THE DEMONSTRATOR *A Classroom View of Leonard Bernstein* 60¢

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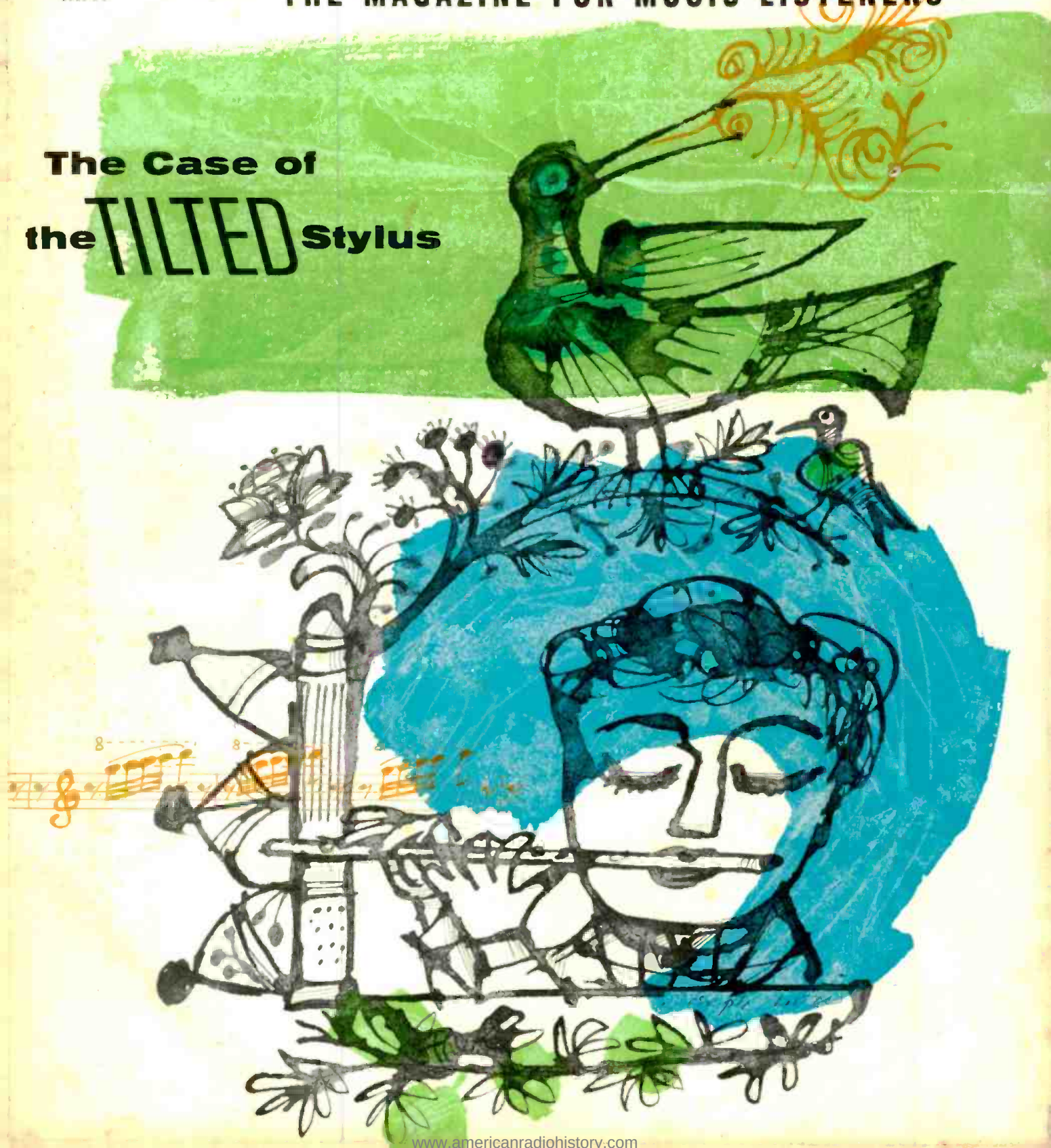
MAY

THE MAGAZINE FOR MUSIC LISTENERS

The Case of the TILTED Stylus



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high fidelity

Page 30

MAY 1963 • VOLUME 13 NUMBER 5

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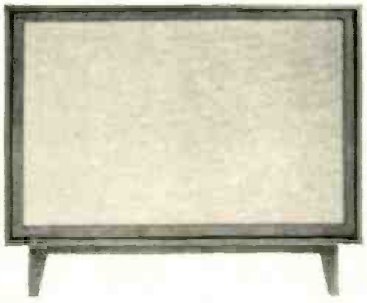
Cover Design: by Joseph Low

B-305 Urban Speaker



two-woofer three-way speaker in low-boy format. With 30 watts or more from fine associated equipment, it is an outstanding performer from 35 to 20,000 cycles.

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styled like the Urban speakers, it accommodates the top-quality associated equipment needed to drive the Bozak speakers for their full potential performance.

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"The vigor of this presentation proves that Tarzian is interested in getting this country (and tape recording) moving again...everyone should walk to their nearest tape store and request a copy...or walk to Bloomington"
...(name withheld on request)

"Contains a modest but penetrating analysis of why Tarzian Tape is perhaps the least-known superior product in the United States today"
...Committee for Truth in Tape Promotion

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...Havana Times

"A four-star ringer-dinger...understand three studios have been beating down the Tarzian doors seeking movie rights"
...Hedda Winchell

"'Invite Tape to Your Party' is the chapter that puts the bright light of public inspection on those 'friendly get-togethers' in suburbia"
...Chipman Report

"The chapter entitled 'Use Tape in Your Business' is a bold statement of Tarzian confidence in traditional American enterprise"
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"I agree"...*Harry Goldwater*

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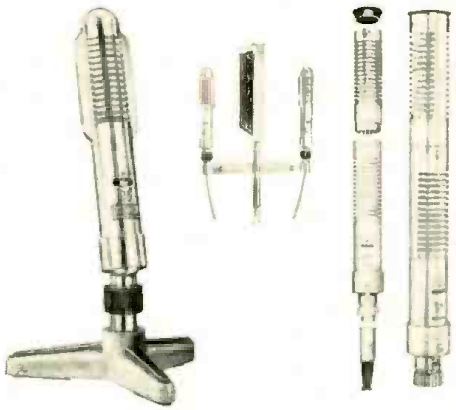
Model 200, $149.95 *Model 50, $59.95* *Model 53 $69.95*



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BY APPOINTMENT TO THE ROYAL DANISH COURT

CIRCLE 34 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

AUTHORitatively Speaking

As a habitual New York concertgoer—not to speak of being a buyer of records and viewer of television like most of the rest of us—**Leonard Marcus** has been frequently exposed to this country's perhaps most ubiquitous conductor, Leonard Bernstein. As a member of a much smaller and undoubtedly more exigent group, he studied conducting under Maestro Bernstein for three summers at the Berkshire Music Center at Tanglewood. Mr. Marcus is thus able to see in different perspective a serious musician often viewed merely as a "personality"—for which fresh approach, turn to "The Demonstrator," p. 30. Since Mr. Marcus' graduation from Harvard in 1951, he has been active both as a practicing musician and as a writer on musical subjects; as might be expected, the latter has given him something of a professional interest in audio matters too.

Contributing Editor **R. D. Darrell's** career as a critic of music and sound reproduction has been known to make some of our colleagues feel distinctly like johnny-come-latelys. Mr. Darrell began to review records in 1926, immediately after completing his studies at the New England Conservatory of Music. For some years he edited the *Phonograph Monthly Review*, in 1936 he brought out the first *Gramophone Shop Encyclopedia*, and in 1939 he was awarded a Guggenheim Fellowship for further research. *The Highroad to Musical Enjoyment* was published in 1943, Schirmer's *Guide to Books on Music and Musicians* in 1951, and *Good Listening* in 1953, and over a period of nearly four decades his by-line has appeared in a wide range of scholarly and popular journals. Since 1956 Mr. Darrell has been HIGH FIDELITY's tape specialist, but he also writes often about records and disc reproduction (a dual role sometimes conducive to schizophrenia, he says); this month he reports a current and controversial issue: see "The Case of the Tilted Stylus," p. 34.

Followers of the reviews of vocal music that appear in these pages every month over the initials C. L. O. may be interested to know of the existence of another C. L. O., this being Christopher Lionel Osborne, aged some six months. Possibly, initials held in common may someday cause confusion of identities between Master Osborne and Mr. **Conrad L. Osborne**, but at the moment it is not expected that the first-born will follow in his father's footsteps. *Our* C. L. O. tells us that he is thinking of acquiring earphones: whether it was *Siegfried* (see last month's "Records in Review," p. 71) or "How To Learn French in Twenty-four Easy Lessons" (see this issue, p. 38) that exhausted the younger C. L. O.'s patience is not known, but in any case he made his distaste for the entire proceedings quite obvious. In addition to coping with the problems of paternity—not to speak of engaging simultaneously in musical, literary, and theatrical pursuits—Mr. Osborne has also recently taken up fencing. We like numbering an epéeist among our acquaintance. . . .

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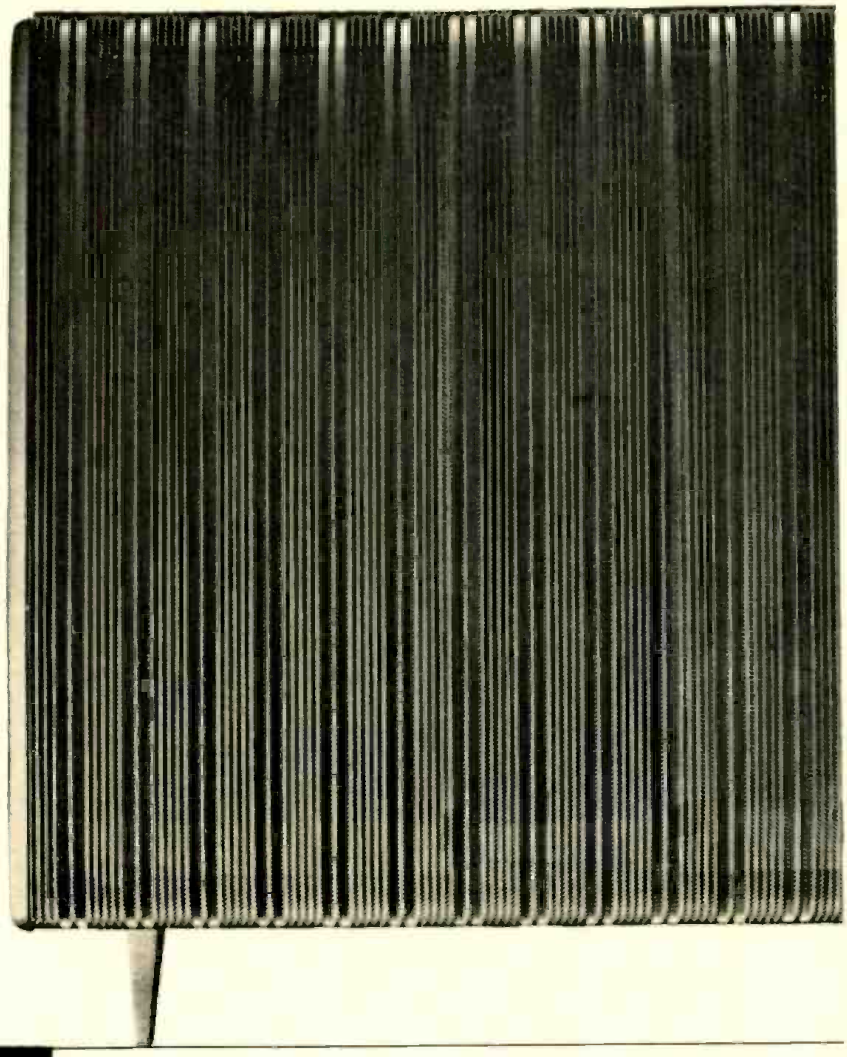

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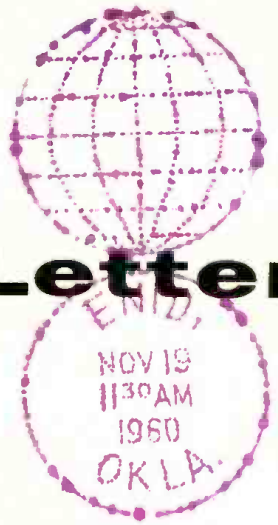
Letters



Kiev—San Diego Entente

SIR:

I thought you might be interested in knowing that the letter from George Drofa ("Russian Exchange, Anyone?") published in the December issue of HIGH FIDELITY sparked at least one reader's response. I sent off six LPs and recently received a letter from Mr. Drofa saying that they had arrived in Kiev.

My choice of titles was apparently a success, since he mentioned particularly liking the Django Reinhardt and Modern Jazz Quartet discs included in the shipment. "Our youth," he wrote, "are dancing under Dixie, rock 'n' roll, twist, etc."

Thanks to the editor of your Letters column, Kiev doesn't seem quite so distant now!

Frances Box
Station KOGO-FM
San Diego, Calif.

