesslike. The exhibits were housed in the luxury bungalows that encircle the lawns and palm groves of the Ambassador Hotel, and there was as much discussion of audio on verandas as listening to music within walls.

If the setting and general tone of the event were refreshing, what of the equipment shown? In a word, newness in high fidelity components apparently has become synonymous with solid-state circuitry, and—as one wag remarked—the transistor seems to have replaced the poppy as the state flower of California. For instance, Freeman Electronics (formerly Citroen and hitherto known only for its compact portable tape recorders) surprised everyone by unveiling a complete line of full-size stereo machines in the high fidelity and professional class, topped by its new Model 200, an impressive transistorized deck priced near $1,000. No less of an eye- (and ear-) opener was the first amplifier to be brought out by James B. Lansing, once known solely as a speaker firm. Costing $250, the new JBL unit employs solid-state circuitry and no output transformer and is designed for physical and electrical integration with any JBL speaker system. That is to say, it is inserted into the rear of the speaker enclosure, connected to the speakers, and then adjusted so that its response suits the characteristics of the particular speakers used. Although the company does not specify the amplifier's power as such, a spokesman told us that the combined "energizer-reproducer" will deliver up to five acoustic watts (which is, of course, a whale of a lot of sound).

Among the names totally new to high fidelity was Hadley Laboratories of Claremont, California, which showed its Model 621 solid-state preamplifier-control unit and a stereo basic amplifier (Model 601) that uses nine tubes and five silicon diodes. Each costs $319.50, and the latter delivers 40 watts (continuous power) per channel. Over at the Acoustech exhibit, president Morley Kahn was playing—via his company's amplifiers—the opening bars of *The Rumble* from Columbia's *West Side Story*, and calling attention to the sound of the switch-blade being opened—"the best reproduction of transients you ever heard!"

Among the less novel but no less interesting products were three new EMI-Scope loudspeaker systems. "Are they all dangerous?" we prodded Herbert Weisburgh, president of Scope. "Just listen," he replied. We did. They are. The largest—Model 711 at $244—particularly impressed us. In another room Acoustic Research was demonstrating its newest two-speed turntable; in still another, Cliff Edwards called our attention to a new Heathkit all-transistor FM stereo tuner; in yet another John Boulten (John Boulten Co., Rockville Centre, New York) demonstrated the most complete, elaborate, and costly remote control system for stereo we ever have seen. Headphone enthusiast John Koss told us that he may bring out a new series of stereo recordings, engineered specifically for double-eared listening, and Joseph Grado—between discourses on his second favorite subject (sports cars)—expressed high hopes for the success of his forthcoming turntable.

Several products familiar to us were being seen for the first time by thousands of West Coast shoppers and for their benefit some novel ways of exhibiting had been devised. For instance, Ampex was showing one of its 1200 series tape decks housed in a transparent plastic case to reveal its inner workings. Another exhibit that featured transparent sound as well as a "see-through" model of its equipment was presented by Wharfedale, whose W-90 speaker system was shown inside a plastic enclosure. Altec Lansing had set up a studio-type control board in its exhibit, which featured both this firm's familiar speaker lines and its more recent transistorized tuner/amplifier chassis. American Concertone had added "double reverse" to its Model 505 "Reverse-O-Matic" and showed its new 605, a professional class tape recorder.

Whether featuring new products or familiar ones, the exhibits were a joy to see and hear in what was for us a new setting, and the whole show served as a stimulating panorama of the current state of the high fidelity components world. To recall the exhibits: that world is "seeing through" its technical problems and very much looking ahead to new musical goals.

FM on the Road. While author Robert Silverberg was sampling the sound of portable tape recorders (p. 31, this issue), we busied ourselves these past weeks with the intricacies and discoveries attendant upon installing and listening to a car FM radio. Using the old reliable AM set had become for us one of the more annoying hazards of driving. What with fading, noise, loss or "dropout" of signal when crossing a bridge or driving beneath a structure, we were beginning to find car radio listening more fatiguing than soothing. And even when long stretches of open road permitted AM reception to come in "loud and clear," invariably the programming—mainly frenzied arrangements of pop tunes and announcements of local social events—left a good deal to be desired.

Happily, both excellent reception and splendid programming rewarded our first experiences with a new FM set—the Metravox "Sutton." The minor labors of installation—we'll come back to that subject—were forgotten in the pleasures of a recent trip we made from Manhattan to a point about forty miles out on Long Island. On the way we were accompanied by the voice of Anna Russell which—emanating from the studios of WBAI—stayed with us through underpasses, across bridges, while we were crawling through heavy traffic and while we were cruising on parkways. Anna Russell, on FM, is good company, furnishing female wit *sans* back-seat driving. When Miss Russell had finished, with a twist of the station dial we captured a Mozart concerto on another frequency, a Brahms symphony on yet another, and so on. To one accustomed only to AM radio, the wealth of stimulating program fare and the consistently clean signal were indeed rewarding.

Installing the Metravox was simple enough, once we had solved the problem of where to put a speaker in the relatively restricted space under the dash of a compact sedan. As supplied, the set had its own speaker and a "demonstrator" type wooden rack that permitted the radio to rest on the floor of the car while its power was obtained from an adapter connected to the cigarette lighter outlet on the instrument panel. To mount the set in the panel, we slid it into a cut-out and secured it on a rack adapter. The power line was then tapped into the ignition line in the usual manner. The antenna line was run to a feed-through from an ordinary telescoping mast, itself installed on the outside We found, however, that the speaker supplied with the Metravox could not be fitted anywhere. We thereupon purchased a smaller, but excellent, speaker normally supplied with a car radio of another make, tested it with the Metravox, liked what we heard, and installed it in the only niche left up front. The original Metravox speaker now becomes a candidate for rear-deck mounting, and our next spurt of nuts-and-bolts ambition probably will find us running wires to the shelf space behind the rear seats.

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Pleasure in the Present

How MANY of our readers, we wonder, will share the same strange sense of familiarity we felt on reading the conversations with Artur Rubinstein which begin on page 26 of this issue? It seemed to us almost as if we were sitting in choice seats at one of the pianist's recitals. For Mr. Rubinstein speaks exactly as he plays. The twinkling humor, the exuberant vitality, the power of empathy so much a part of his keyboard artistry are equally typical of his private personality. In his conversation we recognize the same absence of self-consciousness and the same sense of passionate commitment which his playing embodies—and which he urges as imperative to the communication of an artistic experience.

The high esteem in which Mr. Rubinstein holds present-day audiences and mid-twentieth-century performance standards strikes us as particularly noteworthy. All of us have heard some great figure of a bygone age eulogized by one of his contemporaries, and we have often suspected that a very human nostalgia entered into these tributes. But Mr. Rubinstein does not eulogize. He reflects on the past without sentimentality—and looks on the present with abounding generosity. His example, indeed, encourages us in our conviction that the musical epoch before us is one of magnificent, perhaps unparalleled, richness. At our doorstep there is splendid artistry, readily encountered by any who care to seek it out.

Even if, for the moment, we consider only Mr. Rubinstein's instrument and its practitioners, we find a virtually inexhaustible variety of musical experiences. Sviatoslav Richter, for example, can offer a fascinating amalgam of kaleidoscopic detail, ravishing tone colors, mysterious pedal effects, and imaginative contrasts of gaiety and somberness. For epicurean elegance, his playing is unrivaled today. In contrast we can turn to Rudolf Serkin as he immerses himself in the rugged depths of an all-Beethoven program. If Richter is a lapidary cutting and engraving precious stones, Serkin is a sculptor casting mighty monuments in bronze.

Between these poles there are all degrees of power and grace. We can admire the clean-cut brilliance of Robert Casadesus's fingerwork and be charmed by the romantic subtlety and intriguing whimsey inherent in the work of such players as Robert Goldsand and Shura Cherkassky. We acknowledge gratefully the scrupulous sobriety and proportion always in evidence when we hear Clifford Curzon, just as we take relish in savoring the intuitive and unpredictable artistry of Guiomar Novaes. From the evidence provided by recent records, the experienced mastery of such old-world artists as Wilhelm Kempff and Stefan Askenase continues to thrive. And speaking of records, how exciting that Horowitz has returned to the studio! Perhaps his shattering fortissimos will soon again be taking our breath away in the concert hall.

Of the artists more recently come to prominence, we can think of quite a few who suggest themselves as being free of the paralyzing "correctness," the self-imposed inhibitions that Mr. Rubinstein so rightfully deplores. Certainly there is nothing cautious about the way Leon Fleisher strongly defines a Schubert or Mozart slow movement, nor is there anything blandly conventional about the work of Tamás Vásáry, Michel Block, and Vladimir Ashkenazy. We are also full of admiration for the crisply incisive contrapuntal technique of Glenn Gould as he illuminates the music of Bach. Van Cliburn too is beginning to justify the laurels heaped upon him in 1958, and there are unquestionably many, many others who will make their presence felt. But all this talk of younger adornments to the pianistic world returns us to our point of departure. For who is more eternally youthful than Artur Rubinstein himself? Certainly no other pianist of our time follows a more demanding concert and recording schedule, and surely none plays with greater freshness, vivacity, and vitality.

Even if we cannot always emulate the unconditional joy in living that is Mr. Rubinstein's most precious attribute, we can at least respond most emphatically to his pleasure in the present. Ours is an era of superlative musical performance. It has nurtured artists of the very greatest distinction; let us rejoice in its continued fecundity.

Light up an Upmann cigar, settle down in your easy chair, and prepare to eavesdrop on some postprandial talk by the dean of pianists and his young recording director.

Photographs by John Ross

LUNCHEON at the Artur Rubinsteins' is always a gala occasion. The large dining room of their Park Avenue apartment is lined with modern French paintings, the table is long and comfortable and holds the kind of unpretentiously marvelous food only a cook of Mrs. Rubinstein's gifts can provide. Delicious sausages from Poland, a special salad, Rubinstein's favorite dark chocolate wafer cake, and Upmann cigars make their appearance. Rubinstein's talk ranges from a completely outlandish story, acted out with a virtuosity rivaling his piano technique, to the most serious and penetrating discussion of the political scene. In such an atmosphere it is absolutely impossible not to have a wonderful time.

After lunch we adjourn to the spacious living room, where there is a beautiful Chagall, a Dufy, a Vuillard—and Rubinstein's piano. The music for the next recording session is on the rack, and in a moment Rubinstein is playing with his inimitable color and poetry, pointing out a wonderful detail here and illuminating a special phrase there. A variety of Chopin and Beethoven editions lie on the window seat, and one of the beautiful cloth-bound volumes of Rubinstein's favored Debussy edition of Chopin is usually on the piano. To stand here as Rubinstein plays a mazurka is a special event to be long remembered.

Just off the living room is Rubinstein's own favorite place, his warm and comfortable library lined with books and records. Two striking bronze casts of Rubinstein's hands and a dramatic bust of the pianist rest on top of the phonograph at one end of the room. It is here that we usually listen to the final disc version of the latest Rubinstein recording, and it was in this room that last year we played back tapes of the ten historic Carnegie Hall recitals to choose material for the album to be released. One day this spring a tape machine was again in evidence, but this time it was recording. I had long wanted to capture permanently an afternoon with the man Clifton Fadiman has called "one of the half-dozen best conversationalists I have ever known"; it seemed like a fine idea for readers of HIGH FIDELITY to join us.

Rubinstein: You know, Max, it's very pleasant to have that machine running without thinking about playing. We don't have to worry a bit about phrases that are too heavy, or notes that are too harsh. We will just have the great pleasure of talking.

Wilcox: I remember last winter when you flew to Canada with great relish because you were asked to speak on a television panel—no other performance required.

Rubinstein: Well, I was very flattered by that invitation. They didn't want one note. They just al-

BY MAX WILCOX

An Afternoon with

ARTUR RUBINSTEIN

lowed me to talk as I liked, and I immediately slashed my fee to practically nothing. You know I do love to talk. It is one of the real pleasures people have.

Wilcox: I remember the terrible time a few years ago when your voice practically disappeared.

Rubinstein: Well, that was a ghastly thing. I was terrifically worried that it might be a very serious matter, so I went to be examined by a big specialist. He stuck all kinds of things down my throat and looked very sober and scowled very hard. I was frightened to death, but I told him: "You must tell me the whole truth. What is really the matter?" He looked very serious and then smiled slightly and said, "You talk too much."

Wilcox: And now you've recovered so completely that I hear you've threatened several times to become an operatic tenor.

Rubinstein: Yes, Rudolf Bing is missing a very good thing there.

Wilcox: Mr. Rubinstein, all classic interviews are supposed to begin with remembrances of things past, so I'd like to go back a little in time. There are so many great pianists who are only legends to me—Busoni, Paderewski, De Pachmann. Tell me about them. Who, for instance, was the first pianist you can remember?

Rubinstein: Oh, I remember them all very well. I recall perfectly the very first piano concert I attended, in Lodz, where I was born. The pianist was Joseph Slivinski. I was barely four years old, and I remember exactly how he looked, the concert hall, and even some of the music. Slivinski was quite well known in his time—to such an extent that some of his admirers preferred him to Paderewski. And that was at the height of Paderewski's career, when he was considered the absolute superior of everyone—the greatest living pianist.

Wilcox: Did pianists like Paderewski and his contemporaries really play in a decidedly different way from artists today?

Rubinstein: Yes. I will inform you about that. You see, they played more personally, more individually, more daringly. They were not apprehensive, as we are today, of the radio and gramophone. The radio and gramophone have put us all on the spot. There is no way out of it any more. We cannot swindle ourselves out of anything. We cannot run over a piece making it sound perfect, but without playing all the notes . . . running over difficult passages and

covering them by brilliant pedal. All that was being done very, very much by those old pianists. In some of them, of course, there was genius behind everything they did.

Wilcox: People used to ask, "How did Liszt really play?" Now, because he made no recordings of major works in his prime, I often wonder how Paderewski actually played.

Rubinstein: Paderewski, if he were beginning his career now, would probably be stopped before he achieved any great success. Critics would be so severe, so hard on him. They would state right away that he didn't play the right notes, that he exaggerated the basses, that he added some bars for effect, that he lifted his hands where it was not required, in order to startle the public with the beauty of the sound of the pedal. Sheer effect, which wouldn't be allowed nowadays at all. The present-day concert public would be impressed with many things about his playing and appearance, but if they bought his gramophone records or heard broadcasts of his playing, many, many people would be bitterly disappointed.

Wilcox: The sheer magnetism of his presence on a stage must have played a great part in the spell he cast on an audience.

Rubinstein: That's true. I know his spell was great because I was under it too. Not pianistically, because he was not a born pianist, but sometimes musically because he was a very fine musician. He composed charming music. It was not ever great music, but he knew what music was meant to be. He had an emotion in him and there was drive in him and there was temperament in him.

Wilcox: If we were suddenly to hear Busoni this afternoon, what do you think my reaction would be?

Rubinstein: Well, I'll tell you, you would react to Busoni probably much in the way you react to Richter. Busoni had an extravagant way of playing. He played more mysteriously than other pianists. He really was a genius. His piano sometimes sounded like magic. We pianists, young and old, were always sitting spellbound by Busoni. Unfortunately, the rest of the public often asked us—"Where is his magic, where is that greatness?" He was above them. He was a man ahead of his time, one of our own time. Today, he would beat us all.

Wilcox: You really think so?

Rubinstein: Oh, absolutely. I am sure of that. I've never heard anybody play with such ease, such elegance, and such mastery the most difficult works. I must say sometimes you would be aggravated and annoyed with certain things. He would, for instance, play the Adagio of the Beethoven *Hammerklavier* Sonata with a sort of ironic touch. It didn't have the deep, tearful, and sad feeling which is in it. The Adagio really is the end of life, the end of the world, of everything, those empty chords, those long phrases. Even the consoling mood which comes here and there is desperate. Still, it wants to tell us—what if we die or the world goes to pieces, let us be thankful for what we have had. Well, Busoni would give you suddenly a little twinkle of irony: "I'm doing it, but I don't believe in any of it." Of course, in every other way, he would do it beautifully, oh yes.

Wilcox: He didn't have a great deal of success in this country, I gather.

Rubinstein: No, unfortunately not. Busoni came here simply as a pianist from Berlin without the sort of publicity that preceded Richter, for instance, and he played difficult music for our audiences. He would play the *Goldberg Variations* of Bach and late Beethoven. He would not merely play a single Liszt piece, which would have given him an enormous success and an ovation from the gallery, but he would play all six Paganini-Liszt Etudes. Well, this was just five too many for a regular American audience of that time. People weren't used to that sort of thing. In those days, they were still treated to old-fashioned, facile programs. The Sonata would be Beethoven's *Moonlight*. Sometimes, someone risked the Chopin *Funeral March* Sonata and everybody bowed tearfully to each other remembering grandfather's funeral. As an encore there would be the Mendelssohn *Spinning Song* or the Rachmaninoff Prelude.

Wilcox: The C sharp minor?

Rubinstein: Oh, yes. In the early 1900s it was already well known and it was a tearful piece to hear. Every nice girl in a good family tried a hand at it—unsuccessfully, I must say.

Wilcox: We've grown up a little since then.

Rubinstein: Well, you see, the radio and gramophone have changed our approach to music in general. Take a man forty or fifty years ago who had a little sense of music in him. What was he exposed to? To some aunt's, sister's, or daughter's fiddling around on the piano, violin, or cello—more or less unbearably. His taste would have been formed by some teacher, probably an old maid, who might have gone through a school of music in Chicago or St. Louis or Baltimore. To get rid of her, they gave her a certificate and she settled down, let's say in a town in Arizona. There she would domi-

nate the whole cultural community. She was the expert and would decide what was good and bad. You can imagine what standards were established. I saw hundreds of such towns when I was young, and all of them had a completely inadequate approach to music.

Well, now all that has changed. The sons of that same fellow can put on the radio or a record and have Toscanini, Serkin, Gilels, Casadesus—they hear a concerto of Beethoven, Mozart, Schumann, or Chopin performed as it should be. They may like this one or that one better, but the standard is terribly high. This has ruined all of those old maids. They are out of business. Now, no artist can go to the provinces with the feeling, "Oh, I'm playing, ha, in Oregon. I can just as well get drunk and play." Not any more! You have to play exactly as you play in New York, Paris, and London.

Wilcox: I know you spend a great deal of time in Europe every year, playing and listening to other musicians. How do you think we stand musically in relation to Europe?

Rubinstein: Americans, in general, don't realize yet that they have made in twenty-five years progress for which Europeans took two hundred years. Because of the opportunities, the many orchestras, the generous amounts of money contributed to music, America is now at the head of the world's musical activities. Europe has certain old traditional gifts to show, and the Europeans do some things with a certain ease we haven't yet managed. But many accomplishments in our country are by far superior to Europe's. Our standard for orchestras, our standard for chamber music is absolutely the highest. Listen to European orchestras outside their capitals. If you leave Paris, London, or Rome for the provinces, well, you hear ghastly orchestral sound. We don't accept that sort of thing here. I know nonprofessional little orchestras that play beautifully. You see those young people playing away on the cello, double bass, oboe—absolutely satisfactorily. Not great playing, perhaps, but it is very good playing. I can play a concerto with them with great pleasure. In New Haven, at Yale University, they have a little orchestra that is wonderful. It's fine music making. Well, you will not hear that in Europe. . . . Max, let's speak of young musicians.

Wilcox: Fine—and perhaps you could explain one thing that bothers me a great deal. You hear young artists from all over the world playing with fantastic technique and a great deal of taste and respect for the music. It also seems that many of them suffer from a lack of personality and real emotional involvement. They place so many restrictions on themselves while performing that they seem to repress many of their natural musical instincts.

Rubinstein: I agree, and for that I have a very good and natural answer. Before the radio and gramophone, pianists of the old days let themselves go. They showed their genius, and their individuality poured out. De Pachmann was a miniaturist who enchanted you, who caressed the piano. He would do the most incredible little passages and achieve pedal effects that nobody else would risk. He would absolutely dismiss the big sonatas. He said: "Beethoven—always up and always down—nothing in the middle. I wouldn't play him at all." This was very typical of De Pachmann, who became famous because people took delight in his miniature playing.

And there was D'Albert, who would knock off a Beethoven sonata with genius. He would sometimes hew it up brutally and play wrong notes all the way through, as I've heard about Anton Rubinstein, but there was genius and great conviction behind it all. Well, today that is unacceptable. Young pianists all over the world are so self-conscious about note perfection that they overdo it. They go too far. When they are on the concert stage, instead of letting go and opening their hearts to the audience—loving and giving forth the music with all their inborn talents and touching and moving the public—they think of nothing but "I must not miss this note, I must not use this personal phrasing."

It's as if always they are making a recording, with the consciousness that their performance will stay forever. Young men today are all caution, and that kills the atmosphere and meaning of a piece. It leaves you with a cold admiration for the accomplishment and the work and the gift of fingers which lies behind it. But your feeling is a little bit like that you have in a circus when a strong man lifts five hundred pounds twenty times in succession. You are terribly impressed—but you are not moved; you sit back and enjoy your frankfurters calmly. In the old times, sometimes young girls in Russia would commit suicide because life was not worth living after an overwhelming musical performance. They wouldn't do that nowadays, you know. They would go to Schrafft's afterwards—and have some ice cream.

Wilcox: Mr. Rubinstein, much of your repertoire

you have been performing for over fifty years. A few weeks ago you recorded a performance of Schumann's *Carnaval* that made it sound as if it had been written the day before. How do you maintain this constantly fresh outlook?

Rubinstein: This question I must answer by relating a lesson I once learned from Picasso. You know Picasso and I are good friends, and we used to see each other a great deal. I used to visit him while he was painting at his atelier in Paris. I would walk up and he would let me come in and we would have wonderful conversations while he worked. Well, for some months I saw Picasso stand in front of his easel and paint a bottle of sherry, a table, a guitar that was lying around, and some banal ironwork on the balcony. I saw about fifty canvases of those same objects. I became a little impatient and also a little bored. I wanted to see a new Picasso! So, one day I said, "Look here, Pablo, what is the matter with you? Aren't you getting tired painting day after day always the same things?" Well, I saw a furious glance at me. He became really angry. "What rot are you talking to me? What stupid things are you telling me? Every minute I'm a different man, every hour there is a new light, every day I see that bottle with a completely different personality. It is another bottle, another table, another life in another world and everything is different!" After a moment to catch my breath, I told him: "Pablo, you are absolutely right. I catch myself thinking the next morning in a completely different way about something I was proclaiming as true the day before." And it is still so. You see, this is what keeps me going.

So a new recording of *Carnaval* opens up a new world to me because the music speaks to me in a different language. Unfortunately, in a few months' time I may not be able to stand that record we are now so proud of. This practically always happens. I listen to a new record for three months with incredible enthusiasm. I would even like to keep the postman to listen quickly to the new record. I am ready to pay money to my listeners for having the patience to hear it, I'm so proud. Five dollars per hour to listen to the record! This fee because few people seem to be able to listen to records quietly. They like to do it while doing two or three other things at the same time. But in front of me they are self-conscious—they have to sit quietly like at a concert. They fidget terribly, so I bribe them.

But after some months I can't listen any more. I'm another man. I ask myself: "Who is the fellow who's playing that?" It's too slow, too quick, it's dull. By then the music speaks to me in another way. A great painter will do your portrait with absolute conviction, but three years later, if he did it again, you would look like another person. He would see you with different eyes. A work of a composer or artist of genius is a creation. God created flowers and beautiful color and those divine women we like so much, and an artist sees them all in his own way. So we must see a sonata or concerto in our own way.

Wilcox: In the last few years you've been playing more Mozart than ever before. Does Mozart speak to you more now?

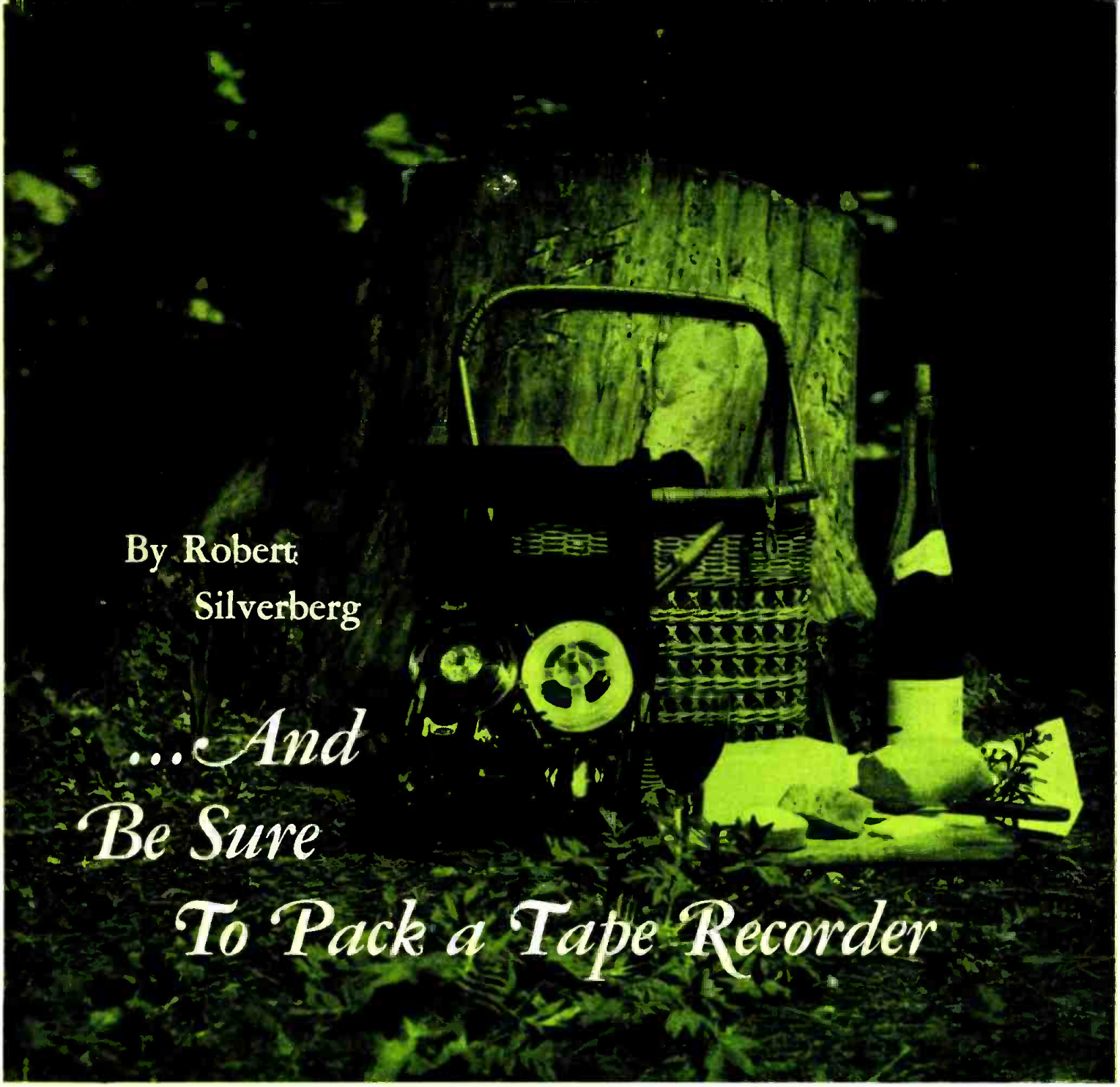
Rubinstein: Much more. Mozart is probably the most pure musician. His music is cleared of all unnecessary elements. He doesn't need many notes to express the greatest heights and depths of passion, of love, of wit. There is only one line needed to tell you everything. This is very true of children too. I made my debut in Berlin at twelve, playing the Mozart A major Concerto with Joseph Joachim conducting. These qualities of directness and simplicity are remote from a complicated young man as he gets into the first sensualities, the first complications, the first pretenses. A young man will show off to his girl, lie to his father, will pretend to be bigger than he is, and in general be preoccupied with himself. When he gets really quite old, he sheds all that. He doesn't need it any more. It's too late in the day for that. He becomes pure again. All old musicians come back to Mozart on their knees. Busoni finally dismissed Beethoven brutally for Mozart. He told me: "Beethoven—I have had enough. Mozart is the greatest one."

When I was a young boy, I adored Mozart. It always gave me the greatest pleasure to read Mozart concertos and sonatas, and my friends would always ask for them. But later they wanted me to play more elaborate things. Managers would never allow me to play Mozart when they knew I would produce a huge effect with the Tchaikovsky Concerto. Later, the success included Spanish music and Chopin, and audiences wouldn't let me go without hearing those composers.

You know, one often discovers composers at different times. Until I was fifty, the Grieg Concerto seemed to me a low piece of operetta music—cheap stuff. Then, suddenly, I was begged to record it with Ormandy in Philadelphia. After I had refused many times, my wife made me work on it, and I suddenly discovered wonderful music in it. I discovered people had been treating it in a cheap way, but there was actually no cheapness in it. There was the pure and rather innocent heart of a Norwegian with a tremendous talent for melody and beautiful orchestration who expressed himself wonderfully in his shy and modest way. I was suddenly very much moved by the music, and with every performance I have tried to discover a simpler way of expressing it.

Wilcox: This kind of music has been much abused by popular songwriters.

Rubinstein: Ah, yes, and it infuriates me so, because it is always such talentless fellows who transform this music for their own uses. And they always end up making *Continued on page 84*



By Robert Silverberg

...And Be Sure To Pack a Tape Recorder

Now battery-powered tape recorders allow you to take the sound of music on your trip—and to bring the sounds of your trip back home.

PROXIMITY to an electrical outlet has been one of the few limitations on hearing good music these last years, but now, thanks to new ingenious portable and self-powered audio equipment, even that restriction can go by the board. Particularly at this time of year, when even the most ardent music lover may yearn to loll on greensward or beach, these compact, lightweight, battery-powered tape recorders, FM sets, and even phonographs fill a real void. While as a class they are no match for the indoor high fidelity system, they will at least provide your choice of Bach, Beethoven, or Bartók at any time, in any place.

Transistorized FM portables were on the scene first, and were duly discussed

...And Be Sure To Pack a Tape Recorder

in these pages in July 1961. A plethora of new models which has since appeared reinforces the original assessment: FM portables are sprightly, handy little machines that give good service in good reception areas. There are too many of these sets on the market today to permit here even a brief discussion of specific models. I myself am using the Danish-made Dynaco, a reliable and rugged radio with FM, AM, and short-wave bands (list price: $149.95), but there are others, such as the Matsushita, the Norelco, the Zenith, and many more, which supply adequate "medium-fi" FM sound. Although the frequency response on these machines tends to be something like 100 to 7,000 cycles, or less, there's something about a sunny summer day outdoors that can make one more than usually tolerant of a fair amount of distortion and a constricted range. The wealth of FM programming itself is, of course, a never-ending wonder.

More recently, a flood of transistorized tape recorders has appeared, and these latest products of the transistor boom offer some special and interesting possibilities for outdoor music listening. Except for the higher-priced "professional-type" models designed to be connected to full-range speakers and therefore lacking built-in speakers, these machines include both recording and playback facilities. You can thus "stock" your tape recorder with reels made from your favorite records, broadcasts—or indeed, other tapes—and take your concert program with you wherever you go. You can also have the pleasurable bonus of on-the-spot recording. The chittering of birds in a thicket, the boom of bullfrogs at sunset, the sounds of a Caribbean marketplace, the raucous singing of *ragazzi* in a Venetian square—the battery-powered tape recorder permits the permanent capture of vacation sounds, musical or otherwise. This double value of away-from-home playback of your favorite music, and instant recording of transient sonic delights, doubtless explains why, in the short time they've been with us, portable tape recorders have won such widespread interest.

The dozen or so that I've been living with since crocus time are only some of the many tape recorders available or likely to be offered in the near future. They are representative enough, however, to let one conclude that they are, as a class of equipment, astonishingly ingenious, admirably designed, and exceptionally effective, all things considered. Some of the machines are toys, certainly. You see them in the windows of novelty stores, priced in the $10 to $25 range, and they're fun to use in recording baby's gurgles or in exchanging taped "correspondence." But they won't do much for music reproduction. In fact, few of the portable recorders, regardless of price, claim much better frequency response than 100 to 6,000 cycles, or about what used to make us happy on the radio in the days before FM. It should be said, too, that their tiny motors do not always run at consistent speeds, which can be nasty for people acutely sensitive to variations in pitch, that their miniature speakers obviously can't equal the fuller output of the wide-range systems you may be accustomed to, and that their frequency response is by no means spectacular. Yet at least partially counteracting these drawbacks is the marvelous circumstance that the new portables allow you to take music where it couldn't be taken before.