Van Beinum's Bruckner

SIR:

The Bruckner problem is a baffling one. I am now more convinced of this fact than ever. To a musical world forever indebted to H. C. Robbins Landon for his inestimable services in the cause of Haydn, his forthright and perceptive report on the current status of another giant of Austrian music [HIGH FIDELITY, February 1963] was welcome, but no surprise. One has come to expect as much from H.C.R.L.

It was therefore doubly a surprise, indeed a shock, to read the brief discography which follows. It unfortunately does not present a reliable picture of the representation of Bruckner's symphonies on records. The heart of my indictment of the Landon discography is this: it seems to me that, based on at least ten years' association with Bruckner on records, the conductor who during that time did most to bring Bruckner into focus for the music lover was Eduard van Beinum.

Bruckner recordings appeared rather slowly on the market, but their appearance at all was phenomenal considering his almost total absence from the concert hall. Two names stand out—Van

Continued on page 14

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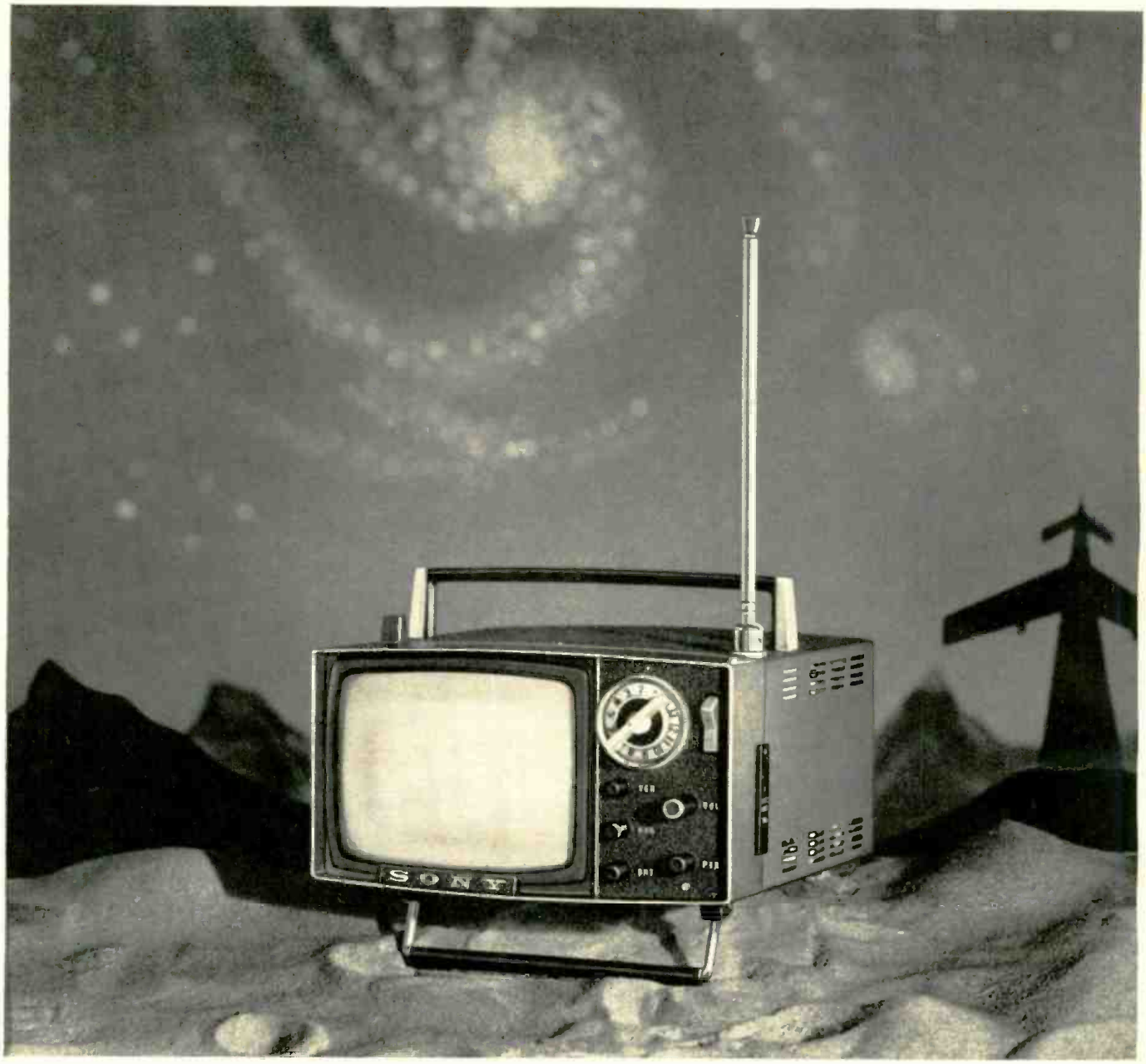

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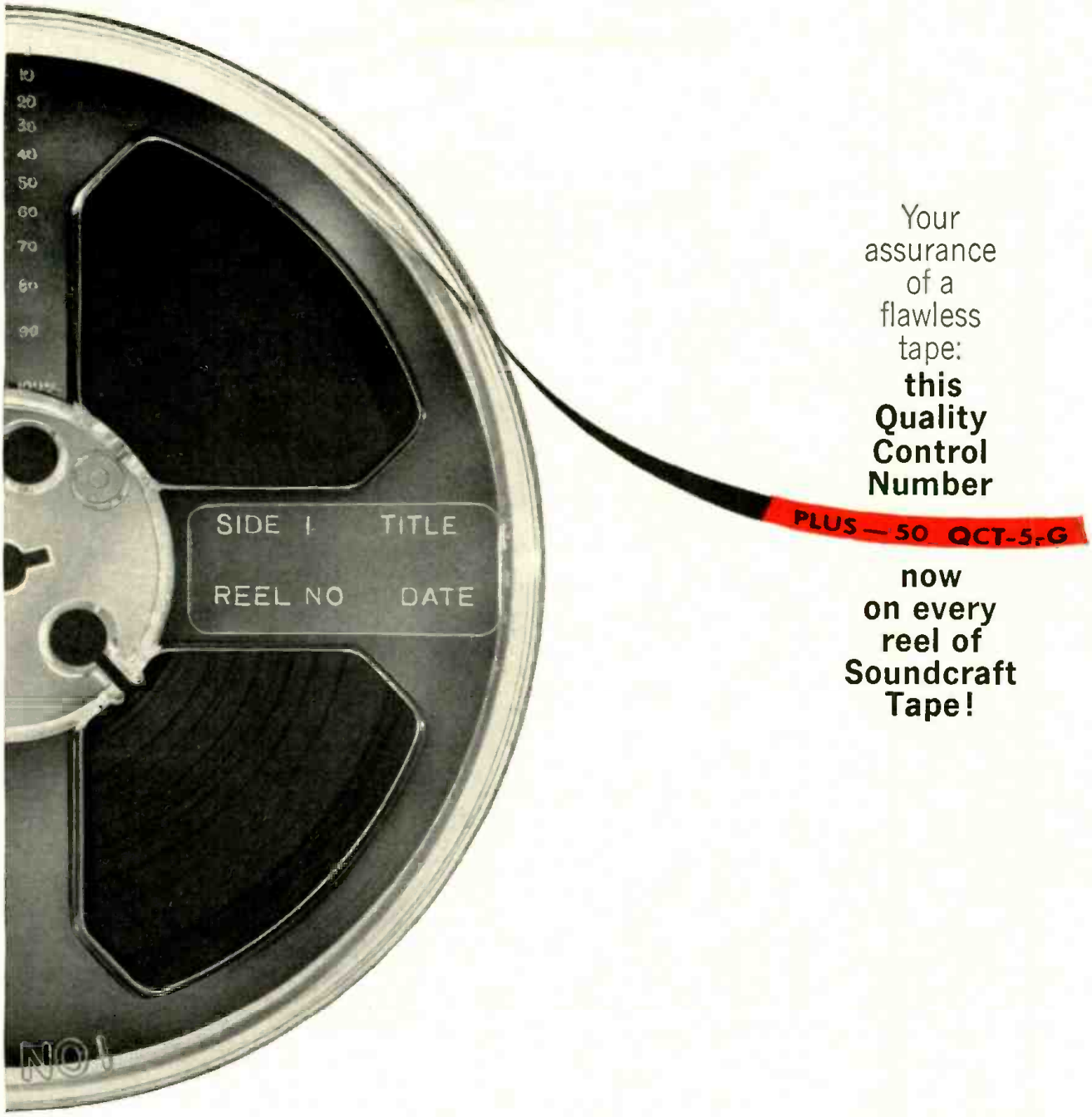

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CIRCLE 67 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

LETTERS

Continued from page 10

Beinum and Adler (and the latter's use of inauthentic scores weakens his offerings). Van Beinum's splendidly paced and glowingly recorded Seventh was a major milestone in Bruckner recorded history. And when this was followed by the Eighth and Ninth, many—indeed, I think most—Americans had for the first time a chance to view the true Bruckner from the vantage point of technically correct, authentically scored, and inspiringly performed recordings.

Nothing has happened since to change this impression. No conductor before or since Van Beinum has succeeded in capturing the essential glow of transcendent confidence and exaltation that his performances embody. It is as if Van Beinum were spiritually at home in Bruckner's music; he allows the spacious adagios to breathe freely and to soar in the climaxes (not to drag their feet as with most conductors), the rugged opening and closing movements to stand forth in their craggy and yet architectonically perfect majesty, and the scherzos to sing and dance. There is an inevitability about his tempo that rings true.

To dismiss these performances as "no great loss" or as "second-rate" is not only unjust, but also shallow, and raises the question of just what sort of Bruckner image the reviewer has in mind. If the Austrian and German performances of Mr. Landon's acquaintance deviate greatly from Van Beinum's Bruckner in the direction of Horenstein's turgidity or Karajan's "opulence" (a term unsuitable to Bruckner as I understand him), then I'm rather glad the Bruckner "cult" has not yet reached our shores.

William C. Sherwood
Seguin, Tex.

H. C. Robbins Landon replies: "I was fully aware of the furor I would cause by criticizing Van Beinum's Bruckner performances. I cannot agree that the greatest Eighth is Van Beinum's. I find—to remain with the Eighth (which I happen to own)—that the conductor and the orchestra play this towering work as if it were, to stretch a point, the Second Symphony by César Franck. . . . Surely the listener will recognize in the first trumpet's sound a school far more French than German (it may be his instrument; it may be his approach). Now I have no objection to different schools of instrumental playing; indeed, I personally prefer French and English oboe sound to Viennese. But the fact remains that Bruckner's sound demands fat German horns (not the thin and almost altotrombonelike sound of a Dennis Brain); it demands fat and absolutely vibratoless trumpets (and not the opposite, as in Van Beinum's record); and it demands a searching, perhaps typically Dichter und Denker *approach to the music. I find Van Beinum well-paced but never really searching. It is my considered opinion that Bruckner's last three symphonies are not fully experienced, their depths not fully plumbed, in Van Beinum's interpretations."*

Schoenberg on Two Discs

SIR:

I greatly appreciate the splendid review Alfred Frankenstein gave to Volume 1 of our Music of Schoenberg series [HIGH FIDELITY, March 1963].

There is one important detail, however, I would like to correct: the set consists of two, not three, LPs and therefore the monophonic price becomes $9.98 instead of $14.94, the stereo becomes $11.98 instead of $17.94. The 32-page booklet and the loving care are included free of charge.

John McClure
Music Director,
Columbia Records, Inc.
New York, N.Y.

No. 4 by Shostakovich

SIR:

There are enough recordings of the Shostakovich Fifth Symphony. Will one of the record companies now be so good as to put out a performance of his Fourth Symphony? I heard a tape of this work, from the Edinburgh Festival, broadcast by WBAI, and believe the music deserves a wider hearing.

Jerry Feldstein
Bronx, N.Y.

A recording of the Shostakovich Fourth, by the Philadelphia Orchestra under Ormandy, is due for release this spring.

The Missing No. 123

SIR:

You have been making an error of one digit on the spine of your magazine for the past few months. Both October and November issues were numbered 118, December was 119, and so on.

You have a wonderful magazine; I wouldn't be without it, and keep a file going back to your fifth issue.

Charles E. Kern
Washington, D.C.

Our thanks to a sharp-eyed subscriber. We corrected this error by skipping a number on the April cover. March was No. 122, April No. 124. We hope to count correctly from now on.

High Fidelity, May 1963, Vol. 13, No. 5. Published monthly by The Billboard Publishing Co., publishers of Billboard, Vend, Amusement Business, and American Artist. Telephone: Great Barrington 1300. Member Audit Bureau of Circulations.

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This is the stereo master-control-preamplifier.
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This is the FM-Stereo-Multiplex converter.

Who says a seven-component custom stereo installation has to come in seven pieces? Not Fisher.

This professional-caliber Fisher system is complete in *three* handsome units, occupying a total of only 5½ feet of shelf space. That means you can have stereo sound of the quality heard in a broadcasting studio control room—without making your living quarters look like one.

The key to this no-compromise space saving is the new Fisher 500-C integrated stereo receiver. On a *single* chassis, only 17½ inches wide* and 13½ inches from front to back, the 500-C incorporates all of the electronic components of a high-fidelity perfectionist's stereo system—five superb components in all. The total music-power output is 75 watts (IHFM Standard); all switching and control functions are ingeniously consolidated; the FM-Stereo-Multiplex section is a built-in part of the equipment.

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Julian D. Hirsch, the noted high fidelity equipment reviewer, calls the Fisher XP-4A "one of the best, most truly musical reproducers available today." Indeed, the 2½-cubic-foot XP-4A rivals in sound quality the mammoth theater-size loudspeaker systems of only a few years ago. Its uniquely damped woofers, its two highly specialized mid-range drivers, its dome-type tweeter with a six-pound magnet structure are the talk of speaker designers and audio enthusiasts.

Together, the Fisher 500-C and a pair of Fisher XP-4A's constitute a minimum-space high-fidelity stereo component system that even an electronic engineer would be proud to own—and even a wife would approve. Prices: 500-C, $389.50. 800-C (virtually identical but with AM-FM), $449.50. Walnut or mahogany cabinet for either model, $24.95. XP-4A, in walnut or mahogany, $199.50†.

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NOTES FROM ABROAD

PARIS

Francis Poulenc died unexpectedly, in full career, as if he had intended to catch solemnity unprepared. There were no official tributes of the pompous sort he would have disliked. "The Six Are Four" was one of the headlines. "My best friend," said Georges Auric.

There was a surprising wave of public affection for the man himself, in the midst of which the composer was rather ignored. Was this an injustice? Perhaps not; for surely the great constant in his music, what gave weight to his facility and direction to his eclecticism, was his own rough, tender, reverent, and irreverent personality. The style was Poulenc.

Francis Poulenc, R.I.P. The most thrilling homage to him was a performance of Verdi's Requiem, one of his favorite works, directed by Georges Prêtre, one of his favorite conductors, at the Champs-Elysées Theatre on the Sunday following his death. Poulenc had planned to attend and give his moral support to Prêtre, who was conducting the piece for the first time.

But the most touching tribute was paid a few evenings later, over on the Left Bank, by the Domaine Musical. Before the concert began, a young woman went up on the stage and simply asked us to remember that the season seat habitually occupied by Poulenc was empty. The normally rowdy audience was hushed for a minute, and some of its members may have reflected on the changing of the avant-garde symbolized by that vacant seat and the way-out serial music which was about to begin. Poulenc believed in sticking to his own heritage and period. Otherwise, he felt (possibly with Stravinsky in mind), "one gives the impression of hiding old meat under hot sauce." But the iconoclast in him was fascinated by the young Paris disciples of the Vienna school, and they were aware of his sympathy.

What he liked and did best was to set French words to French music. At his death he was working on a song cycle for which the words had been supplied by Lou Bruder, an excellent poet who is known also as the French translator of Kleist, the German Romantic dramatist who has had such a curious revival in Europe since the war. M. Bruder's wife, by the way, is Régine Crespin.

The last Poulenc disc released over here (to be issued by Angel in the States) has himself and Jacques Février playing the Concerto for Two Pianos. On the overside Aimée van de Wiele at the harpsichord interprets the *Concert Champêtre*, the composition of which was suggested to Poulenc by Wanda Landowska. Prêtre conducts the Conservatoire Orchestra in both works.

The Véga firm, which has always been interested in the music of The Six, is now looking over catalogues to see what Poulenc gaps need to be filled. Pathé-Marconi has tentatively scheduled his *Stabat Mater*, with Mlle. Crespin as soloist.

Cultural Exchange. As readers of HIGH FIDELITY's "Notes from Milan" published in March will be aware, America's Columbia Records has recently been engaged in strengthening its affiliations with European recording firms. Now the company has acquired control of Arteco, a lively French independent whose records have been marketed under the Odéon, Blue Note, and Versailles labels, and henceforth the firm's wares will be called Disques CBS.

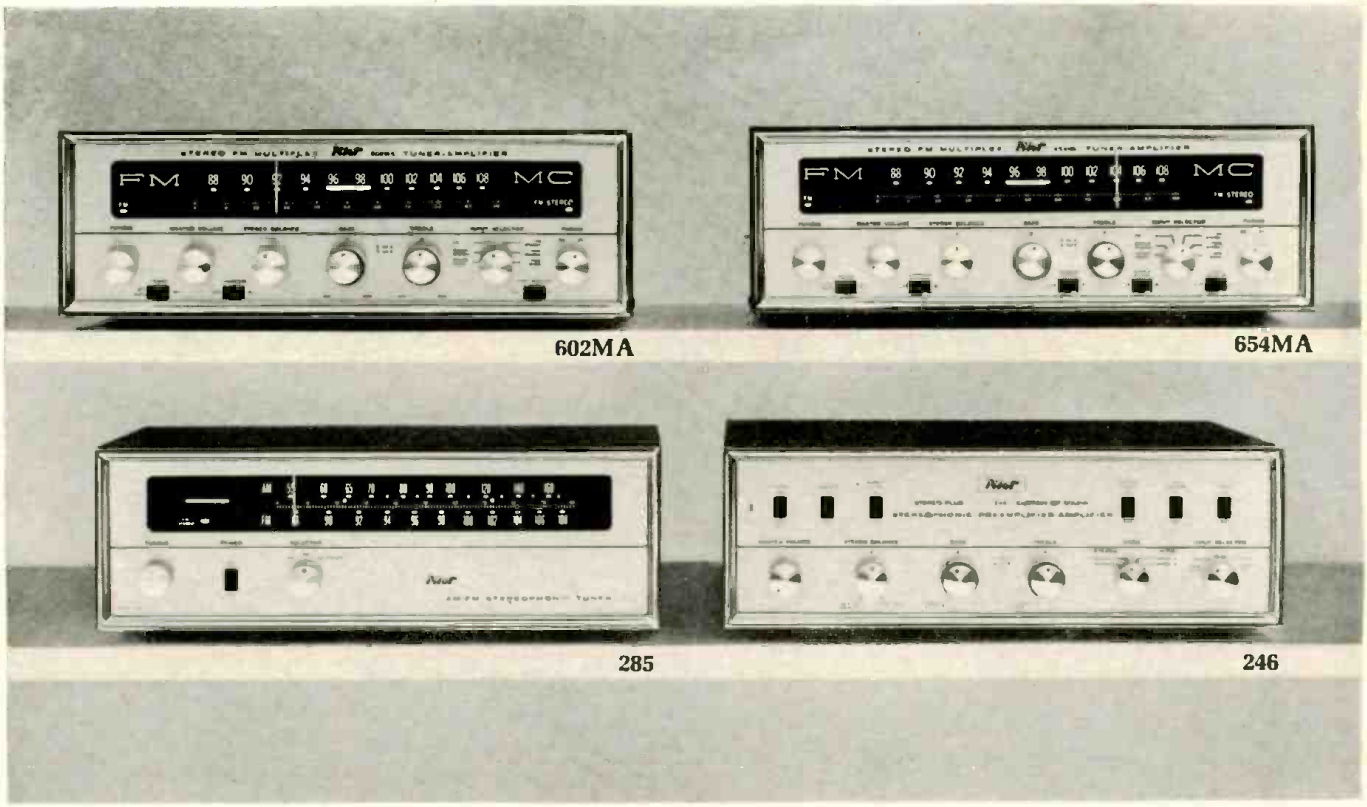
The economic significance of this move is considerable. CBS is now safely established in the Rue de Paradis in Paris, well inside the European Common Market's tariff wall. The musical significance for record collectors in the United States is still being worked out, and will require the negotiation of some new contracts for singers, musicians, and distributors. But it promises to be quite exciting. Goddard Lieberson, Columbia's president, put it this way when he was in Paris for the merger ceremonies: "Our great hope is to be able to launch French recordings in the United States. We want to make this a real cultural exchange in two directions—that is, to bring to America the cultural contribution of great French music and artists."

ROY MCMULLEN

ROME

For those in Italy who love Verdi's operas, the year 1951 remains unforgettable. The fiftieth anniversary of the composer's death was an occasion for many revivals. Operas such as *Un Giorno di regno*, *Giovanna d'Arco* (given with Tebaldi), *La Battaglia di Legnano* proved unexpectedly viable, and with their rediscovery, the history of Verdi's

Continued on page 22



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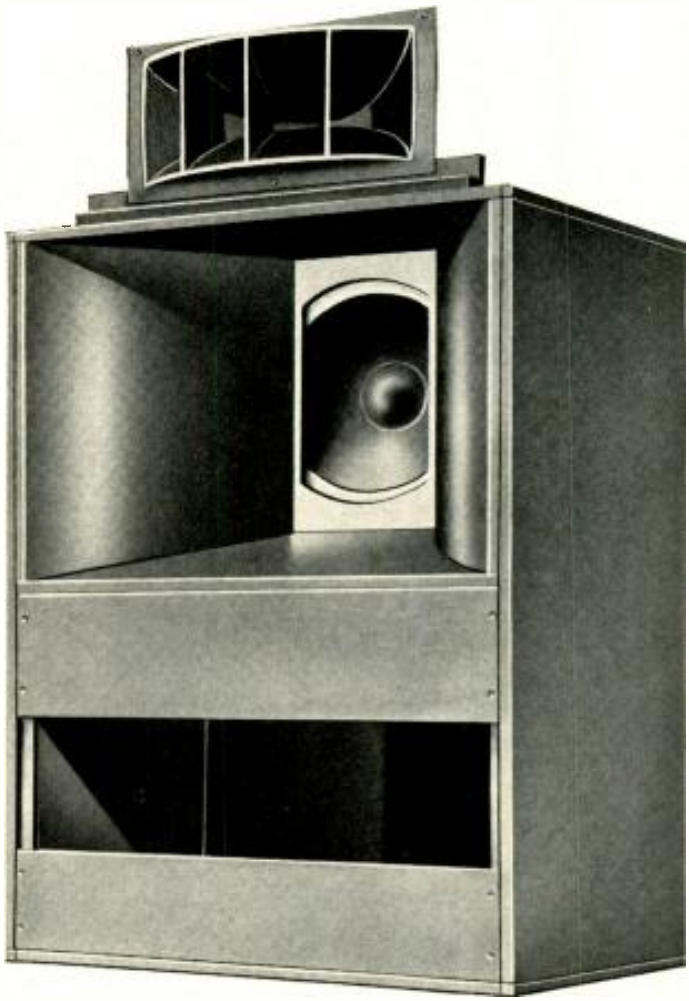

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NOTES FROM ABROAD

Continued from page 18

career had to be drastically reconsidered: no longer a rising line from the primitive *Nabucco* to the refined *Falstaff*, but a series of great achievements, each great in a different way.

Anno Verdiano. Now, 1963 marks the 150th anniversary of the composer's birth, and many Verdians, remembering the excitement of 1951, hoped for a similarly rich season this year. Unfortunately, the programs of the Italian opera houses and the RAI (Radio Italiana) have so far not fulfilled that expectation. This has been an interesting season, but not particularly an *Anno Verdiano*.

As far as homage to the master is concerned, the place of honor this year goes to Florence, which began an especially varied winter season on December 1 with a revival of *Attila*, conducted by Bruno Bartoletti and starring Boris Christoff in the title role, supported by baritone Gian Giacomo Guelfi and soprano Margherita Roberti. Written in 1846, *Attila* is a rousing, pageantlike work which deserves more frequent hearing. Florence will again honor Verdi at the end of May, during the annual Maggio Musicale Fiorentino, with a production of *I Masnadieri* (1847). The Maggio opens with *Un Ballo in maschera*.

Thanks to uncanny lack of coördination, the Verdi opera that most Italian theatres decided to revive this year was *Luisa Miller* (1849). A fascinating early-middle work, it was heard during the season at Palermo, Parma, Trieste, Bologna, and Naples. It seems a shame that these cities couldn't somehow have managed to mount more than one work among them. As if to make up for this lack, Perugia's autumn festival, the Sagra Musicale Umbra, will produce *Jérusalem* (the 1847 revision of the 1843 *I Lombardi*), apparently never performed in Italy.

Berg, Schoenberg, and La Bohème. Verdi and festivals apart, the opera season this year has had a strangely German cast, and not because this is also the *Anno Wagneriano*. Wagner is, as always, present in the repertory—the *Ring* at La Scala, *Parsifal* and *Walküre* in Rome, *Der fliegende Holländer* in Palermo. But the exceptional aspect of the season is the presence of the German twentieth century. Berg's *Lulu* was given at La Scala in February by the Hamburg Opera with Helga Pilarcyzk (the work's second performance in Italy, first in Milan). Even more surprising was a sudden popularity of *Wozzeck*, which was given in two different editions—in Venice and Florence—in the space of a few weeks. The Venice cast, conducted by Ettore Gracis, was made up entirely of young singers; in Florence, Renato Capecchi sang the title role with Magda Laszlo as Maria. The Florence conductor, again, was Bartoletti, who is emerging as the most reliable and versatile of Italy's younger maestros. After Berg came Schoenberg, whose three one-act operas were given on a triple bill at the Venice Festival of Contemporary Music in April.