THE CURRENT CROP of portable tape recorders includes something for every purse. There are, as mentioned, the "toys" in the under-$50 class. There are some fair but unspectacular machines available from $75 to $100. Some quite surprisingly good machines bear tags in the $130 to $160 vicinity, and there are excellent ones at the $300 to $350 level. If you want to spend more, you can go right up to $1,200 for the sort of machine used by professionals for on-the-spot recording.

In the lower- to medium-price bracket, one of the most appealing of the recorders I've been sampling this season is the Dutch-made Norelco Continental 100, which lists for $129.50. Sturdy and attractive, it weighs eight pounds, and is no bigger than portable radios used to be before the transistors took over, but it offers agreeable sound (indicated response, 100 to 6,000 cps) and its four-inch speaker somehow delivers a respectable amount of oomph. Its one speed of 1⅞ ips allows an hour of recording time with a three-inch reel, twice that with a four-inch reel. Like most machines of its kind, it's equipped not only with a microphone but with input connections so that you can tape directly from the output of your FM tuner or your phonograph preamplifier. (It isn't a good idea to prepare tapes by

recording music through the microphones supplied with the machine. The mikes will not pick up all the musical tones, and probably will capture all sorts of extraneous sounds. The Norelco is very easy to operate. Three buttons handle all the chores —including a fast-forward speed and a fast rewind, two convenient features not found on most tape recorders in its price range. Six flashlight batteries (D cells) provide the power, and they'll give about twenty hours of operation.

Another sprightly little machine in the same price range is the Technicorder Mark I, made in Japan for Trans-National Electronics Corporation and distributed by Lafayette Radio Electronics. Lighter than the Norelco at six pounds, it uses only four flashlight batteries. I found its over-all performance a little less impressive than that of the Norelco, but it has one special feature that renders it useful to home movie makers: a device enabling one to synchronize a reel of tape with an 8-millimeter movie. There are two speeds—1⅞, 3¾—and it's necessary to unscrew a capstan to shift from one to the other. The Technicorder's slower speed is not really satisfactory for music reproduction, I found, but its 3¾ ips is just a bit superior to 1⅞ on the Norelco.

Also in the $129.50 bracket is Fujiya's MTR-252, which is really small: 9 x 5 x 3 inches. "Cute" is the best descriptive word for this lightweight job, which is equipped with two speeds, a meter for monitoring, and the customary jacks for recording or playing back through external equipment. Fujiya does not deliver much volume, but whereas the Norelco and the Technicorder are a trifle big for stuffing into beach-bags or knapsacks, the little Fujiya is just right.

Somewhat more robust in sound is the Phono Trix Mark IV, built in Germany and distributed here by Matthew Stuart & Co. Price is $129.95. Looking trim and shapely in its leather case, this five-pounder offers forty-five minutes of playing time per reel at its single speed of 3¾ ips. The sound seemed to me very tolerable, even at full volume. For some reason, the Phono Trix uses an unorthodox clockwise system for threading the tape, which can be confusing if you're accustomed to doing it the other way. Tape recorded on other machines must be rewound inside-out to be played on this one.

A more versatile lightweight is the Freeman (formerly known as Citroen) Model 660. Compact and weighing five and a half pounds, the 660 offers three speeds (7½, 3¾, and 1⅞ ips) as well as what struck me as a lot of clean, hum-free sound for a machine of its class. The price of $159.50 includes a leather carrying case (the machine need not be removed when in use), a remote control microphone for on-the-spot recording, a battery pack, a roll of tape plus a blank take-up reel, and a telephone pickup. My unit was supplied with a set of nickel cadmium batteries which can be recharged. For this function, as well as to play the Model 660 on regular power lines, an AC adapter may be ordered as an accessory. Another accessory permits the 660 to be plugged into the cigarette lighter on a car's dashboard, an undoubted fillip to the busy motorist who thinks out loud, or who cares to record the fury of an irate traffic cop—without running down the set's battery.

Another interesting model is the Craig TR-505. Housed in what resembles an attaché case and weighing ten pounds, it costs $159.95. It is powered by six size "D" cells, but has an adapter for 115 volts AC operation. At the slower of its two speeds (1⅞ ips) it can furnish—using very thin tape—up to two hours of playing time on one of its five-inch reels. Craig also offers two other portables, more compact and lower-priced.

There's a welter of tape recorders available in the $100-and-under category. Most of these are modest, unpretentious one-speed jobs that provide a semblance of musical tone, and which are suitable for economy-minded types who are capable of filling in the highs and lows from memory. They don't

usually offer such conveniences as level meters or "magic eye" monitors or fast-forward speeds. One model, the German-made Grundig-Majestic Niki—like the Freeman—may be plugged into an AC socket to save its batteries. The Niki also will run off your car battery while you're driving. Grundig also offers an upgraded version of the Niki, the TK-1. The price of $99.95 for the Niki includes the battery-saving power pack; the TK-1 costs $129.95—plus $29.95 for the power pack.

AMONG THE MORE expensive portables we would naturally expect to find less limitation in sound quality—and we do. One in particular struck me as exceptional for its price: American Concertone's Cosmopolitan 400, at $197.50. Though slightly larger than the models discussed above, the Japanese-made Cosmopolitan 400 weighs under ten pounds, and in response (150 to 7,000 cps at 3¾ ips), tone quality, and output is substantially superior to the cheaper recorders. It has a number of plus factors: it uses a 5-inch tape reel, permitting longer play (up to three hours at 1⅞ ips); it has a digital counter to help locate specific points on a tape; and speeds can be switched by throwing a lever rather than by unscrewing capstans. By way of bonus, the Cosmopolitan includes a built-in AM radio. (But why not FM instead? Even though the set can't deliver the extended frequency range of FM, at least one would have access to FM's superior programming.)

Continuing up the price scale, I might also make note of a highly unusual recorder: Mohawk Business Machines' Midgetape Professional 500, which lists at $359.50. This American-made portable is one of the smallest: 8½ x 3⅞ x 1⅞ inches, and weighs less than three pounds. However, it lacks a built-in playback facility, and thus must be connected either to headphones or a separate amplifier-speaker (available for an additional $64.50) to be heard. The Midgetape is unique in its use of a tape cartridge (at 3¾ ips) rather than the conventional tape reel. The clever one-spool design of the cartridge is a great space saver, but also makes it impossible to use the Midgetape for tapes recorded on another machine. I found the sound, via the separate amplifier, good, and the frequency response is appreciably wider than in the cheaper models. Whether its superiority to these is proportionate to the difference in price is a matter for the individual to decide.

The last point is particularly worth considering, as the price climbs. One can, for instance, buy the thirteen-pound Japanese-made Sony 801-A, which lists for $250, claims a response of 90 to 9,500 cps at 3¾ ips (the faster of its two speeds), handles a 5-inch reel, has a digital counter and a level meter, input and output jacks, and several other desirable features. Or one can buy Stancil-Hoffman's Series M-9 Minitape, which costs twice as much. Does one receive twice the value for twice the price? Some people may think so, and some people may be willing to pay a good deal more for any improvement.

For such people there are some ultraexpensive battery-powered recorders that come close to equaling the capabilities of conventional line-voltage machines. Stancil-Hoffman, for one, offers models in the $925-and-up range. Another professional-quality machine is the Nagra—manufactured in Switzerland, and available in two speeds (15 ips and 7½ ips, or 7½ ips and 3¾ ips) or any single speed. It is designed to meet any need for tape-recording "in the field," and retails for upwards of $1,000. Yet another in this class is the domestic Stereo TransFlyweight 314, a product of the Amplifier Corporation of America, in various versions selling from $624 to $684, depending on accessories. (The erase head is considered an "optional accessory" by the manufacturers, though not by me.) These high-priced recorders do not as a rule include their own speakers, but they can be heard by jacking in headphones or by connecting to an external amplifier and speaker.

WHICH BRINGS ME to a point of considerable importance. The major drawback in the whole concept of miniature battery-powered tape recorders is speaker size. Even on the $100 machines, the recording heads can put a surprising amount of musical information on tape, but the speakers are just too tiny to convey it to your ear with any great degree of vigor or dynamic range. There is nothing that can be done about this when the tape recorder is to be used away from home. You can, though, circumvent the small-speaker problem when you use your tape recorder in your own backyard. This can be done by hooking up permanent outdoor speakers in your backyard, after the fashion described in "Prokofiev on the Patio" (HIGH FIDELITY, May 1961). An investment of $100 or so in weatherproof outdoor speakers can make a mighty difference in the sort of response even your tiny tape recorder provides. There is, of course, no getting around the fact that even with first-rate equipment, you will not get the sound you hear in a living room. Under the acoustic conditions of the outdoors, the musical sound will tend to take on a more bland or flat quality. It isn't necessarily an unpleasant effect—some listeners may even find it preferable—but it is distinctly different. And if you feel the neighbors won't like it—or if you want to keep your music for your private delectation—$25 to $50 will buy you a decent pair of headphones.

The only area where transistorization seems to be lagging is in the field of portable battery-powered phonographs, perhaps because discs are less convenient to transport than tapes and are much more vulnerable to injury. Still, in the dim ages people used to take wind-up portables on picnics, and another day may see them with a modern equivalent.

The outdoor music revolution doubtless will continue as transistorized equipment becomes more available. Meantime, with a jug of wine, a loaf of bread, and the *Dichterliebe* on tape—the backyard is Paradise enow!

"GENESIS OF A MUSIC"

Composer Harry Partch builds his own instruments, uses a 43-tone scale, and incorporates speech, dance, and mime in the creation of a new kind of music drama.

By Peter Yates

IN AN AUDITORIUM at the University of Illinois, Harry Partch's drama with music, *Revelation in the Courthouse Park*, is about to be performed. The open stage is dark, but we see at each side a cubic mount, platforms rising almost to the proscenium bearing unusually shaped instruments—outsize marimbas with heavy wooden resonators, tall kitharas in the shape of the Greek harp with uprising arms and banks of strings, rounded sections of Pyrex carboys suspended like bells from a frame, metallic shapes of unclear purpose, a reed organ, and, less conspicuous, several conventional instruments. This is the Partch orchestra, made up of instruments designed and built by himself and of others adapted to his purpose.

The musicians enter wearing black clothing, and lights go on among the instruments, like a city coming to life. The Pyrex carboys begin sounding bell-like tones, and the reed organ laments a narrow melody in subdued microtones. The stage fills with a crowd. At the rear of the hall, a brass band bursts out, and the uniformed musicians march down

the aisle led by four girls twirling batons. Here is the home-coming of Dion, the folk-hero from Hollywood. He is greeted by squeals and yells, and the whole chorus, gathering around him on the stage, breaks into chant, song, shouting, and dance, to the dark, heavy tones of the marimbas, the throb and glitter of plucked strings.

If our ears are trained to do so, we shall soon detect that the song and shouting and instrumental music are all in microtones, finer divisions of the scale than our twelve tones to the octave. The band seems to play off-pitch (some of us may recall having heard similar playing from an ancient record of the old King Oliver Marching Band), and later in the tragedy this effect will mount to screaming chords of dissonant pathos. The dancing is circular and primordial, but the song and chant and their rhythms reflect the voices of jazz. The shouting and laughter are rendered to musical pitches. We are being given a new type of musical experience, reminding us of the daily grist we hear from radio and television, yet wilder, more eloquent, and at the same time disciplined.

The revel of dancing is punctuated by shouted slogans, concentrates of common speech as idiomatic as the music, with suggestions of ritual. The stage clears, and Dion reënters wearing the golden mask of Dionysus. He speaks to musical pitches, like a spoken song accompanied by the instruments, the opening speech of Dionysus in Euripides' tragedy *The Bacchae*.

We recall that this drama is about the Dionysiac revels, and we realize that we have been witnessing these revels in a twentieth-century equivalent. We may remember also that the choruses of *The Bacchae* are ritualistic hymns; we have heard their substance translated into the contemporary, secular speech of our Midwest. "Holy joy and get religion!"

As the drama proceeds, there is next, in prose condensation, the first scene of *The Bacchae*, interrupted by choric shouts of the Bacchantes in which a careful ear may detect rhythmic accents borrowed from the football cheering section: "Yet again, yet again, yet again, Dionysus!" Then the stage darkens; it is our own time once more. King Pentheus of the Greek drama, unmasked, has become Sonny intoning a broken aria, accompanied by backstage chanting of the chorus, while a dumb-show is played behind him.

Jacques Barzun has written of this musical-dramatic medium that it is "the most original and powerful contribution to dramatic music on this continent." He refers to the musical-dramatic setting, the visible presence of the instruments, the extraordinarily varied use of the voices supplemented by music, and to the individuality of Partch's text. This is a medium as distinct from the recitative and song of opera or the sustained vocal oratory of conventional music-drama as it is unlike the flat declamation or imitatively realistic speaking of the modern stage.

OF ALL MODERN MUSIC, that of our own country, in its varieties of experimental idiom, has most thoroughly rejected the common musical language

The masked figures in the photograph above appear in a scene from Partch's most important full-scale work, Revelation in the Courthouse Park. *At right the composer is pictured with some of the twenty instruments he himself has designed and constructed. Close-ups on the facing page are of Partch playing his bamboo marimba and of the "cloud-chamber bowls" visible on the stage during* Revelation.

of the European tradition; and of the American composers determined to go their own way, Harry Partch is an extreme example. Accustomed to equating our native rugged individualism with the frontiersman or businessman, self-made and now perhaps obsolete, we may not so easily recognize that quality as embodied by a present-day composer.

In the work of Partch two influences, both radical—I use the word in its full meaning—to the historical development of music, have come together to create a unique art.

The first has been his passionate conviction that music should be a dramatic and visual rather than an auditory or "absolute" experience. Here one may differ with him, citing the long history of purely instrumental music since the sixteenth century. But Partch has on his side the longer and wider tradition of earlier European and of nearly all non-European music that the art of music begins in ceremony and drama, enriched by vocal chant, intoned speech, shouting, and melismatic song, with the visible participation of the instruments. Igor Stravinsky too holds that blind listening to music with the eyes closed is wrong, that one should look as well as listen, if only to watch the players play their instruments.

The second influence has been Partch's rediscovery of the significance of acoustically correct intonation. Habituated as we are to the acoustically incorrect tone relationships of equal temperament, we do not easily comprehend how much we have lost, how imperfect and lacking in overtones are our sonorities, how drastically we have been compelled by an imperfect scale to pursue its implications to the utmost extremes of dissonance. Working as a theorist, Partch experimented with the possibilities of a correct intonation; he described these studies and their outcome in a book, *Genesis of a Music*, published by the University of Wisconsin.

Instead of our scale of twelve tones in the octave, Partch devised a scale of forty-three tones, combining two series of overtone ratios, which is in effect a new scale of just intonation. Such a scale dispenses with key harmony and modulation but gains by the great overtone enrichment of its sonorities. It has in fact many more orders and degrees of harmony than equal temperament, in more satisfactory acoustical relationship, still no more than partially explored. Partch has shown that even in dissonance the musical effect is intensified by the correct relationship of overtones.

In a scale of intervals so finely divided one is able to speak music as easily as sing it. One speaks the melody to exact pitches. The artificiality of recitative (rejected by Purcell, recitative has never been satisfactorily domesticated to English speech) is done away with. Instead, there is by the use of the 43-tone scale continuous musical relationship among the degrees of spoken, intoned, chanted, sung, melismatic, and shouted vocal utterance, a tonal spectrum filling in the gap between the vocal coloration of opera and the spoken drama. Since the instruments play the same refined scale, the spoken melody may be taken over by the instruments and translated back again to chant and song.

By arranging the several bridges on one instru-

ment, the Harmonic Canon, consisting of two overlapping sets of forty-four strings, Partch in effect defines in advance the melodic, harmonic, and microtonally melismatic materials of a composition.

BORN IN Oakland, California, on June 24, 1901, Harry Partch began writing dramatic music as a boy of fourteen and formulated his theory and philosophy of music while still in his twenties. In 1930 he wrote the first compositions in his new method, for voice accompanied by a viola adapted to play the 43-tone scale. Because he has put much time into experimentation and the building of instruments, the total of his compositions has remained small. He has received grants from the Carnegie, Guggenheim, and Fromm Foundations, and support by various means from the University of Wisconsin, Mills College, the University of Illinois, from personal gifts and contributions, and from the sale of his records. Between whiles he has also hoboed.

No other composer, by the very nature of his artistic method, has placed so many impediments in the way of bringing his music to performance. The instruments he has designed and built are as easily transportable as a traveling exhibition of totem poles. For this reason performance of his music has been limited to the current location of the instruments: first at the University of Wisconsin; then at Mills College; at Sausalito on San Francisco Bay, in the 100-foot-long shed of an abandoned shipyard (which gave its name to his Gate 5 Records); and until July 1962 in a studio made available by grants and commissions from the University of Illinois. Partch estimates the cost of a duplicate set of instruments at about a quarter of a million dollars. He is by necessity his own repairman.

To perform his music, musicians must learn to read the notation and play the instruments; singers and speakers must be trained to distinguish and produce musical intervals to which they are entirely unaccustomed. During this period, usually requiring about six months for any major performance, the composer must function as teacher, tuner, instrumental repairman, technical adviser, and vocal and dramatic coach. If the reward were not greater than the labor, I doubt that so many of Partch's compositions could have survived the ordeal of preparing them for presentation.

No other composer, not Arnold Schoenberg, or John Cage, has threatened the institutional routine of music so fundamentally as Partch. He strikes musical convention at its taproot, the scale. He offers a new musical system so valid and, in its application to a musical theatre, so practical that the enthusiasts who oppose him must believe they are defending "the art of music as we know it." As Partch writes in the preface to *Genesis of a Music*, "The door to further musical investigation and insight has been slammed shut by the inelastic and doctrinaire quality of our one system and its inelastic forms." Though he has worked within several universities, he has never been invited to join a music faculty as teacher or as theorist.

Partch's career poses before the American public the anomalous situation of the dedicated American composer, who between grants of patronage is expected to fend for himself. It is not merely a contemporary problem, and we should remember that, in another century, Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart also failed to solve it.

ALTHOUGH Partch has not lacked praise and enthusiastic admirers, any performance of his music has been a rare and special occasion. All of his major compositions have been recorded, some very well, but only on Gate 5, his own private label. To obtain them you must write the composer wherever his address may be at the moment; it is presently Box 491, Petaluma, California. The records are 12-inch monophonic discs, priced at $6.50 each (there is no charge made for postage within the United States).

We describe as "unpopular" any music that lacks a sizable public, yet one need only think back to our slight knowledge of the work of Anton Webern before Robert Craft brought out the "Complete Music" in a Columbia album; to our unrelieved incomprehension of any compositions by John Cage before the appearance of the "25-Year Retrospective Concert" of his music issued by George Avakian. In each instance, soon after the release of the music on records, the composer's reputation swept around the world. It is not unreasonable to suppose that a more practical distribution of Partch's records might have a similar result. Playing his music for broadcast or lecture I have found an immediate and eager response from the audience.

Partch began slowly, setting to music poems by Li Po, newsboys' cries, and the aphorisms and graffiti of hoboes. His first large work, *U. S. Highball*—a spoken, sung, recited, chanted conversation among hoboes in a freight car going east out of San Francisco—was composed in 1943, and performed in New York and at the University of Wisconsin. A sort of far-out folk art of the bum, interspersed with melismatic chanting of the names of states, cities, and stops along the route, it aroused both interest and antipathy. Most of those who heard it, either in live performance or its original recording, were better able to exaggerate the composer's shortcomings than anticipate his powers. In 1958 a fresh performance was recorded by an unusual assemblage of percussionists in a studio at Northwestern University. Rewritten to include Partch's new instruments and with the voice parts more widely distributed, this version brilliantly exploits, in expert recording, the enriched sonorities of the medium. The short works *The Letter* and *Ulysses at the Edge* are included on the same disc (album title, "The Wayward," Gate 5, Issue B).

The full course of Partch's pursuit of a wholly new style and unique *Continued on page 85*

By Joseph Kerman

Why Bother with Words?

The "meaning" of music is nebulous at best, but words can still tell us something about it.

THIS ESSAY means to join the debate (I think there is a debate) on the validity of using words about music. Are words really necessary? Isn't the musical experience so distinct and so special that verbal statements about it can only lead to distortion and confusion?

What is at issue here is talk or discursive thought about the musical experience, with the assumption that our experience of a given piece of music is, finally, the most important thing about it, and therefore well worth understanding. Obviously, many of the less essential aspects of music can be successfully dealt with by words: language will do to set down histories and biographies, to spin theories of harmony, to announce when concerts will take place, and afterwards to report who was off pitch. There is no debate on this score.

Problems arise only in the nebulous area encompassing the "meaning" of music, the relation between art, expression, and emotion, musical "language" vs. verbal language, the criteria for good and bad music, and so on. No listener can have failed to speculate about these matters, perhaps at some length. Music, it will be agreed, differs strongly from poetry, prose, or discursive thought. But beyond this point, safe conclusions are few and rarely sweeping—unless we deny the very relevance or validity of considering music in discursive terms. There is something tight, something satisfactory about this last idea. It appears to be held or at least implied by certain philosophers and by some of the most formidable recent writers on music. Of these I shall speak later. First, a declaration of the contrary position.

Here then are two examples of verbal statements that I shall try to show are valid and necessary. In Beethoven's Fifth Symphony: A) there is a similar rhythm uniting all the movements, and B) fate is knocking at the door. Temperamentally, to be sure, I am not much attracted to these chestnuts, any more than the civil-liberties lawyer necessarily admires a remote and sticky fringe that he chooses to defend. But a principle is a principle, and my point is that we are better off for having *even these* statements. Better off: that is, we are able to come a little closer to an appreciation of Beethoven's art after having made them or having grasped them.

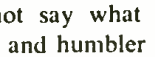
Statement A, a primitive form of an "analytical" statement about music, refers to the piece itself. Statement B, a primitive form of a "critical" statement, refers to someone's sense of the piece. Now the first thing to stress is that in either of these areas—or in both together, for they do not really separate—any idea that a "full" statement has been made would be sheer illusion. One cannot establish a verbal substitute for music, or an exhaustive formulation of feelings about it; statements about music should never imply, even ever so slightly, that they occupy any inside track towards a complete account of a work of art. In this respect it is perhaps the most learned musical analysts—or, in literature, the New Critics—who sin most, or seem to. It may be that the very preciousness of art rests in its resistance to translation into any other medium, as human experience in general defies exact formulation. This, I would hope, can be taken as axiomatic.

BUT IT DOES NOT THEN follow that language must have no role at all in articulating musical or other experience. Neither common sense nor logic supports such a conclusion. I doubt in any case that logic really applies here. Apparently, some people react to our axiom not with equanimity or surprise, but with something of the righteous fervor that accompanies religious conversion. They so abominate the thought of language usurping music's place that they must cut language off from music altogether. Yet of course this is not our way in other fields of experience. One cannot, for instance, describe a man's face any more fully than one can a Beethoven Symphony. Novelists, however, and the compilers of police circulars, both regularly attempt some sort of description, with reasonable success in view of their respective intentions. One cannot say what it feels like to be in love, but poets, and humbler persons, when pressed, make passable efforts at this impossibility—efforts which may serve a perfectly valid purpose. With music, likewise, words have their necessary role, even though they cannot exhaust the subject.

Let us consider this role and this necessity, first of all in reference to analytical statements such as Statement A ("there is a similar rhythm uniting all the movements"). Phrased in this way, the inquiry may strike the reader as academic in the extreme. Few people read books on musical analysis. Nevertheless, on some level this concerns the listener every time he thinks about what he is hearing: musical analysis of a piece simply means the formulation of relevant facts about it—"there is a similar rhythm uniting all the movements." (Relevant to what? to our understanding of our experience, I take it.) Musical analysis, then, amounts to no more than the elaborate academic upgrading of something common and fundamental. Here, as elsewhere, academic practitioners run the risk of losing touch with the reactions of what Tovey used to call "the naïve listener"; unacademic man, on his part, does not get very far with music unless he engages in some kind of informal analytical process.

Say that one admirable quality about Beethoven's Fifth Symphony is (roughly speaking) coherence. Say further that a similarity between rhythms at one time or another during the piece contributes to this sense of coherence. Then one should know that "there is a similar rhythm uniting all the movements"; the formulation needs to be in the conscious mind and on the tip of the tongue. Of course it is rough talk; our notion of "coherence," or "unity," or "similarity" is vague in the extreme. This vagueness may be reprehensible, but no more so than a failure to grasp the coherence at all or to sense in it no rhythmic factor.

Beethoven explains nothing; he simply sets down the notes. The ear explains nothing, simply passing stimuli on to the brain. It is the mind that draws a connection between rhythms 1 and 2, and distinguishes this from another link between rhythms 3 and 4. The conceptual power of the mind expresses itself in words and statements. I do not claim, obviously, that every musical apprehension has to be polished into declarative prose before it can be grasped. I do say that apprehensions in general are stated, and restated, and refined in restatement; that musical apprehensions would hardly suffer from being drawn into the understanding; and that here lies the considerable task of musical analysis properly conceived.

It may not even be true about those rhythms—I am not out to defend this particular chestnut, I merely want to be sure it is allowed in court. Another example: Theme 1 of Beethoven's first movement may be said to be the famous V-for-victory figure of four notes:  Just what is meant by "theme" is vague, once again, especially when another analysis identifies Theme 1 with the first *eight* notes, involving four pitches as well as the rhythm:  The careful listener will recognize this four-pitch configuration, divested of some of its original rhythmic energy, in the solo horn call that precedes the lyric second theme. He will recognize a vestige of the configuration, consisting of the middle two pitches only, in the breathless build-up passage halfway through the movement, in the development. After such recognitions he may feel that they too contribute to the coherence of the work of art. If so, the analytical statement "Theme 1 has eight notes, four pitches" has brought him one step closer to Beethoven's piece than the original chestnut did.

IT NEEDED to be said. Verbal formulation is the path from vague response to consciousness; we do not really know things until they are formulated. The savage tribe that uses only *one*, *two*, and *many* as number words—that tribe can't count past two. Perhaps this all seems obvious enough. Who wants to deny words this particular function?

One skeptic is Hans Keller, the liveliest and most astonishing figure in postwar British music criticism. Possessed of a mind as keen and sensitive as it is iconoclastic, Keller writes ceaselessly on a wide variety of musical topics. What Keller hates, he hates with passion; what he likes is mainly Mozart, Arnold Schoenberg, Benjamin Britten, and Sigmund Freud. He has invented a special type of analysis called "Wordless Functional Analysis" or, briskly, "FA." The great point about FA is that it uses not words as its medium, but music.

Performed by instruments, and written down in musical notation like a score, the FA of a Mozart Quartet is a sort of musical piece. It consists of fragments of the original Quartet, either just as Mozart wrote it, or variously rewritten, slowed down, turned upside down, skeletonized, etc. by the analyst, juxtaposed in a complicated way with other fragments from elsewhere in the Quartet. This is designed to reveal relationships between themes, sections, and musical ideas which, Keller believes, are "concealed" rather like motives in the Freudian

subconscious. (But his idea of bringing them out wordlessly does not seem very Freudian.)

Keller was driven to this nonverbal experiment by a superb, withering, and thoroughly explicit contempt for existing verbal analyses. One sympathizes, in a way; so much bad and hopelessly inadequate analysis has been written. Yet Keller's proposal is obscurantist; instead of sharpening thought, he eliminates it. In juxtaposing fragments of the Quartet, Keller is really letting the bare fact of proximity stand for the phrase "there is a relationship . . . "; and this renounces even the poor power of words, which can at least attempt to distinguish different *kinds* of relationship. These different kinds, Keller seems to fear, range so subtly that language cannot reach them—worse, language can only stultify them; their apprehension must be left to the musical instinct. Which is to beg the whole question behind the smoked glasses of "musical thinking" mystique. In the original Quartet, Mozart left things up to instinct, and juxtaposed notes in a perfectly acceptable order; why, on these terms, have analysis at all? FA does no more than maul the work of art, implying analytical statements of unexampled crudeness which are, however, left unsaid.

Wordless Functional Analysis may seem freakish, but its very extremity and brilliance, to say nothing of its wide dissemination in magazines and on the BBC, mark it as a serious symptom of a current mood. More serious yet is the thought of Milton Babbitt, which exerts much influence in American musical circles. (One might not at first think of yoking Keller and Babbitt together—their attacks on words could hardly differ more; yet both of them are attackers.) Babbitt is not a critic but a mathematician, a professor, a music theorist, and a composer of note. In contrast to Keller, he writes rarely, quietly, and very rigorously, almost always on a single subject: twelve-tone or serial theory. Scientism, not psychoanalysis, is Milton Babbitt's bias. He occupies in fact a leading place in that impressive musical subculture that has led from twelve-tone music to electronic composition, from Heinrich Schenker and Schoenberg to Babbitt himself.

If Keller wants to perform analysis in musical notation, Babbitt wants to write prose in mathematical characters, or the next best thing, a technical logical jargon. For Babbitt, written language ought to amount to a scientific symbolism; he fights shy of words that cannot be strictly defined in logical terms. Writing that exemplifies the precise use of language may also perform a mean abuse of prose, as in this characteristic extract: ". . . the awareness of the basic continuity of the musical organism in terms of the correlation and interaction of the linear realization of a triadic span with the specific triadic harmonic articulations." From Babbitt's point of view, music theory, subsumed under "theory" as a pure scientist uses the concept, must be developed in appropriate terminology. En route he would blow away all talk like Statement B, "Fate is knocking at the door." This is "at best an incorrigible statement of attitude grammatically disguised as a simple attributive assertion"—a state of affairs that would seem to put the unhappy remark well beneath serious notice, at best.

Few musicians—unless they have been students of Babbitt—can claim any degree of philosophical, logical, or mathematical expertise. Amateurs of modern philosophy, on the other hand, will recognize this line of thought. Take that "incorrigible statement of attitude grammatically disguised as a simple attributive assertion." "Incorrigible" here is a technical term meaning not open to correction since not susceptible of proof. One would think that neither the incorrigibility nor the disguise—terms loaded with attitude, by the way—should cause anyone a moment's anxiety. Poets, painters, and composers are notorious incorrigibles; they speak, paint, and sound things about life that have nothing to do with the rigors of logical investigation. The artist does not prove, he appeals. A poet writes: "But where the ship's huge shadow lay,/The charmed water burnt alway/A still and awful red"; and the same man writes about another poem: "It seems to be like taking the pieces of a dissected map out of its box. . . ."

ATTITUDES TOWARDS MUSIC, like attitudes towards poems, burning water, and human beings, cannot be proved, corrected, or pigeonholed. But so long as we care about these attitudes more than anything else, we want to understand them. It may also be remarked that Coleridge's unprovable statements have struck a responsive note in many generations of readers. There are species of human permanence outside of logical demonstration.

"Fate knocking at the door" is obviously inadequate to express the quality of Beethoven's Fifth Symphony. But the statement gets us somewhere—further than we are able to get with certain other collections of sounds: with Indian music, most Western listeners cannot tell if Nirvana is knocking at the door or if joyful feelings are being awakened by the countryside. Music has something to do with feelings, though exactly what is a famous mystery. That something we value, most *Continued on page 87*

DEPENDS ON WHAT GOES THROUGH HERE

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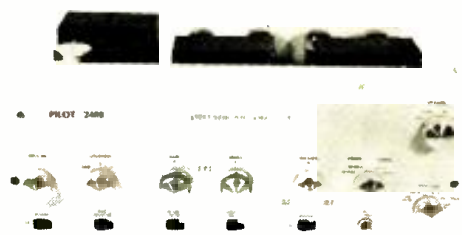

Pilot Model 248B Control Amplifier

AT A GLANCE: The recently introduced Pilot Model 248B stereophonic control amplifier is characterized by United States Testing Company, Inc., as a medium-powered unit with very low distortion. The circuitry is similar to the amplifier section found in the Pilot 654MA receiver previously reported on (April 1963), but with added control features and added gain. Dimensions are: 15¼ inches wide, 12¾ inches deep, 6¼ inches high. Price, less cover, is $269.50. Manufacturer: Pilot Radio Corp., 37-06 36th St., Long Island City 1, N.Y.

IN DETAIL: The front panel of the 248B is finished in brushed gold and presents a neat and simple appearance. Control knobs, from left to right, include: a volume control, a loudness contour switch providing two different amounts of loudness compensation or none, concentric bass and treble controls for each channel, a balance control, a function selector switch with two positions for stereo (normal and reverse) and two monophonic positions (channel A and channel B). Below these controls are five slide switches controlling the AC power, tape monitor function, rumble and scratch filters, and magnetic phono input sensitivity. There is also a stereo headphone jack located beneath the function selector switch. At the upper right-hand corner of the front panel is a speaker selector switch for turning off the speakers completely when using the stereo headphone jack, or to select either the main stereo speakers, extension stereo speakers, or all speakers together. Below this switch is the input selector switch with positions for microphone, tape head, magnetic phono, AM/FM tuner, multiplex adapter, or a tape recorder.