Despite the proverbial insularity of Italian critics, these twentieth-century works were greeted cordially. A good deal of patriotic hostility was aroused, however, by Herbert von Karajan's presence as conductor of *La Bohème* at La Scala in February. Cries of *Viva l'Italia* were heard in the gallery on opening night. The protests were directed not only against Karajan's interpretation (which, in fact, was elegant, fresh, and moving) but also against his choice of tenor. The Scala management had made a muddle and engaged two tenors to sing Rodolfo: Giuseppe di Stefano (a favorite with the gallery despite his waning powers) and Gianni Raimondi. Karajan wanted the latter. Di Stefano was given six million lire ($10,000) by Signor Ghiringhelli, the Scala's *sovrintendente*, and Raimondi was given the role. He sang it excellently, as it turned out, but the real triumph of the evening was Mirella Freni singing Mimi, her first important role at La Scala. A charming actress and a stylish singer, Miss Freni is to sing Zerlina, under Giulini, later in the season.

Administration Matters. It was not only a question of tenors that caused operatic headlines this season. In Rome, a change of administration touched off weeks of newspaper polemics. Just before the season was to begin, last December, the Mayor fired the people who had been running the Teatro dell' Opera (badly) and announced an interim administration, consisting of a "business adviser" and an "artistic consultant," Tullio Serafin. At eighty-five, Serafin is the Grand Old Man of Italian opera and still a conductor to be reckoned with, as he proved with the *Otello* that opened the season (with James McCracken, Virginia Zeani, and Tito Gobbi). Unfortunately, the outgoing administration had already arranged this year's program, one of the dreariest in years, but Serafin's appearances (after *Otello*, he conducted a delightful *Hänsel und Gretel* and a suave *Francesca da Rimini*) have given the orchestra an electricity lacking for many years. Meanwhile a permanent *sovrintendente* has been announced for next year, a political appointee; he will be flanked by the young musician Massimo Bogianckino as Artistic Director (Bogianckino for the past three years has been running Rome's best and liveliest concert series); Serafin will continue as consultant. Months ago, the conductor said in an interview that he hoped to arrange a special series of Verdi performances next fall; with the new administration this may well be possible.

And 1963 is also the Mascagni centenary. La Scala has ignored him completely. Rome is bringing a production of *Iris* from the warehouse. The publisher Sonzogno announced a large publication, and Cetra has brought out a single LP of "gems" from *Isabeau* and a complete recording of *Il piccolo Marat*. Some of us would have preferred *Attila*.

WILLIAM WEAVER

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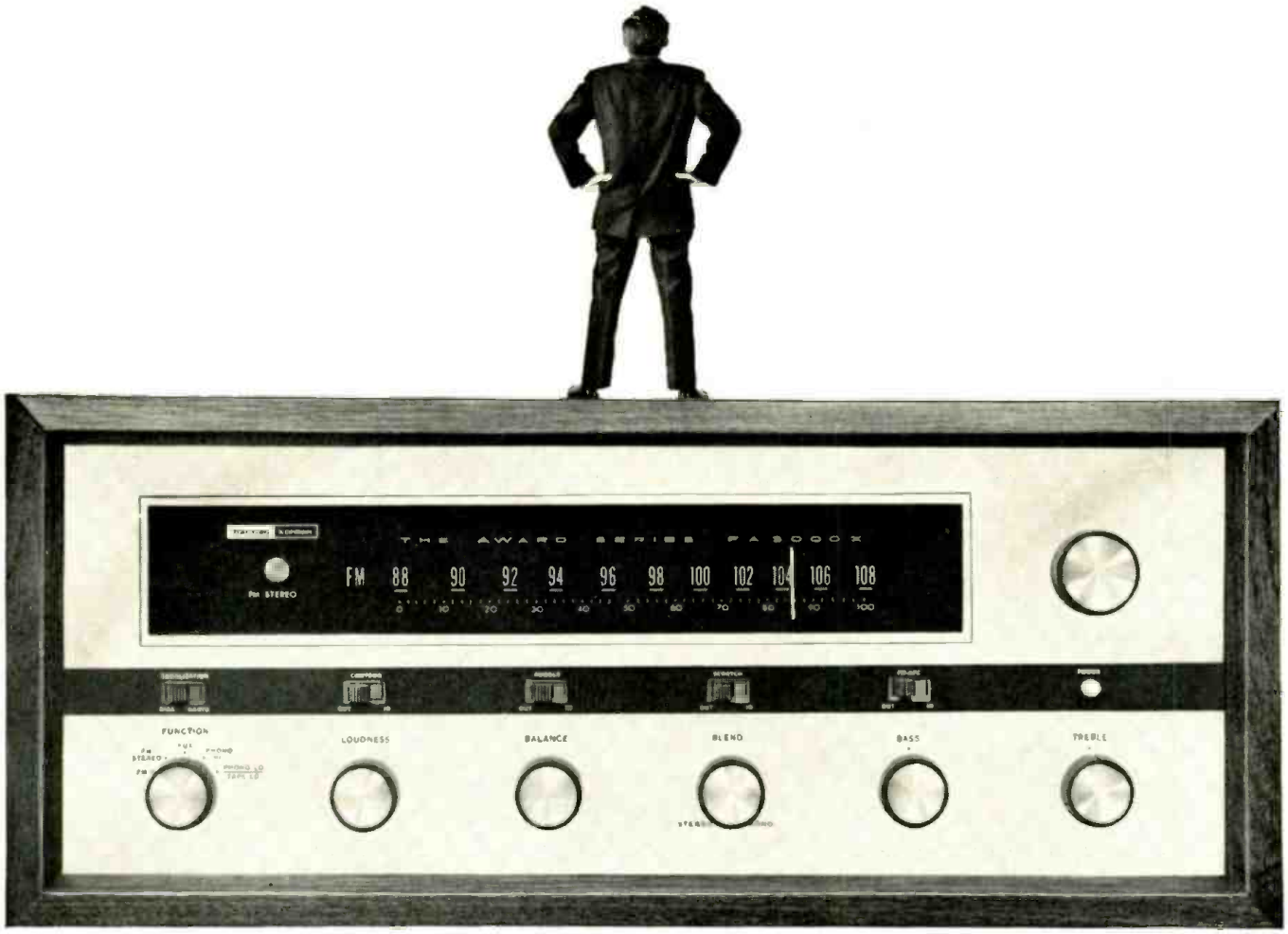

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Lucerne Festival Strings

For over six years now, the carefully austere covers of DGG Archive recordings have from time to time given feature billing to an ensemble going under the attractively gala title of Lucerne Festival Strings and offering some wonderfully pure string playing led by violinist Rudolf Baumgartner. Having missed the ensemble's first United States tour in 1959, I had vaguely imagined the company to be a group of elderly gentlemen perpetually clad in white tie and tails.

The chance to check figment against fact came early in 1963 when the Festival Strings arrived in New York for the start of a second U. S. tour. I stopped in at a rehearsal at the Metropolitan Museum of Art to find thirteen musicians who looked, for the most part, scarcely out of their teens. This exceedingly youthful assemblage, which included three girls, was in the midst of an exceedingly mature-sounding performance of a Vivaldi concerto. Baumgartner led from the first desk, occasionally lowering his fiddle to concentrate on the group's intonation, and now and then directing his players to repeat a passage at a slow tempo without vibrato, aiming at dead-center pitch.

At the midmorning break, Mr. Baumgartner, an athletic-looking man in his early forties, hopped nimbly off the stage and came over to discuss his organization—and to reveal, in the process, a very good command of English. "The average age, except for me, is about twenty-two. We are not all Swiss; there are Germans, Finns, a Canadian of Polish descent, and one English girl. Most of them are students at the Lucerne Conservatory, and two are on the faculty now." Mr. Baumgartner, who is director of the Conservatory and professor of violin, went on to explain that the ensemble had been founded in 1956 by violinist Wolfgang Schneiderhan and himself; that the debut performance had taken place during the Lucerne International Festival of Music in August of that year, and the first recording had been made for Deutsche Grammophon a few months later. This auspicious beginning has since been followed by regular appearances at the important summer music festivals and by a series of short winter tours.

"We organized this group so that students could have stage experience and also earn money to be able to study for a few more years," Baumgartner went on. "Each member, of course, is a soloist—there are no tutti players. Most stay for two or three years, and they go on to careers as soloists or to very good orchestra jobs."

Among the remarkable features of the Lucerne Festival Strings is the fact that, with the necessary turnover of personnel, it is nevertheless capable of the kind of close-knit ensemble work usually associated with groups of long-standing and unchanging membership. One important factor contributing to this phenomenon, in addition to skillful leadership, is undoubtedly the fact that the players share a common experience: the master classes of Wolfgang Schneiderhan, who does a teaching stint four times a year at the Conservatory.

Since its first recording for Deutsche Grammophon in 1956 (a performance of the Bach Violin Concerto with Baumgartner as soloist) the Festival Strings has gone on to tape some twenty discs for the company—many, though not all, available in this country. A few of the sessions have taken place on home territory in Lucerne, but the majority have been held in the Neumünster Church in Zurich, a structure with admirable acoustics, according to Mr. Baumgartner. This judgment was seconded by a member of the violin section who had joined our conversation, a blond and very young Canadian who told me that he was on the faculty at Lucerne and was among the senior partners, so to speak, in the ensemble. "Recording is a strain," he added. "In a concert you aim at perfection, but your main concern is to get across the spirit of the music. In recording, on the other hand, when you know that any mistake will be heard a thousand times—you keep hearing more mistakes."

Although the Festival Strings' recorded repertoire is concentrated on baroque music with a leavening of the classical (the Mozart C major Piano Concerto, K. 415, with Clara Haskil, for example), the group is quite as adept at contemporary music, and indeed has commissioned works for its own use. The debut performances of many of these take place at a series of "Musica Nova Concerts" initiated by Rudolf Baumgartner and held during the Festival in Lucerne.

The evening after my visit to Mr. Baumgartner and his talented brood, I attended their opening New York concert, which was played to a packed and appreciative house. The program ranged widely from Bach to the twentieth century, and the performances bore out my conviction that this is surely one of the most remarkable ensembles of its kind. What other turns out veterans at twenty-two? SHIRLEY FLEMING

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HIGH FIDELITY NEWSFRONTS

BY NORMAN EISENBERG

Ten Microphones For Two Channels. Recently we conducted an A-B test on a really grand scale. At the invitation of Eugene Ormandy, and with the cooperation of Columbia Record's producer Thomas Frost, we auditioned the Philadelphia Orchestra in two different halls, at a recording session in a third hall, and on records and tapes played over different reproducing systems. The experience permitted us to judge, firsthand, the effects of different hall acoustics on the sound of the same ensemble, as well as the extent to which its sound is preserved during the stereo recording process.

We began our itinerant A-B test in Philharmonic Hall at Lincoln Center in New York City. Here, spurred by memories of how the Philadelphians sounded on our own recordings, we settled down to hear them doing the Shostakovich Fourth "live." Interest in the score itself, satisfied by a brilliant reading, made the evening for us but did not obscure the basic fact of the hall's poor acoustics. Sonically, the effort made by Ormandy and his men was heroic but even this mighty team could not project all of its well-known fullness of sound through what amounts to an invisible curtain. We sat in row K on the main floor, a fairly close-up position, yet the total sound perceived was only a hint of what the group is capable of producing in more acoustically suited surroundings.

A few nights later in the Academy of Music in Philadelphia, where the orchestra was joined by Philippe Entremont in the Rachmaninoff Piano Concerto No. 1, we perceived much less "curtain" and more vibrancy and sheen to the sound. The following day everyone moved to the ballroom of the Philadelphia Athletic Club, formerly the Broadwood Hotel, where—with the aid of a team of engineers and $75,000 worth of electronic equipment—the orchestra does its recording. At last the curtain vanished completely. In this immense salon—designed years ago for every conceivable function other than symphonic recording—the players spread out across a hardwood floor, some of them taking positions they never would assume in the concert hall, and produced sound that seemed as if it could not be contained within the four walls of the place. Acoustically speaking, the most "live" performance was that done expressly for a recording.

Doubtless, the built-in drama and the unpredictable incidents that develop during a recording contributed as much to the excitement of this session as did the hall acoustics. For instance, the tension and jokes over a squeaking piano pedal. Tom Frost calling for better tone from the celeste: "It sounds like a cowbell," and the percussionists obliging by secretly dragging out a genuine cowbell that, heard in the control room, all but knocked the engineers out of their seats. Photographer Adrian Siegel cat-footing about the hall to cover the proceedings thoroughly but silently. Throughout, monitoring and supervising the recording itself in another room, Tom Frost follows his copy of the score, cuing the engineer at his elbow, Edward T. Graham, who somehow manages to regulate ten knobs with two hands.