At the rear of the amplifier are the seven input jacks for each channel, the recorder output jacks, two AC convenience outlets, the speaker taps, and a record changer power connection jack. This connection permits a record changer to be powered by the 248B and will permit some record changers (those with the automatic shut-off feature) to shut off the amplifier's power at the end of the record.

The phono inputs to the amplifier are both 47,000-ohm inputs, but are of different sensitivity to accommodate different cartridges. The tape head input is terminated in 100,000 ohms. All low level inputs are am-

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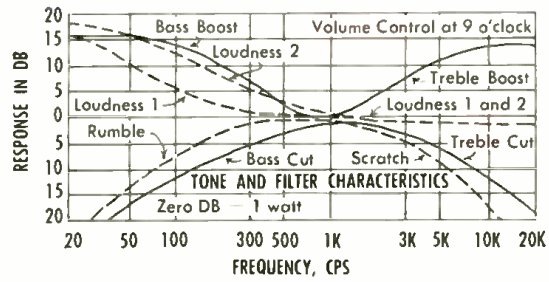
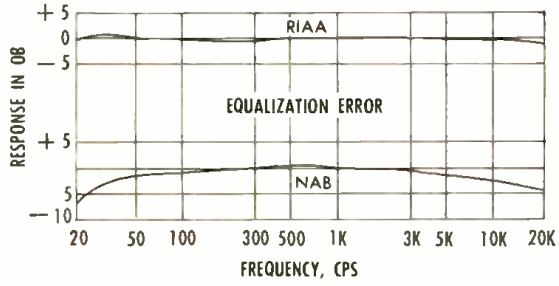
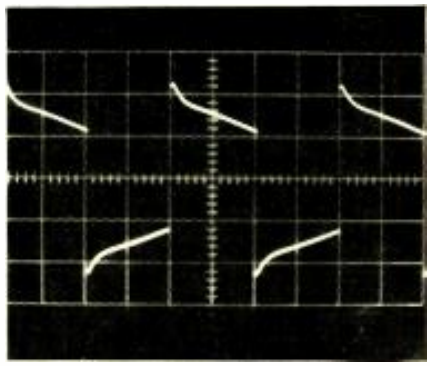
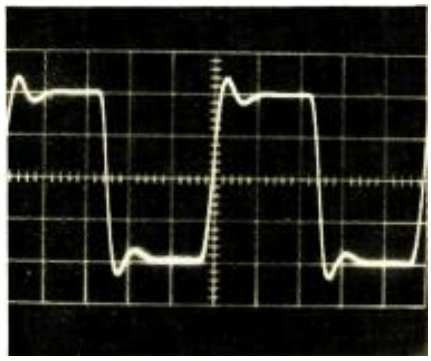
REPORT POLICY

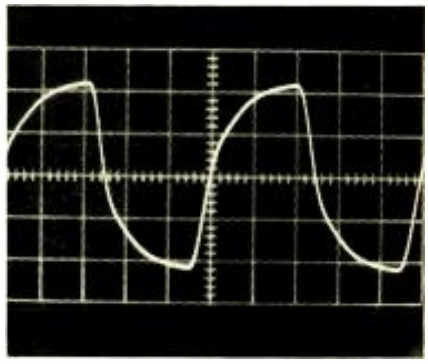
Equipment reports are based on laboratory measurements and listening tests. Data for the reports, on equipment other than loudspeakers, is obtained by the United States Testing Company, Inc., of Hoboken, New Jersey, a completely independent organization which, since 1880, has been a leader in product evaluation. Speaker reports are based on controlled listening tests. Occasionally, a supplementary agency may be invited to contribute to the testing program. The choice of equipment to be tested rests with the editors of HIGH FIDELITY.



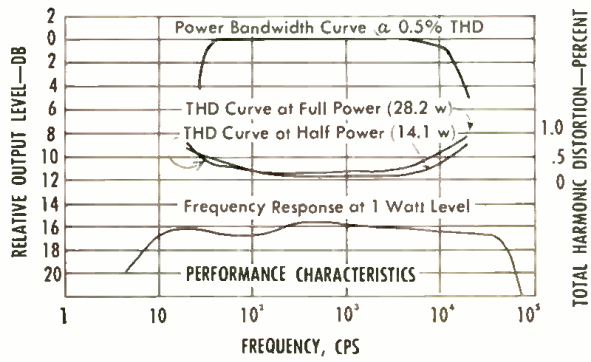


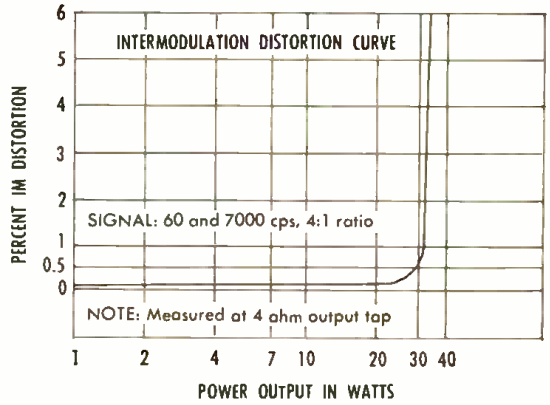






Square-wave response to 50 cps (top) and to 10 kc at different volume control settings.





plified and equalized in a two-stage preamplification circuit using a 12AX7 dual triode. The output from this circuit, and the high level input signals, are fed through four 12AX7 stages which include a tone network driver and three audio amplifiers (the 654MA had only two audio amplifier stages here). The last audio amplifier stage and the phase inverter stage (½-12AX7) feed the push-pull 7591 output stages, which are pentodes. Negative feedback is used from the secondary of the output transformer to the cathode of the last audio amplifier. With the aid of test equipment, the amplifier can be precisely adjusted for optimum performance using the DC bias, DC balance, and AC balance controls in each channel. The power supply uses semiconductor rectifiers for the DC plate and filament circuits. All tubes, except the power pentodes, are supplied with filtered DC filament current. They are connected in two series strings, an arrangement that enables the 248B to provide an essentially hum-free output signal.

The amplifier delivered 28.2 watts of audio power per channel (with only one channel operating at a time) at clipping. Harmonic distortion was very low (0.14% on the left channel and 0.13% on the right channel). With both channels operating together, the 248B delivered 26.3 watts on the left channel (1,000 cps) with only 0.18% distortion, which is very good.

The amplifier's power bandwidth, measured at the 0.5% distortion level, extended from about 29 cps to 16 kc. The total harmonic distortion of the amplifier was quite low over most of its range at a level of 28.2 watts, remained under 0.9% from 20 cps to 20 kc, and under 0.5% from 28 cps to 9,000 cps. At half power, the distortion was even lower, and was of completely negligible proportions in the mid-frequency band. The Pilot 248B also had very low intermodulation (IM) distortion right on up to 28 watts, where the IM rose to only 0.4%. Below about 20 watts, the amplifier's IM distortion remained under 0.2%, which is excellent.

The frequency response characteristic of the 248B was also commendable, being flat at the one-watt level from 10 cps to 42 kc within +0.2 and −1.0 db. The total

bandwidth covered extends from 5.8 cps to 59 kc. Response of the amplifier through its RIAA phono input was also very good, being flat within +0.5 and -1 db from 20 cps to 20 kc. The NAB equalization characteristic (for direct playback from a tape head) was not as good, showing a droop at high and low ends, but was flat within +0.2 and -2.5 db from 35 cps to 10 kc.

The 248B provides two degrees of loudness compensation, which boosts the low frequency response only. These are shown, with the bass and treble control characteristics, on the accompanying chart. The tone controls provide a maximum of 14 db of boost at 100 cps and 10 kc, and 11.5 db of cut at these frequencies. The scratch filter cuts at the approximate rate of 10 db per octave above 3,000 cps while the rumble filter cuts at the rate of about 8 db per octave below 160 cps. The action of all these controls proved to be effective for their intended purpose.

The sensitivity of the amplifier (for rated output) was found to be: high level inputs, 120 mv; magnetic phono inputs, 2.8 and 10 mv; tape head input, 1.9 mv; microphone input, 2.3 mv. The amplifier's signal-to-noise ratio was generally good, and was measured (re full output) as follows: high level auxiliary, 78 db; high level phono, 53 db; low level phono, 55 db; tape head, 49 db; microphone, 59 db.

The Pilot 248B had a damping factor of 11 at 1,000 cps, and had good stability with no tendency toward oscillation. When fed with a 10-kc square-wave test signal, its output waveform indicated good over-all transient response, although some ringing was present. A good 10-kc waveform was obtained with the volume control in both the 12 o'clock position and at full gain. However, as the volume control went through the three o'clock position, the high frequencies were rolled off and the transient response severely degraded—due to a peculiarity of circuit loading. This is shown in the photograph for that condition of operation. Reproducing a 50-cps square-wave signal, the amplifier's output waveform contained some phase distortion, typical of medium-powered integrated amplifiers. In any case, the unit's very low harmonic and IM distortion, fine response characteristics, clean sound, and versatility should recommend it for use in many installations.

Wharfedale W-90 "Achromatic" Speaker System

AT A GLANCE: The W-90, newest and largest of the Wharfedale "Achromatic" speaker systems, is a three-way reproducer that employs six drivers. Two woofers, two midrange units, and two tweeters are housed, with crossover network and level controls for midrange and highs, inside a cabinet which itself is internally divided into acoustically discrete sections. The rear panels of the woofer sections are sand-filled boards, designed to impart extreme rigidity to the structure and avoid spurious tones or resonances that might "color" the sound—hence the term "achromatic." Dimensions of the W-90 are 32¼ inches high, 27¾ inches wide, and 13⅛ inches deep. An optional pedestal raises the system off the floor by an additional 4¼ inches. Prices: in oiled or polished walnut, $259.50; in sanded birch, $244.50; pedestal in walnut, $9.95; unfinished pedestal, $8.95. The W-90 was designed by the well-known audio authority G. A. Briggs. The drivers are obtained from Wharfedale Wireless Works, Ltd., Idle, Bradford, Yorkshire, England. The cabinets are styled and manufactured in the U.S.A. by British Industries Corp., 80 Shore Rd., Port Washington, N.Y., which organization also assembles and distributes the complete W-90 system.

IN DETAIL: The handsome enclosure that houses this speaker system is subdivided internally into three independent sections, each of which is designed to serve as an optimum enclosure for the particular driver or drivers in it, and the range of frequencies being reproduced. Thus, each of the two 12½-inch woofers is installed in its own tuned-duct enclosure, which functions as a modified bass reflex system. The duct is made by a heavy cardboard tube fitted over a two-inch hole and extending into the enclosed area about eight inches. This method of smoothing and extending bass response is well known in audio literature and is, in fact, described in the book on loudspeakers written by G. A. Briggs, the system's designer. The low frequency drivers themselves are sturdy woofers with high compliance or "long-throw" characteristics. Each of the rear panels that seals a woofer compartment is made of a laminate in which sand fills in the space between two boards. This feature adds weight and rigidity to the structure and, by minimizing spurious tones and resonances, helps contribute to the system's clean bass output.

Extending across the tops of both woofer compartments is a separate section, itself divided into two subsections. The rear compartment houses the crossover network and the system's midrange and tweeter level controls. The front compartment houses four additional drivers: a pair of 5¼-inch midrange cone speakers, and a pair of 3-inch cone tweeters, known as the Wharfedale "Super 3." Electrical crossover frequencies are at 1,500 cps (from woofer to midrange), and at 6 kc (from midrange to tweeter). All drivers are used as direct radiators, facing forward from behind an attractive grille cloth that covers the entire front surface of the W-90. Impedance of the system is 8 ohms; efficiency is fairly high. Connections to the speaker system are made by screw-terminals, marked for polarity to assist in correctly phasing a pair of W-90s. These terminals are found on the rear panel of the top section of the en-

closure which also contains illustrated and well-written instructions for using the system, hints on speaker placement, and a chart showing the frequency ranges of musical instruments covered by the W-90. The walnut-finished version of the W-90 has decorative walnut strips near the edges of the grille cloth; the unfinished version does not have these strips.

The over-all response of the W-90 in average normal use was estimated to extend from about 35 cps to beyond audibility. The actual lower bass limit may be expected to vary depending on how hard the woofers are driven. At a moderately loud listening level in a very large room, doubling was apparent in the 25-cps region, but mostly we perceived a sensation of very deep pulsations. At higher signal levels, the bass remained clean to just below 40 cps.

The range from 200 cps and upward was generally smooth and even in level. We detected a slight rise at 290 cps, and a slight dip at 480 to 520 cps. These are, in sum, better than par for the course in high quality speakers and have little appreciable effect on reproduction. No harshness was detectable at the critical cross-over points.

The degree of directivity of the Wharfedale W-90 varied with frequency and with one's reference position. Thus, a 1-kc tone was hardly directive at all from a left-to-right variation in position across the W-90, but somewhat directive from an up-and-down position. A 5-kc tone became somewhat more directive in both planes, and an 8-kc tone was perceived most clearly and fully when listening "on axis" from the speaker. In general the system seemed less directional in the horizontal plane than in the vertical plane, which is of course the preferred characteristic (if one must choose) from the standpoint of normal living-room listening.

The W-90's response to white noise was moderately subdued, even when midrange and tweeter level controls were turned to maximum, indicating the smooth character of the mid- and upper ranges.

The tonal balance of the W-90, reproducing music, was found to depend more on its position in the room and with respect to the listener's position than as a function of changing its two level controls. When placed on the floor, the W-90 produced prodigious bass—full, solid, well defined, very clean, and without boxiness or boom. One had a startlingly realistic sense of the impact and "tonal contour" of bass strings, bass horns, low organ pedal notes, and the lower registers of trombones and such. By contrast—and especially when listening off to a side, or even more, from a position that put one's ears at an appreciable difference in height from the tweeters—the highs, particularly of strings, seemed somewhat withdrawn. Yet, the test tones had told us all the highs were there. They just weren't getting to us.

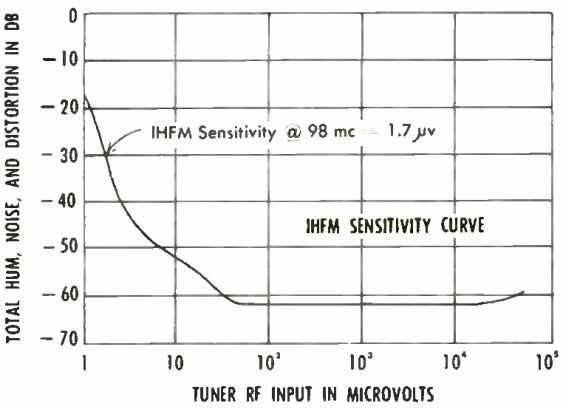
Raising the W-90, however, by placing it on its pedestal was almost magical in its acoustic effect. The bass line remained as exemplary as before, but somehow was brought into more desirable balance with respect to everything else, and the highs came forth airily and sweetly. This effect no doubt resulted from the lack of acoustic preëmphasis that had been given to the bass when the speaker was on the floor, as well as the simple factor of raising the height of the midrange and tweeter units to afford a clearer path for their tones as well as to take advantage of the treble dispersion provided by ceiling, walls, and various objects in the room.

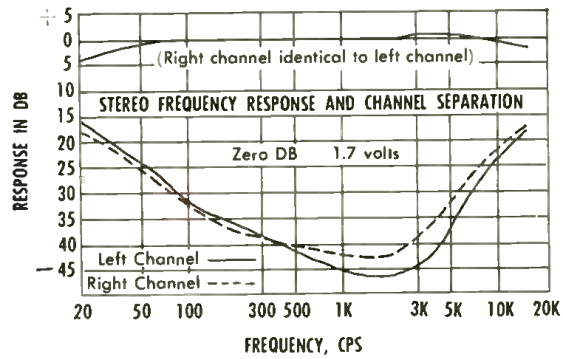
The matter of tonal balance, it should be pointed out, is one of personal taste, and listeners with particular acoustic preferences will probably use the W-90 in a manner that suits them. Our own recommendations would be to install the W-90s on their pedestals or a similar elevation off the floor, in a medium-size to large room, of average acoustic properties—perhaps a little on the "live" side. Indeed, this is exactly how these speakers are demonstrated at audio shows and how, to our ears, they sound best. Thus "adjusted" to a room, the W-90s, on stereo or mono, take their place among the finer speakers presently available.

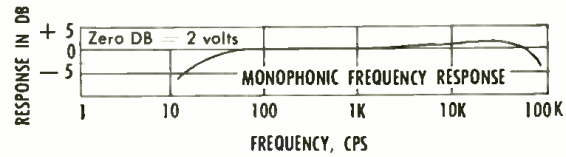
Fisher Model KM-60 "StrataKit" FM Stereo Tuner

AT A GLANCE: The KM-60 by Fisher is an FM stereo (multiplex) tuner in kit form. It features the "StrataKit" packaging and method of assembly that facilitates the building of the tuner by an unskilled novice. Tests of a kit-built version, conducted at United States Testing Company, Inc., indicate that the KM-60 is a first-class tuner, capable of excellent performance. Cost is $169.50. A factory-wired version, the KM-61, costs $219.50. Chassis dimensions of either model are: 15 1/8 inches wide, 4 13/16 inches high, and 13 inches deep. An optional metal case finished in simulated leather costs $15.95; a wood case, in mahogany or walnut, costs $24.95. Manufacturer: Fisher Radio Corp., 21-21 44th Drive, Long Island City 1, N.Y.

IN DETAIL: Although lacking some of the flourishes found on costlier Fisher tuners (muting, automatic AFC, control relays), the Fisher KM-60 contains enough control features for convenient and accurate use, and—more important—has performance and listening characteristics that are among the finest in FM tuners. To begin with, the chassis is made of heavy-gauge steel, and the front panel has the characteristic "Fisher look." There are four front-panel controls. Three are rotary switches for selecting mono or stereo FM, filter off/on, and AC power off/on. The fourth is the tuning knob. A generously proportioned tuning dial, with station-logging scale, is laid out across the top of the panel. To its left is the "Stereo Beam" that lights up when the







tuner is receiving stereo, and to the right is a tuning indicator that shows signal strength.

At the rear of the tuner are two output jacks for each channel, a level control for each channel, and a switched AC convenience outlet. Antenna terminals are provided for either "Local" or "Distant" use when fed from a 300-ohm-balanced antenna. The terminals for "Local" use are padded to reduce the input signal.

The KM-60 has a 6DJ8 cascode RF amplifier, a 6AQ8 oscillator-mixer, four 6AU6s for IF amplification and limiting, a ratio detector, and a 12AX7 output stage for each channel. In monophonic operation, the audio signal is fed directly from the detector to the output stages. In stereo operation the output stages are fed from the built-in multiplex adapter, which is identical to the adapter used in the FM-100-B, FM-200-B, and FM-1000 Fisher tuners. The adapter contains two 12AT7 tubes and one 12AX7 tube.

Although the KM-60 will provide an output level of up to 4 volts rms, USTC's test measurements were made at an average level of 2 volts output on mono operation. When switched to stereo, the output level dropped to 1.7 volts rms, which is a negligibly small change.

USTC tested the KM-60 after it had been built and adjusted according to instructions in the kit manual, and found that it provided excellent performance. Its total harmonic distortion at 400 cps was 0.34%, although this did not occur at the point of best tuning as indicated by the tuning meter. When the tuning meter indicated that the tuner was properly tuned, the actual THD was 1.0%. Its IHF sensitivity (as received) was 2 microvolts at 98 mc and at 106 mc, and was 2.25 microvolts at 90 mc. The tuner's signal-to-noise ratio was 72 db.

To determine whether this excellent performance could be further improved, USTC decided to check the alignment of the ratio detector. The result, after this adjustment, was that the distortion at 400 cps dropped to 0.07% and minimum distortion was obtained at the point indicated by the tuning meter. The THD at 1,000 cps was 0.08% and the THD at 40 cps was 0.5%. The IHF sensitivity of the KM-60 at 98 mc was increased to 1.7 microvolts, a measurement which is among the highest yet encountered and exceeds Fisher's specifications for the unit.

The tuner had 0.11% IM distortion and a capture ratio of 4 db. Its monophonic frequency response was flat within ±1.5 db from 25 cps to 68 kc, after correcting for deëmphasis. Its low frequency response rolled off to -3 db at 18 cps and -6 db at 11 cps. The high-end response was measured out to 80 kc where it was down by about 3.5 db.

On stereo operation, the response of each channel was identical, being flat within +0.5 and -2 db from 32 cps to 15 kc. At 20 cps, the stereo frequency response was down 4.5 db. The channel separation of the KM-60 was excellent, and was greater than 20 db from 30 cps to 11 kc, and greater than 30 db from 90 cps to 4.5 kc. At 15 kc, the separation was still a healthy 17 db.

The THD on stereo remained quite low, and did not exceed 0.31% at 400 cps, 0.23% at 1,000 cps, and 1.3% at 40 cps on either channel. The 19-kc pilot signal was suppressed 41 db below the 400-cps output level, and the 38-kc subcarrier was 78 db below the 400-cps level, indicating that no difficulty will be had in off-the-air stereo tape recording.

The tuner performed admirably on both stereo and mono FM signals and was, like previous Fisher products tested, a joy to use and listen to. It is, in a word, a top quality instrument whose performance—kit or no kit—is among the finest.

How It Went Together

From its partially assembled chassis and prepackaged parts to its detailed instruction manual, the KM-60 is a most carefully planned project for the do-it-yourselfer.

The large chassis provides ample room for working and for mounting the various component parts of the tuner. Many of the mechanical steps of assembly have been eliminated by the premounting of such parts as the power transformers, terminal strips, tuning knob flywheel, and RF and IF transformers. Too, the multiplex section is prewired and aligned.

The unit is attractively boxed, and the StrataKit package serves as both work area and for storage during construction. Large, clear pictorials are provided that cover every step of the wiring procedure, all in logical order for the sixteen stages or "Strata" of assembly. Construction time will vary from about ten to twelve hours, depending on the dexterity and speed of the individual builder. Alignment of the tuner following the kit instruction manual and without using test equipment was relatively simple and, as it turned out, accurate. The set's own tuning meter was used to make all adjustments.

REPORTS IN PROGRESS

Acoustech I Transistor Basic Amplifier

ADC-3 Cartridge

Ferrograph 424A Tape Recorder

Music Makers

by ROLAND GELATT

A FEW DAYS after Artur Rubinstein and Max Wilcox taped the fascinating conversations that begin on page 26, the two met in Boston for another taping—this time of the Beethoven *Emperor* and the Tchaikovsky B flat minor Concertos, with the Boston Symphony under Erich Leinsdorf. The sessions took place on two successive days following a Sunday afternoon pension-fund concert at which Rubinstein played both concertos at one sitting.

We flew to Boston for the first of the RCA sessions, having been assured that the Tchaikovsky would be given priority. As we entered Symphony Hall, Rubinstein was adjusting his stool. In demeanor and dress (black slacks, gray hound's-tooth jacket, gray wool shirt with red tie and pearl stickpin) he seemed the very model of elegant nonchalance. Leinsdorf appeared, shook hands with the pianist, and stepped onto the podium. "Tchaikovsky?" he asked. "No? You want to do the Beethoven instead? Fine. Beethoven, gentlemen." There was a rustle of music stands while the Beethoven scores were put in place. Then, without further ado, Max Wilcox's voice was heard from the control room announcing the first take.

It was not a success. Neither Rubinstein nor Wilcox liked the sound of the piano. During the playback Rubinstein kept wincing. "The piano doesn't sound," he complained. "It's shallow. There's no shine—especially at the top. You know, I'd like to give a prize of $5,000 for a concerto which doesn't use the top two octaves." There ensued some repositioning of microphones and drapes. But the dull piano sound persisted. There was nothing for it but to work on the instrument itself. Fortunately, Walter Hupfer—Steinway's most experienced technician—was on hand. Working at top speed (for a hundred musicians were standing by, at union scale), he filed down hammers and oiled the action of certain keys.

When he had finished, Rubinstein and the orchestra launched into the first movement again. This time at playback the scowls and winces disappeared, and the usual Rubinstein geniality returned. He complimented Hupfer on his work, mimicked a portrait of Koussevitzky on a facing wall ("He's looking at us with a very supercilious expression"), teased Wilcox about his microphones ("They're spies for other pianists, just waiting for me to make a mistake"). Thereafter the *Emperor* went without a hitch. Unfortunately, we couldn't stay over for the Tchaikovsky next day, but it is said that both piano and pianist were in stupendous form. We'll all be able to hear for ourselves soon. The recording is to be released next month.

TWO SUMMERS AGO, in this department's annual preview of new fall recordings, we made mention of a forthcoming stereo *Boris Godunov* from the Bolshoi Theatre in Moscow, with Soviet basso Ivan Petrov in the title role. That recording never appeared here, nor—to the best of our knowledge—was it ever released in Russia. But now a new, or at least half-new, stereo *Boris* has been completed in Moscow, with one significant change in cast: instead of Petrov, the American bass-baritone George London plays the medieval Czar. We say "half-new" because only the scenes in which Boris appears were recorded this spring. The other scenes needed to complete the opera are to be taken from that stereo *Boris* of 1961, announced but never released. Columbia Records hopes to issue the Bolshoi *Boris* here later this year.

George London first sang the role of Boris in Russia three years ago and astounded everyone with his eloquent Russian pronunciation. (Eloquent, that is, on stage; backstage his well-wishers were even more astounded when they realized that he could sing Russian perfectly but hardly speak it at all.) The fact that London was invited to join the cast of this long-awaited stereo recording speaks well for the esteem in which he is held at the Bolshoi. This is the first time, to the best of our knowledge, that a Westerner has participated in a Soviet opera recording.

Yet another stereo *Boris* is in the offing. Sometime next year Decca/London intends to record the Mussorgsky opera with Nicolai Ghiaurov, a young basso from Bulgaria who impressed us greatly when we heard him recently at La Scala singing Ramfis in the new Zeffirelli production of *Aida*.

FOR WELL over a century, Haydn's comic opera *Die Feuersbrunst* was listed among the composer's missing works—a mere title in eighteenth-century catalogues. Two years ago, aided by documents in the Esterházy archives, our colleague H. C. Robbins Landon identified a manuscript purchased for the Yale Music Library in 1935 as a copy of this "lost" opera. According to H.C.R.L., the opera was composed in 1776 or 1777 for performance in Count Esterházy's private theatre. Now the opera has been revived, appropriately at Yale, in English translation as *House Afire*.

The Yale performance under the direction of Gustav Meier was more notable for hearty spirit than for delicate subtleties, but it was good enough to reveal *House Afire* as a minor masterpiece in a tradition that would later yield such major masterpieces as *Don Giovanni* and *Così fan tutte*. The first act closes with a marvelous confrontation—half eerie, half comic—between the hero and a ghost, in a scene which anticipates, both musically and dramatically, the famous dialogue between Leporello and The Statue in *Don Giovanni*. Similarly, one can detect a clear link between the role of Odario in Haydn's opera and Don Alfonso in Mozart's *Così*.

The imagination boggles at the thought of all the marvelous music lying immured in libraries the world over. Yale's manuscript was brought to life because a scholar revealed it as a work by Haydn. Otherwise the opera would still be gathering dust. One wonders how many others there are like it.

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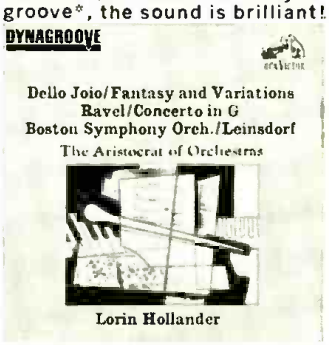

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CIRCLE 56 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

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Records in Review

by Eric Salzman

Benjamin Britten's *War* Requiem—Medieval Tradition, Modern Anguish

Coventry Cathedral; behind the high altar, the Sutherland tapestry dominates the nave.

It doesn't happen very often these days that a new piece of music, even one cast in a familiar mold, achieves a really substantial measure of general success. The Britten *War* Requiem is a remarkable exception, and it is not hard to predict that in its first hearings in this country—at Tanglewood this summer and on the present recording—the work will have the same kind of effect on American audiences that it has already had on the British. And, for once, it seems likely that popular and critical opinion will be in accord.

There are many reasons for the immediate impact of the Requiem, some of them obvious and perhaps as much literary and dramatic as strictly musical. Written for the rededication in 1962 of Coventry Cathedral, rebuilt after its destruction by Nazi bombs, this moving work is dedicated to the memory of a number of the composer's friends who were killed in the war. Britten commemorates these deaths not only with the Latin Mass for the Dead but also with a series of profoundly antiwar poems by the English poet Wilfred Owen, who was killed on a World War I battlefront just a few days before the armistice.

The idea of juxtaposing—one might say, in the medieval terminology, "troping"—the Latin texts with the English is brilliant, and one must add immediately that it is carried out here in a genuinely musical way. These literary aspects of the work, striking in themselves of course, never seem artificially imposed from the outside merely for effect. The juxtaposition of Latin and English, of medieval tradition and twentieth-century anguish, of religious consolation and antiwar protest becomes the very basis of both the dramatic and the musical structure. The Latin texts are sung by the full chorus with the soprano soloist and the regular full orchestra; the English poems are assigned entirely to the tenor and baritone soloists who sing with a chamber orchestra that is distinct and separate from the main instrumental body. Finally, there is a third level of sound and idea in the form of the boys' chorus, accompanied by the organ, distant and unearthly, clearly suggesting a more divine providence than even the hallowed and traditional consolations of the Church and its liturgy.

Britten has ingeniously arranged the Owen poems so that they form a series of commentaries on the Latin texts. Musically, then, these solo sections also become commentaries—variations and developments of older musical ideas in a modern language. One can see this approach employed throughout a large part of the work. For example, the massive orchestral Dead March of the opening is accompanied by the choral chanting of the "*Requiescant*" on only two pitches: c-f#; this material and the smooth, ethereal, distant line for the boys' choir which enters later are then transformed into an ironic modern song with English text for the tenor and chamber orchestra. The song is in turn interrupted by the tolling of bells sounding the fateful c-f#, a sound picked up by the chorus as the basis

for a short *a cappella* chordal sequence which finally resolves the ambiguous interval in a strange and effective way.

The plan of the other movements is similar. The *Dies Irae*, with its trumpet calls and choral rhythmic pulse, is first interrupted by an effective, underplayed setting of Owen's bittersweet poem beginning "Bugles call"; it uses transformations of musical materials heard earlier in the choral sections. A series of contrasting dramatic movements follows. The *Dies Irae* returns in a tremendous climax which then subsides. At this point there is a master stroke: the same rhythmic pulse continues in the choral part of the *Lacrymosa*, but now soft and slow, and over this Britten imposes a melting, Verdian soprano line of great beauty. The section ends with the chorus and soprano alternating with a recitativo setting of another Owen poem and, finally, with a repetition of the sequence for bells and *a cappella* chorus that ended the first movement.

In several places Britten allows himself the luxury of brilliant, traditional, and affirmative choral writing, and then immediately contradicts it with solo writing of terrifying impact. The delightful fugue in the Offertorium and the buzzing, whispering *"Pleni sunt Coeli"* culminating in the joyous shout of the Hosanna are undercut by the bitter desolation of the solo sections following.

The tiny, classic, and beautiful Agnus Dei is the one section in which the Latin actually serves as a commentary on the English rather than the other way round. This is a subtle and lyric point of crossing between the two levels; the two musics are here thoroughly integrated and, for this one time only, one of the male soloists sings a Latin text. The *"Libera me"* is again a Dead March. By a remarkable process of quickening, it actually doubles up on itself to reach an enormous climax which then dissolves into the Requiem's longest solo section. The latter is a lengthy recitative which provides the literary and dramatic climax of the work in a cold, tense, and distant setting that gains exceptional strength and effectiveness from its very qualities of abstraction and indifference. The soft *"In Paradisum"* follows and, for a brief, quiet moment, all of the instrumental and choral forces are united. Then, once again, we hear the bells sounding the interval c-f# and, for the last time, the *a cappella* sequence with its curious final resolution.

It is easy to trace out a pack of influences on this music, ranging from Verdi to Stravinsky; one can also toss in a few parallels with Carl Orff for good measure. These things are not of any great importance because, in their essentials, Britten's ideas have distinct profiles and are always used in a way strictly relevant to their unique context. Then too, if the material of this Requiem always has character, it is also always plastic and thus capable of being transformed within the context of the whole. Thus, the constant contrasts and juxapositions of various sections and levels, although differing enormously in sound and character, are nonetheless achieved through relatively simple transformations of musical materials. These two principles of contrast and underlying interrelationship together form the structural basis of the work and serve to relate the literary, dramatic, and musical aspects of the conception.