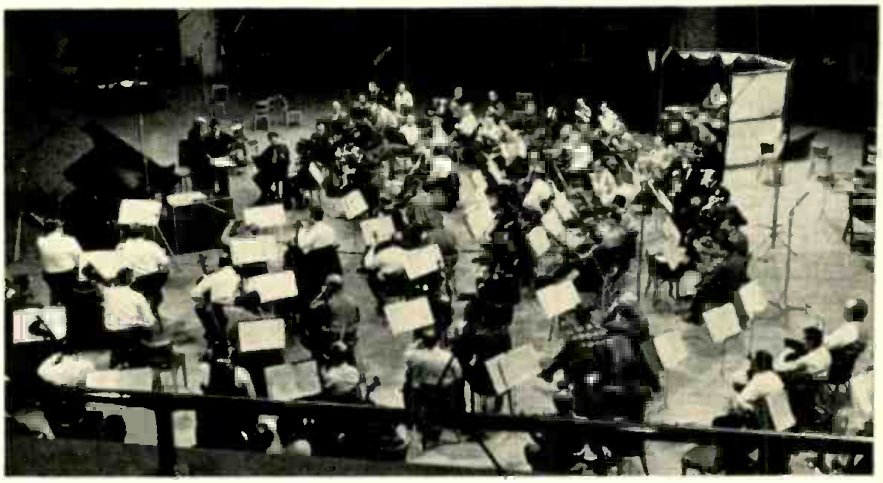
In a way, this numerical ratio suggests the whole recording technique of using ten microphones to produce, ultimately, a two-channel disc or tape. Using that many microphones is a fairly recent idea but one that pleases both the maestro and the Columbia staff. The setup used today is typical. There is one microphone for the first violins and harps, one for the second violins, one for the timpani, and one for the left-hand part of the percussion battery.

These four comprise, in sum, the left channel—geographically and acoustically, a replica of the left-hand portion of the orchestra. A fifth microphone, for the violins in general, another one for the woodwinds, and one more for the horns and part of the percussion group make up an independent center channel. Finally, there are separate microphones over the brass players, the remaining strings (violas, cellos, and basses), and yet another group of percussionists. This last trio of microphones comprises the right channel.

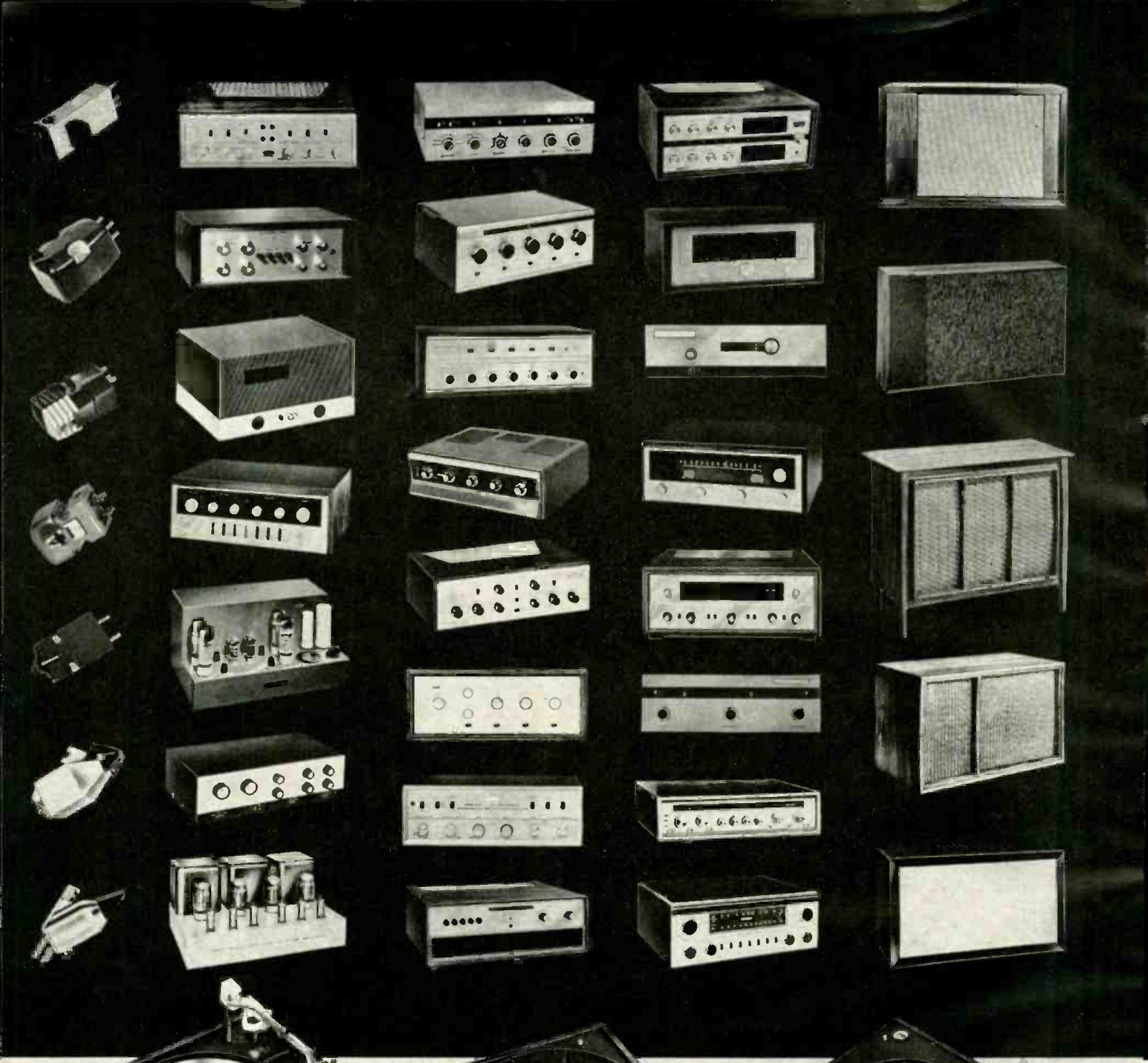
The microphones feed ten preamplifiers, and the signals are equalized, sometimes filtered as required, and fed into Mr. Graham's console in another room. Fitted with a level control for each microphone signal, the console mixes the individual signals from the respective groups of microphones to produce a three-channel stereo signal. This signal, in turn, drives three amplifiers and speaker systems for direct monitoring by Mr. Frost, and at the same time feeds into a three-channel tape recorder which—operating at 15 inches per second and using ½-inch-wide tape—captures the performance. Actually, two tape recorders are used, each doing an identical job, the one serving as a safety factor for the other. At any time, the signal going onto the tape itself can be monitored by Frost and Graham by a flick of a switch. At all times, it is monitored by a third man wearing headphones connected directly to the tape recorder. The tape, with its "takes" and "retakes," later will be edited, spliced, and dubbed to form a two-channel version in which equal portions of the center channel are added to the original left and right channels. This new version then will be used to cut a master disc, from which—after further processing—the records we know will be produced.

A technique as elaborate as this is intriguing in its own right, but the proof is in the results. Taking our cue from the light-footed Mr. Siegel, we managed to listen to the orchestra in the recording hall itself, then over Mr. Frost's monitor system, and finally off the tape being recorded. The differences—in total acoustic impression and particularly in

Continued on page 103



Ormandy and Entremont discuss the score while ten microphones await the results. Recorders and monitors are in another room.



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A New Record Award

The establishment of institutionalized awards in the recording field has never impressed us as altogether desirable. There may be certain promotional and commercial advantages in such awards from the industry's viewpoint—but these very advantages place the motives of the participants under justifiable suspicion. We have long since recorded our strong reservations regarding the annual "Grammy" Awards instituted by the National Academy of Recording Arts and Sciences (NARAS). There is no occasion now to detail our objections again, but we might note in passing that there are now thirty-nine different categories of "Grammy" Awards, all granted on the basis of ballots cast by members of the industry itself. Nor do we find much ground for enthusiasm in the two different sets of "Grand Prix" awards administered in France. Here the overriding notion appears to be that of providing a sufficient proliferation of prizes to satisfy, or at least mollify, nearly everyone in the business.

Our attention has recently been drawn to an announcement from the American International Music Fund, which "proposes to establish a Koussevitzky International Recording Award for the purpose of honoring living composers for the excellence of their creative works issued on records by outstanding symphony orchestras of the world." As many of our readers must know, the Fund (under the direction of Mme. Olga Koussevitzky) has for several years been the sponsor of a project whereby many performances of contemporary symphonic pieces have been noncommercially taped.

According to Mme. Koussevitzky, the specifics of the new plan are these: Each year, a jury of conductors, critics, and musicians (chosen anew annually, with care taken to avoid any conflicts of interest) will award a monetary prize of no less than $1,000 to a composer whose work has been commercially recorded during the preceding year. Any and all recording companies may submit recordings for consideration. The quality of the work is the sole deciding factor in the judges' decision, and the award is made directly to the composer, with a citation to the company that recorded the work. In addition, the Fund plans to purchase quantities of the winning recording for distribution in countries where it might not ordinarily be available.

It seems to us that this proposal has merits which might recommend it as a guide in the setting up of future awards. In the first place, the awarding body is an organization safely removed from the industry; any axes that may be ground will not be used for commercial, competitive chopping. The picking of a small jury eliminates the possibility of stuffing the ballot box. Granted that the world of creative music is a small one, and that the integrity of the judges is the only real safeguard against prejudiced voting. Nevertheless, care in the jury's selection can assure a reasonably disinterested group.

Moreover, the sponsoring organization has focused down on a specific field of surveyable extent—one in which it has a peculiar interest and competence. The judges can therefore hope to have a real over-all grasp of the possibilities. In addition, the award has a meaning beyond the purely symbolic one, for there is hardly a composer alive who will not regard $1,000 with a gladsome eye.

It should be recognized that the Koussevitzky International Recording Award is a recording award only in an indirect sense. It is actually a prize to a composer for a significant creative effort in the orchestral field. But the publicity and prestige attached to it cannot fail to reflect favorably on the recording and performing organizations. Not only the winning work, but others of a contemporary nature, stand to sell more records as a result of the competition. In concentrating on the living composer, the Fund is acting in accordance with the beliefs of the great musician for whom the award is named. Serge Koussevitzky never faltered in commissioning works from living composers, and it was he who, in 1948, founded the Fund as an affiliate of UNESCO.

In sum, it seems to us that the Koussevitzky Award is a step in a sensible direction. The Fund is sponsoring a benefit dinner this month at the Plaza Hotel in New York to inaugurate the project (guest of honor: Edgard Varèse), and it is our hope that this new record award will prove as sound in practice as it appears in theory.

AS high fidelity SEES IT

By Leonard Marcus

The Demonstrator

BARRING A SLIPPED STITCH from some careless or malicious Norn, Leonard Bernstein will probably continue to dominate music in America until he becomes our Grand Old Man of Music. He already bestrides the American musical scene like a Federal bureau and, democracy that we are, it is we who have elected him to his office of ubiquity.

We have packed his concerts to greater capacity than we did Toscanini's. We have formed lines to his musicals, which we then voted Oscars and Tonys. We have tuned in to his Emmy-awarded telecasts for nearly a decade and have made both his recordings and his books best sellers. He, in turn, has converted our teen-agers into musical enthusiasts, lectured our concert audiences on how to listen to the musical portions of his programs without becoming restless, and stimulated our intelligentsia to buy television sets.

But if Bernstein has captured the entire country's imagination, he has had his most concentrated, continuing, and controversial impact in New York, whose orchestra he has headed for the past five years. When he took over the New York Philharmonic, it was at one of its frequent low ebbs. Discipline was slack, programs were often unappealing, and the orchestra had become divorced from the interest of the community. Bernstein's job was to change it from an institution to an attraction.

With this in mind, he invented Philharmonic policies with the passion of a lover on the make and, after they had sufficiently stimulated the public, he discarded them. Until the orchestra moved from Carnegie Hall to Lincoln Center, Bernstein replaced the individual concert with the festival as the unit from which he built his seasons. Each week served as part of a series devoted to a particular composer, musical form, or idea. During these four years, he transformed the first concert of the week into a

New York's flamboyant Maestro Bernstein would like to take the whole world for his classroom . . . but not everyone wants to go to school.

"preview" which was part lecture, part dress rehearsal (at first he even dressed his orchestra in nineteenth-century rehearsal tunics), and part performance. He titillated New Yorkers with the unusual and the incongruous. He invited the Chairman of the Philharmonic's Board of Directors and its Press Director to join him in playing Bach's Concerto for Three Pianos. He rearranged Handel's *Messiah* into Christmas and Easter sections. He prefaced an unbelievably slow performance Glenn Gould was about to give of Brahms's Piano Concerto No. 1 with a startling disclaimer, to wit: although Gould's Brahms was hardly his own bowl of goulash, he would defend with his orchestra Gould's right to play it as he chose. Bernstein's speech aroused the wrath of reviewers, but it also turned what would certainly have been a bored audience into one of the most actively aware ever to sit in Carnegie Hall.

The result of all this on the public has been manifold. As New Yorkers have seen their orchestra develop into a newly powerful stimulant to the cultural and intellectual life of their city, they have flocked like tourists to the box office. But they have shown more interest in the Philharmonic's conductor as a musical personality than as a musician. As has the rest of the country. Our most eminent music critics regard him as "not Maestro Bernstein, but merely Lenny, the Peter Pan of music." We have taken him seriously in every way except as a serious musician, and, while we patronize his performances, we do so in a patronizing manner.