The music of the *War* Requiem is full of repetitions, obvious symmetries, literalisms that seem almost naïve. The orchestral writing, particularly in the big choruses, consists largely of short figures whose very plainness and obviousness set off the vocal parts. While these qualities might be limitations in the hands of a lesser composer, with Britten they are assets. They enable him to convey in a way that is externally simple and natural ideas that are profound and full of rich musical and poetic resonances.

The problems of putting together a performance of a work of these dimensions are, of course, staggering. Here, the recorded results, if not perfect, are on an extraordinarily high level. The solo parts were written with the present singers in mind (note, by the way, that they represent three nations, parties to the last war). Fischer-Dieskau is the most consistent; he sings beautifully and with understanding, his pitch is always true, and his projection of English remarkable. Vishnevskaya is not altogether satisfactory in her first solos: she seems to have been having pitch trouble—perhaps the unfamiliar idiom was a problem. Later she settles down and her singing of the big solo in the *Lacrymosa* is nothing short of superb. Pears also starts slowly, but is heard to most impressive effect in the later parts of the work.

The instrumental performances are good and the choral singing is precise, clear, and full of expression. A special word should be put in for the boys' choir, which is remarkable both for quality of sound and for accuracy of projection and expression. Britten's direction is full of the vitality and dramatic thrust which composers sometimes seem to lack when conducting their own music; without neglecting the beautiful detail, he is never so concerned with it that he lets go of the all-important sense of phrase motion and big line.

Happily, London has brilliantly met the challenge of recording the various levels of soloists, chamber orchestra, large orchestra, full chorus, and boys' choir. Each is presented on a distinct plane of sound, yet each with clarity and richness. I have not yet heard the monophonic version, but it would seem that this is the sort of piece for which stereophonic recording might have been invented.

BRITTEN: *War Requiem, Op. 66*

Galina Vishnevskaya, soprano; Peter Pears, tenor; Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, baritone; Highgate School Choir; Bach Choir; London Symphony Orchestra Chorus; Melos Ensemble; London Symphony Orchestra, Benjamin Britten, cond.
• LONDON A 4255. Two LP. $9.96.
• • LONDON OSA 1255. SD. $11.96.

CLASSICAL

ARNOLD: *Trio for Piano and Strings, in D minor, Op. 54*—See Loeillet: *Trio Sonata for Piano and Strings, in B minor.*

BACH: *Concerto for Violin, Oboe, and Strings, in D minor, S. 1060*
†Vivaldi: *Concerto for Four Violins and Strings, in B minor, Op. 3, No. 10*
†Handel: *Concertos for Oboe and Strings: No. 1, in B flat; No. 2, in B flat; No. 3, in G minor*

Yehudi Menuhin, violin; Leon Goossens, oboe (in the Bach and the Handel); Bath Festival Chamber Orchestra, Yehudi Menuhin, cond.
• ANGEL 36103. LP. $4.98.
• • ANGEL S 36103. SD. $5.98.

Leon Goossens, one of the most admired oboe players in our century, is now in his late sixties, but he still pipes lustily and with consummate musicianship. His qualities are not displayed to best advantage here. The oboe concertos are only medium-grade Handel—No. 2 is the most substantial of the three—and in the Bach reconstruction (based on the C minor Concerto for two harpsichords) the oboe is too far back in the fast movements. The Vivaldi concerto is nicely played on the whole, although the tuttis in the finale seem rather heavy for this music. All together, this is not one of the more successful discs that Menuhin and his excellent ensemble have given us. N.B.

BACH: *Mass in B minor, S. 232*

Eleanor Steber, soprano; Rosalind Elias, contralto; Richard Verreau, tenor; Richard Cross, bass-baritone; Temple University Choirs; Philadelphia Orchestra, Eugene Ormandy, cond.
• COLUMBIA M3L 280. Three LP. $14.94.
• • COLUMBIA M3S 680. Three SD. $17.94.

This is a performance with a large chorus and apparently full orchestra. What the choral movements gain in monumentality from such numerous forces they lose in thickness of texture in the contrapuntal sections. Other recordings—for example Shaw on RCA Victor, Richter on Archive—have shown that thanks to the microphone and skillful engineering it is possible with forces hardly larger than those at Bach's disposal to achieve all the power needed, as well as the transparency required in the complicated polyphony. Ormandy's contribution is very good in some sections, less impressive in others. The *"Qui tollis,"* for instance, is beautifully done, the Sanctus seems to fill the skies; but there is no heartbreak in the *"Crucifixus,"* and in general not much evidence of any special insight. The chorus, directed by Robert E. Page, upholds the standards of Temple University, famous for years for the quality of its choirs. Its sound is smooth and round, it lets you hear important material in the middle voices, and except for a little faltering in the sopranos on a couple of high A's, it sings with spirit.

Of the soloists, Rosalind Elias stands out for the strength and expressiveness of her singing. There is, to my mind, not enough animation in her "*Laudamus te*," but her "*Qui sedes*" is fine, and the Agnus Dei very moving. Miss Steber gets off to a tremulous start in the "*Christe*" but she is somewhat steadier after that. Mr. Cross seems to be an able singer, but his tones are rather spread; his "*Quoniam*" is on the perfunctory side and lacks the dark majesty it can have. A well-focused tenor, rather light in color and weight, is revealed by Mr. Verreau, who gives an accurate account of the Benedictus.

Mention should be made, too, of Anshel Brusilow's exquisite violin playing in that movement, as well as the splendid work of the unnamed first trumpet throughout. The harpsichord used in the arias is usually a faint tinkle in the distant background, and the oboes sound like ordinary ones instead of oboi d'amore. Stereo is used to excellent effect: in the five-part choruses the two soprano lines are separated, as are the two choirs in the Osanna. N.B.

BARTOK: *Concerto for Violin and Orchestra*

György Garay, violin; Leipzig Radio Symphony Orchestra, Herbert Kegel, cond.
• DEUTSCHE GRAMMOPHON LPM 18786. LP. $5.98.
• • DEUTSCHE GRAMMOPHON SLPM 138786. SD. $6.98.

This is an excellent performance of an attractive work which, in view of the resurrection of the earlier Violin Concerto, should now actually be referred to as the Violin Concerto No. 2. For me, it is not Bartók's strongest work, but it contains much rich and sensuous music and enough serious musical thinking to make it all cohere. Inasmuch as it is also a big, public display piece and brilliantly written for the instrument, there is no doubt that the work takes an important place in that limited list of first-class violin concertos.

Garay is perfect for the solo. Technically, he is a demon; musically, he is all in sympathy. This is a really remarkable performance by a violinist of accomplishment and sensibility who obviously deserves to be better known on the international musical scene. The East German orchestra seems to provide fine support. I write thus qualifiedly because in fact I had a difficult time making out a good deal of what was going on in the orchestral parts. I am fairly certain that the fault is in the sound characteristics of the recording, which are dark and miasmic. The violin floats on the top without any trouble, but the orchestral sound underneath is hard to get into focus. I found that a good-sized boost in the treble helped matters somewhat; in any case, the defect is almost worth putting up with for the sake of Garay's stunning solo playing. E.S.

György Garay: demon fiddler.

BEETHOVEN: *An die ferne Geliebte, Op. 98*—See Schumann: *Dichterliebe, Op. 48.*

BEETHOVEN: *Sonatas for Piano: No. 14, in C sharp minor, Op. 27, No. 2 ("Moonlight"); No. 26, in E flat, Op. 81a ("Les Adieux"). Andante Favori*
†Schumann: *Vogel als Prophet*

Benno Moiseiwitsch, piano.
• DECCA 10067. LP. $4.98.
• • DECCA 710067. SD. $5.98.

If you look upon these works as romantic pieces, best realized in a ripely expressive manner with a tasteful application of sentiment, Moiseiwitsch offers the best of the stereo editions, even surpassing the recent Rubinstein set. The Schumann, a short filler on the overside, is a welcome touch.

The piano sound is exceptionally good, with a distinct improvement in the stereo version. R.C.M.

BEETHOVEN: *Symphony No. 7, in A, Op. 92*

Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra, William Steinberg, cond.
• COMMAND CC 11014. LP. $4.98.
• • COMMAND CC 11014SD. SD. $5.98.

Amsterdam Concertgebouw Orchestra, Wolfgang Sawallisch, cond.
• PHILIPS PHM 500019. LP. $4.98.
• • PHILIPS PHS 900019. SD. $5.98.

With two dozen versions of this work currently available, including the excellent Klemperer and Ansermet editions and others from conductors of the highest international reputation, it would be the height of dogmatism to proclaim any one of them as the best.

It is no discovery to find that Steinberg plays this music well. His original stereo version for Capitol was the best two-channel account of the music we had for a considerable time, and I suspect that many listeners will regard this new one in the same light. The approach is very orthodox and German, with stanch rhythms and firm orchestral registration. I admire its steady propulsive quality, its well-calculated dynamics, and its generally open textures. (As in Steinberg's Brahms, you seem to hear into the ensemble; the secondary voices are not lost.) Steinberg does not romanticize the music, but he knows how to turn a good phrase and draw out a singing line. The best-known and obvious effects of the score are all realized, therefore, as well as the passages which require a skilled hand and well-disciplined mind on the podium. And in this disc, as in other Command releases, we hear a symphony orchestra recorded in such a way that it sounds exactly like a symphony orchestra.

For myself, however, if I were in the market for a stereo Beethoven Seventh of the highest quality (musical and technical), I would buy the Sawallisch set. The orchestra is a great one, and the conductor has the vigor and imagination of youth, qualities of the greatest importance when playing one of "the fifty famous pieces." His sense of style is secure, his performance is a strong one with the solid sonorities of the German tradition, while rhythmically the music has much of the lightness and fire which Latin conductors bring to it. The overside includes the *King Stephan* Overture, and while no one is going to buy the disc just for this work, I must say that I have never heard it better played. R.C.M.

BEETHOVEN: *Symphonies*

No. 1, in C, Op. 21; No. 2, in D, Op. 36; No. 3, in E flat, Op. 55 ("Eroica"); No. 4, in B flat, Op. 60; No. 5, in C minor, Op. 67; No. 6, in F, Op. 68 ("Pastoral"); No. 7, in A, Op. 92; No. 8, in F, Op. 93; No. 9, in D minor, Op. 125 ("Choral").

Inge Borkh, soprano, Ruth Stewart, contralto, Richard Lewis, tenor, Ludwig Weber, bass, Beecham Choral Society (in No. 9); Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, René Leibowitz, cond.
• READER'S DIGEST. Seven LP. $12.98. (Available only from *Reader's Digest*, Pleasantville, N.Y.)
• • READER'S DIGEST. Seven SD. $14.98. (Available only from *Reader's Digest*, Pleasantville, N.Y.)

There is no better introduction to classical music than these nine mighty works, and because of their almost universal appeal it is only natural that various mail-order record merchandisers should offer luxuriously packaged complete sets of them. Nowadays, any conductor whose reputation is to be esteemed in any degree will have already committed his renditions of the complete cycle to disc, or be, at least, well on the way toward achieving that end.

The most widely publicized integral edition of "the nine" (and probably, in addition, the most widely circulated) has been the RCA Victor album conducted by Arturo Toscanini. The Maestro recorded these performances between the years 1949 and 1954, and in all but one case they represent his final recorded statements of the Symphonies (the exception is the *Eroica*, of which a later, far superior Toscanini version from December 6, 1953 is available singly on LM 2387). The engineering is not always of the best, and the performances themselves do not consistently remain on the incandescent heights which the Maestro reached on other occasions; but the set does convey a reasonable likeness of the Beethoven playing which was internationally revered for over four decades. Other recorded performances of the Symphonies may have equal validity and better sonics, but Toscanini's will always be regarded as the standard edition by the majority of record collectors.

Leibowitz has attempted in his set to venture along the same road. Certainly in most externals he follows Toscanini's example. For one thing, the present conductor leads a volatile rather than a deliberate Beethoven: his readings are brisk in tempo, brassy rather than mel-

low in sonority. In the question of repeats too, he follows Toscanini's lead in every case: first movement expositions are taken in Nos. 1, 5, 6, and 8 but not in 2, 3, 4, or 7. The full repeats are happily observed in the scherzos of Nos. 6 and 9, and the important expositions of the finales of Nos. 1 and 4 are also taken. The second part of the Trio is repeated the first time in the third movement of No. 7, but not on the second time around. All other repeats (save those of the Scherzo-Minuet movements, which virtually everyone observes) are eschewed.

Leibowitz also appears to be using the texts which were touched-up by Toscanini in his later years. There is a bit of extra timpani in the Storm of No. 6, ends on the violin trills in the second movement of that work, and trumpet revisions at the end of the first movement of the *Eroica*. One can also hear that Leibowitz reënforces the woodwinds with horns in the scherzo of No. 9 (although this is common practice these days). On the other hand, Leibowitz favors the conventional reading (three detached notes instead of a tie) at measure 256 in the Trio of the *Eroica*'s third movement, and does without extra timpani at the beginning of the recapitulation in the first movement of No. 8.

If, however, these performances are reminiscent of Toscanini's, they are also on a much lower plane of sensitivity. Leibowitz's renditions, expert and generally well played as they are, do not carry the poise or the depth which a true master would lavish on masterpieces.

Beethoven's compositional style is largely one of harmonic and rhythmic development, and practically all of Leibowitz's deficiences are in the realm of rhythmic control. The conductor does not always observe the specific timings of note relationships with adequate precision, and as a result the music tends at times to run ahead of itself. The problem is at its most acute in the opening movements of Nos. 3 and 7. In each case, there is too much stress on the bar line, not enough on the melodic width of the musical thought; both works "tick on" loosely in a vertical strait jacket instead of unfolding with horizontal breadth. A similar type of metric palsy is encountered in the scherzo of No. 9 and the finale of No. 5. The *Scene by the Brookside* on No. 6 becomes impeded by imprecise placement of metric accents. It is, indeed, rather heavy going.

Other interpretative lapses which must be noted are the near-allegretto pace set for the sublime Adagio of the Ninth and the abrupt—in fact, brutal—phrasing of the recitativos at the beginning of the *Ode to Joy*.

However, as a low-priced, finely recorded stereo version of the Nine, the virtues of Leibowitz's generally clean, vital, and uneccentric readings make the edition a worthy one. The basic essence of the music is conveyed (especially in the performances of Symphonies Nos. 1, 2, 4, 8, and most of No. 9) and should give pleasure to the noncritical listener mainly bent on enjoying the music per se. The orchestra, aside from a few uneasinesses of ensemble, is extremely fine, and the vocal quartet in No. 9 is a good one (although Ludwig Weber does bellow more these days than he used to: cf. his work in the old Kleiber set).

The seven records come in a sturdy presentation box and are accompanied by an attractive brochure. The distribution of the music (Victor, please note) is in manual sequence. For which, praise be. Coupling these symphonies for automatic record changers is, to my mind, nothing short of sheer idiocy; I have yet to see even the most ardent professional musician who could take all these tremendous works in a single listening. H.G.

BEETHOVEN: *Trio for Piano and Strings, No. 7, in B flat, Op. 97 ("Archduke")*

Sandor Végh, violin; Pablo Casals, cello; Mieczyslaw Horszowski, piano.
• PHILIPS PHM 500016. LP. $4.98.
• • PHILIPS PHS 900016. SD. $5.98.

It was only a few years ago that Casals was secluding himself in Prades, refusing even to set foot on the soil of any nation that as much as recognized the Franco regime in Spain. What irony to find him turning up now on a recording made in Germany.

The rather surprising nature of the situation extends to the performance itself: this is a very slow, pensive, and subjective affair. I expect that everyone will respect it, but I feel that few will actually enjoy listening to it more than occasionally. I have heard the recording now some half dozen or so times (hardly enough to form any sort of definitive opinion about so unconventional a performance), but I do not honestly expect to grow any fonder of it upon greater familiarity.

My chief doubts concern the tempos adapted by the present team: they are, to my mind, slower than the music can sustain. The *Archduke* Trio is a vast piece of musical architecture, but its glory lies in its golden melodiousness and joyous *brio* rather than in any special harmonic ingeniousness. For all its length, the piece is plainly middle-period Beethoven, the Beethoven of the *Pastoral* Symphony rather than the Beethoven of the late Quartets. You would never guess that from the present performance, which is cerebral and just a shade crotchety in its outlook. The emotional involvement into which one expects to be swept up is quite lacking. And one can hardly fail to notice that some of the ensemble is very ragged (the unison at the start of Variation 2 in the third movement almost disastrously so) and that intonation, not of the best to begin with, deteriorates in the finale.

The sound of the recording, though clear enough, is terribly remote. Végh's small, pure tone is slighted by the microphone balance, and Casals' cello, which is beginning to sound a bit husky these days, is far from flatteringly reproduced. But sonic deficiencies and idiosyncrasies of performance notwithstanding, this disc documents a deeply thoughtful interpretation by three great musicians—and as such, it cannot afford to be dismissed easily. H.G.

BRAHMS: *Symphony No. 2, in D, Op. 73*

Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra, Joseph Keilberth, cond.
• TELEFUNKEN TC 8054. LP. $1.98.
• • TELEFUNKEN TCS 18054. SD. $2.98.

A warm, broad, relaxed reading, especially in the first two movements, and one in which a good deal of attention has been paid to subtle details of phrasing. The result is a performance of considerable eloquence and nobility, tempered by plenty of rhythmic strength in the finale.

While the recorded sound is certainly not spectacular (there might have been more fullness and warmth in the strings), it is more than satisfactory both in mono and in stereo, making this the best low-priced Brahms Second in the current catalogue. P.A.

BRITTEN: *Rejoice in the Lamb* †Kodály: *Missa Brevis*

Canterbury Choral Society, Charles Dodsley Walker, cond.
• CANTERBURY CHORAL SOCIETY 6651. LP. $4.50. (Available on special order only, from 2 E. 90th St., New York 28, N.Y.)

This is a recording of a "service of music" held at the Church of the Heavenly Rest in New York on Sunday, February 18, 1962. Like most recordings of its kind, it is inconsistent in volume level and has some extraneous noises, but these matters are of no special importance. The sound as a whole is very good, the performance is excellent, and the works are beautiful.

Britten's *Rejoice in the Lamb* is a setting of parts of a poem by the eighteenth-century mystic Christopher Smart. The text is wildly visionary one minute and naïvely lovely the next, as Smart turns from a tormented search for New Testament symbolism in Old Testament names to describe how his cat praises the Lord in his daily acts and how "the Mouse is of an hospitable disposition"; the work ends with a gleaming study of the rhymes for the names of musical instruments, ending "For the Trumpet of God is a blessed intelligence and so are the instruments of Heaven/For God the Father plays upon the Harp of stupendous magnitude and melody." This kind of thing is much to Britten's taste, and he sets it with a wealth of charming melody and vocal effect (solo and choral). There is also a masterly use of the organ, which may well owe much to David M. Lowry, the organist here, and the Austin instrument at the Church of the Heavenly Rest.

The Kodály *Missa Brevis* is a sturdy, powerful, dramatic work with the vitality and richness of effect characteristic of that composer at his best. The solo voices of Gabriella Dreher, Mary Terrell, Miriam Boyer, Richard Porter, and Richard Shuss play a predominant role here, and the same singers plus a boy soprano named Donald van der Schans play leading roles in the Britten. A.F.

BRITTEN: *War Requiem, Op. 66*

Soloists; Choruses; London Symphony Orchestra, Benjamin Britten, cond.

For a feature review of this recording, see page 51.

COPLAND: *Sonata for Piano: Sonata for Violin and Piano: Vitebsk*

Hilde Somer, piano; Carroll Glenn, violin (in the Sonata for Violin and Piano and *Vitebsk*); Charles McCracken, cello (in *Vitebsk*).
• COMPOSERS RECORDINGS CRI 171. LP. $5.95.

These works are among the classics of modern American music. All have repeatedly appeared on discs in the past, but none of them has been more beautifully performed in previous recordings and none has been more successfully registered from the purely tonal point of view. Miss Glenn's sense of the lofty,

singing lyricism of the Violin Sonata is aptly balanced by Miss Somer's emphasis on the dramatic qualities of the Piano Sonata. The trio *Vitebsk*, a one-movement work based on an old Jewish theme associated with the city that gives the piece its title, is one of Copland's earliest compositions. In the old days people use to preface it with warning signals—"Tough going, modern music ahead!"—but today it is inconceivable that any such approach to it was ever employed. The main thing is that *Vitebsk*, which dates from 1929, and the two Sonatas, from the 1940s, not only have lost none of their vitality but now take on the added interest of their response to various interpretations. A.F.

DELLO JOIO: *Fantasy and Variations for Piano and Orchestra*
†Ravel: *Concerto for Piano and Orchestra, in G*

Lorin Hollander, piano; Boston Symphony Orchestra, Erich Leinsdorf, cond.
• RCA VICTOR LM 2667. LP. $4.98.
• • RCA VICTOR LSC 2667. SD. $5.98.

The accompanying program notes for this disc stress the Dello Joio composition's "almost straight line of descent from the Ravel Concerto." To my ears, the work's opening extended piano solo followed by the crashing orchestral outburst has much more of the stark quality of the other Ravel Concerto, that for the Left Hand; and as a matter of fact, the basic schematic design of the Fantasy and Variations—the use of a four-note sequence as a unifying factor—can be traced backward from Schumann's *Carnaval* and Beethoven's *Kreutzer* Sonata to Bach's *Art of the Fugue*. There is, however, one big difference between the new Dello Joio creation and those earlier paradigms of motivic writing: in those works, that compositional technique was used incidentally, whereas in the present opus it often comes perilously close to becoming an end in itself. Dello Joio is a fine craftsman, and while he can never once be accused of bad taste here, it seems to me that he has produced a rather arid and antiseptic *Formulastück*. Hollander plays it cleanly and percussively, and Leinsdorf's support is a model of efficiency.

In the Ravel (which is, of course, to be regarded as an enduring masterpiece) Hollander's slightly romanticized playing of the slow movement contrasts mildly with Leinsdorf's painstakingly objective accompaniment. Neither participant, however, displays enough personality for the interaction between them to amount to anything even remotely resembling a clash of temperaments. The outer movements are treated very cautiously, proving that young Hollander has gained finer control over his tone than was the case a few years ago, but all the witty, satiric point of the music is lost in the process. Clothed in RCA's suave but soft-spoken Dynagroove sound, this version probably amounts to the mildest-mannered recorded performance of the Ravel ever. Bernstein (Columbia), Michelangeli (Angel), and François (also Angel) are all definitely to be preferred. H.G.

FAURE: *Piano Works*

Barcarolles: No. 1, in A minor; No. 4, in A flat; No. 6, in E flat; No. 7, in D minor; No. 10, in A minor; No. 11, in G minor; No. 12, in E flat; No. 13, in C. Nocturnes: No. 1, in E flat minor; No. 4, in E flat; No. 5, in B flat; No. 6, in D flat; No. 9, in B minor; No. 10, in E minor; No. 12, in E minor. Trois romances sans paroles. Valse caprice, No. 2, in D flat.

Grant Johannesen, piano.
• GOLDEN CREST CR 4048. Two LP. $9.96.

This album is the third—and concluding—installment in Golden Crest's edition of the complete Fauré piano music. When reviewing the first issue, I praised Johannesen's clean, strong, and idiomatic interpretations and complimented Golden Crest for restoring to the catalogue a segment of music which had been woefully ignored. My admiration for the pianist continues, and I retain my fondness for Fauré's music—which, while reminiscent in many ways of Chopin, is also anticipatory of Rachmaninoff and early twentieth-century vaudeville rhetoric. A little of it does go a long way, however, and I doubt if many listeners will want to own all three volumes of the music.

In any case, the surfaces of the present disc are so bad that it cannot possibly be recommended. The trouble obviously stems from Golden Crest's use of a substandard pressing material. Aside from the distortion troubles, the brittle (and I suspect, breakable) substance lends a hard, tinny quality to the basically very good piano tone apparently on the tape master. H.G.

FLANAGAN: *The Lady of Tearful Regret*—See Ives: *Washington's Birthday.*

HANDEL: *Concertos for Oboe and Strings: No. 1, in B flat; No. 2, in B flat; No. 3, in G minor*—See Bach: *Concerto for Violin, Oboe, and Strings, in D minor, S. 1060.*

HANDEL: *Saul*

Jennifer Vyvyan (s) Michal; Helen Watts (c), David; Herbert Handt (t), Jonathan; Thomas Hemsley (bs), Saul; Copenhagen Boys Choir; Vienna Symphony Orchestra, Mogens Wøldike, cond.
• VANGUARD BG 642/44. Three LP. $14.96.
• • VANGUARD BGS 5054/56. Three SD. $17.85.

Winton Dean, whose book on Handel's oratorios is the most penetrating study of those works to be published so far, regards *Saul* as "one of the supreme masterpieces of dramatic art, comparable with the *Oresteia* and *King Lear* in the grandeur of its theme and the certainty and skill of its execution." One need not follow Mr. Dean all the way up the peak on which he places *Saul* to welcome this new recording. For if the work will seem to some listeners rather lacking in that very "intensity of expression" which Dean finds present to an extraordinary degree, it does contain magnificent music. And the only other recording available for years is mediocre in performance and sound and sung in German.

It is mainly in the choruses that we find Handel at his inimitable best. In the delightful welcome song with bells and in the touching threnody over Saul and Jonathan, the wonderful fugue "Preserve him" and the noble opening and closing choruses, there is the rich Handelian invention and the composer's sovereign technical mastery. In the solo music he seems to me less inspired, but even here there are some lovely things, such as Michal's "See, with what a scornful air" and David's "O Lord." The role of David, originally written for a countertenor, is handled by Miss Watts with authority and accuracy, although her pleasant voice is more firmly supported in some passages than in others. Miss Vyvyan is in top form here; her portrayal of Michal is tender and appealing. Herbert Handt sings capably, rising to imposing expressivity in the accompanied recitative "O filial piety!" Thomas Hemsley, however, seldom seems aware that he is participating in an unstaged drama.

Wøldike does not strain after monumentality but achieves power when it is needed. He brings out telling details without loss of momentum, and except for one or two moments of off-pitch playing, keeps his forces well in hand. There are several cuts in the first and second acts, mostly in the role of Merab and none of them very serious. The chorus is first-class, the sound splendidly real in both versions. N.B.

HAYDN: *Symphonies*

No. 82, in C ("L'Ours"); No. 83, in G minor ("La Poule"); No. 84, in E flat; No. 85, in B flat ("La Reine"); No. 86, in D; No. 87, in A.

Orchestre de la Suisse Romande, Ernest Ansermet, cond.
• LONDON A 2306. Three LP. $14.94.
• • LONDON OSA 2306. Three SD. $17.94.

Next to the final dozen symphonies

written for Salomon of London, the "Paris" Symphonies are the most important group of scores in Haydn's contribution to orchestral literature. Every one is a masterpiece, and a complete edition was long overdue. The last time I talked with Bruno Walter I begged him to attempt it, recalling the great beauty of his old recording of No. 86. He said, with sadness, that he doubted if the time remained with him for such a project, and he was right. There was not even time for Max Goberman, Walter's junior by more than three decades.

Where others have failed, Ansermet has found success. Until this set appeared only half these scores were available, and the out-of-print titles included such miraculous things as the bear dance finale to No. 82 and the sublime Largo movement of No. 86. If you collect eighteenth-century music and lack recordings of either work, waste no time reading reviews. This set is a necessity.

I have checked the album against the competitive editions, finding in every case that its merits equal or are greater than those of the rival sets. There really is not much of a choice in engineering terms, so superior are Ansermet's sonics. This is a very bright, vivid picture of a small orchestra. The stereo separation is excellent, and the sense of presence forceful in the extreme.

The main thing of course is the music which is, in turns, gallant, witty, lyric, lively, and moving in the familiar manner of Haydn's finest moments. I should not think that more need be said, except that Ansermet seems fully in sympathy with the composer, fully cognizant of his intentions, and fully capable of giving him distinguished performances. A major gap in the catalogue has been filled with an album to be respected for years to come. R.C.M.

IBERT: *Escales*—See Ravel: *Rapsodie espagnole.*

IVES: *Washington's Birthday; Hallowe'en; The Pond; Central Park in the Dark*
†Flanagan: *The Lady of Tearful Regret*

Eva Törklep Larson, soprano, Yngvar Krogh, baritone (in the Flanagan); Imperial Philharmonic of Tokyo (in *Washington's Birthday*), Members of the Oslo Philharmonic Orchestra, William Strickland, cond.
• Composers Recordings CRI 163. LP. $5.95.

Washington's Birthday is the best-known (relatively speaking) section from Ives's four-movement symphony entitled *Holidays*. It was published years ago in the *New Music Edition*, and there was a report that the Berlin Philharmonic once tried to play the piece from photostats of the score but gave it up as hopeless. As far as is known definitely, the first performance took place only a few years ago at Columbia University in a concert conducted by Stokowski. That occasion attracted a great deal of attention—there was much to-do about finding a professional musician who could play the jew's-harp and also read the rather complex part indicated by Ives for this twangy, rural instrument! One wonders now where the Imperial Philharmonic of Tokyo managed to find such a jew's-harp virtuoso. . . .

As usual in dealing with Ives, we find

an incredible story about an incredible piece of music. Remember, we are talking about a work written in 1909 by the great American pioneer and first performed only in the Nineteen Fifties. The first movement has four distinct sections: a long, strange, slow, muted opening scored mainly for quiet, dissonant strings of great density and thickness combined with effects of low winds and distant bells; suddenly we are plunged into a hilarious barn dance with horrible out-of-tune fiddling and all kinds of raucous noises; then, after an incredibly wild climax, we hear a real corn-ball sentimental tune complete with barber-shop harmonies and supplemented by the sound of an out-of-tune fiddle still scraping away in the next room; finally, a bit of *Good Night, Ladies* in an outrageous harmonization and then a fade-out into nothing.

All of this has Ives's customary literary basis. The score is prefaced with a little introduction which quotes from Thoreau and Whittier and makes it quite clear that we are to imagine a cold, snowy New England winter's night, with a glimpse of a big barn-dance social being held to scraping fiddles and sentimental harmonizing. As in listening to almost all of Ives, we are faced with a simple aesthetic decision: if we're willing to accept all kinds of nonmusical absurdities, internal musical contradictions, literalisms, impossibilities, musical gags, external references, and incredible naïvetés, why then, this is marvelous stuff. Like Whitman, Ives was big enough to contradict himself, to contain multitudes—one must only be willing to allow him so much.

Hallowe'en and *The Pond* are tiny examples of the sort of musical jottings and aphorisms to which Ives was addicted. *Hallowe'en* consists of a couple of pages of running, buzzing music repeated four times, with new parts and accelerated speed on each trip round; the climax and the final cadence is a classic and hilarious example of an Ives-ian C major musical absurdity. *The Pond* consists only of a few impressionistic bars for rippling strings with harp, celesta, and piano, serving as accompaniment for a very small, sticky-sweet, bad little tune of the kind which Ives loved so dearly; it is played by, or one should say dripped out of, a trumpet.

Central Park in the Dark is a bigger and more effective conception—in fact, in its programmatic basis very close to *Washington's Birthday*. Again there are the close, dissonant, nighttime chords for the strings, here continuing without change for the entire length of the work. Again we have some soft solos for low winds and then a slow infusion of dance music—jazz in this work—in the form of distant piano sounds. There is a big crescendo and speed-up; the winds chirp, the pianos pound away, the clarinet and then the trumpet pick up the wail, there is an incredibly raucous climax, and then nothing is left except the soft, distant, dissonant strings wending their way across the background as though nothing had ever happened. This piece is remarkable, even among the composer's own works, for its great intensity. It has no trace of the usual Ives good humor and geniality; its cleverness is almost grim, and there is a kind of constant drive and intensity in the piece from beginning to end. The impact is enormous.

There is no point in pretending that these are ideal performances: they are not, nor is the recording exceptional. It takes great performances to clarify some of the denseness and muddiness inherent in a lot of the composer's orchestral writing and, if anything, these performances lack lightness and clarity of articulation. But they certainly do convey a genuine sense of the music with great directness and without distortion. This essential virtue, together with the importance and rarity of the music itself, elevates these recordings almost to the status of documents.

Although the Flanagan work is rather tame stuff by comparison with all the shenanigans on the overside, it is a consistent, responsible piece of music and contains much that is very beautiful. Mr. Flanagan has set a poem by Edward Albee for coloratura soprano and baritone and small orchestra; the composer uses a familiar, tonal, "American" idiom with a great deal of skill and care. The ideas are not extraordinary, but they are attractive and worked out with great character and a fine sense of lyric flow. I myself prefer the work in its original seven-instrument setting; the orchestral version with augmented strings heard here seems to me to rob the music of some of its very specific character; on the other hand, the larger forces add a sense of scope and power. At any rate, the performance is good, and a special credit should go to the two capable soloists for handling an English text with exceptional clarity and projection. E.S.

KODALY: *Missa Brevis*—See Britten: *Rejoice in the Lamb.*

LOCATELLI: *Art of the Violin, Op. 3, Nos. 1-6*

Susanne Lautenbacher, violin; Mainz Chamber Orchestra, Günter Kehr, cond.
• Vox VPX 540. Three LP. $14.94.
• • Vox SVPX 540. Three SD. $14.94.

The first four concertos of this group were reviewed in these pages when they appeared on two separate discs. Vox labels the album "Vol. I," so we may assume that eventually all twelve concertos of Op. 3 will be made available. Nos. 1, 8, and 9 were recently recorded by I Musici for Epic in generally excellent performances; otherwise the *Art of the Violin* is not represented on discs. This is music of more than ordinary interest. Not only does it mark a step forward in the development of violin playing in general and the violin concerto in particular, but much of it is substantial enough to make it well worth hearing for its own sake, aside from historical considerations.

Locatelli seems to have learned much from Corelli and Vivaldi, but his concertos are less schematic than the latter's and his melody and harmony warmer and richer than the former's. The special feature of these works is the "capriccios," long and elaborate optional cadenzas supplied by the composer for each of the fast movements. Miss Lau-

don't miss a word of this

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tenbacher plays them with good tone and technique. The cantabile passages are expressively sung, and the double stops played cleanly and on pitch. The orchestral contribution is satisfactory, the sound resonant and realistic. N.B.

LOEILLET: *Trio Sonata for Piano and Strings, in B minor*
†Arnold: *Trio for Piano and Strings, in D minor, Op. 54*
†Shostakovich: *Trio for Piano and Strings, in E minor, Op. 67*

Lyric Trio.
• CONCERTDISC CM 1234. LP. $4.98.
• • CONCERTDISC CS 234. SD. $5.98.

The work by Jean Baptiste Loeillet is short, gracious, and beautiful, in that baroque master's finest vein. The Trio by the modern English composer Malcolm Arnold is short, academic, and dull. The Trio by Shostakovich is long and magnificent. Composed in memory of a close friend, it is a remarkably intense and intimate composition, and, like so much of Shostakovich's chamber music, its idiom is rather more advanced and experimental than that of his orchestral works. The Lyric Trio, a Chicago group, plays superbly, and the recording is of the very finest quality. A.F.

MAHLER: *Symphony No. 2, in C minor ("Resurrection")*

Elisabeth Schwarzkopf, soprano; Hilde Rössl-Majdan, mezzo; Philharmonia Chorus and Orchestra, Otto Klemperer, cond.
• ANGEL 3634B. Two LP. $9.96.
• • ANGEL S 3634B. Two SD. $11.96.

This Symphony scares engineers to death, including, as it does, some of the quietest quiets (sometimes with off-stage instruments playing softly) to some of the loudest louds in the repertory. No recording has yet done it justice, but this comes as near to the mark as any so far. It was made in a good hall, and it respects the general dynamic scheme.

Unfortunately, it runs scared too much of the time. The entire mastering process seems to have been governed by a rule that the amplitude must be kept within reasonable limits for the loud passages, which means the quiet ones are so very quiet that any intrusion of surface noise, hum, rumble, or tube hiss is serious competition for the music. If you have a faultless system and faultless records, this will sound wonderful. If your copy is the least bit noisy, it is worthless. Angel would be well advised to remaster the set and give the quiet passages more of a level, even if that meant some diminution of the dynamic range. Better yet, why doesn't the company issue it on tape, where there is no problem of surface noise? Angel's mono set is, I think, probably the best mono version of this music we have ever had. Naturally, the stereo sounds more spacious and is to be preferred, but it also offers greater room for improvement.

The anxieties of the engineers in the tape to disc transfer apparently simply duplicated those of the crew which made the tapes. The microphone placement is quite distant from the orchestra and chorus. ("Mind it, 'arry, it may blow up.") You will find the results pleasing enough to the ear, but there is little sense of intimacy. RCA Victor's recent Mahler First conveyed an artfully contrived impression of front-row contact with the performers. The seats we are given for the present recording are good ones, but in the balcony. Perhaps I should add that neither the Scherchen nor the Walter sets managed to do any better, however.

Klemperer recorded this music for Vox a good many years ago, and it was then a version to have, despite inferior sound. His mastery of the score is just as complete now, and the performance is a great one, quite on a par with the Walter version. I prefer the soloists here, particularly Schwarzkopf, who makes a considerable impression in a relatively brief appearance. Chorus and orchestra are of high quality and have been well drilled in the style. R.C.M.

MONTEVERDI: *Secular Vocal Works*

Hugues Cuenod, tenor; Daniel Pinkham, harpsichord; Judith Davidoff, viola da gamba; Robert Brink, violin.
• MUSIC GUILD 27. LP. $5.50.
• • MUSIC GUILD S 27. SD. $6.50.

This album holds a fascinating selection of pieces for one voice with accompaniment. They are all love songs, but differ considerably in form. One is a kind of heightened recitative, others are true songs, and still others are a mixture of both. The first, a "Love Letter" from the Seventh Book of madrigals (1619), is perhaps the most remarkable work on the disc. Although it takes more than twelve minutes, and is accompanied only by an occasional chord, Monteverdi handles the text so inventively that the

interest never flags. Of course it takes a fine artist to do it justice. Cuenod gives it a splendid performance, alive, fervent, conveying by dynamics, phrasing, and coloring every shade of meaning. Everywhere in these pieces, which range from the operatic "Love Letter" to the delightful little folklike song *Maledetto sia l'aspetto*, we find Monteverdi painting words in tones: an amusing instance is the descending chromatic figure on the word for "languishing" in *La mia turca*. Cuenod is consistently fine throughout, and he is ably supported by Pinkham, whose imaginative and sometimes exuberant realizations of the continuo (as in *Ohimè ch'io cado*) are to me quite convincing. Good sound. N.B.

MOZART: *Arias*

Maria Stader, soprano; Salzburg Camerata Academica, Bernhard Paumgartner, cond.
• DEUTSCHE GRAMMOPHON LPEM 19369. L.P. $5.98.
• • DEUTSCHE GRAMMOPHON SLPEM 136369. SD. $6.98.

Maria Stader has long since proved what an admirable Mozart singer she is, for example in Decca's *Seraglio* and *Magic Flute*. Here she places us further in her debt by offering a collection of unhackneyed works: three arias from *Il Re pastore* (but not the familiar "*L'amerò, sarò costante*"), two from *Idomeneo*, and four concert arias. They do not call for great variety in vocal coloring. What they need is lovely tone, a wide range, and plenty of agility. These qualities Miss Stader supplies. If rapid sixteenth-note figures in *Voi avete un cor fidele*, K. 217, are not immaculate, they are sung with instrumental precision everywhere else. If, in *Vorrei spiegarvi*, K. 418, Miss Stader transposes a passage down a third to avoid some high Es, she hits a resounding high D in the same piece. She takes long phrases in one breath, and adds little cadenzas where Mozart indicated them. The other concert arias are the charming *Nehmt meinen Dank*, K. 383, *and Chi sà, chi sà, qual sia*, K. 582—a beauty.

The orchestral contribution is not the most polished imaginable but it is quite adequate, and in "*Se il padre perdei*," from *Idomeneo*, with its difficult and exposed wind parts, it is much better than that. Except in one or two spots where the orchestra is a little too loud, the sound is very good. Complete texts, in the original and in English translation, are provided. N.B.

MOZART: *Concertos for Violin and Orchestra: No. 3, in G, K. 216; No. 5, in A, K. 219*

Arthur Grumiaux, violin; London Symphony Orchestra, Colin Davis, cond.
• PHILIPS PHM 500012. L.P. $4.98.
• • PHILIPS PHS 900012. SD. $5.98.

Arthur Grumiaux is a distinguished artist, and his performances here are first-class violin playing, faithfully engraved by the Philips engineers. As Mozart interpretations, however, they seem to me rather wide of the mark. The A major Concerto is one of the sunniest of the youthful master's works, and the occasional cloud that passes over the sun is fluffy and white. But Mr. Grumiaux sees drama and conflict here. The playing of both the soloist and the orchestra is tense and nervous, the slow movement lacks tranquility, and in the "Turkish" music of the finale an amusing entertainer is metamorphosed into a rather scary whirling dervish. Very much the same situation obtains in the G major Concerto. Excellent fiddling, but rather distorted Mozart. N.B.

OFFENBACH: *Overtures*

La Vie parisienne; Orphée aux Enfers; Monsieur et Madame Denis; La belle Hélène; La Grande Duchesse de Gérolstein; Barbe-bleue.

Vienna State Opera Orchestra, Hermann Scherchen, cond.
• WESTMINSTER XWN 19035. L.P. $4.98.
• • WESTMINSTER WST 17035. SD. $5.98.

Coming from the hand of a conductor who generally gives us works of a weightier kind, this disc is a happy surprise. The half-dozen performances are as light and bubbling as one will find anywhere, and the music itself is delightfully fresh. Aside from the Overtures to *Orpheus in Hades* and *La belle Hélène* one seldom encounters these pieces, either on or off records. Except for its principal waltz, the Overture to *Monsieur et Madame Denis*, for instance, was a complete novelty to me, and it was with considerable relish that I discovered its slow introduction to be a sly quotation of the Burgundian Christmas carol *Patapan*. The playing throughout is marked by both warmth and crispness, and the sound is outstandingly clean and free from distortion. Altogether, this recording should make an ideal album for hot-weather listening. P.A.

PROKOFIEV: *Sonatas for Piano: No. 6, in A, Op. 82; No. 8, in B flat, Op. 84. Sonatine pastorale, in C, Op. 59, No. 3. Paysage, Op. 59, No. 2. Pensée No. 3, Op. 62. Cinderella Ballet: Gavotte*
†Rachmaninoff: *Preludes, Op. 23: No. 4, in D; No. 5, in G minor*

Sviatoslav Richter, piano.
• COLUMBIA M2L 282. Two LP. $9.96.
• • COLUMBIA M2S 282. Two SD. $11.96.

Richter's way with Prokofiev's music is quite different from that of the steely-fingered, galvanic young virtuosos who are springing up all around us; it is also considerably closer to the composer's own interpretative approach. Percussive, motoric energy is underplayed here, and the basic stress is on the immaculate proportion, the coloristic sensitivity, and the impressionist lyricism of the writing.

The real prize of the set is the great performance of the fine Sixth Sonata. Richter handles the technical hurdles with an ease that seems nearly miraculous. His breathtakingly rapid tempos for the second and fourth movements bind the sometimes slack quality of the music together with revelatory conviction, and contrast beautifully with the melting cantabile of the slow section and dramatic *brio* of the opening movement.

The shorter pieces are tender and evocative, with the *Cinderella* gavotte, in particular, delightfully piquant. The Eighth Sonata is played a little more quickly and excitingly here than it is on Richter's studio-made version for DGG, but the latter disc has a brighter, less massive type of sound. The Rachmaninoff Preludes (given, with the *Cinderella* excerpt, as encores at the artist's October 28, 1960, New York recital and not on the October 23 program as were the other pieces preserved here) are well done—the lyrical No. 4 especially so.

The recorded sound is, happily, much better than on the previous releases in this Carnegie Hall series. Columbia's microphones were evidently placed in a more satisfactory position on this night, and the drier, altogether inferior sound of the October 28 items which complete Side 4 makes this all the more apparent.

All told, this album preserves an extraordinary musical experience. H.G.

PUCCINI: *Madama Butterfly*

Renata Tebaldi (s), Cio-Cio-San; Nell Rankin (ms), Suzuki; Giuseppe Campora (t), Lt. Pinkerton; Piero de Palma (t), Goro; Giovanni Inghilleri (b), Sharpless; Fernando Corena (bs), The Bonze; Melchiorre Luise (bs), Yamadori. Chorus and Orchestra of Accademia di Santa Cecilia (Rome), Alberto Erede, cond.
• RICHMOND 63001. Three LP. $7.47.

PUCCINI: *Tosca*

Renata Tebaldi (s), Floria Tosca; Giuseppe Campora (t), Mario Cavaradossi; Piero de Palma (t), Spoletta; Enzo Mascherini (b), Scarpia; Fernando Corena (bs), A Sacristan; Dario Caselli (bs), Angelotti. Chorus and Orchestra of Accademia di Santa Cecilia (Rome), Alberto Erede, cond.
• RICHMOND 62002. Two LP. $4.98.

PUCCINI: *La Bohème*

Renata Tebaldi (s), Mimi; Hilde Gueden (s), Musetta; Giacinto Prandelli (t), Rodolfo; Giovanni Inghilleri (b), Marcello; Fernando Corena (bs), Schaunard; Rafael Arié (bs), Colline. Chorus and Orchestra of Accademia di Santa Cecilia (Rome), Alberto Erede, cond.
• RICHMOND 62001. Two LP. $4.98.

These are re-releases of London recordings, roughly a decade old. They all feature Renata Tebaldi; all are well recorded except by the most recent monophonic standards (soloists are given what now seems unnatural prominence, string tone is sometimes thin); all are given rather ordinary leadership and orchestral playing; all are excellent bargains at the low Richmond prices.

The *Butterfly* might even still be considered in the running for first honors among versions of this often recorded work. Tebaldi was in really prime estate when she recorded it—her voice has never sounded more full-bodied and balanced. Moreover, she achieves a sense of involvement in the emotions of this part that is unusual in her work, and when she pulls out the stops in *"Tu, tu, piccolo Iddio,"* she is something to hear. She was, it is true, in fine form on the later stereo edition; but many listeners will find her slightly brighter, lighter (and, incidentally, more consistently true-to-pitch) singing on the older set preferable in this music. Since *Butterfly* is very much the diva's opera, Tebaldi's excellent contribution gives the set a head start. Campora, though, is really an excellent Pinkerton, surpassed only by Björling on the Capitol recording and Gigli on the much older Electrola set, though for those who value finish of style Bergonzi or even Valletti may seem a better choice. Rankin, Corena (an imposing Bonze, for a change), and De Palma are also very much on the plus side, and only the stodgy Sharpless of Inghilleri must be held against the performance—but it's got plenty of company there.

The *Bohème* and *Tosca* are somewhat less interesting, partly because Tebaldi, though fine, is not as distinctive in these roles as in that of Cio-Cio-San; partly because her colleagues are, on the whole, a merely competent lot. The *Bohème* certainly contains much ravishing singing by Tebaldi, and is also of interest for Gueden's firmly sung Musetta and for the very adequate Schaunard of Corena (unusual for a basso to take this role, and of course Corena has long since turned to Benoit). Prandelli makes some very fine points in the score's lyric moments, but the vocal problems that were eventually to swamp this sensitive singer are already in evidence here. Inghilleri is a very colorless Marcello, surpassed by almost every other baritone to record the role, and Arié's Colline is routine. Erede, it should be added, is most annoying here, working beautifully with his singers in the big solo passages, then cranking everything up into a rapid, metronomic pace for the ensembles.

In *Tosca*, Tebaldi is again in good voice, though flatting from time to time, and Campora is a worthy Cavaradossi, even if unsupported phrase endings and a certain heaviness of voice indicate that less dramatic music posed fewer difficulties for the then extremely young tenor. The baritone is again a drawback. Enzo Mascherini, remembered for some fine City Center performances in New York just after the war, somehow suffered a rather severe setback in the late

Forties, and here is a most ordinary Scarpia, with only an occasional open, rolling E or F to remind us of what once sounded like a Ruffo in the making. Scarpia is, of course, a key role, perhaps of more over-all importance than Cavaradossi, and thus the performance as a whole is seriously let down. Erede is also rather limp and overelastic. Still, when one realizes that this version is priced at just about half the payment asked for most of the others in the catalogue (for performances that are hardly twice as good, and in some cases no better at all), one sees that this release has its place; ditto for the *Bohème*, and, emphatically, for the *Butterfly*. It should be added that none of these albums offers any accompanying material, such as notes or libretto. C.L.O.

PURCELL: *Complete Keyboard Works, Vol. I*

Thurston Dart, harpsichord.
• SPOKEN ARTS 207. LP. $5.95.

This is the first of two discs that will contain all of Purcell's music originally written for keyboard, except what appears to have been intended for organ. Vol. I contains eight suites as edited by the performer. The harpsichord did not inspire Purcell to his best efforts, but several movements here, such as the rather striking Prelude of Suite II and the jaunty pieces that open Suites III and V, are well worth the music lover's while. Mr. Dart plays with spirit and authority—he is especially convincing in conveying the improvisatory character of the Preludes in Suites IV and VIII—and the sound is good. N.B.

RACHMANINOFF: *Preludes, Op. 23: No. 4, in D; No. 5, in G minor*—See Prokofiev: *Sonatas for Piano.*

RAVEL: *Concerto for Piano and Orchestra, in G*—See Dello Joio: *Fantasy and Variations for Piano and Orchestra.*

RAVEL: *Rapsodie espagnole; Alborada del gracioso; Pavane pour une infante défunte; La Valse*
†Ibert: *Escales*

Detroit Symphony Orchestra, Paul Paray, cond.
• MERCURY MG 50313. LP. $4.98.
• • MERCURY SR 90313. SD. $5.98.

If there were only one thing to be noted in the work of Paul Paray, it would be his vibrant way with modern French music. A particularly apt case in point is his interpretation of *La Valse* on this record. There are other conductors who can whip up a sensuous storm in this wonderful choreographic poem, but in so doing many of them make the introduction and middle section sound rather muddy. Not Paray. In his reading every passage, every voice is crystal-clear; at the same time the bigger climaxes come with crashing effect. It all adds up to one of the most lucid and most exciting performances of this work I have ever heard. There is like excitement in the *Alborada del gracioso* and in the final movement, *Valencia*, of Ibert's *Escales* (which Paray introduced to the world back in 1924, incidentally). The Oriental coloring he brings to the middle movement of the latter work is also remarkable, though I miss a certain lushness in the opening section, *Rome-Palermo*. And if the first three sections of the *Rapsodie espagnole* are rather too black-and-white, the closing section has the requisite brilliance.

Paray has retired as conductor of the Detroit ensemble, but it is very much to be hoped that this disc does not mark his last recorded appearance. P.A.

SCHUMANN: *Dichterliebe, Op. 48*
†Beethoven: *An die ferne Geliebte, Op. 98*

Ernst Häfliger, tenor; Erik Werba, piano.
• DEUTSCHE GRAMMOPHON LPM 18843. LP. $5.98.
• • DEUTSCHE GRAMMOPHON SLPM 138843. SD. $6.98.

This is an almost flawless realization of a quiet, relatively restrained approach to the music. The tempos chosen for the Schumann songs tend to be a shade slower than the usual; some that most performers will move along at a pretty good rate (*Ich will meine Seele tauchen*, for example, or *Ein Jüngling liebt ein Mädchen*) are kept at a gently flowing pulse, and there is no hint of an attempt at a tour de force in *Die Rose, die Lilie*, which is marked out as clearly as I have ever heard. Fortunately, nothing sounds as if it is being done out of the singer's idea of "duty"; every phrase is treated not only carefully, but affectionately. Häfliger's round, warm tenor has never sounded better, and some weakish low notes in the final two songs of the cycle are the only (insignificant) blemishes on a piece of lovely vocalism. For those who do not like their Schumann heavily inflected or dramatized, this interpretation will be especially appealing.

An die ferne Geliebte can only benefit from this same sort of care and restraint, for this earliest of important German song cycles (it is almost as near to being a cantata) has no place for violent coloring, and demands a great deal of attention to structure and to rhythmic precision. This interpretation is really a model one, and makes the work a charming experience.

There is little that is individual about Werba's work, and occasionally in *Dichterliebe* I might wish a little more real singing from his tone; his approach suits Häfliger's, though, and there can be no complaints about his execution. The sound is exemplary, and texts and translations have been provided. A decidedly recommendable release. C.L.O.

SCHUMANN: *Vogel als Prophet*—See Beethoven: *Sonatas for Piano.*

SHOSTAKOVICH: *Symphony No. 4, Op. 43*

Philadelphia Orchestra, Eugene Ormandy, cond.
• COLUMBIA ML 5859. LP. $4.98.
• • COLUMBIA MS 6459. SD. $5.98.

One would like to be able to hail the Shostakovich Fourth as a masterpiece: it would be the fitting climax to a dramatic story replete with rich political and moral overtones. Unfortunately, candor prohibits the confusion of moral justice with artistic merit.

Shostakovich and his Fourth Sym-

phony were victims of Stalinism. In 1936, Stalin attended a performance of *Lady Macbeth of Mzensk* and was horrified; Shostakovich was denounced, the opera withdrawn, and the first performance of the Fourth Symphony, for which rehearsals had already begun, was canceled. The premiere took place only in 1961, during the artistic thaw of recent memory.

It is not easy nowadays to comprehend what the fuss was about. If one listens hard, one can pick out the sort of thing that probably offended the musical Stalinists of 1936; but this is hardly avant-garde music. The real trouble with the piece has nothing at all to do with dissonances or unconventional ideas but simply with its incoherence. In fact, the first and last movements sound like enormous pastiches of Shostakovichian ideas thrown together by a talented student who knew all of the master's tricks but could use them only in a rambling, dissonant, discursive way. These outer movements are long, insistent, disconnected structures which seem to consist mainly of a series of rhetorical gestures, often crudely effective in themselves but hardly adding up to unified conceptions.

As a number of critics have pointed out, there is a great deal of Mahler in this work, particularly in the middle movement (which is also the most coherent part of the work). Actually, all of Shostakovich's orchestral works are full of Mahler. The difficulty here is not so much that the music sounds derivative as that the Mahlerian scope and scale are not justified by the material and the way it is used. One tires of long arid stretches made up of bits of repeated figures, rhythmic insistence, and huge dogged ostinatos of various kinds. Certainly there are striking ideas and there is always a kind of power in the sheer quality of assertion; also, of course, one should add that Shostakovich's talents for instrumental imagination and setting—whether derived from Mahler or no—are always clear and remarkable.

While the performance is not ideal, it is a very good one, and has been well recorded. E.S.

SHOSTAKOVICH: *Trio for Piano and Strings, in E minor, Op. 67*—See Loeillet: *Trio Sonata for Piano and Strings, in B minor.*

SIBELIUS: *Orchestral Works*

Finlandia, Op. 26, No. 7. Legends, Op. 22: The Swan of Tuonela; Lemminkäinen's Return. Kuolema, Op. 44: Valse triste. Pohjola's Daughter, Op. 49.

Orchestra, Morton Gould, cond.
• RCA VICTOR LM 2666. LP. $4.98.
• • RCA VICTOR LSC 2666. SD. $5.98.

Perhaps Morton Gould has been hiding unexpected talents under a bushel of Gershwin and Kern. Certainly, here he is revealed as a most convincing spokesman for Sibelius, with interpretations that are smartly disciplined, unhurried, yet full of strength and vitality. Even the familiar *Finlandia* is set forth with such vibrancy that it makes a newly stirring effect. Albert Goltzer's English horn solo in *The Swan of Tuonela* is extremely well done, as is Harvey Shapiro's cello solo in *Pohjola's Daughter*. In fact, the entire orchestra, a New York pickup group, plays with polish and precision. Now perhaps we'll have other Gould editions of works by the Finnish master, including the symphonies.

A word about the reproduction. For its new Dynagroove process, RCA Victor seems to be recording at a higher volume level. This makes for fine sound when the records are played through big speakers; but on more modest equipment, the big passages sometimes blast and distort unpleasantly, as they do in the present disc. I noted some inner groove distortion in the final pages of *Lemminkäinen's Return*. Otherwise, the sound is highly commendable. P.A.

STAINER: *The Crucifixion*

Alexander Young, tenor; Donald Bell, bass; Eric Chadwick, organ; Leeds Philharmonic Choir, Herbert Bardgett, cond.
• ANGEL 35984. LP. $4.98.
• • ANGEL S 35984. SD. $5.98.

This is the second distinguished recording of this nineteenth-century English setting of the Passion to be released in less than a year. Last August, I reviewed most favorably a London disc by Richard Lewis, tenor; Owen Brannigan, bass; Brian Runnett, organ; and the Choir of St. John's College, Cambridge, under George Guest's direction. Both that and this new version are clear, reverent, and sensitively phrased. Both feature exceptionally fine soloists, and both were recorded in churches whose acoustics are ideal, imparting just the right amount of resonance without muddying up the sound. Where the chief difference lies is in the choral forces employed. The St. John's choir is all-male, using boys' treble voices; it is also small, comprising only twenty-eight singers. The Leeds choir must be considerably larger, and female voices are used for the upper parts. Perhaps the smaller group achieves a slight edge in clarity of diction, but many will prefer the greater warmth and fullness of the mixed chorus on the present disc. The sound is a trifle more distinct in the well-spaced stereo than in the mono edition. P.A.

TARTINI: *Concertos for Violin and Strings: in D, Capri 79; in F, C. 63; Concerto grosso, in A minor, C. 76*

Franco Gulli, violin; Angelicum Orchestra of Milan, Claudio Abbado, cond.
• MUSIC GUILD 33. LP. $5.50.
• • MUSIC GUILD S 33. SD. $6.50.

These three works are a tiny part of the treasure of Tartini compositions preserved in manuscript at Padua. The solo concertos are melodious and songful, in a style that is almost *galant* while at the same time showing its indebtedness to Vivaldi. The F major Concerto is especially attractive. Both are played with dash by Gulli, whose round, bright tone is truly reproduced in the recording. The Concerto grosso is more interesting for its form than its content. In the first of its three movements an Andante section alternates with an Allegro, each section being varied on its reappearance. (The notes for this work, by the way, illustrate the dangers facing unwary annotators who have not heard or seen the music they are describing: the Andante and Allegro markings for the opening movement are taken to indicate two separate movements.) The organ continuo is too faint in the first movement of the D major Concerto, but otherwise the sound is excellent throughout. N.B.

Entremont: latter-day lyricist.

TCHAIKOVSKY: ***Piano Works***

Barcarolle, Op. 37, No. 6; Capriccioso, Op. 19, No. 5; Chanson triste, Op. 40, No. 2; Mazurka de salon, in D minor, Op. 9, No. 3; Humoresque, in G, Op. 10, No. 2; Nocturne, in C sharp minor, Op. 19, No. 4; Scherzo, Op. 40, No. 11; Scherzo humoristique, Op. 19, No. 2; Romance, in F minor, Op. 5; Valse scherzo, Op. 7; Chants sans paroles: in F, Op. 2, No. 3; in A minor, Op. 40, No. 6.

Philippe Entremont, piano.
• COLUMBIA ML 5846. LP. $4.98.
• • COLUMBIA MS 6446. SD. $5.98.

How refreshing it is to encounter a release from a major record firm which strikes out on relatively unfamiliar terrain! These Tchaikovsky pieces are not masterworks, but they are fresh, tuneful, skillfully constructed, and ultimately delightful.

Entremont is developing an artistic personality distinctly his own. The pianist is a facile performer, even if his fingers lack the steely discipline and capacity for objective symmetry which are hallmarks of the upcoming generation of pianists as a whole. Rather than strive for this particular type of pianism, Entremont has the good sense and artistic conviction to stress the facets of keyboard playing in which he is strongest. He is, in some ways, a throwback to the earlier, romantic lyricist: although his performances are thoroughly contemporary in their brisk tempos and general transparency of tone, a relaxation and geniality pervade them, as well as a wide and attractive coloristic scheme.

This disc, then, offers a thoroughly enjoyable musical experience, recorded in excellent sound. H.G.

VIVALDI: ***Concerto for Four Violins and Strings, in B minor, Op. 3, No. 10***—See Bach: ***Concerto for Violin, Oboe, and Strings, in D minor, S. 1060.***

VIVALDI: ***L'Estro armonico, Op. 3*** **(complete)**

Paris Chamber Orchestra, Paul Kuentz, cond.
• DECCA 10070/72. Three LP. $4.98 each.
• • DECCA 710070/72. Three SD. $5.98 each.

The Paris Chamber Orchestra, founded by Paul Kuentz in 1950, reveals itself here as a first-class string ensemble. It plays with animation, precision, and good tone, and its violinists perform the solo parts in these concertos with considerable éclat. All of the present performances are intelligent and stylish: the only time a question occurred to me was in the playing of the second movement of No. 4, which seemed rather nervous. Otherwise there was verve, as in the opening of No. 5; delicacy, as in the Larghetto of No. 9; and brilliance, as in the finale of No. 6. Only the quality of the recording keeps me from recommending this set warmly. The sound, while resonant, is a little overbright and shallow. In the review copies there was surface noise on the first side (in both the stereo and the mono) and occasionally elsewhere. The harpsichord is sometimes inaudible when it is needed, though when it can be heard it contributes interestingly. The Vanguard performance is as good as this one, in my opinion, and its sound is better. N.B.

RECITALS AND MISCELLANY

ALIRIO DIAZ: ***"Masterpieces of the Spanish Guitar"***

Albéniz: *Granada; Sevilla; Torre bermeja; Zambra granadina.* Falla: *Homenaje, pour le tombeau de Claude Debussy.* Granados: *La Maja de Goya.* Malats: *Serenata española.* Moreno Torroba: *Sonatina.* De la Maza: *Four Spanish Pieces.* Segovia: *Remembranza.* Turina: *Fandanguillo.*

Alirio Diaz, guitar.
• VANGUARD VRS 1084. LP. $4.98.

The recorded tone of Mr. Diaz's instrument is so full-bodied that it almost sounds like a piano—*Rubinstein's* piano. In a way, the analogy holds in general for this recital, inasmuch as Diaz's sensitive, balanced, but passionate style presents a kind of Spanish guitar equivalent to the celebrated Pole's keyboard artistry. Diaz possesses impressive technical virtuosity (the way he separates melodic lines and tremolo accompaniments with the greatest of ease in the De la Maza pieces is a case in point), but like Rubinstein, he favors robustness and tasteful extroversion rather than emphasis on tonal refinement. As a rule, he is most successful when the music is intense or impassioned, and only in the popular *Granada* of Albéniz (which Diaz plays in the Segovia arrangement) do I find his vibrant, declamative style to be lacking. (Segovia, for example, is more leisurely in his recording of the piece, and goes much further than Diaz in evoking the starlit eloquence inherent in its romantic phrases.) The Torroba Sonatina gets another exceptional recorded performance, this one midway between the gentle introversion of John Williams (Westminster) and the nervous vitality of Rey de la Torre (Epic). This charming little work is, by the way, rapidly becoming a standard showpiece for the classical guitar, and deservedly so.

Vanguard, to reiterate, has lavished superbly resonant sonics on Diaz's art, and at the same time has managed to avoid the annoying buzz and shifting of position which mar so many guitar recordings. This is, in short, a very fine disc indeed. H.G.

HISTORIC REISSUES: *"The 1903 Grand Opera Series"*

Suzanne Adams, soprano—Gounod: *Faust: Air des bijoux. Roméo et Juliette: Je veux vivre dans ce rêve.* Stern: *Printemps nouveau; Coquette.* Fontenailles: *Obstination.* Bishop: *Home, Sweet Home.* Ronald: *Sunbeams.* Marcella Sembrich, soprano—Verdi: *Ernani: Ernani, involami. La Traviata: Ah, fors' è lui.* Strauss, J. II: *Voci di primavera.* Ernestine Schumann-Heink, contralto—Meyerbeer: *Le Prophète: Ah, mon fils.* Donizetti: *Lucrezia Borgia: Trinklied.* Saint-Saëns: *Samson et Dalila: Mein Herz.* Arditi: *Leggiero invisible.* Schubert: *Der Tod und das Mädchen.* Giuseppe Campanari, baritone—Gounod: *Faust: Dio possente.* Meyerbeer: *L'Africana: All'erta marinar.* Rossini: *Il Barbiere di Siviglia: Largo al factotum.* Bizet: *Carmen: Canzone del Toreador.* Antonio Scotti, baritone—Bizet: *Carmen: Chanson du Toreador* (in French and Italian). Leoncavallo: *Pagliacci: Prologue.* Mozart: *Don Giovanni: Deh, vieni alla finestra; Finch'han dal vino.* Charles Gilibert, baritone—Perilliou: *La Vierge et la crèche.* Tosti: *Chanson de l'adieu.* Fontenailles: *Obstination.* Coote: *Menuet d'exaudet.* Fauré, J.: *Les Rameaux.* Alary: *Colinette* (with Mme. Gilibert). Edouard de Reszke, bass—Verdi: *Ernani: Infelice, e tu credevi.* Flotow: *Martha: Canzone del porter.* Tchaikovsky: *Serenade de Don Juan.*

Various singers (see listing above).
• COLUMBIA M2L 283. Two LP. $9.96.