BUT LET US NOT delude ourselves about Bernstein. Whatever nonmusical attributes may have contributed to his celebrity, he is a remarkable musician and conductor. As one of the severest of his critics recently conceded, "The boy is no phony." Conductors have been known to sham performing from memory, leaving the music—with their knowledge of it—in the Green Room. They have panicked orchestras by programming difficult modern works while unable to beat irregular rhythms (the panic sometimes stimulating the players to such an awareness of responsibility that their performance has been brilliant). They have tried to impress orchestras with their aural perception by remembering where in a score something is liable to go wrong and "correcting" the spot in rehearsal no matter how it sounded. A few years ago, Samuel Barber's new *Medea's Meditation and Dance of Vengeance* had already been played by leading American orchestras before anyone noticed that a copyist had wrongly transposed an entire passage in the bassoonist's part. Even as well-known a score as *Don Quixote* has been heard from at least one major orchestra with its highly regarded director blissfully unaware that his brass sheep were bleating in the wrong key. And horn players know that they can safely add a further prank to *Till Eulenspiegel* by blowing Siegfried's horn call at one place near the beginning without getting any reaction from most conductors.

One would be surprised to find Bernstein in such straits. Not that he never fumbles with a cue or a beat, but he has one of the highest yardage and recovery averages in the profession. Those natural gifts of rhythmic, harmonic, and melodic perception and retention, generally known as "ear," are in him the envy of most musicians. And they have been developed to a superlative degree. He is also an excellent score reader, a penetrating musical analyst, and—although conductorial gesturing may not be a strictly musical activity—an expert stick technician. The merely competent conductor is supposed to know the score thoroughly, hear what is actually going on, be able to get to the root of a problem and correct it, allot time well during rehearsals, and have a communicative and unambiguous beat. Bernstein, then, is that *rara avis*, a competent conductor.

The Technique

Audiences seem to enjoy the notion that a conductor has finished most of his work during rehearsal and that all he has to do at a performance, besides controlling the tempo, is remind the orchestra of what they have already been told. Everything else is for display. The cruel fact is that rehearsal time is often so limited that a conductor considers himself lucky if he can run through everything. When the orchestra has a new and difficult work to learn, chances are the remainder of the program will be devoted to music with which the players are so familiar that they will have to rehearse only selected passages thoroughly. Conductors consistently program the fifty standard pieces not only to placate the Philistines—without these works they could perform fewer new selections. "Warhorses" are aptly named: they are the vanguard of the avent-garde. And when a conductor steps between orchestra and audience to ride them, he often has little more than the clarity and communicability of his technique to guide the performance.

A conductor's baton technique will be as personal

as his handwriting. It will not only control his performance, it will mirror his musical attitude. While there are, consequently, as many baton techniques as there are conductors, certain general traits tend to categorize the species.

At opposite poles stand the indicative and the demonstrative conductor. The indicator shows the orchestra, by means of a more or less formalized sign language, what he wants it to do. He may appear to be a sturdy beacon amid the surrounding musical fury, like Monteux, or a downtown traffic cop with a pocketful of summonses, like Reiner. Though spare in his gestures, he expects them all to be obeyed. The demonstrator, on the other hand, visually reproduces the music through an unending variety of gestures. He tries to force the orchestra to duplicate his pantomime in sound, not out of obedience but through a sort of sympathetic vibration. For some reason—perhaps the vibrations become too sympathetic—orchestral players will refer to demonstrative conductors by nicknames, such as Stokie, Koussy, or Lenny. But it is for indicators that critics usually reserve the approbation "expert baton technician."

To the layman, Bernstein's technique may appear to be a system of Ptolemaic epicycles. It happens to be not only one of the most expressive to an orchestra but also one of the clearest. His motions are based on, though not limited to, traditional conducting patterns. But his style is his own. In conducting large-scale passages, when he uses his full arm to give each beat, his forearm will show a secondary rhythmic pulse. With more delicate music, his forearm (or wrist) will show the beats and his wrist (or fingers) will determine the subdivisions. This is common conducting practice. But Bernstein's secondary pulses often anticipate rather than coincide with the rhythm of the music. For example, if the music sounds DA - - - dum, his main beat and subdivision may show DA dum - - - . By inserting visual pulsations between the musical ones, Bernstein gives a continual impetus to the performance.

In order to enlarge his gestural vocabulary he has extended the usual up, down, and sideways plane of motion into three dimensions. His "downbeat" may just as readily go outward like a jab, or a shove, or a punch if he wants the orchestra to jab, shove, or punch him back with sound. Or it may collapse inward to smother the sound.

Unless the complexity of the rhythm makes it impractical, he might deviate even further from the norm. He may direct an upbeat with a downstroke, as at the beginning of Brahms's Fourth, when he wants it to get more stress. He may completely avoid using his hands to indicate the meter, as in the "chug-CHUG-chug-chug" section of the *Rite of Spring*, simply giving the beats with spasms of his torso—the accents, characteristically, one chug early. (While most conductors would use that preparatory beat to warn the orchestra of the impending explosion, Bernstein shows the men in advance how he wants it to sound. And, moreover, he is trying to be the spark plug which sets it off.) When the orchestra is running well under its own momentum, down a straight and uncomplicated path, he will sometimes stop beating altogether, like a jockey trying not to interfere with his well-paced steed.

Accompaniment is always the critical test of a conductor's purely technical capacity. The accuracy of the test is in direct proportion to the unpredictability of the soloist (which is the prime reason why opera houses have been so successful in developing baton techniques). One needs to place the orchestra's notes in the right spots no matter what the soloist may do, and this often becomes a problem. We have all seen the conductor with his baton "still goosing butterflies," as orchestral musicians have termed it, when a soloist has accelerated the end of his cadenza into an unintentionally unaccompanied downbeat. Bernstein's quick reaction time and athletic agility bolster his technique in helping him out of this dilemma. His arm starts moving well in advance of the orchestral entrance and, with a flick of his wrist, he is able to net the butterfly with his baton as soon as it lands.

His use of a baton, by the way, is of fairly recent origin. Before 1957 he followed the more bravura practice of going into battle barehanded à la Stokowski, Ormandy, and most choral conductors. Bernstein's teachers, Koussevitzky and Reiner, both had tried to get him to take up the baton, but he found it a hindrance. Whether a conductor wields a stick or not makes no difference to his performance. Each method has its advantages, and an individual's choice will depend on his own comfort more than on anything else. A baton may give an awkward conductor some control, or it can help a man produce a large beat with little movement of his body. But except in dimly lit opera pits, batonless conducting has no intrinsic disadvantages for a conductor with a clear beat. A demonstrative conductor may prefer it since he can then open both hands or move his fingers without worrying about dropping the stick. It is, admittedly, a showier technique and Bernstein was widely criticized for his choice. One well-known writer even alleged that it produced a certain insecurity and imprecision in his performances. At any rate, six years ago he wrenched his back directing in Israel, picked up a baton to avoid excessive motion, discovered that he liked it, and stayed with it.

But baton or no, the most obvious characteristic

of Bernstein's technique is still its flamboyance. He dances, he prays, he has fits of agony, of joy. His whole body will throb with enthusiasm. His hands, when not beating time, may be poised down around bowling ball level, ready to strike at the climax of a passage, or they may be raised in Hallelujah. And he still arouses critical censure for these "antics." Is it all really necessary, or is it partially for effect? Professional orchestras, after all, are notoriously immune to their conductors' enthusiasms. An experienced clarinetist, trombonist, or bassist will play pretty much the same regardless of a batonist's ecstasies. With a chorus it may be a different matter. Singers do become infected with their leader's ardor and, when Bernstein directs a choral work, one can actually hear the joy in their voices. (It does not hurt, of course, that he memorizes the words as well as the music and mouths the text with them, a not universal practice among orchestral conductors.) But why all this uninhibited enthusiasm in a purely orchestral work?

The main reason is Bernstein's own enthusiastically uninhibited nature. He does not conduct that way, as some have assumed, to call the audience's attention to himself, although this certainly is sometimes one result. He directs in pretty much the same manner when there is no audience, at rehearsals and, except for his footwork (microphones would pick up noises), at recording sessions. One hesitates to call Bernstein's motions economical but every little movement does have a meaning all its own. If they may not all be necessary as specific directions for the orchestra, at least they are necessary for Bernstein himself, to enable him to communicate directly and without restriction. And, since Bernstein is eminently and immediately communicative, perhaps in a sense his movements are necessary for the men of his orchestra too.

As to Bernstein's presumed calculation of his gestures' audience appeal, every performer knows an audience is looking at him, and most take it seriously. Who can tell whether Reiner's minuscule knuckle wiggles are any more devoid of audience consideration than are Bernstein's more graphic gestures? It is just that Bernstein's effect is different. One wit unwittingly pinned it down when, at a particularly demonstrative Bernstein performance, he leaned over to his neighbor and whispered, "I think he's trying to tell us something."

That is just it. His graphic display of the music seems to point out to the audience both the nature and the specifics of a piece of music. Bernstein is driven by an urge to communicate and clarify musical ideas for as many people as possible and by any means available. It is basically a pedagogical drive and, intentionally or not, it shows in his technique. One can sometimes imagine his baton transformed into a pointer, his orchestra into a blackboard upon which he both illustrates and underlines the music he is performing.

And one may discern a similar tendency in his interpretations.

The Interpretation

We have, most of us, been conditioned in our musical tastes by an age of Romanticide. During the early days of this century musicians were reacting against the informal, subjective, personalized aesthetics of the previous one, and dogmatism superseded sentiment. Composers sought formal clarity through restraint—Schoenberg with his 12-tone patterns, Bartók with his artificial scales, Hindemith with his pseudoscientific "eternal" harmonic laws, Stravinsky with his reversion to eighteenth-century forms. Among performers, discipline and control occupied the high ground formerly held by indulgence; the Kreislers and Paderewskis gave way to the Heifetzes and Horowitzes. And even though he wanted nothing to do with anti-Romantic contemporary works, Toscanini reigned supreme as the twentieth century's ideal anti-Romantic maestro. The nineteenth-century stock in the interpreter's trade—exaggerated phrasing, arbitrarily prolonged notes, unwritten rubatos, languid tempos and unauthorized tempo changes, sentimental slides and audible finger shifts in the strings, personal dynamic indications, downright arrangements—all this we shunned.

Now along comes one of our own, brought up in the same tradition as we were, imbued with our own aesthetics, a son of the twentieth century, and a contemporary composer to boot. And what does he do?

He uses the old Romantic devices. He plays Brahms and Schumann, not through our modern unornamented (though reorchestrated) conception but with his personal amplifications and exaggerations—as Brahms and Schumann might have done in their own day. Sometimes he even plays Bach and Mozart as Brahms and Schumann might have played them. And so there has arisen speculation as to whether Bernstein may not be a Romantic at heart. Offhand, it seems plausible. His recordings of the Brahms First or the Schumann Third symphonies are among the most vivid in the catalogue. His unsurpassed ability to coördinate a 100-man rubato, matched only by his inclination to use the rubber rhythm, makes him far and away the finest Mahler conductor, Bruno Walter not excepted, any of us have probably ever heard.

Yet, the label of Romantic doesn't quite fit. Bernstein lacks the necessary naïveté. He seems to have some purpose of his own in mind.

While few performers can be pigeonholed as entirely coloristic or entirely formalistic, nearly all will exhibit one of the two tendencies. The colorist emphasizes color, mood, tone, and the physical sound. He will not hesitate to augment, even to embroider the composer's indications of phrasing, dynamics, and nuance in order to "bring them out." Conscious of the limitations of musical notation, he plays between the lines. His greatest fear may be dullness, but his greatest danger is fussiness. A formalistic performer sticks closely to the written indications, letting the music speak for itself. Sonies are of less importance to him than *Continued on page 99*

BY R. D. DARRELL

THE CASE OF THE TILTED STYLUS

Can the vertical angle of your stylus cause distortion on playback? The experts differ. . . .

WHEN EXPERTS DISAGREE—on matters of sound reproduction as well as other things—the layman is well advised to withhold judgment. Nevertheless, a lively controversy among the experts is always news, particularly when the issue involved is no academic one. Knowledgeable home music listeners are aware that even the best of today's stereo disc reproduction may not be entirely distortion-free. Now there comes a new explanation—one admittedly theoretical, incomplete, and hotly disputed, but in some circles already accepted as valid. It has so far led to one major development abroad, may well produce new developments in this country, and should in any case bring about a renewed concern with the problem of distortion in general.

Among well-known sources of distortion in the reproduction of records, a major one is the difficulty of a ball-point playback stylus tracing accurately (particularly in the innermost grooves) high level, high frequency signals cut in the master disc by a chisel-shaped stylus. To be sure, the great progress that has been made both in cutting techniques and in pickup design has notably reduced the grosser forms of distortion. Yet with each advance, new and subtler distortion sources—the effects of which had previously been masked—are being uncovered. Among these sources is one, found only in stereo discs, which results from variances in the vertical-tracking stylus-angle characteristics of the different cutterheads and playback-pickups in current use. Nobody denies that these variances exist, and a glance at the accompanying tables will indicate their extent. What is in dispute is their significance as a source of distortion—and the attendant issue of the proposed solution: adoption of an international standard to ensure that every stereo disc will be cut and played back at the same vertical angle.