It was in 1903 that the Columbia Phonograph Company issued its catalogue entitled *Grand Opera Records*, announcing that "for the first time in the history of the talking machine art SUCCESSFUL RECORDS have been made of the voices of world-renowned singers of the Metropolitan Opera Company. Price: $2.00 each." The catalogue went on to list the selections recorded by each artist, to present biographies of the singers involved (including one of Sembrich by W. J. Henderson) and endorsements of the records by the artists. Among other pronouncements, Gilibert asserted that "not only do they preserve the perfect homogeneity of the voice, but even the faintest words are heard distinctly as well"; Luigi Mancinelli, then the Metropolitan's Musical Director, called them "true to life and clear"; and even Lionel Mapleson, champion of the cylinder, conceded that "they are really remarkable for *their lifelike quality of tone*."

It is quite a distance from the Graphophone to component high fidelity, but Columbia has narrowed it considerably with a really phenomenal job of reclamation on these sixty-year-old discs. Their masters have long since been destroyed, and existing copies are beset by fearsome surface noise (these restorations were made from the copies in the Record Archive of the New York Public Library). Much of the noise has been eliminated on the transfers: the voices are astoundingly vibrant-sounding and forward, and even the piano sound is vastly better than that on most early acousticals.

And of course the material is fascinating. Schumann-Heink, Sembrich, and Scotti are fairly well represented on microgroove, but the other singers are little more than names—legendary ones—to modern collectors (except, of course, for the band of indefatigable 78 traders). They were all at the Metropolitan, Campanari off and on from 1894 to 1912 (in a tremendous variety of roles, ranging from Kothner to Mercutio to the big Italian parts, such as Di Luna, Figaro, Amonasro, etc.), and Gilibert from 1900 to 1903 (as Schaunard in the first Met *Bohème*, Masetto, Capulet, Bartolo, several other French roles, and such tiny character parts as Grenvil, Dancaire, and Monterone—he later gained prominence with Hammerstein's company), and all were extremely accomplished singers. Gilibert died while in his mid-forties, and Adams retired at a very early age, apparently never recovering from the death of her husband, Leo Stern. Campanari, though, had a long and very successful career.

Two of the singers represented were high sopranos, and this species generally suffered most grievously at the hands of the old horn; the failure of the acoustical process to capture high frequencies resulted in an absence of the higher overtones, and of course high voices, whose fundamental pitches are already high, were the worst affected. (Pitch sometimes seems flat too, but the scientific "facts" regarding the properties of sound are constantly being reëxamined. One recent acoustical study found, for instance, that some of the lower vibrations could be subtracted from a sustained tone without altering the pitch in the slightest.) Sembrich's recordings have simply never sounded good; she was never satisfied with her recording efforts, and though her technical facility and general style are of course recognizable, the actual quality of her voice on discs, especially in the higher register, has always seemed quite wretched—lacking in vibrato and "white." That it must not have been so seems obvious, and these restorations come closer than any of her other recordings (unless I've missed some of the better ones) to giving us a glimpse of an upper register with a gleam—soft and yet able to cut through and dominate in the big moments. These are the most listenable of all Sembrich's records (they are her first ones too, done when she was forty-five). Although the *Ernani* cavatina is woefully tentative in rhythm, it conveys vocal authority. In *"Ah, fors' è lui,"* the soprano adds some embellishments which, to me at any rate, seem quite expressive, and trills away with infectious self-enjoyment.

The Adams sound that emerges is not sensuous—there is hardly a trace of vibrato—but she offers a nicely phrased *Obstination*, excellent passage work in the arias, and an ingenuous enthusiasm in the two encore pieces written by her husband. (Gone is the day when a front-rank singer could unabashedly offer "Sunbeam, sunbeam, where are you going?/Tell me that I may know," etc.)

The Schumann-Heink selections are all magnificent. The severe separation of registers which was evidently always an identifying mark of her wide-ranging voice is already in evidence, but does not seem to throw the voice out of balance or to cut into the incredible technical arsenal at her command. The *Lucrezia Borgia* aria has long been one of her most admired recordings; certainly no other voice of such heavy caliber has dashed so convincingly through coloratura—and few high sopranos can rival her trill.

Campanari's voice is perhaps the most pleasurable of all these as sheer sound—a firm, ringing baritone, similar to that of many of his contemporaries in the extraordinary clarity and brilliance of the upper register. The *Barbiere* aria is

seriously abbreviated, and all these selections stretched musically at the singer's pleasure—but the vocalism and temperamental dash are impressive. Especially instructive is the touch of legato elegance Campanari brings to his "Toreador Song"—this fellow is a matador, not the light-heavyweight challenger.

Scotti's numbers, too, are shortened (only one verse of *"Deh, vieni,"* and a giant cut in the *Pagliacci* Prologue that takes in the wonderful cantabile section *"Un nido di memorie"*). Probably Mozarteans will be shocked by the great baritone's liberties with the *Don Giovanni* selections—but how convincing he makes the extra high turns, and what a portrait of the free-swinging nobleman he draws! Vocally, he is in good, fresh shape, though a bit shy on top—evidently G and A flat were never his most secure notes.

Gilibert offers a splendid consistency of sound, and really impeccable taste in dealing with the numbers he chooses—all of which are unpretentious, but full of danger for a singer of less than patrician perception. Especially charming is the *Colinette* duet with Gilibert's wife, who seems to have been a very musical singer. Anyone in search of a model of French enunciation can do no better than Gilibert.

And there is Edouard de Reszke, in his early fifties and on the verge of his departure from the Metropolitan. One does not hear much of the huge size and ravishing quality that were, by all reports, characteristics of his voice (though apparently he had slipped somewhat by the time he made these recordings); but one can hear the combination of a rather light bass timbre with superb low tones, and the remarkable agility he possessed. There is a purely historic interest, of course, for these are the only surviving commercial recordings by either of the great De Reszke brothers, and one of our few audible links with the days when a single performance of *Les Huguenots* could include such singers as they were, together with Nordica, Arnoldson, Scalchi, Lassalle, Ancona.

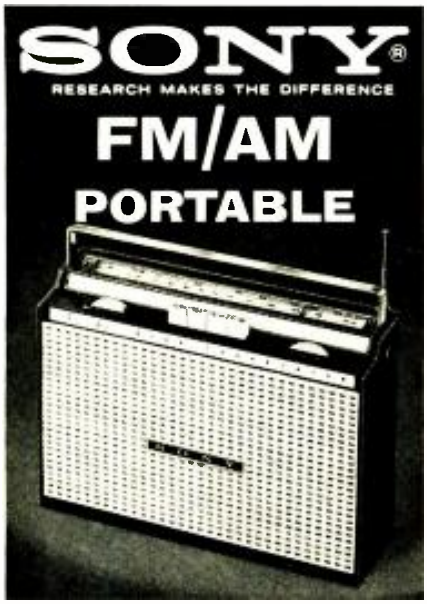
All these recordings are piano-accompanied, and all are preceded by spoken introductions. Columbia has included a reproduction of the original catalogue, and a leaflet with some authoritative notes by Philip L. Miller. This is a release of prime importance; no one interested in opera, vocalism, or recording history should let it go by. C.L.O.

PIERRE LUBOSHUTZ and GENIA NEMENOFF: *"Two Pianos, Four Hands"*

Milhaud: *Scaramouche*, Khachaturian: *Suite for Two Pianos*, Shostakovich: *Age of Gold, Op. 22: No. 3, Polka* (trans. Luboshutz); *Golden Mountains, Op. 30: Waltz* (trans. Luboshutz). Glinka: *The Lark* (trans. Luboshutz). Mendelssohn: *Allegro brillant, in A, Op. 92* (arr. Luboshutz).

Pierre Luboshutz and Genia Nemenoff, pianos.
• VANGUARD VRS 1096. LP. $4.98.
• • VANGUARD VSD 2128. SD. $5.98.

Luboshutz and Nemenoff, one of the leading two-piano teams for the last twenty years, turn out on this disc a sparkling and varied program of light music. Milhaud's Brazilian-flavored *Scaramouche* is marked by rhythmic zest in its end movements and sensitive phrasing in the more reflective middle



section. The unfamiliar Khachaturian Suite, comprising an *Ostinato, Romance,* and *Fantastic Waltz,* is fairly serious and uncharacteristically non-Armenian in its melodic content. The shorter pieces on the reverse side are all extremely well done, through I might have preferred a slightly faster tempo in the attractive Shostakovich Waltz, an excerpt from a motion picture score.

Whether one selects the mono or stereo edition depends entirely on individual preference. The former makes the two pianos sound as one, which they often do in concert; the latter format separates them slightly but not unrealistically. P.A.

EDGAR LUSTGARTEN: *Cello Recital*

Bach-Siloti: *Adagio.* Bloch: *Prayer.* Cassadó: *Serenata espagnole.* Debussy: *Menuet.* Dvořák: *Rondo in G minor, Op. 94.* Chopin-Piatigorsky: *Nocturne in C sharp minor, Op. posth.* Valentini: *Sonata in E.*

Edgar Lustgarten, cello; Anthony Newman, piano.
• La Jolla Production AC 100. LP. $3.95. (Available only from La Jolla Art Center, 700 Prospect St., La Jolla, Calif.)

This recital was taped live at a benefit performance for an audience of delegates to the United Nations Food and Agricultural Organization's World Conference on July 12, 1962. The disc is being sold to aid the scholarship fund of La Jolla, California's Art Center, in whose auditorium the concert took place. The cause is most worthy and so is the disc.

Edgar Lustgarten, a long-time pupil and later assistant to the late Emanuel Feuermann, was for many years a member of the NBC Symphony. He is a superb cellist and one whose patrician style reflects exquisite taste and superb discipline. His playing is tonally ravishing and truly aristocratic. He is, furthermore, equally adept in different styles: the Chopin *Nocturne* is "sung" with a silvery thread of sound which rises to the climax with tremendous cohesion and cumulative motion; the crisp articulation requisite for the Valentini is fully realized, as is the noble cantilena of the Bach Adagio.

The partnership with Anthony Newman is flexible and assured, the recorded sound and processing of the record immaculate. I hope that we shall soon have more recordings from Mr. Lustgarten. H.G.

HERMANN PREY: *Lieder Recital*

Schubert: *An Silvia; Im Abendrot; Der Wanderer an den Mond; Erlkönig.* Schumann: *Der Hidalgo; Meine Rose; Der Spielmann.* Brahms: *Wiegenlied; Mainacht; Sonntag; Dein blaues Auge; Ständchen.* Strauss, R.: *Heimliche Aufforderung; Heimkehr; Allerseelen; Ständchen.*

Hermann Prey, baritone; Karl Engel, piano.
• London 5757. LP. $4.98.
• • London OS 25757. SD. $5.98.

So far as I know, this is the first recording by Prey to have official domestic release, though a number of Electrola pressings have been available at import shops. It's a superb recital. Prey's voice is basically a high lyric baritone, though there is plenty of dark coloring on tap when needed. He has the pinpoint control of dynamics that is necessary for a front-rank Lieder singer, and handles his instrument with unusual ease. In timbre and quality, his baritone is quite similar to that of Willi Domgraf-Fassbänder, the excellent German Mozart and Lieder singer well known in the Thirties.

I enjoyed the record from beginning to end. Only one song struck me as a relative failure: *Die Mainacht.* The tempo selected is a bit too slow for even this artist to bring off; the opening is very effective, but the climactic phrases (*"Und die einsame Träne hebt mir/heisser die wange herab"*) are stretched to the breaking point, and don't accumulate their full effect. The others are all extremely good. I was most impressed by *Im Abendrot* (magnificently sustained, with the final lines—*"Trinkt noch Glut und schlürft noch Licht"*—intoned in a manner to rival Hotter's) and *Der Erlkönig,* which is terrifying—if only because both songs are, in their very different ways, extremely difficult.

The repertory selected is not exactly out of the way, except, possibly, for *Der Spielmann,* but most of the songs are at least not of the done-to-death variety. Engel's accompaniments are particularly fine in the more delicate songs, and always adequate elsewhere, though *Erlkönig* is not ideal in terms of steadiness or observance of nuance. Texts are provided, and the sound is good. Highly endorsed. C.L.O.

JOAN SUTHERLAND: *"Command Performance"*

Weber: *Oberon: "Ocean, thou mighty monster!"* Massenet: *Le Cid: Pleurez mes yeux.* Meyerbeer: *Dinorah: Ombre légère.* Leoncavallo: *I Pagliacci: Stridono lassù; Mattinata.* Verdi: *I Masnadieri: Tu del mio Carlo; Luisa Miller: Tu puniscimi, o Signore.* Rossini: *La Cambiale di matrimonio: Vorrei spiegarvi.* Bellini: *Beatrice di Tenda: Deh! Se m'urna.* Benedict: *The Gypsy and the Bird.* Arditi: *Parla!; Il Bacio.* Ricci: *Crispino e la comare: Io non sono più l'Annetta.* Tosti: *Ideale; La Serenata.* Bishop: *Lo, Here the Gentle Lark. Clari: Home, Sweet Home.* Flotow: *Martha: The Last Rose of Summer.* Wallace: *Maritana: Scenes That Are Brightest.* Balfe: *Bohemian Girl: I Dreamt I Dwelt.*

Joan Sutherland, soprano; Richard Bonynge, piano; Alexander Murray, flute; London Symphony Chorus and Orchestra, Richard Bonynge, cond.
• London A 4254. Two LP. $9.96.
• • London OSA 1254. Two SD. $11.96.

The idea here is to re-create the atmosphere of the Victorian command performance—the album being made up of selections that might have been used at such a function by a singer of the present prima donna's attainments. It seems as good an excuse as any for allowing Mme. Sutherland to dip into this kind of musical grab bag.

I don't mean to imply a condescension towards this kind of music. Any listener can distinguish the difference in quality between songs by Tosti or Arditi and songs by Wolf; but surely there isn't anything inherently awful about well-crafted salon music, and it is most interesting to get glimpses at the work of such once fashionable composers as Balfe and Wallace (the present examples are both touching songs). Most of the music here

is charming and affecting, and Sutherland's approach to it indicates that she thinks it's worth a straightforward, dignified treatment.

The first side contains some old challenges, and in a way it is nice to hear Sutherland get into music that cannot be made meaningful through any amount of technical brilliance—it forces from her a directness and brightness that has been missing from her work. She does the *Oberon* aria in English, and with more than a hint of the sort of cool, balanced tone that marks the kind of dramatic soprano voice usually thought of as ideal for this music. Surely the most remarkable thing about her voice is the fact that it combines such flexibility with such fullness of tone; the timbre heard in *"Ocean, thou mighty monster!"* is only a shade lighter than that we are accustomed to. She sings the piece extremely well, accurately and with a good realization of the changing moods. If only her enunciation were less gummy, the results would be wonderfully communicative.

The words also go down the drain in *"Pleurez mes yeux,"* and Sutherland's over-all rendition suffers badly by comparison with Callas', which captures all of the scene's sweep. Really, there is no substitute for a true feeling for words—phrases like *"Tombez, triste rosée"* simply slide by with Sutherland, while they grip us with Callas. The same is true of the spoken lines before *"Ombre légère,"* which are neatly and primly done, like a schoolgirl recitation. The aria itself is thrillingly tossed off, with the voice running beautifully and naturally through the gracefully written passage work. Perhaps she should have a little more fun with it, especially with the little *"Réponds! . . . C'est bien!"* game, but there is no faulting the dashing vocalism.

Sutherland's is not the instrument we might think of first for the Leoncavallo or Verdi arias, but it is a pleasure to hear a singer meet all the vocal demands with ease—the *Pagliacci* Ballatella sounds, for once, like beautiful music. The out-of-the-way *Masnadieri* scene is not an exciting discovery (as was the *Aroldo* aria recently recorded by Stella); the cavatina is very pleasant, with some interesting progressions, but the cabaletta is one of the composer's most miserable tunes, for all Sutherland's brilliance with it.

The little *Cambiale* aria goes well (it's the one from which Rossini later cribbed a good section of the *"Dunque io son"* duet for the *Barber*), though I like the stylistic point brought to it by Graziella Sciutti on the complete set. The *Beatrice* scene comes off well too, despite some raucous choral support. Sutherland just sails away with the rest of the music. There is an abandon in her singing of the slighter numbers (and a bright quality of tone) that is very welcome—she's simply having fun much of the time. Her decision to treat *Ideale* very simply (without high options) is an admirable one—the final *"torna,"* particularly, is better left on the low pitch. I wish she had kept *La Serenata* as simple, and possibly refrained from the trill in *Home, Sweet Home*.

Altogether, this is Sutherland's most heartening recording in quite some time. The sound is fine, and Bonynge's accompaniments (both orchestral and pianistic) are a good cut above average. The album includes texts and translations, plus thorough, informative notes by Andrew Porter. C.L.O.

POPULAR • THEATRE • FOLK

Randy Sparks and The New Christy Minstrels.

"Tell Tall Tales" and "In Person." *The New Christy Minstrels, Randy Sparks, cond. Columbia CL 2017 and CL 1941, $3.98 each (LP); CS 8817 and CS 8741, $4.98 each (SD).*

Fresh Material—and New Fashions for the Familiar

THE NOTION of naming a contemporary pop-folk group after the most famous of all early American minstrel companies might have been presumptuous were it not for the skill with which Randy Sparks has built his ensemble of two girls and some eight to twelve men, each of them a spirited singer and instrumentalist (on banjo, guitar, and mandolin). He has also searched out fresh material, and has arranged even the familiar in a fashion that exploits the antiphonal potentialities of soloists, duos, and trios. With his own zestful leadership, the New Christy Minstrels amount to considerably more than just another Kingston Trio combined with another Luboff Choir. It is a remarkably novel and versatile folk-repertory company, and its success on TV, radio, and the night club circuit has been, of course, nothing short of sensational.

The Minstrels are at their best in "Tell Tall Tales," an album based on the most characteristic of Americana—bragging songs, celebrations of

legendary heroes, and nonsense ditties. The bright intentions of this engrossing program are matched by interpretative skill. There are two genuine masterpieces: the dramatically poignant *Julianne* (accented with propulsive timpani ostinatos) and a superbly fresh performance of the well-worn ballad of *Jimmy Grove and Barbara Ellen*. But for that matter almost everything here, even the nonsense medley, is stimulating.

The "In Person" disc, however, leaves me with mixed impressions. The more straightforward performances (*The Preacher and the Bear, Liza Lee, Dying Convict, Golden Slippers*) are as engaging as any I have heard in the present-day *volkstümlich* vein, but I can't share the frantic enthusiasm of the live audience (at The Troubadour, a Hollywood coffeehouse) for the more elaborately studied "dramatizations," or for an interpolated series of vaudeville skits that might have been deemed corny even in Edwin P. Christy's time.

Parenthetically, I should also like to add that my best impressions of this group are reinforced by the current 4-track taping of its earlier debut release, "Presenting: The New Christy Minstrels" (CQ 514, 33 min., $7.95). That program is somewhat more conventional in its choice of selections, but every bit as refreshing in its ingenious treatments—particularly of *Don't Cry Suzanne, Deep Blue Sea, The Cotton-Pickers' Song*, and *Wellinbrook Well*.

The recorded sound throughout the series is vividly effective, but the stereo editions are preferable, not only for their less constrained sonic panoramas but for Spark's brilliant exploitations of vocal and instrumental combinations. Here are stereogenics at their best and arrangements ideally devised to make the most of them. R.D.D.

Quintessentially French, And Universally Entrancing

"Yves Montand: Paris Recital." *Philips PCC 202, $4.98 (LP); PCC 602, $5.98 (SD).*

THE FRENCH POET Jacques Prévert delineates the beginning of a Montand performance at the Théâtre d'Etoile thus:

A red curtain
Rises on a black backdrop,
Only this and
Yves Montand.
A glance of the eye, a start of a smile,
A gesture of hand, a shuffle of feet
Design the décor.

It is just such a performance that Philips has captured in this striking album. Alone Montand occupies the stage. Alone he creates the vocal vignettes that have made him perhaps the most celebrated popular singer of his time.

There is a note of paradox in the fact that Yves Montand, so quintessentially French, is Italian-born. Save for this, his career follows the classic pattern. His boyhood in Marseilles was impoverished—almost a *conditio sine qua non* for success before the French public. Edith Piaf recognized his talent in 1945 and obtained a small film role for him. Ever since, his life has been a long upward arc. As a singer, his one-man shows have dazzled international audiences. As an actor, his performance in Clouzot's *Wages of Fear* stands as a cinematic triumph.

Yet—and this is, I think, one of the important ingredients of his success—Montand has never really drifted very far from the drab *faubourgs* of his youth. His art, at its best, apotheosizes the factory worker who finds glamour and identity in the tinsel façades of Luna Park, the bored young men who kill long and loveless Sunday afternoons over a jukebox.

But Montand has never stood still, as evidenced by this recital taped live in Paris early this year. There is something of the mixture as before: *La Chansonette* distills the charm of an old, gay, and very personal song, echoing down the streets of Paris; *La Musique*, an effervescent serenade to the joys of music, neatly equates Django Reinhardt and Mozart, Bartók and Gershwin. Montand's rendi-

tion here, incidentally, inspires an ovation in which the audience claps to the rhythm of the song—a dramatic testament to the performer's magic.

Striking out on new fronts, the singer essays two poems of Louis Aragon set to music. One, *Est-ce ainsi que les hommes vivent?* (Is This the Way That Men Live?), is a darkling memoir of Aragon's service in the French army occupying Germany in 1920. Here is the pained desolation, the ultimate loneliness, of soldiers quartered in hostile lands—its tragic emptiness devastatingly counterpointed by a jazzy refrain. The other, *L'Etrangère* (The Stranger), evokes a transient, bittersweet night of gypsy love. These unusual selections, dabbling as they do in a kind of chiaroscuro philosophy, are daring fare for a popular vocalist. Montand not only leaves you thinking, but he shapes each into a haunting emotional experience.

Virtually every Montand recital offers a castigation of the bourgeoisie, and this is no exception. *Le Chat de la voisine* (The Neighbor's Cat) excoriates the middle-class mentality that insulates itself in an island of comfort, ignoring a world rent by agony. This is a murderously effective burlesque, but Montand's emotions are so thoroughly engaged that he almost overdoes it. He manages to miss travesty, but barely.

The program ends on a bright, very Parisian note with *Syracuse*. Here Montand limns the joyful chauvinism of the French who would love to visit Easter Island and Fujiyama, Tibet and Syracuse, in order to remember them—in Paris.

The handsome album contains intelligent informative notes, excellent photographs of the singer, and the French texts and English translations of the songs. The package stands, without question, as the finest insight into Montand and his art that discs have yet afforded. Superb engineering in both versions, with stereo preserving the full spaciousness of the Théâtre d'Etoile. O.B.B.

"Lena Sings Your Requests." Lena Horne: Orchestra, Marty Paich, cond. Charter CLM 101, $3.98 (LP).

Not long ago Lena Horne announced her intention of abandoning personal appearances to concentrate exclusively on studio recordings. This appears to be her first disc under the new conditions, and an absolutely stunning job it is. Although the glittering personality of the singer shines through every performance, the glacial veneer, which I felt so often spoiled much of her work, has vanished. It is replaced by warmth and a complete involvement in every number. Her program covers a wide emotional field, from a moving *Stormy Weather* and a plaintive, heartbreaking *Can't Help Lovin' That Man* to a propulsive and brilliant *The Lady Is a Tramp* and a slyly amusing version of Frank Loesser's mildly rebuking *Poppa Don't Preach to Me*. Miss Horne is seldom less than breath-taking in this well-varied program. It is interesting to find her returning to *Good for Nothin' Joe*, a song I don't recall her recording since a memorable disc she made with Charlie Barnet, twenty years ago. J.F.I.

"All the Hits from 'Oliver,'" The Melachrino Strings and Orchestra. RCA Victor LPM 2660, $3.98 (LP); LSP 2660, $4.98 (SD).

Very few Broadway musicals boast a score of such strength that every song sounds as good outside its original context as within it. Among the rarities was *My Fair Lady*, which survived all kinds of orchestral transpositions, and certainly all of Lionel Bart's songs for *Oliver!* sound as good in these Melachrino performances as in their original form. Lyrics are, of course, of enormous importance to show tunes, yet their absence here is far less deleterious than might be imagined. Thanks to extremely skillful orchestration, *Who Will Buy?*, with its arresting use of old London street cries, retains all the flavor of a London long vanished, and the rowdy setting for *It's a Fine Life* brilliantly re-creates the happy-go-lucky, bawdy atmosphere of the English music halls of the late Nineties. And thanks to Melachrino's impeccably good musical taste, *Where Is Love?* has lost none of its basic wistfulness, and *Reviewing the Situation* retains its insight into the more humorous aspects of Fagin's philosophy. The entire score is a delight, from overture to finale, and is made doubly so by the brilliant performances accorded it and by the luscious sound, both mono and stereo, devised by RCA Victor's engineers. J.F.I.

"A European Folk-Song Festival." Marais and Miranda. M-G-M E 4115, $3.98 (LP); SE 4115, $4.98 (SD).

With almost a generation of public performance behind him, Josef Marais ranks as a kind of doyen of the folk-song revival. In this collection, he and his talented wife turn from the South African ballads that have formed a large part of their repertory to range far—in both time and space—across Europe. The Scottish *Twa Bonnie Maidens*, the medieval French *On the Way to Montpelier*, the Dutch *Silverfleet* all receive carefully shaped, highly atmospheric performances. There is, in fact, not a dull or hackneyed band on this ingratiating disc. The stereo edition, at least to my ear, displayed no clear-cut advantage over the well-engineered mono version. O.B.B.

"As Long as the Grass Shall Grow." Peter LaFarge. Folkways FN 2532, $5.95 (LP).

The American Indian has finally found a champion, a balladeer whose songs chronicle the long, unequal struggle against men and laws that have dispossessed—and continue to dispossess—the tribes of their ancestral lands. Peter LaFarge, son of author Oliver LaFarge, has written both words and music to these folklike compositions: some are melancholy, some are bitingly sarcastic, all are burningly sympathetic toward the Indian. His portrayal of Custer—"a braggart, a poor soldier, a lecher"—lays one legend to rest: *Look Again to the Wind* and *Vision of a Past Warrior* lyrically evoke the lost freedom of forest and plain; *As Long as the Grass Shall Grow* caustically indicts a dam recently built in New York State, one that inundated a Seneca reservation in callous abrogation of a treaty signed by George Washington himself. Listen to this last and you will feel a flush of honest shame. LaFarge has fashioned a sad and bitter record, one that strikes the heart like an arrow. Recommended. O.B.B.

"The Exotic Sounds of Bali." Gamelan Gong Sekar Anjar and Gendèr Wajang Quartet, Dr. Mantle Hood, cond. Columbia ML 5845, $4.98 (LP); MS 6445, $5.98 (SD).

With the possible exception of the symphony orchestra, the Balinese *gamelan* represents the world's most intricate instrumental assemblage. Composed of some three dozen or more musicians, a full-blown gamelan serves primarily to provide accompaniments for religious rites, stylized dances, or the shadow plays so popular throughout Bali. As a consequence, the emphasis is on rhythm and most gamelans produce a gorgeous spectrum of percussive sounds. What distinguishes the highly skilled Gamelan Gong Sekar Anjar from the competition is the fact that these instrumentalists are students at UCLA and their director, Dr. Mantle Hood, heads UCLA's Institute of Ethnomusicology. Los Angeles is a long way from Indonesia, but this group has strikingly captured the Balinese idiom, and two of the selections on this brilliantly engineered disc—*Rébong* and *Légong*—can match, both in mood and technique, any native Balinese effort you are likely to hear. Here is a dazzling example of musical empathy that, in its own subtle way, makes as effective a demonstration disc as any recorded jet plane. O.B.B.

"The Unmistakable Tammy Grimes." Tammy Grimes; Orchestra, Luther Henderson, cond. Columbia CL 1984, $3.98 (LP); CS 8784, $4.98 (SD).

Tammy Grimes, the tousle-headed hoyden who seems to be afflicted with a permanent case of laryngitis, is one of those artists difficult to classify. Possibly the French term *une originale* fits her better than anything else and prepares one for her wayward, often eccentric, way with her material. It is never easy to decide whether she is satirizing current song stylists or whether she is really in earnest. Only one thing is certain: there is never a dull moment in her performance. And of how many

singers can one say that? Her unusual versatility is brilliantly showcased in a program that contains just about everything from a real razz-ma-tazz version of *Toot, Toot, Tootsie* to a deceptively simple, almost childlike performance of *Hi-Lili, Hi-Lo*. In *Miss Otis Regrets* she powerfully projects the smoldering drama inherent in the Cole Porter song, and there is a throbbing intensity to her performances of the two pseudo-spirituals, *Hold On* and *Gonna Build a Mountain*. Unique is the word for Tammy Grimes; and though she may be caviar to the general, if you like caviar, she is definitely for you. Excellent backing by the orchestra under Luther Henderson, who is also responsible for the fine arrangements. J.F.I.

"Flamenco Antiguo." Carlos Montoya. RCA Victor LM 2653, $3.98 (LP); LSP 2653, $4.98 (SD).

Schwann lists many a pretender to the kingship of the flamenco guitar, and indeed we are living in a golden era of guitar virtuosity. Never before have *aficionados* had a Sabicas, a Montoya, a Serrano, and a Gomez—among others—to intoxicate the ear by turn. To use the Spanish idiom, Montoya is not the "most gyspy" of the great flamencos. His art calls for rounded edges and big, golden tone; there is no hint of harshness. Every nuance glitters like living flame in the sheer perfection of Montoya's technique. His *bulerias* bite, his *seguiriyas* echo disciplined violence, and his *Rondeña*—to my mind the finest band on this fine disc—smolders darkly. Here once again is a great folk musician engaged in what he does best. Buy it. It's an Alhambra in strings. O.B.B.

"Greek Fire." Chris Vardakis and His Bouzoukias Orchestra. Colpix CP 447, $4.98 (LP); SCP 447, $5.98 (SD).

The focus of transatlantic tourist attention seems to be following an eastward trajectory—once Paris, then Rome, now edging toward Athens. Part of Greece's appeal—other, of course, than its favorable rate of exchange and plethora of antiquities—lies in its heady blend of European and Asian cultures. Historically, Greece has always been more intimately involved with Persians and Turks than with Western Europe; the resultant acculturation is particularly marked in the rhythms and tonalities of Greek music. Maestro Vardakis and his musicians fit the Greek mold of driving, iterative beat and exotic timbres to a constellation of non-Greek numbers—*Chicago, The Moon Was Yellow*—and several oddballs (such as *Pericles Blues*) with felicitous results. Splendid engineering complements the catchy, fresh-minted arrangements. If you're looking for a new sound and have an open mind, try this. O.B.B.

"Drum Fever: High-Life Rhythms." Saka Acquaye and His African Ensemble. Crestview CRV 805, $3.98 (LP).

"High Life." Olatunji and His Drums of Passion. Columbia CL 1996, $3.98 (LP); CS 8796, $4.98 (SD).

Represented occasionally on records before, but probably never as extensively and effectively as in these two programs, the High Life is a street dance-song (originating in Ghana and Nigeria but now popular in all the new African nations) which combines native traditional chant and drum elements with those of a wide variety of foreign influences—calypso, blues, Latin and North American pops, and jazz. For characteristic

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examples, listen to the bouncy *Saturday Night* and a calypso-ish *Concomba* by Acquaye's eleven-man group, and to Olatunji's larger ensemble playing a lusty *Saturday Night Limbo* and a tribute to "Lady" Kennedy. Their gusto is hard to resist.

Acquaye—a prize-winning hurdler and sculptor—demonstrates his talents as a composer also in several atmospheric originals (a nostalgic *Kenya Sunset*, a bluesy *Ebony*) and as an arranger of more traditional materials. Olatunji returns to the traditional materials with which he has excelled in earlier releases, and is notably successful in the long, almost hypnotically tarantellalike *African Waltz* and in a piquant musical tribute to the African rainbird, *Totofioko*. Both discs are well recorded, but the heavily modulated Acquaye program, in the present mono edition at least, is never as sonically thrilling as that by Olatunji's more sonorous and varied forces. Stereo spacing is well-nigh essential, with the traditional works particularly, in disentangling the complexly interwoven drum rhythms and timbres. R.D.D.

"Formidable!" Charles Aznavour. Mercury MG 20792, $3.98 (LP); SR 60792, $4.98 (SD).

The fans have it that Charles Aznavour is the Gallic Frank Sinatra. I must report, however, that: (1) I have seen his films, most recently *Kill the Piano Player*, and I do not think he can act; (2) I have heard most of his records and I do not think he can sing. His voice strikes me as thick and of severely restricted range, his diction as unclear, his projection as nonexistent. Aznavour is, even so, a songsmith of considerable talent and many of his compositions have deservedly graced the French hit parade. He sings a dozen of them here. Among them, *For Me . . . Formidable*, *Oh Toi ma vie*, and *Jolies mômes de mon quartier* are superb examples of his craft. This silver lining is tarnished by the fatuous annotation which insists that "it is a most difficult task for one who loves and enjoys the French language to translate literally the meaning of a soulful French chanson." Maybe, but it's not all that difficult for one who merely *knows* the language. The annotator, who offers deformed synopses of the songs, apparently doesn't. *Scandale!* O.B.B.

"Sandy Bull." Sandy Bull, guitar and banjo; Billy Higgins, drums. Vanguard VRS 9119, $4.98 (LP).

I find it difficult to decide whether young Sandy Bull is a genius-prophet of an "interculturation" music of the future, or just a mixed-up folknik who has voraciously gulped down more varied musical influences than he can digest. I incline toward the latter verdict for the second side of the present disc, where Bull is heard alone in a bouillabaisse which includes a brusque banjo fantasia on Carl Orff's *Carmina Burana*, a multi-dubbed banjo and guitar transcription of Byrd's three-part *Non Nobis Domine*, and a long, extraordinary *Gospel Tune* divertissement (based on *Good News*) for an electronically throbbing, monstrously sonorous Fender guitar and the soloist's foot-cymbals. A curious mélange of unabashed schmaltz and genuine charm, this last piece is provocatively novel, at least, for its ambivalently attractive tonal qualities.

But it is the twenty-two-minute original on Side 1, entitled *Blend*, which gives evidence that Bull has something of real import to say. This dialogue for traps and specially tuned guitar (sounding rather like the Arabian oud here, due to the use of a pick) exploits drone effects excessively; but its structure is well planned, and it commands one's rapt, if often puzzled, attention throughout. The oriental influences are obvious enough, the avant-garde jazz ones less so, except as implied in the resilient percussion of Billy Higgins—a former Ornette Coleman sideman. But the overall flavor is original and often extremely evocative. Strong, clean recording (closely miked and flawed by some background amplification roar in the quietest passages) makes the most of the piquant timbres and transients. R.D.D.

"The Golden Voice of the Islands." Alfred Apaka; Orchestra, Al Kealona Perry, cond. Capitol T 1882, $3.98 (LP); DT 1882, $4.98 (SD).

In his lifetime, Alfred Apaka ranked as the finest Hawaiian vocalist on vinylite. Now, some two years after his premature death, this release—culled from tapes of his broadcasts—offers further documentation of his gifts. His full, rich baritone could inform a staple like *Blue Hawaii* with fresh wonder and lend immediate appeal to a traditional island song like *Pohai Kealoha* (Encircling Arms). Don't expect to find the cachet of authentic Polynesian art here; Apaka starred on the "*Hawaii Calls*" radio program and all of his material was slanted toward mainland audiences. Capitol's duophonic processing imparts now a left wiggle and now a right to my VU meters, but makes no notable improvement upon the mono originals. O.B.B.

"Best Foot Forward." Original Cast Recording. Cadence CLP 4012, $4.98 (LP); CLP 24012, $5.98 (SD).

Best Foot Forward, one of the merrier musical masquerades of the early war years, owed most of its success (326 performances) to the fine Hugh Martin score and some ingratiating and zestful performances by a cast of unknown youngsters. Among them were such future stars as June Allyson, Nancy Walker, Maureen Cannon, and Tommy Dix, who was a pink-cheeked, pint-sized baritone with a truly stentorian voice. Some equally talented young artists have been corralled for the current off-Broadway production, and thanks to their exuberant performances, the show is almost as brisk and amusing as ever. And it sounds remarkably up-to-date, with only an occasional phrase of the Forties ("reet," "cut a rug") betraying its age. The cast is so uniformly excellent that it seems almost unfair to single out any one performer, but because so much *réclame* attended Liza Minelli's appearance in this revival, her work deserves notice. Miss Minelli is, as most people know, the daughter of Judy Garland, a fact apparent in everything she says and sings. She is the Garland of *The Wizard of Oz* all over again . . . even to the vibrato. She is at her best in *What Do You Think I Am?*, and *Just a Little Joint with a Jukebox*, but is not yet quite ready to handle so difficult a number as *You Are for Loving*. This song, especially written for this revival, calls for the artistry of Judy Garland herself, and it would be interesting to compare her version with her daughter's. Tommy Dix used to practically blow the audience out of the theatre with his rousing rendition of *Buckle Down Winsocki*, but I'm afraid Edmund Gaynes's performance scarcely ruffles a

hair. The use of twin pianos throughout is perhaps the one detrimental factor in an otherwise happy recording. I have heard only the mono, on which the sound is acceptable but by no means startling. J.F.I.

"Drum Beats for Dancing Feet." Cozy Cole and His Orchestra. Coral CRL 57423, $3.98 (LP); CRL 757423, $4.98 (SD).

Connoisseurs of jazz drumming will relish the variety of virtuoso techniques and personal styles exhibited in these percussion "battles" between Cole (right channel) and his guest opponents—Gene Krupa, Ray McKinley, and Panama Francis—alternating in the left channel. The accompanying orchestra is rough and often raucous, and the predominance of percussion detracts from the danceability—but that, despite the title, is hardly the purpose here. The drummers hold the spotlight and, thanks partly to realistically clean and powerful recording, they are consistently fascinating in their highly individual ways. R.D.D.

"Midnight in Tokyo." The Tokyo Boys, Tadaaki Nisago, cond. M-G-M E 4126, $3.98 (LP); S 4126, $4.98 (SD).

If you happen to be planning a trip to Tokyo this authentic sampling of Westernized dance music can be recommended as a preparatory inoculation although it may prove more useful for its liner notes describing the principal Tokyo night clubs and hotels which provide the titles of the pieces themselves (all composed by Sam Urai and arranged by Tsunemi Naito). A good deal of the playing is characterized by more coarseness than refinement or tonal piquancy, although this may be partly the fault of the somewhat shrill and dry mono recording. I suspect that the best performances here (*Imperial, Prince, Golden Akasaka, Hanabasha,* and *Copacabana*) would sound better in the stereo edition which hasn't yet reached me. But it would take more than stereo to enable the Boys to imitate successfully the Basie and Miller styles. R.D.D.

"Jack Hylton and His Orchestra." Capitol TAO 10323, $4.98 (LP).

This album of recordings by the Jack Hylton Orchestra is an acceptable memento of the most popular of all English bands of the late Twenties and early Thirties, though it does not give us a fully rounded picture of this extremely versatile group. Although it recorded prolifically, the band was organized primarily for personal appearances. For these stage presentations Hylton used impressively elaborate concert arrangements of popular songs and light classics and, for contrast, breezy music hall settings of novelty numbers. He played no jazz and very little real dance music, the latter being reserved for recording sessions. Hylton's formula was shrewdly designed to appeal to the British public of the time, and English audiences promptly went wild over the band, as did French and German listeners when the orchestra made its European tour. The present disc offers a number of Hylton concert arrangements, though only two, *Body and Soul* and *Just a Gigolo*, are good examples of his work. The latter is interesting for its vocal trio, made up of Hylton himself, his arranger Billy Ternent, and—of all people—Hugo Rignold. Since the other numbers are on the dull side, it is a pity that several of Hylton's treatments of the light classics could not have been included (either his version of Ravel's *Bolero* or of Eric Coates's *Three Bears Suite*). More regrettable is the absence of even one of his novelty numbers. The program, which could use a little humor, would have been vastly improved by *I Lift Up My Finger* or *The King's Horses*. *I Won't Dance* and *I Believe in Miracles* are pleasant examples of the band's dance style in the Thirties, though this is the type of music in which the orchestra never excelled. Incidentally, seven of the numbers here were previously issued on either RCA Victor LPT 1012 or LPT 1013. Generally speaking, the sound is adequate, more strident and gritty on some bands than others, but neither better nor worse than that heard on the original 78s. One exception is the excessively noisy *Yours Is My Heart Alone*, taken from a master which must have been one per cent shellac and ninety-nine per cent gravel. J.F.I.

"Bye Bye Birdie." Original Sound Track Recording. RCA Victor LOC 1081, $4.98 (LP); LSO 1081, $5.98 (SD).

In its transition from Broadway musical to Hollywood film, *Bye Bye Birdie* has undergone several changes, none of them for the better. Five of the songs in Charles Strouse's original score have fallen by the wayside (*An English Teacher, Normal American Boy, What Did I Ever See in Him?, Talk to Me,* and *Spanish Rose*). Michael Stewart's book has been slightly rewritten, mainly to exploit the charms of Hollywood slick chick Ann-Margaret, playing the role of the small town girl chosen to be the recipient of Conrad Birdie's parting kiss before he enters the Armed Forces. Ann-Margaret's sophisticated style is completely alien to the character she portrays. Dick Van Dyke and Paul Lynde re-create the roles they played in the Broadway production, but the rest of the cast is strictly Hollywood, and greatly inferior in every way to its Broadway counterpart. Credit the stereo version with taking full advantage of the spatial possibilities inherent in some of the songs, particularly *The Telephone Hour*. But this is not enough to save a drab record. J.F.I.

"Authentic Sound Effects," Vol. 7. Elektra EKS 7257, $5.95 (SD).
"Sounds of War," Sound Effects Library, Vol. 9. Offbeat 5709, $5.98 (LP).

Not having heard earlier releases in the Elektra series, I am startled by the outstanding technical qualities of the present example. The actual frequency range may be no wider and the transients no crisper than those on the ultrabrilliant Audio Fidelity sound effects discs, but the miking is generally less unnaturally close, the acoustical ambiences more warmly airy, and the stereogenic spacing potentials more effectively exploited. Such recordings as these are intended primarily for amateur theatricals, radio broadcasting, etc., but the present example also will appeal to everyone interested in authentic sound reproduction for its own sake. There is a wide range of materials here, too: guns, rockets, cannon, tanks, army drill teams, and firecrackers on Side 1; and various industrial sounds on Side 2—ranging from an automatic car wash to an only too realistic dentist's drill. The Offbeat (Riverside) "Sounds of War" is more specialized (rifles, machine guns, artillery, strafing and bombing planes, etc.), its editing less skillful than Elektra's, and the sonics less impressively vivid. R.D.D.

Gene Ammons-Sonny Stitt: "Dig Him!" Argo 697, $4.98 (LP).

Ammons and Stitt, who were once known for their wild tenor saxophone duels in the more exhibitionistic days of jazz, demonstrate on this disc how well ordered and yet completely swinging a group of saxophone duets can be when the players have similar musical outlooks. Both men are unusually fluid, fluent, and highly propulsive performers, and both play with warm and sinuous sound. Both have the complete ease that can come only from long, thoughtful experience, and neither wastes effort on nonessentials. None of these selections goes beyond a moderate tempo. All of them move with deceptive grace, whether Ammons and Stitt are exchanging solos or playing beautifully formed unison figures that loop along effortlessly. For change of pace, there are a few ballads—played, as is everything else, with a fine sense of lyricism. Somehow, despite the steady focus on saxophones and the similarity of sound and style, Ammons and Stitt have managed, by sticking to the basic propulsive and melodic ideas of jazz, to make this a consistently interesting and quite varied collection.

Charlie Barnet: "?!?!?!?!?!?!?!?!?!?!?!?" Ava 10, $3.98 (LP); S 10, $4.98 (SD).

If this title seems puzzling, one need only listen to the record to perceive its meaning. It can be translated as "What's Barnet doing? Oh, no! Now what's he doing? Oh, no!" With a small group that seems sometimes to be equipped with a bass trumpet and sometimes with a baritone saxophone, at all times with vibes and a rhythm section, and much too often with an electric organ, Barnet has desecrated some of the pieces he made illustrious with the dashing bands he led in the Forties—pieces such as *Skyliner, East Side West Side, Murder at Peyton Hall*, and *Leapin' at the Lincoln*. Barnet himself, playing tenor, soprano, and alto saxophones, is as vigorously jaunty as ever, but the shrill of the organ and the tinkle of the vibes represent a sad comedown from the solid ensemble impact of old. And the wild humor that colored a Barnet performance has been replaced by straight-faced solemnity (except in *Murder at Peyton Hall*, which goes to the opposite extreme). The clean, crisp, and rhythmically right sound effects of two decades ago have given way to a clumsy overuse of the sound man's tools. Won't the real Charlie Barnet please stand up?

Sidney Bechet: "The Immortal Sidney Bechet." Reprise 6076, $3.98 (LP).

During the last decade of his life, Sidney Bechet became the very image of jazz to his French followers. From these performances, recorded in France between 1952 and 1957, one can readily see why. His broad and often florid style spreads like a tent over all the musicians with whom he plays, and he stands among them like a giant. This collection is divided between concert performances and studio sessions, and while Bechet was always able to pour out a rich flood of music on his soprano saxophone, he seems to have just a bit more fire and sparkle when he is responding to an audience. The disc has added interest through the inclusion of two introductory comments spoken by Bechet in French.

Sal De Feo: "The Ukraine Swings." U Fab 201, $4.98 (LP); 201 S, $5.98 (SD).

When Benny Goodman went to the U.S.S.R. last year, he took with him several Russian folk tune arrangements designed for swinging. Afterwards, members of the Goodman band made a recording for which Al Cohn provided more swinging versions of Russian folk tunes. These efforts may have provided some of the impetus for this collection of Ukrainian folk songs played by a small swing group (three trombones, trumpet, alto saxophone, and rhythm). Ray Carroll's arrangements are tightly knit and make resourceful use of the available instrumentation. Several of these short selections have a gentle charm in this strongly rhythmic form, but the general similarity of tunes and playing style eventually becomes monotonous. A little variety would have done wonders for this program.

Bob Dorough Quartet: "An Excursion through *Oliver!*". Music Minus One 225, $4.98 (LP); 225 S, $5.98 (SD).

Pianist Bob Dorough's quartet, aided in some selections by Clark Terry on trumpet and Tyree Glenn on trombone, has an imaginative romp through the lively score of *Oliver!* Unlike the usual jazz treatments of show scores, in which the original is quickly disposed of while the jazzmen take off on solo fancies, both the music and the characterizations involved have been retained here. As a result, the score takes on a delightful new dimension. Dorough is a mettlesome and disciplined pianist, and receives excellent assistance from Al Schackman, who plays amplified and classical guitar and bouzoukee (using the latter to give a fascinatingly plaintive background to *Boy for Sale*). The superb bass and drum team of George Duvivier and Ed Shaughnessy are heard to good advantage (Duvivier's bass solo as Fagin on *Pick a Pocket or Two* is brilliant), while Glenn and Terry bring an appropriately rowdy air to *It's a Fine Life* and *Oom-Pah-Pah*.

The Easy Riders Jazz Band: "New Orleans Jazz—Uptown Style." Jazz Crusade 1001, $4.98 (LP). (Available on special order from 135 Grey Rock Rd., Bridgeport, Conn.)

The Easy Riders is a group of amateur traditionalists in Connecticut who are following the path blazed by the early "trad" bands in England, playing enthusiastic ensemble jazz in the manner of the Bunk Johnson-George Lewis groups and drawing on their repertories. Through much of this disc, the band's enthusiasm is almost the only thing the listener can be certain of, for the recording is so dim and badly balanced that it often sounds as archaic as an acoustical disc. If this inadequate technique is a deliberate attempt to imitate ancient jazz discs, it is self-defeating, for it is all but impossible at times to distinguish whatever may be of value. Clarinetist Noel Kalet has a good showcase in *When My Dreamboat Comes Home*, trombonist Bill Bissonette is a gruff Turk Murphy stylist, and pianist Bill Sinclair displays a rugged attack. The group obviously plays for the fun of it. It is unfortunate that so much evidence of their fun has been buried in poor sonics.

Jackie Gleason: "Presents Champagne, Candlelight, and Kisses." Capitol 1830, $3.98 (LP); S 1830, $4.98 (SD).

Jackie Gleason in the jazz department? Yes, indeed—and not just because of trumpeter Bobby Hackett. Hackett, in fact, may not even be present, although the group here consists of two trumpets, two trombones, clarinet, tenor saxophone, piano, and guitar or banjo (none of them identified), along with the inevitable strings. Gleason's arranger and musical alter ego, George Williams, has created an interesting program, one part mood music, two parts tightly knit swing, and one part boisterous Dixieland. It's fun from beginning to end, for Williams has used his horns imaginatively and has kept the strings out of the way.

Continued on next page

JAZZ

Continued from preceding page

Don Goldie: "Trumpet Caliente." Argo 708, $4.98 (LP).
Goldie's trumpet is not as "caliente" as it might be in this collection of six selections, three of which have been arranged as bossa novas by Manny Albam. The richness and vigor of Goldie's playing is really exploited on only one piece; it is dimmed most of the time by his use of a mute. Nor is adequate use made of the services of pianist Patti Bown and alto saxophonist-flutist Leo Wright. Miss Bown breaks through on two occasions, while Wright is occupied largely with flute and trumpet duets. All this is unfortunate because Goldie heads a dandy little group (Ben Tucker, bass, and Eddie Shaughnessy, drums, are the other regular members, with two additions for the bossa novas). What these players can do is shown on a clean-lined treatment of *Nightingale*: Goldie builds an open horn solo subtly but forcefully. Miss Bown's piano is delightfully lean and swinging, and the rhythm section provides a model of lifting propulsion.

Johnny Griffith Trio: "Jazz." Workshop Jazz, $4.98 (LP).
Griffith is a Detroit pianist who has worked mostly as an accompanist to such singers as Dinah Washington, Gloria Lynne, and Dakota Staton. With his own trio, he proves to be an assured performer with a flair for the dramatic that bears some traces of both Erroll Garner and Ahmad Jamal. He does not wander around aimlessly or try to proclaim his hipness. Rather, he sticks to the point, and when he works on a known melody he does not lose sight of it. His treatments of *Willow Weep for Me* and *Summertime* are provocative cases in point.

Woody Herman: "The Thundering Herds." Columbia C3L 25, $11.95 (Three LP).
Like the Ellington band of 1940-42, the original Herman Herd of 1944-46 was one of the great groups of big-band jazz. The fire and excitement of this band has never been equaled or even approached. The Second Herd, following in 1947, was patterned along much the same lines, but it was essentially more lyrical. It contained the Four Brothers saxophone section, and it was the group from which Stan Getz emerged as a major star and a proponent of the "cool" saxophone style. The cream of the recordings by both these groups make up this excellent three-disc set. The album is not limited to the out-and-out jazz pieces—though *Apple Honey, Caldonia, The Good Earth, Wild Root, Everywhere* by the First Herd and *Keen and Peachy, The Goof and I*, and *The Four Brothers* by the Second are all included. There are also such obvious choices as the 1946 Woodchoppers' selections and the band's most famous extended works, *Summer Sequence* and *Lady McGowan's Dream*. But beyond this, producer Frank Driggs has broadened the spectrum to include some of the ballads and novelty tunes that were the vehicles for most of Herman's singing and playing in those days. Because of the stature of these two bands, and because of the jazz luminaries they incubated—Ralph Burns, Flip Phillips, Sonny Berman, Bill Harris, Shorty Rogers, Don Lamond, Chubby Jackson, Serge Chaloff, Neal Hefti, Zoot Sims, and Getz, among others—this set emerges as one of the basic collections of jazz recordings. And beyond that, it manages to be exciting, entertaining, and nostalgic, a combination that has always been part of the unique Herman hallmark.

Pete Jolly Trio and Friends: "Little Bird." Ava 22, $3.98 (LP); S 22, $4.98 (SD).
Among the steady stream of jazz piano—or purportedly jazz piano—discs ground out with apparently little thought or effort, this music by Pete Jolly leaps at one's attention like a happy puppy. There is warmth in his playing, along with body and humor and an insistent sense of rhythm. He is not a meanderer nor a melancholy sobersides. He digs in with both hands. He swings with sinewy strength whether dealing with a ballad such as *Spring Can Really Hang You Up the Most* or giving new shape and dimension to a piece, like *My Favorite Things*, already badly mauled in the name of jazz. This is not to say that Jolly is flawless. He is occasionally carried away in a purple passage, and at least one selection mires him hopelessly. But with the help of an unusually good four-man rhythm section, his playing reveals here a welcome life.

Gary McFarland Orchestra: "Special Guest Soloist: Bill Evans." Verve 8518, $4.98 (LP); 6-8518, $5.98 (SD).
The Gary McFarland Orchestra is an unusual eleven-piece group that includes four strings, two woodwinds, McFarland's vibes, and a rhythm section of piano, guitar, bass, and drums. This might seem to imply that McFarland on vibes is the center of attention. But while he has solo spots, it is Bill Evans on piano and Jim Hall on guitar who get most of the solo space. Even then, the ensemble itself is dominant, for McFarland has written reflective, impressionistic pieces, full of melody and lilting rhythm, that place primary emphasis on the group as a whole. Evans becomes an integral part of these surroundings, weaving in and out of the ensembles, reflecting their coloration and adding distinctive accents of his own. This is an unusually good setting for him. The writing provides additional evidence of the individuality and expanding creativity of McFarland, who is certainly one of the brightest talents to have appeared in jazz in the past couple of years.

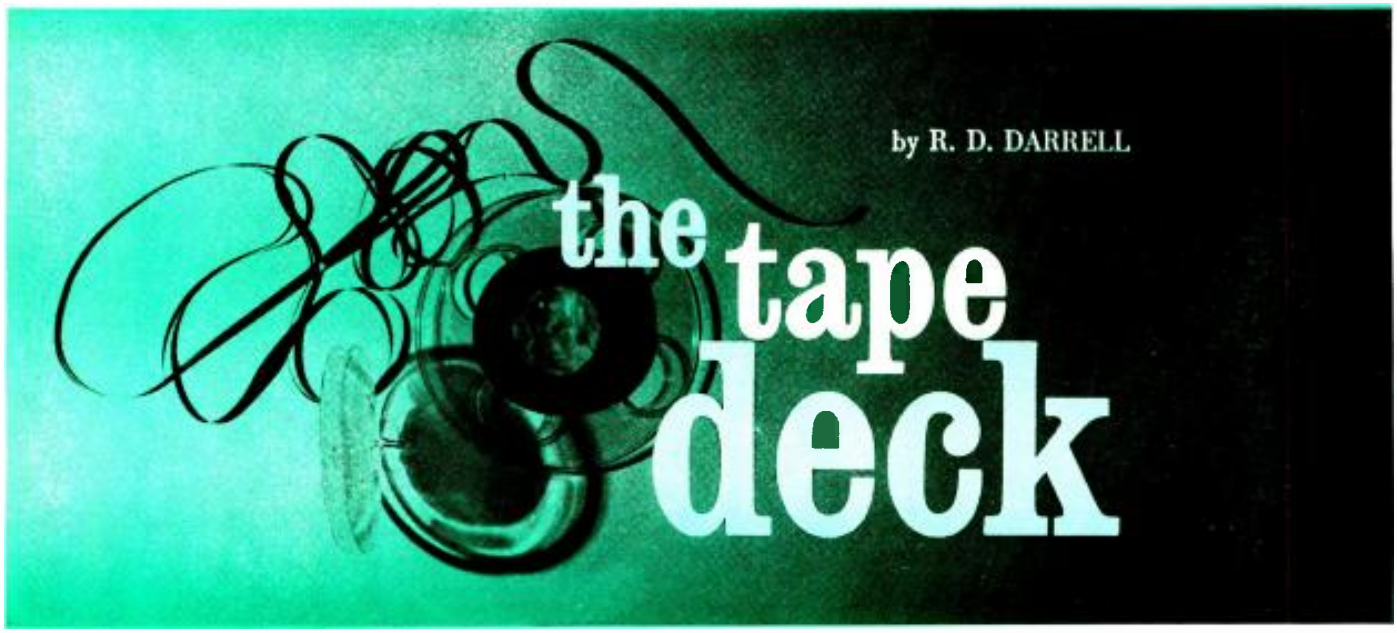
Marian Montgomery: "Swings for Winners and Losers." Capitol 1884, $3.98 (LP); S 1884, $4.98 (SD).
Miss Montgomery is a singer with a brash but easy manner, a pleasantly husky voice, and a happy faculty for phrasing with a strong rhythmic pulse. She can belt, bounce, or dig into the blues and take everything that comes in seemingly effortless fashion. This is a refreshingly unpretentious collection of performances, casual and relaxed. And excellent instrumental backing is provided by an exuberant group under Dick Hyman's leadership. It includes Joe Newman on trumpet, Sam "The Man" Taylor on tenor saxophone, and Kenny Burrell or Chuck Wayne on guitar—all of them digging into Hyman's bright arrangements with keen, cutting zest.

Gerry Mulligan and the Concert Jazz Band: "'63." Verve 8515, $4.98 (LP); 6-8515, $5.98 (SD).
Mulligan's concert band has swung more openly and directly on some previous

discs, but none of those discs has been marked by such individuality. The cross between Thornhillian impressionism and Basie-like swing evident in the group's early work is still at the root of its playing, but these derivative aspects have now been submerged into a distinctive character. It is touched with humor, with mellow reflective beauty, and with occasional evidences of surging power. These elements are particularly noticeable in *My Kinda Love*, *Little Rock Getaway* (take note of the kind of standards Mulligan chooses), and a Gary McFarland composition, *Pretty Little Gypsy*. Mulligan plays clarinet on the last piece, revealing a dry, woodsy sound that is extremely attractive. He is also heard on baritone saxophone, of course, while Bob Brookmeyer (on valve trombone and piano) and Clark Terry (on trumpet) contribute trenchant solos. Terry has one unusually good showcase, *Bridgehampton South* (another McFarland composition), on which he works his way into some half-valve phrases straight out of Rex Stewart.

Orchestra U.S.A.: "Debut," Colpix 448, $3.98 (LP); S 448, $5.98 (SD).
Orchestra U.S.A. is John Lewis' new project, the result of his attempt to form a permanent large ensemble for the purpose of playing both jazz and nonjazz compositions. It includes strings, brass, woodwinds, and percussion. This initial disc depends for its effect less on the orchestra itself than on the solo talents of Lewis on piano and Eric Dolphy on alto saxophone—both of whom keep cropping up in what are, essentially, small-group settings despite the presence of the full orchestra. The only truly orchestral selection is Lewis' *Three Little Feelings*, recorded once before by a brass ensemble with Miles Davis as soloist. The primary soloist this time is Phil Woods, playing alto saxophone and pouring out the fluent, warmly flowing lines typical of his amazingly consistent work in recent years. But the eight strings in the orchestra tend to thicken and dim what had been clean and precise writing for the brass group in the old arrangement. Lewis also wrote three of the remaining five selections (not counting *The Star-Spangled Banner*, which provides the disc with a rather ostentatious ending). The other two are the work of Gary McFarland. These, as noted, are essentially solo settings in which Lewis plays charmingly ambling piano and Dolphy is heard on alto. While obviously not revealing what Lewis eventually intends to do with his orchestra, this disc does less than full justice to his abilities with a small group.

Sal Salvador Big Band: "You Ain't Heard Nothin' Yet!" Dauntless 4307, $3.98 (LP); 6307, $4.98 (SD).
Salvador's big band gives sporadic evidence in this set of the ability to play with a full and colorful sound. On a piece called *The Old Gnu* it reveals a very viable muscle. And in Andy Marsala, the alto saxophonist who was once the star of the Farmingdale High School band, in mellophonist Ray Starling, and in baritone saxophonist Nick Brignola it has potentially provocative soloists. But much of the material here is rather routine, and relatively little use is made of the apparent resources of the full band. The appearance in two selections of a formidably inadequate girl singer is one of several clues suggesting that the main trouble with this presentation is poor judgment. JOHN S. WILSON



by R. D. DARRELL

the tape deck

The following reviews are of 4-track 7.5-ips stereo tapes in normal reel form.

BARTOK: *Divertimento for Strings* †Vivaldi: *Concerti grossi, Op. 3: No. 10, in B minor; No. 11, in D minor*

Moscow Chamber Orchestra, Rudolf Barshai, cond.
• • London LCL 80116. 48 min. $7.95.

This first tape edition of an arresting modern Divertimento and the first 4-track editions of two favorite concertos in Vivaldi's *L'Estro armonico* series boast quite unusual performance and recording attractions. The fourteen members of the Moscow ensemble (which obviously includes some of Russia's finest string players) command exceptionally wide dynamic and coloristic spectra, display youthful vigor and expressive warmth, yet are tautly controlled by an intelligent and skilled conductor. As yet, Barshai seems not entirely at home in baroque idioms, but he has a freshness of approach that illuminates unfamiliar facets of Vivaldi's genius, and over-all the blend of enthusiasm and precision here promises lively future competition for the Solisti di Zagreb and I Musici. Recorded on tour, in English Decca's new Hempstead studio, the vibrant bite and floating silkiness of string tone are captured in the most translucent stereoism, and the acoustical ambience, with just the right amount of small-hall reverberance, is perfect. And thanks to immaculate tape processing, with minimal surface noise, even the daringly soft passages here can be reproduced in their full purity. Technically, a well-nigh ideal reel!

BEETHOVEN: *Concerto for Piano and Orchestra, No. 3, in C minor, Op. 37*

Leon Fleisher, piano; Cleveland Orchestra, George Szell, cond.
• • Epic EC 828. 34 min. $7.95.

BEETHOVEN: *Concerto for Piano and Orchestra, No. 4, in G, Op. 58*

Glenn Gould, piano; New York Philharmonic, Leonard Bernstein, cond.
• • Columbia MQ 521. 37 min. $7.95.

Here is one Beethoven concerto taping of outstanding merit and appeal, and another which is perhaps the most eccentric ever recorded. Fleisher and Szell are simply magnificent in the first movement of the Third, and not far short of that in the other two movements. Lucid, strong recording and impeccable tape processing contribute toward making this version a clear-cut first choice for what is surely one of Beethoven's most delightful concertos. (The 1960 Graffman/Hendl RCA Victor taping is not in the running, but that by Backhaus and Schmidt-Isserstedt for London, also of 1960, is a fine, if less exciting, performance.)

What Gould plays here can only be described as a moonstruck reverie of the pianist's own. It too is excellently recorded and processed, and there are moments of undeniably beautiful pianism as well as of agonized personal expressiveness. But except as a curio, the performance as a whole can be recommended only to Gould cultists. There is still no ideal tape version: the choice rests between that by Backhaus (paired in twin-pack format with his taping of the Third, mentioned above) and a 1960 Epic reel by Fleisher and Szell which also includes the otherwise untaped Mozart Concerto No. 25, K. 503.

BELLINI: *La Sonnambula*

Joan Sutherland (s), Amina; Sylvia Stahlman (s), Lisa; Nicola Monti (t), Elvino; Fernando Corena (bs), Count Rodolfo; et al.; Chorus and Orchestra of Maggio Musicale Fiorentino, Richard Bonynge, cond.
• • London LOR 90057. Two reels: approx. 81 and 55 min. $21.95.

If you weren't lucky enough to see Miss Sutherland's *Sonnambula* triumph at the Metropolitan earlier this year, the present appropriately timed reel version (which is also the first Bellini opera to appear complete on tape) provides the chance to hear for yourself the scintillant vocalism that made the stage performances so sensationally successful. And if you've never heard Miss Sutherland at all before, this tape is the best recorded introduction to her well-nigh unique artistry. For while the present supporting cast is not so consistently strong as the Met's, and the star's own dramatic characterization and enunciation perhaps not quite so effective as in her live performances, she sings even better here than in her acclaimed earlier taping of Donizetti's *Lucia di Lammermoor* and Handel's *Alcina*. Her conductor-husband, Richard Bonynge, demonstrates more assurance than in his first appearances on the podium, especially in the animated opening scene and in the choral passages throughout. The recording is London's top grade, immaculately pure, sweet, and smoothly spread. UST has contributed comparably fine processing, but has not completely eliminated a whisper of surface noise in the very quietest moments. And while the opera itself is generally held to be too old-fashioned to make any strong appeal—except as a starring vehicle—to most listeners nowadays, the present performance may well surprise you, as it did me, by its ability to hold attention and admiration.