To avoid possible misconceptions it may be well to emphasize here that what is involved is not the tracking-angle error most familiar to technically informed discophiles. That error results from the pickup stylus' moving in an arc across a disc cut by a head moving in a straight line, or radius, across the master, and is minimized by greater arm-length and by proper positioning of the arm to ensure that tracking error is least for the inner grooves where there is the greatest likelihood of distortion. Nor does the present question of variances involve the type of distortion (and unbalanced channels) that can result from a not-truly-vertical angle of the playback stylus as viewed *from directly in front of the pickup*. The need for this vertical pitch is by now well known, and is satisfied by adjusting the arm and cartridge so that the stylus doesn't cant to one side or the other when seated in the groove.

The new interest in vertical angle is with the "forward" angle, or that made by the stylus to the record as viewed *from the side*. This angle relates directly to the tracking of vertical signal components found in stereo grooves. The more stereo information—that is, the greater the difference between left- and right-channel signals—the greater the vertical movement of the stylus and consequently the more critical is its angular engagement of the record groove.

When a stereo pickup or cutterhead is viewed from the side (see diagram), the stylus may be seen attached to a projecting cantilever arm, whose other end is connected to a pivot within the body of the cartridge. Inasmuch as the shell-base must clear the rotating disc, this cantilever is inclined to the disc surface at an angle of several degrees—the exact figure varying with individual design and mounting adjustments. Because of this design, signal-tracing movements of the stylus tip cannot be exactly vertical. Actually the tip moves in a tiny arc, but effectively this motion may be considered to be in a plane, tangent to that arc, which is inclined forward at a few degrees from a true perpendicular. The

angle of this inclination is the vertical-tracking angle of the stylus, and it is determined by the angle of inclination of the stylus cantilever to the horizontal plane of the disc surface. Normally, the angle of inclination of the cantilever equals the vertical-tracking angle of the stylus. Of course, if there is a bend in the hidden portion of the cantilever arm, the two angles may not be equal. (A different design is found in the English Decca/London pickup, where the stylus is mounted not on a cantilever but at the bottom end of a vertical armature—thus enabling it to move in a direct vertical plane, i.e., with a zero-degree vertical-tracking angle characteristic. Even with this design it is possible to vary the angle from zero degrees by tilting the entire mechanism.)

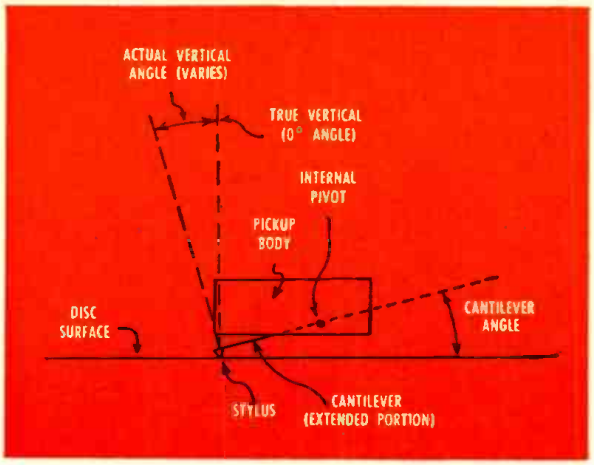
WHATEVER THE DESIGN, the specific vertical-tracking angle of any pickup or cutter is not critical as long as a disc cut at a particular angle is reproduced by a pickup using the same angle. In this ideal case vertical-tracking error distortions are canceled out. When the cutter and playback angles differ, however, cancellation of distortion is incomplete—and the greater the difference between cutting and playback angles, the greater can be the resulting uncanceled second-harmonic and intermodulation (IM) distortion in reproduction.

These distortions also rise with increasing modulation levels and with the pickup's movement across the disc towards the inner portion of the record groove. Just how much they rise, and how audible are their effects, has become a matter of dispute. Some experts claim that, with substantial differences in cutter and playback angles, the total distortion resulting is extreme. For instance, it has been calculated by E. R. Madsen, the Danish engineer whose 1961 Audio Engineering Society paper (published in *Audio* Magazine, November 1962) seems to have touched off the current controversy, that—with a modulation level of 10 centimeters per second (cm/sec) at 10 cm from the center of the disc—the IM distortion rises to 30% with an angle variance of 20 degrees and to nearly 50% with a variance of 30 degrees. As if this were not serious enough, Madsen also claims that the angular variations cause an increase in channel crosstalk, and possibly add to other groove-tracking difficulties as well.

Madsen's specific figures have been challenged; reportedly, they run higher than those calculated, by a different formula, by Rein Narma (formerly with Fairchild, now with Ampex) whose investigation of this problem apparently preceded Madsen's. At this writing, the results of subsequent investigations—such as those by Benjamin B. Bauer of the CBS Laboratories, and by J. G. Woodward and J. B. Halter of the RCA Victor Princeton Laboratories—have not yet been published (the latter are scheduled for presentation at this spring's convention of the Institute of Electrical and Electronic Engineers). These men have, however, endorsed Madsen's general conclusions and the concomitant

Nominal Vertical Angle in Degrees	Model of Pickup	Generic Type
0	Decca/London	magnetic
0	Grado	magnetic
7	G.E. (current models)	magnetic
10	Neumann DST-62	magnetic
10	Columbia C-D	ceramic
10	Electro-Voice 132	ceramic
10	Euphonics	ceramic
11.5	Astatic	ceramic
12	Ronette	ceramic
15	Pickering 371; 196	magnetic
17	RCA Victor	ceramic
18	Zenith	ceramic
20	ADC-1 Mark II	magnetic
22	ADC-2A; ADC-3	magnetic
23	Sonotone 9T	ceramic
23	ELAC	magnetic
23	Pickering 381; 481	magnetic
24.5	Ortofon SPU	magnetic
25	G.E. (older models)	magnetic
25	Sonotone 16T	ceramic
26	Empire 880	magnetic
27	Shure M3D	magnetic
28.5	Weathers	ceramic
30	B & O Dynaco	magnetic
32	Fairchild SM-1; SM-2	magnetic

This compilation, based on figures obtained from manufacturers and other trade and professional sources, is incomplete and tentative—yet it does suggest the difference in vertical tracking angles that may be found among widely used pickups. All angle figures are nominal, and may vary considerably because of production tolerances as well as actual conditions of installation and use in a reproducing system. It must be emphasized too that these figures in themselves do not represent a guide to quality or over-all performance.



Distortion may rise from a ball-point stylus tip's having to trace a groove that was cut by a chisel tip. Can adjusting the vertical angle overcome it?

desirability of angle standardization. On the other hand, a significant number of other investigators—including some leading manufacturers of high fidelity cartridges—have reacted coolly to the whole issue, adopting attitudes ranging from "wait and see" to "standardization is neither feasible nor desirable."

Actually, efforts to attain standardization have been under way for some time. Except for some European engineers (supported by Percy Wilson, Technical Editor of Britain's *Gramophone*, whose preference is for zero degrees), its proponents seem agreed on 15 degrees as the best compromise choice for a standard angle. As far back as November 1961, the Record Industry Association of America (best known to discophiles for its RIAA Standard Playback Equalization Curve, which some years ago brought order to the chaos of recording-characteristic variances) recommended, as an addendum to its March 1958 Bulletin E3, "Standards for Stereophonic Disc Records," a 15-degree vertical-tracking angle for playback styli. A similar proposal seems likely soon to be endorsed by the International Electrotechnical Committee (IEC). But it must be stressed that these are recommendations only, subject to voluntary acceptance by the industry itself. And such acceptance is stoutly resisted by those whose views differ from those of Madsen, et al.

The principal engineering support of those opposed to standardization is provided by a young Dutchman, C. R. Bastiaans, in a paper published in the Journal of the Audio Engineering Society, January 1963. Bastiaans claims that vertical-tracking error distortion probably is masked, especially at high frequencies, by other (tracing) distortions; that the latter remain substantial even in playback by pickups with the same angle characteristic as the disc cutter; and that, in any case, imposition of a uniform angle (for cutters, at least) would involve serious design-change problems which scarcely warrant the effort to overcome them.

Record Cutter	Nominal Vertical Angle in Degrees	Used by
Ortofon	0	Deutsche Grammophon and others, including — for mono discs only — Columbia*
Teldec SX-45	10	London (English Decca*); Telefunken*; EMI (Europe, not U.S.A.); English Philips and others.
Westrex 3-C	23	Audio Fidelity; Capitol*; Columbia/Epic* (for stereo); Command; EMI/Angel; Kapp/Medallion; Mercury; M-G-M; RCA Victor/Camden*; Vanguard; many others, particularly in the U.S.A.
Fairchild 641	25	Vox* and others

This compilation, like that for pickup angles, is based on trade sources and is incomplete and tentative. It does, however, suggest the lack of uniformity in record-cutting methods. The data indicates the most likely relations between specific cutters and representative record labels. Variations may be expected inasmuch as some record companies use more than one type of cutter. Too, recording engineers may modify an existing cutter or even use one of their own design. The labels that are starred (*) are those that use only the specific cutter indicated, but even these are subject to engineering modification from time to time.

The anti-standardization arguments advanced by pickup manufacturers—especially makers of magnetic types, which are obviously more difficult than ceramic types to construct with relatively small vertical-tracking angle characteristics—are these: 1) the distortion figures cited by Madsen and others are unrealistic, since they are based on response measurements made on special test records utilizing signal characteristics and levels more severe than those normally encountered in musical program materials; 2) in designing a pickup for optimum musical response qualities the exact vertical-tracking angle is not the most vital consideration—for best over-all results, indeed, it often must be considerably larger than the proposed 15-degree standard.

In my own opinion these arguments, as such, do not seem to carry as much weight as those of the advocates of standardization. What does tend to shake my faith in standardization's theoretical advantages, however, is that in my own experience as a listener I have not been able to detect distortions as extreme as those predicated by Madsen and others of similar views. Of course, the fact that I use a pickup (chosen long before I ever heard about vertical-tracking angle problems) with a 15-degree angle characteristic may have something to do with my conclusions. Nevertheless, I am willing to believe that other, more recent, models, which have larger angle characteristics, may well be superior to my own in many respects. The decisive questions remain. Are vertical-tracking error distortions, in the actual reproduction of music, significant or negligible? Is Bastiaans right in claiming that improvements in reducing tracing distortions are much more important than those resulting from vertical-tracking angle-matching alone? Both the pros and the cons of the matter have considerable plausibility. I suspect that eventually neither may turn out to be exclusively "right," but that some means of reconciling them may be achieved.

So brief a summation of so complex a problem necessarily leaves some questions unanswered. Following are a few of those which have occurred to me, together with some largely tentative answers based on my own reading, correspondence, and conversations with various (and often contradictory) authorities.

1) *Why hasn't this problem been brought to public attention long before* *Continued on page 100*

The Debut of Dynagroove . . . and some repercussions

IT SEEMS QUITE APPROPRIATE that an investigation of "vertical-tracking angles" should eventually sweep the investigator himself on a vertical track—skywards in a helicopter! And this is exactly what happened at the press debut of RCA Victor's new "Dynagroove" process —which provided heartening evidence that the problem of vertical-tracking distortion (and that of tracing distortion in general) is under active attack.

The "Dynagroove" unveiling was conducted on a grand scale, including helicopter transportation from New York City to RCA's David Sarnoff Research Laboratories in Princeton, New Jersey. A tour of the labs revealed illuminating glimpses of the research under way in all aspects of communication—including prototypes of future home video-tape recorders and a voicewriter that types out on paper simple words spoken into a microphone. But of course the primary interest of the day was the "Dynagroove" technology itself, purportedly evolved from a long-term reëvaluation and redesign of the over-all chain of acoustics, microphone placements, recording, and mastering.

The process uses such recent techniques as 30-ips tape masters, newly designed mikes, and elaborate control consoles. But the most novel elements seem to be the frequency and loudness modifications in the edited master tapes, plus the utilization of some unusual groove-cutting procedures. The first, "Dynamic Spectrum Equalization," is intended to enhance the vividness of reproduction, especially on smaller playback equipments and at relatively low playback levels. This equalization is closely matched to the nature of the program materials so that it also provides good results at high levels on wide-range systems. And since its effects are embodied in the "master" tape, they will be evident in recorded tape editions, as well as disc versions, of all "Dynagroove" releases.

The "cutting" techniques are probably even more important, since they directly attack the "tracing" problem: first, via a "Recording Overload Meter," which predicts potentially troublesome passages; then via a "Dynamic Styli Correlator," which by means of computer-like analysis and feedback control continuously modifies the "cutting" to facilitate the playback pickup's reproduction of the original waveforms. Thus the waveform departs from literal accuracy in order to compensate for the tracking deficiencies of pickup styli; but the final result is an accurate reproduction of the original. It is claimed that the long-time problem of playing back chisel-pointed cutting-stylus tracks with a ball-point pickup stylus has been substantially solved.