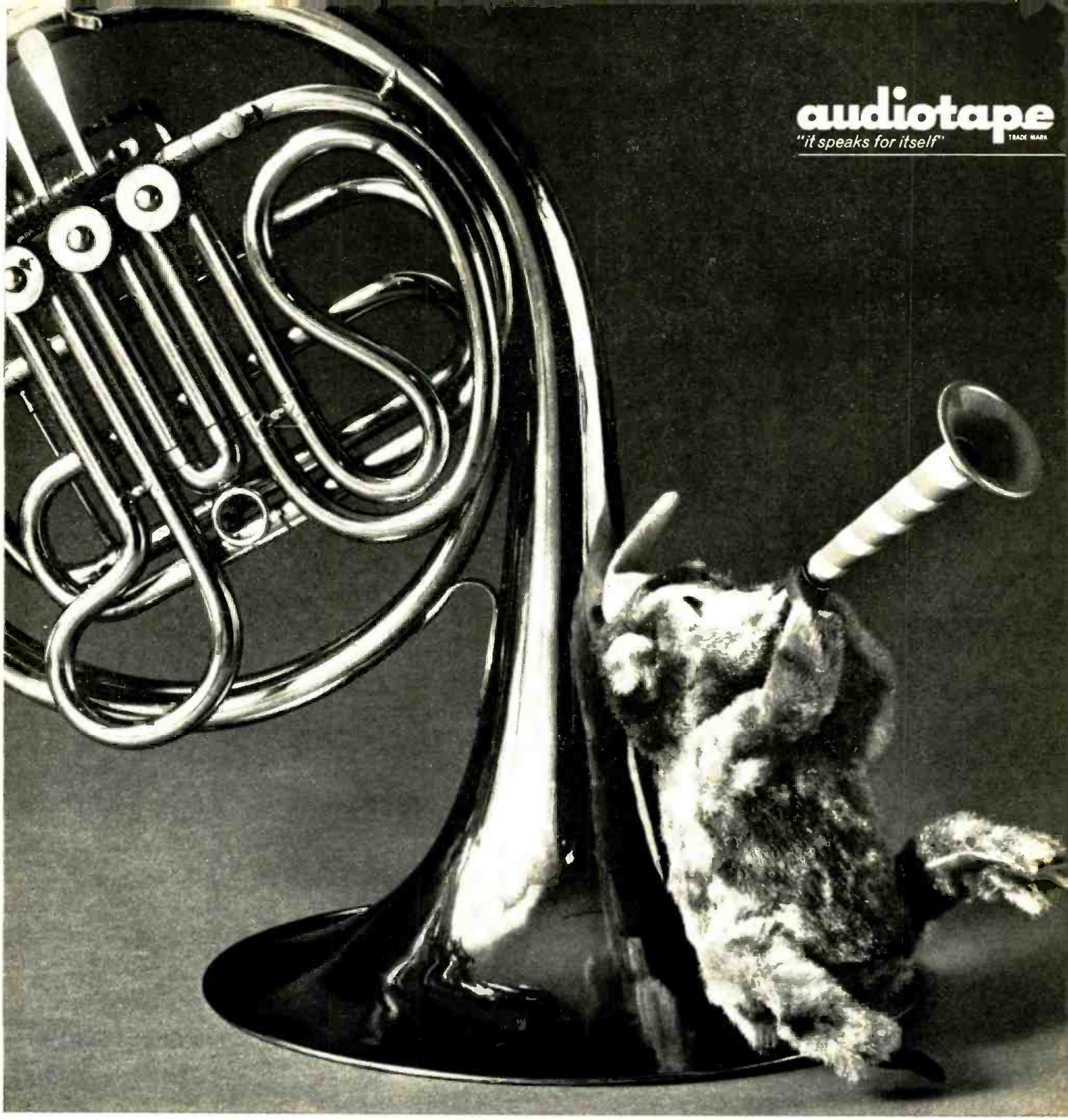
PURCELL: *Come, Ye Sons of Art; Rejoice in the Lord Alway; My Beloved Spake*

Soloists of the Deller Consort; Oriana Concert Choir and Orchestra; Kalmar Orchestra of London; Alfred Deller, cond.
• • Vanguard VTC 1657. 47 min. $7.95.

Again Vanguard makes an invaluable contribution to the rarer repertories as yet represented so sparsely on tape. This is, in fact, the first taped program of Purcell's vocal works. Admirers of Alfred Deller will be particularly interested in the long Birthday Ode for Queen Mary (1692) *Come, Ye Sons of Art*—partly because this is the work with which the countertenor first won widespread fame in a 1955 mono recording for Oiseau-Lyre, and also because Deller's talented son Mark, also a countertenor, joins him here in the florid duo section.

The B side offers two large-scaled anthems from the early 1680s: the famous "Bell" Anthem *Rejoice in the Lord Alway*, and the hitherto unrecorded more pastoralish *My Beloved Spake*, with its jubilant fugal Hallelujahs. The intricate writing for soloists and small

Continued on page 80



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THE TAPE DECK

Continued from page 78

orchestra is captured with lucid clarity of detail in the most transparent of stereoism and immaculate of tape processing. If you already cherish some of the fine earlier tapings of Purcell's trumpet pieces, you can't afford to miss this superb introduction to his even more richly varied festive works for voices.

SCHUBERT: *Symphonies: No. 3, in D; No. 8, in B minor ("Unfinished")*

Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra, William Steinberg, cond.

• • COMMAND CC 11017, 41 min, $7.95.

Another fine *Unfinished* creates almost an embarrassment of riches. The uncommon verve and masculine ardor of Steinberg's reading ranks it as a peer of the best-liked earlier versions by Walter, Reiner, and Rodzinski; the recording itself is exceptional (as Robert C. Marsh noted in his May review of the disc edition) for "sheer fidelity of sound." But if the performance and superbly authentic sonics (happily transferred to tape with minimal surface noise and no preëcho or spill-over) were not enough to warrant a duplication of the *Unfinished*, this reel is an unqualified must for its first taping of the unjustly neglected Third Symphony—an utterly captivating work to which Steinberg brings exactly the right combination of blithe light-footedness, taut yet elastic precision, and irresistible zestfulness.

TCHAIKOVSKY: *Symphony No. 5, in E minor, Op. 64*

New York Philharmonic, Leonard Bernstein, cond.

• • COLUMBIA MQ 468, 48 min, $7.95.

TCHAIKOVSKY: *Symphony No. 5, in E minor, Op. 64; Marche slave, Op. 31*

Oslo Philharmonic Orchestra, Odd Grüner-Hegge, cond.

• • RCA CAMDEN CTR 489, 53 min, $4.95.

TCHAIKOVSKY: *Symphony No. 6, in B minor, Op. 74 (Pathétique")*

Philharmonia Orchestra, Otto Klemperer, cond.

• • ANGEL ZS 35787, 47 min, $7.98.

What is the strange jinx that seems to haunt Tchaikovsky Fifths on tape? Bernstein, who might be expected to recapture some of Koussevitzky's magic in this work, proves to be far from ready yet: his performance is excessively mannered, portentous, and heavy-handed, where it is not (as in the finale) almost frenzied. Excellent tape processing, but the recording itself, while impressively broadspread and full-blooded, seems often rather thick and woolly. A better, if still by no means wholly satisfactory, choice is Sargent's version with the London Symphony for Everest (43039, 46 min., $7.95), which has just come in for review although it was first announced nearly three years ago. Its sound is still notably vivid and clean, however, and it is immaculately processed. The milder jinx effects in this case and in that of the Camden version are cut finales (unlike Bernstein's), a break in Sargent's slow movement, and Grüner-Hegge's somewhat rough recording (1958 vintage) with more marked channel separation than is customary nowadays. However, this last is the only low-priced reel of the Fifth and boasts a vigorous *Marche slave*.

Klemperer's first Tchaikovsky recording represents a distinctively original approach—one far more objective than the usual romantic treatment. The orchestral playing and recording are of uncommon beauty (although there is some channel imbalance in the A side of my copy), but Klemperer's deliberation and detachment are likely to seem lacking in drama to most admirers of the *Pathetique*, who will prefer the Ormandy/Columbia taping.

WAGNER: *Orchestral Excerpts*

Philharmonia Orchestra, Otto Klemperer, cond.

• • ANGEL ZS 35947, 47 min, $7.98.

I hope that this prompt taping of Klemperer's recent Wagner program will not prevent Angel's also providing a twin-pack equivalent of his earlier two-disc Wagner album, which consisted largely of preludes and overtures. Those selections seemed to stand alone more satisfactorily than the *Ring* excerpts making up the first side here. These are, of course, very well played, but the *Ride of the Valkyries* is methodical and unexciting, and only the pastoral-like *Forest Murmurs* (a tape first) matches the second-side Act 3 *Tannhäuser* Prelude (another tape first) and Act 1 *Parsifal* Prelude. These three selections reveal Klemperer's calm breadth and eloquence, making the reel a must for Wagnerians —even those who already own the far more dynamic Steinberg/Command versions of the other three selections (which include, in addition to *Valkyries*, *Entry of the Gods into Valhalla* and *Siegfried's Rhine Journey*), or Bruno Walter's more impassioned *Parsifal* Prelude on Columbia. This is an excellent release technically too, and quite free from some of the processing troubles which apparently plagued the disc edition.

"The Bitter and the Sweet." Pete Seeger. Columbia CQ 513, 41 min, $7.95.

Dozens of pop folk singers have won fame since Pioneer Pete's first Folkways and Vanguard releases, but no male soloist can beat the Old Pro at his own game—as he effortlessly demonstrates in this magnificently recorded and processed debut tape for Columbia. It also is of special interest as a documentation of his magnetic way with a live audience (at the Greenwich Village Bitter End), which he charms into participating in several of the selections here. He'll charm home listeners too, perhaps most of all in *Andorra, Living in the Country*, and *Barbara Allen*. No folk tape collection can be considered complete without this cornerstone.

"Bossa Nova Jazz Samba." Bud Shank and Clare Fischer. World Pacific WPTC 1020, 29 min., $7.95.

"Trombone Jazz Samba Bossa Nova." Bob Brookmeyer and His Orchestra. Verve VSTC 282, 28 min., $7.95.

While no current bossa nova programs succeed in matching the best early ones,

each of these boasts distinctive attractions: the first, Fischer's vivacious pianisms; the other, Brookmeyer's suave trombone playing (and in one instance, his surprisingly graceful piano technique). Fischer, with his sometimes overplaintive or slapdash collaborator Shank on alto sax and a spirited rhythm section, plays mostly his own Brazilian-flavored compositions (*Wistful Samba, Pensativa, Ilusao*) with vitality but less delicacy than the Brookmeyer orchestra achieves at its best. Unfortunately, the latter ventures occasionally into less appropriate novelty scores such as the leader's own *Blues Bossa Nova* and a quasiprimitive *Mutiny on the Bounty* Theme. Yet I must concede that even the silliest of these, the *Colonel Bogey Bossa Nova*, with its pattering percussion and fluttering vibes, strikes me as an amusing *jeu d'esprit*. Both reels are well recorded, but Brookmeyer's is considerably better processed.

"Carnival in Vienna!" Philadelphia Orchestra, Eugene Ormandy, cond. Columbia MQ 497, 48 min., $7.95.

Except for preëchoes, this taping matches the impressive technical power, solidity, and brilliance of last November's disc edition, but again I find Ormandy's performances nervously vehement. Scarcely a choice for Strauss connoisseurs, the reel unquestionably will be a general favorite, partly for its wide choice of materials (Josef Strauss's *Feuerfest* Polka, and ten waltzes and polkas by Johann II), but mainly for its bold sonics.

"Chopin by Starlight." Hollywood Bowl Symphony Orchestra, Carmen Dragon, cond. Capitol ZP 8371, 43 min., $7.98.
"An Evening with Romberg." Hollywood Bowl Pops Orchestra, Carmen Dragon, cond. Capitol ZW 1804, 40 min., $7.98.

The first of these tapes is one of Dragon's older programs, notable only for a few deft piano solo passages by Emanuel Bay. The Romberg "Evening" is a more recent, technically far superior recording, in an exceptionally well-processed taping. And while the materials themselves give Dragon less scope than some other recent programs, his romantic *Softly As in a Morning Sunrise* and lilting *One Kiss* should appeal strongly to Romberg fans.

"The Desert Song" and "The Student Prince." Dorothy Kirsten, Gordon MacRae; Roger Wagner Chorale; Orchestra, Van Alexander, cond. Capitol ZW 1842 and 1841, 35 min. each, $7.98 each.

Two valiant attempts to revitalize what I uncharitably think of as musical zombies. If anyone and anything could restore the glamour of Romberg's operettas, it surely would be Miss Kirsten and the able Roger Wagner Chorale, recorded with Capitol's discreet yet always effective stereogenics. MacRae and the minor soloists are competent enough, if somewhat colorless, and Van Alexander's orchestra is larger and more skilled than most Broadway pit bands. Nevertheless, only listeners who were permanently captivated in their more susceptible younger days are likely to find this music, even here, truly viable.

"Exotic Strings." Percy Faith and His Orchestra. Columbia CQ 504, 38 min., $7.95.
"Fire and Jealousy." Andre Kostelanetz and His Orchestra. Columbia CQ 501, 34 min., $7.95.

We have here more first-rate mood

Continued on next page

THE TAPE DECK

Continued from preceding page

music from one of Columbia's pop work horses, and another desperate effort to achieve spectacularity by the other. Faith's reel glows with kaleidoscopic coloring, yet its rich string-dominated performances are always enlivened by a resilient rhythmic pulse. The conductor's own rhapsodic *Chico Bolero* and highly original arrangement of *I Get a Kick Out of You* are outstanding; *All Through the Night, Poinciana*, and others are thoroughly beguiling. Kostelanetz's more ambitious Spanish program features an abbreviated Ravel *Bolero*, plus Falla's *Ritual Fire Dance* and *Spanish Dance* No. 1, Gade's *Jalousie*, Lecuona's *Malagueña* and *Adiós*, etc., but all in performances which strike me as coarse and hard-pressed. Both reels are ultrabrilliantly recorded, but the warmer acoustical ambience given Faith contrasts markedly with Kostelanetz's dry one and contributes considerably to the former's superior aural appeal.

"Gospel Time." Ruth Brown, Chorus, and Ensemble. Philips (via Bel Canto) PT 600055, 35 min., $7.95.

Tape has seldom ventured before into the gospel-shout repertory and I doubt that many reel collectors will be immediately receptive to what may well seem to them the excessively raucous, rock-'n'-rollish qualities of this genre. In this instance, however, adventuresome listeners will discover that Miss Brown reveals extraordinary powers of vocal and personality projection. My own sensibilities cringe under some of the coarse sonics here, but I still can't wholly resist the emotional grip of these fervent exhortations—particularly of the propulsive *Walk with the Lord* and *Will the Circle Be Unbroken?*.

"Midnight in Paris." Duke Ellington and His Orchestra. Columbia CQ 503, 43 min., $7.95.

Ellington fan though I am, I must confess that some of his recent releases leave me unsatisfied. This one, however, is intriguingly different—particularly striking for its subtle coloristic refinements, well captured in pellucid if very closely miked stereoism. It is a wryly nostalgic evocation of Parisian moods, at once affectionate and a bit cynical. Most successful are a free-swinging new version of *Guitar Amour*, delicately catchy renditions of *Javapachacha* and *Mademoiselle de Paris*, and a lusciously varicolored and atmospheric *Paris Blues*. Several of the others (*Speak to Me of Love, Comme Ci Comme Ça*, and *The River Seine*) are fascinating originals.

"Moving" Peter, Paul, and Mary. Warner Brothers WSTC 1473, 35 min., $7.95.

The trio sings and plays with somewhat more professional assurance than in their first release, but again it is primarily the freshness of the individual voices and the sheer charm of their personalities that make them so engaging in both jaunty (*Settle Down, A-Soalin'*) and relaxed (*Gone the Rainbow, Tiny Sparrow, Morning Train*) moods. By this time probably every kid in the country knows —via TV and radio broadcasts—their *Puff the Magic Dragon*, but it was new to me and sufficient reason in itself to gold-star this reel. Again the self-

accompaniments are uncommonly imaginative and deft, the closely miked recording and the tape processing flawless.

"Play Gypsy Play." Harry Geller and His Fiery Mandolins. Liberty (via Bel Canto) LT 14023, 34 min., $7.95. This might be best described as a kind of poor man's balalaika spectacular. There aren't any actual balalaikas, of course; the arrangements for "fiery mandolins," accordion, etc., are often vulgarly fancy; the violent recording and stereoism obviously souped up; the tonal qualities seldom natural or beautiful in themselves—and yet the over-all bravura is still somewhat akin to that of Mercury's recent Russian Folk Orchestra program. Comparable taste is lacking here: Brahms may well be rolling in his grave to hear his Fifth Hungarian Dance transformed into a jukebox holiday; yet a nonpurist may find it electrifying, as he surely will the no less virtuosic *Flashing Fingers* and the crackling *Tarantella*. The tape processing must be the work of exceptional virtuosos too: despite the high modulation level and plenitude of explosive transients, I detected only one slight preëcho and no spill-over at all.

"Thirty Hits of the Tuneful 20s." Frankie Carle, His Piano and Orchestra. RCA Victor FTP 1159, 27 min., $7.95.
Hank Levine's orchestral arrangements and occasional use of a wordless chorus may be a bit anachronistic, but Carle's own bouncing pianism is idiomatic, and his choice of materials (ten medleys of three evergreens each) makes up an almost ideal anthology of favorites. Sound is crystalline, bold, broadspread, and vividly realistic.

Reissues: Capitol and Columbia have suddenly become active in 4-track resuscitations of circa 1958 recordings from their out-of-print 2-track catalogues. With one exception none of these now ranks, interpretatively, as a first tape choice, but they still sound surprisingly good technically (if obviously not of the latest stereo vintage). The exception is Ormandy's Sibelius Second Symphony (Columbia MQ 520, 44 min., $7.95)—now the only available taping of this music and one of its best recorded performances in any medium. The processing of all these tapes is generally better than in the originals, and old admirers of the artists and performances represented should be well pleased with the revised editions.

From Capitol, at $7.98 each: the late Felix Slatkin's Grofé *Grand Canyon* and *Mississippi* Suites (ZP 8347, 45 min.), and Offenbach-Rosenthal *Gaîté parisienne* (ZP 8405, 38 min.). Two other Capitol tapings, although now released for the first time in this medium, also demand no more than summary mention here since the recording dates back to 1959 and the performances are scarcely competitive with more recent versions: Leonard Pennario's Gershwin *Rhapsody in Blue* with Slatkin's *American in Paris* (ZP 8343, 34 min.), and the same pianist's "Rhapsody under the Stars" miscellany with the Hollywood Bowl Symphony under Miklós Rózsa (ZP 8494, 40 min.).

From Columbia come these reissues, at $7.95 each: Bernstein's Ravel *Bolero, Rapsodie espagnole*, and *La Valse* (MQ 522, 53 min.); Ormandy's Respighi *Fountains* and *Pines of Rome* (MQ 525, 36 min.); and "The Beloved Choruses" by the Mormon Tabernacle Choir/Philadelphia Orchestra (MQ 523, 40 min.).

Continued from page 30

more money than the original composers ever saw. It is so maddening because it requires no talent. When I was six years old, my aunts and uncles would say: "Look here, play that Beethoven or Mozart theme as a mazurka." I'd do it right away and I'd get a chocolate. "Now play it as a waltz—as a polonaise." Right away—more chocolates. There's not a thing in music that can't be transformed into a dancing tune. From the nine symphonies of Beethoven and the *St. Matthew* Passion of Bach, I can make you lots of waltzes, polonaises, mazurkas, and polkas. Whatever you want—if you give me chocolates, of course.

Wilcox: Mr. Rubinstein, you seem to live every moment of your life with a spirit that most of us can conjure up only for special occasions. Is there a secret formula, a special key?

Rubinstein: Well, I suppose I am the way I am because I love life and humanity very deeply. I adore living, unconditionally. I'm really probably the happiest person I have ever known. It's not because I'm healthy and have a fine family life and am finally without worries about money. I had terrible worries about money. I slept in the street. I went hungry for months. I had debts which terrified me and gave me sleepless nights. I had terrible mishaps in love and some very dangerous moments of illness. Yes, I went through all sorts of things—but they never stopped my love for living. Living is something inside. It's not dependent on what you are given or what's around you. I'd be perfectly happy, in my own way, in a prison or dying in a hospital, because what I feel is of a happy character. That nobody can take away—no Hitler, no punishment. Nothing can take away what you have inside.

Wilcox: I suspect it's this love of humanity that your audiences immediately sense when you play for them.

Rubinstein: I cannot come out to an audience I do not love. This is why I cannot play in Germany or Austria. There's no revenge in this. The Germans and Austrians lose little by my absence, and I lose their applause, their acclaim, and their money. The only loser is really myself. But I don't play for these people, simply because I cannot love them. There might be even one Nazi in the audience and that's enough to poison me completely.

You see, the men and women who come to my concerts buy the tickets far in advance and they expect a lot of me. So, I cannot do less than love them, and they feel that right away. I want them to be happy; I want them to be miserable; I want them to be moved; I want them to be taken by my feelings, whatever they are.

Wilcox: And it doesn't make much difference in what country this takes place?

Rubinstein: Absolutely not. The reception is more or less the same everywhere.

Wilcox: Since an audience means so much to you, how do you adjust to its absence when you are making a recording?

Rubinstein: Max, you might be surprised. You know the engineers and technicians who run the machines? I'm terribly conscious that they may get bored having to play it back and rewind the thing and put a new tape on and so forth. Well, every time I play I would like them to feel that this is really something important. I want them to feel that I give them something, that it's not just a job I'm doing. With you it's different because you collaborate with me. We, in a way, are actually playing together. You help me out by telling me what you heard that was not in character. You don't impose upon me your feelings about the music, but you make me conscious of my own feelings that were wrong. You, in a way, are myself at that moment. But those other people in the studio could be absolutely indifferent, and I always try to win them over. I try to see a little bit in their eyes that they listen with some personal interest. Of course, when I'm recording, I'm also doing it for my future playing and listening. You know it tires me so much to record because I put so terribly much into it every time I play. It exhausts me emotionally, not physically. After a session, I am absolutely drained, emotionally.

Wilcox: It's really not like playing in concert, where you play it once as well as possible and then go on to the next.

Rubinstein: There you are. I give it and it's over. But in recording, there is a constant, constant striving for musical perfection—the wish to give more and more and make it sound so beautiful that it will be moving each time anyone hears it. It's a difficult proposition, but I always try. I really try.

"GENESIS OF A MUSIC"

Continued from page 38

personal idiom is documented on the album "Thirty Years of Lyrical and Dramatic Music" (Issue A), which assembles smaller vocal and instrumental compositions. On none of his other records are the fantastic opportunities of the composer's intensive microtonal harmony so thoroughly explored.

Another disc, Issue C, brings together Partch's orchestral composition, with three sets of Plectra and Percussion Dances. Two of these have minor speaking parts for voice; the third, *Castor and Pollux*, is the only one of his recorded works that does not include voice. In these dances the expressive definition of the medium is more evident, as well as the influence of the Javanese gamelan orchestra, which also inspired John Cage and Lou Harrison to create a distinctively American music for percussion. In each case an influence was being acknowledged, not an imitation attempted: the resulting music is not stratified in the Javanese manner but increasingly polyphonic.

In his four full-length dramas—the tragedies *Oedipus* and *Revelation in the Courthouse Park*, the ballet *The Bewitched*, and the recent farce *Water, Water*—Partch's musical and dramatic aspirations attain full maturity. Each of the first three works is currently represented on records by a disc of excerpts; a recording of *Water, Water* was withdrawn by the composer because of his dissatisfaction with the performance as recorded.

Oedipus, sketched as early as 1933, was composed during 1951–52 for performance at Mills College. During the next year Partch rewrote the drama to his own condensed translation of Sophocles' play; it was performed at Sausalito and recorded complete in 1954. The single-disc version (Issue D) includes the principal music, omitting much of the spoken text. The powerful final scene, with its climactic antiphony between the blinded Oedipus and the chorus, proved to many listeners for the first time the extent of the composer's fully matured expressive resources.

The Bewitched—A Dance Satire was commissioned by the University of Illinois School of Music and the Fromm Foundation for the university Festival of Contemporary Arts at Urbana in 1957. It was performed there as a ballet and recorded. It was performed again, with a different choreography, in New York. As ballet music should be, it is more effective when staged than in recording. Approximately half of the full score is included on the disc of excerpts (Issue E).

Revelation in the Courthouse Park (1961), with which this discussion opened, is Partch's most important work and most tightly integrated composition. In my opinion—after seeing it on the stage four times and hearing the taped version in whole or part on many occasions—it is also among the most fully realized and meaningful creations of twentieth-century opera and drama. Because every part of the work refers to the whole, the single record of excerpts (Issue F) cannot convey an adequate account of the entire cumulative effect. Each of the two cycles consisting of revel, scene, and choral ritual ends in the prefiguring of the tragedy, which is revealed in the climactic finale after the spoken song of the messenger describing the event.

Water, Water continues Partch's practice of composing a libretto from the significant fragments of common speech that he calls "rituals" and setting it to idiomatic music of similar rhythmic and melodic origin. Commissioned by the University of Illinois, *Water, Water* was first performed there in March 1962, and afterwards, for two performances, at the Studebaker Theatre in Chicago.

In addition to the presently available set of six records, there are also three excellent films, made by Madeline Tourtelot, obtainable through Cinema 16, 175 Lexington Avenue, New York City. In one Partch demonstrates his instruments, concluding with a synchronized performance; another shows the events of a gymnastic meet, accompanied by *Rotate the Body in All Its Planes*, a score Partch wrote at the request of the University of Illinois gymnastic team. The third, *Windsong*, is a nature study, what painters call a landscape with figures, for which Partch composed and edited the score—a deliberate study in composing music as a film technic, not merely an accompaniment.

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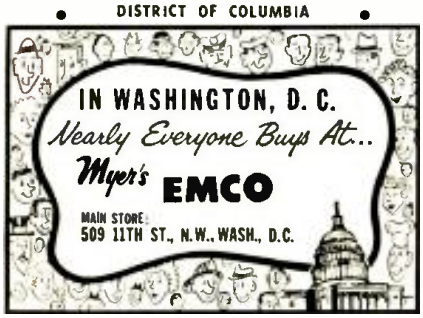

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WHY BOTHER WITH WORDS?

Continued from page 41

of us, as the principal virtue of the art. To somebody, the feeling suggested by the Fifth Symphony seemed to recall his feelings about Fate; the stubborn survival of the notion shows that more is involved than a pure quirk. And can we seriously doubt that Beethoven had something similar—however vaguely similar—in mind? Tradition assigns the remark to him; certainly he wrote words alongside the notes of his *Pastoral* Symphony, explaining their function as "the expression of feelings, not illustration." "Scene by the brook" remains inadequate, but it forms a part of Beethoven's own conception. And the critic who wrote that "the *Pastoral* Symphony has the enormous strength of someone who knows how to relax" also articulated something valid in the way of the expression of feeling.

The urgency in critical statements of Type B lies exactly in their effort to link art and human experience. Words are our only means to comprehend such links. Perhaps in 1963 it is enough if they remind us of the possibility of linkage. Years ago, when the purple paragraphs of a James Huneker echoed more strongly than the lavender arpeggios of a MacDowell, it might have been salutary to insist on the limitations of program notes and colorful "translations" from music into reverie. But in the day of Milton Babbitt and Elliott Carter, of Stockhausen and Boulez, of John Cage and deeper horrors, it is well to insist on the other track—that despite the fallacy of translation, art and experience connect. For all the stern legislating of Babbitt and the old logical positivists, words have a function here, a function other than that of logical definition. Words express and communicate attitudes, feelings, and experiences —and long may they remain incorrigible.

Babbitt and Keller, I have suggested, stand, in their quite different ways, as symptoms of a general disenchantment about words in relation to music—symptomatic on a rarified level, perhaps, but one reflecting a wide intellectual tendency. Another obvious symptom is the decline of music criticism, if not in volume, at least in the quality of contemporary relevance. American journalism in our time lacks a Huneker, a Gilman, a Downes, or a Thomson. I should indeed hesitate to describe criticism today as any worse than that of the past, but I do think it is duller. That is to say, contemporary music criticism fails to speak in terms that excite or even engage the serious reader.

The situation in music mirrors a phenomenon in our culture at large. "The Retreat from the Word" is the title of a striking, disturbing essay published in a recent issue of *Kenyon Review* by the young American critic George Steiner. Steiner traces the trend in the development of language, mathematics, the sciences and social sciences, literature, art, and philosophy away from the characteristic Western reliance on "the primacy of the word, of that which can be spoken and communicated in discourse," towards a splintering of untranslatable jargons. Think of Keller's analysis done in musical sounds, of Babbitt's dehumanized language; think of the great mass of musicological technical writing, which usurps the place of criticism in present-day America. Steiner also speaks of contemporary musical composition; like many of us, he seems stymied by the rhetoric, or the basic conception, in much new music. "Like the nonobjective canvas, the piece of 'new' music will often dispense with a title lest that title offer a false bridge back to the world of pictorial and verbal imaginings. It calls itself 'Variation 42' or 'Composition'. . . . It denies to the listener any recognition of content, or, more accurately, it denies him the possibility of relating the purely auditive impression to any verbalized form of experience."

These are large questions—too large, I expect, to be introduced as a coda to our comparatively self-contained discussion. But they may suggest the importance of that discussion, as well as something of the present writer's animus. Words and verbal statements remain valid and necessary for musical analysis and criticism. These inseparable activities are themselves necessary for our understanding contact with music—but not, in the mathematician's phrase, "necessary and sufficient." Of course not. Necessary and insufficient; insufficient, but necessary.

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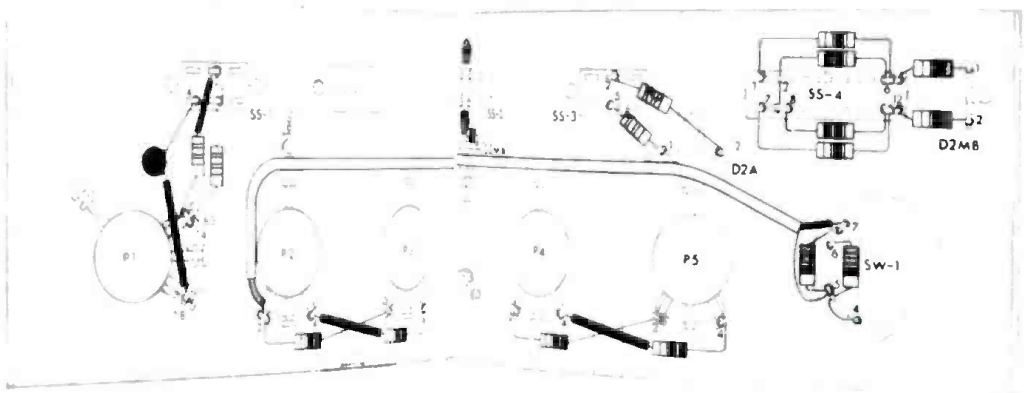

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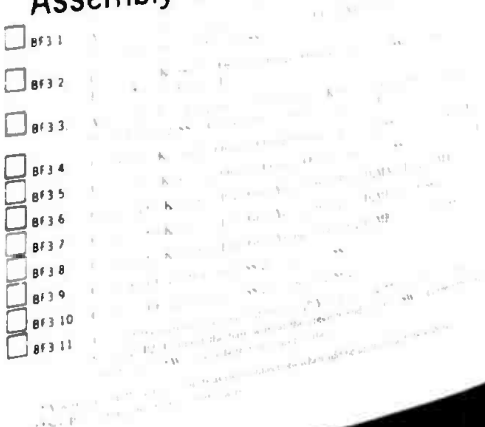

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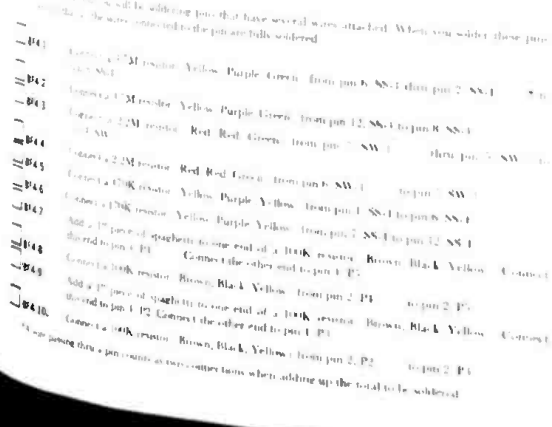

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