Also included are modifications of the cutter's vertical-tracking characteristic to approximate the proposed standard 15-degree angle—so that if and when 15-degree pickup angles are widely used, vertical-tracking errors will be entirely eliminated; yet at the same time, thanks to the general reduction in tracking distortions (in which those due to angle discrepancies are relatively small), "Dynagroove" discs can be reproduced satisfactorily by pickups of various angle characteristics.

The "Dynagroove" process is surely more of an evolutionary than a revolutionary development. Yet the results, if not always as spectacular as they are touted to be, definitely give evidence of persuasive tonal definition, frequency-spectrum and dynamic-range authenticity, and—above all—distortion reduction, especially in high level passages and the innermost grooves. I was favorably impressed, not only by the RCA demonstration but by home check-up of the initial "Dynagroove" discs.

A far less favorable impression was created in the mind of Goddard Lieberson, president of Columbia Records. In what he described as "an unprecedented press conference," hastily assembled in his office three days after the "Dynagroove" announcement, Mr. Lieberson read a statement denouncing the new RCA Victor process in bluntly uncompromising terms. "An analysis of this so-called system by our engineers," he said, "has convinced us that it represents not a forward step in our industry but a backward step, because it is a step away from the faithful reproduction of the artist's performance. . . . In an attempt to limit what is sometimes called distortion in recording, the electronic system [i.e., "Dynagroove"] introduces limitations upon artistic expression. . . . At all times, there are adjustments being made as to the response on the low end and the response on the high end. It is as though an engineer were continuously fiddling with the tone control. This is something which our a & r men have never permitted in our recording studios. We want the dynamics and the shadings and the expressiveness supplied by our artists, not by our engineers, or by an electronic computer system."

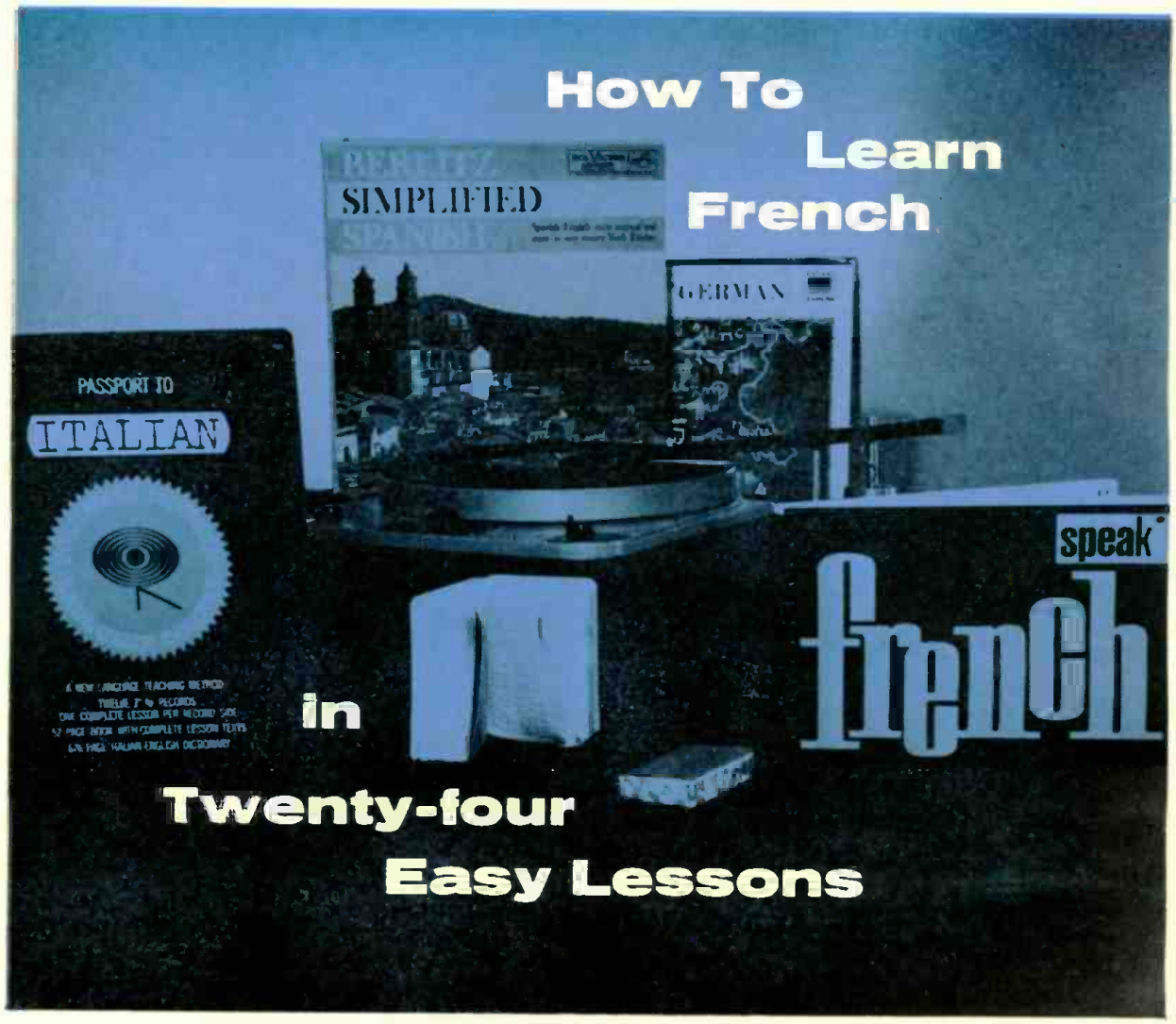
In the questioning that followed his reading of this statement, Mr. Lieberson revealed that neither he nor Columbia's engineers had yet had an opportunity to hear a "Dynagroove" pressing. The "analysis" to which he referred was apparently based on RCA's publicity material. William Bachman, director of research at Columbia Records, also took part in the discussion. He agreed that tracing distortion remains a problem, but he believes that it should be solved by cartridge manufacturers (through the perfection of playback equipment) rather than by record manufacturers (through electronic compensations for today's less-than-perfect gear).

On the heels of the Columbia press conference came a statement from Alan Livingston, president of Capitol Records. "We have closely analyzed the new Victor records and their published explanations," he said, "and will resist the temptation to engage in a technical rebuttal beyond stating that we see no innovations that justify such claims of superiority." In this he echoed an opinion, widely held in some circles, that "Dynagroove"—whatever its aesthetic and sonic merits—embodies many techniques already well known to professionals.

The pros and cons will clearly be argued for some time. And even though Mr. Lieberson rather grossly oversimplified the man vs. machine antithesis (surely, Columbia makes "adjustments" in its recordings too), he has set off a lively debate.

It should be noted in closing that advances in stereo disc technology are apparent in the work of other companies as well. Time Records' "Process 70" also employs equalization modifications for the edited masters. Columbia has announced that all its disc masters are now being cut with the special cutter modifications devised by Benjamin B. Bauer for the CBS Labs Test Records series. And the Fine Studios, which record and process for several prominent disc manufacturers, are reportedly using dynamically controlled variable-depth—as well as the now familiar variable-width—groove-cutting techniques. The technical "secrets" of most of these new procedures are yet to be disclosed in detail, but meanwhile the listener can taste and enjoy the fruits thereof.

R.D.D.



A tested-in-the-home report on some microgroove language courses.

by Conrad L. Osborne

MY FIRST FORMAL ENCOUNTER with a foreign language occurred on a hillside seventeen miles north of Brattleboro, Vermont, the summer I turned thirteen. On this hillside, overlooking the valley of the West River, my parents had rented a house for the summer season. It was a splendid house, with a very large kitchen complete with mammoth wood range, and an adjacent meadow where deer would sometimes bed down for the night. For some reason, though, the local purveyors of electric power had never thrown a line up the side of the hill. So far as I was concerned, this meant two things: 1) the house's illumination was supplied entirely by kerosene lamp, making the reading of *Who's Who in Baseball* a strenuous business, and 2) electrical appliances of all sorts, including phonographs, were useless. After a period of sustained nastiness on my part, my father appropriated from somewhere a table-model wind-up phonograph, painted olive-drab and with the words "U.S. Army" stenciled on it.

It sounded like hell. Nevertheless, it served to approximate the sounds of an album of Carusos, Tibbetts, Pinzas, and Giglis which I had lugged from New York City to Townshend township. In addition to the twelve records of that album, there was on hand a copy of the Linguaphone French Course, complete with sturdy carrying case and supplemented by an album of French folk songs for children, sung by Louis Chartier. When Pinza had filled his daily quota of four "*Finch' han dal vinos,*" Chartier would launch into "*Avez-vous planté des choux?*" Shortly thereafter, the voice of M. Linguaphone could be

heard in his expressive recitation of "*Le pè--re, la mè—re, le frè—re,*" and so on. It was around this time that I generally left the house for my daily tour of the property, affecting indifference to the whole business, though in truth spending most of my walk trying to roll uvular rs.

It was during this same period of my life that, upon entry into a New England preparatory school, I came face to face with *la belle langue* as she is taught. The shock of finding that progress in learning a language depended very largely upon the memorization of conjugations and tense endings was nearly as great as finding that progress in learning astronomy depended on acquaintance with certain forms of mathematics. I resisted the proposition, as well as the blandishments of the Assistant Headmaster ("But Conrad, you have a very *high aptitude* in languages!"), well along into my second semester, by which time it was of course much too late to repair the damage. So successful was my denial of this proposition—as well as of certain others relating to mathematics, English grammar, and the Old Testament—that I was very nearly given the heave-ho. Happily (that seems the proper word), I regained equilibrium in time to be invited back for another fling, and eventually for three more glorious years of French, culminating in *Père Goriot* and large hunks of *Du côté de chez Swann.*

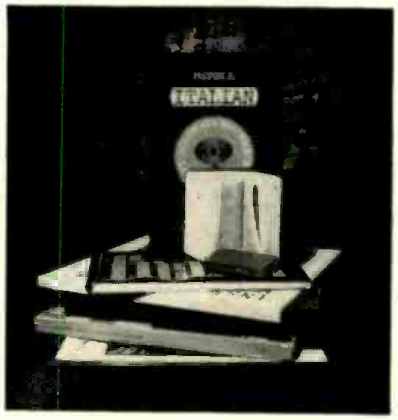
I toss out this biographical data for the sake of fairness. We are about to take a look at several series of recorded language courses, and I feel it only reasonable that my readers should know, first, that my linguistic ability is above average, and second, that I have a deeply ingrained revulsion at the thought that any means of expression must be reduced, for the sake of study, to a series of structural patterns, grammatical or otherwise. I will add that I went on to two years each of college Italian and German, with their recommended conversation courses, and have used all three languages since in the study of singing and its related literature. I also spent about a month monitoring tapes of Army language courses in a mobile radio van at Ft. Bragg, North Carolina, and for about thirty-six hours thereafter retained a certain proficiency in Turkish—a proficiency which, I now realize, vanished during a game of miniature golf.

I HAVE SPENT a good deal of time over the last few months in examination of four series of language instruction recordings, all relatively recent entries in the field formerly preëmpted by Linguaphone and "Living Language," and all embodying what I take to be the most up-to-date techniques in instruction by phonograph. They are: 1) the "Instant Learning" series (Instant French, German, and Italian at hand), created by Lewis Robins and Reed Harris on the basis of "Reinforced Learning" procedures; 2) the McGraw-Hill "Speakit" series (French, Italian, and German at hand), evolved by a group of educators under the direction of Hunter College's Dr. Bernard Blau; 3) the Berlitz Simplified series (French, Spanish, Italian at hand), developed, of course, by the Berlitz Schools and marketed by RCA Victor; 4) Columbia Records' "Passport" series (German, Italian, Spanish, Russian), developed by Dr. Howard Harvey of the University of Rochester. Since it seemed to me that in order to evaluate the effectiveness of the general principle of phonographic instruction I would have to make a stab at learning an unfamiliar language, I chose as my own test case "Passport Russian." I will offer my findings as that set in the "Passport" series comes under consideration.

The first set I explored belonged to the "Instant" series. Physical properties include two LP records and two instruction manuals resembling the "workbooks" we used to get in certain junior high school courses. There is also a small dictionary of the "Midget" series, consisting almost entirely of one-to-one definitions but perfectly acceptable of its type. The introductions for the "Instant" series make sure we realize we are being instructed through the "Reinforced Learning System," which the developers feel is a "natural" system: they point out that children learn their own languages by imitation and "reinforcement" rather than through the memorization of lists and tables. The course works like this: instead of being given an answer in advance and memorizing it (as with the usual vocabulary lists, conjugation tables, etc.), the student makes a guess, then is given the answer as correction, or, if he has guessed aright, "reinforcement." Thus, in the first lesson, the student guesses at the pronunciations of the vowels and certain vowel combinations, then hears the correct pronunciation on the record. He scores himself by marking his wrong guesses in the first of several columns provided for the purpose, and is allowed to pass on to Lesson Two only when he has made two runs through Lesson One with no errors. Later, the same principle is applied to learning the meaning of words; and, still later, the phrases that one has learned to pronounce and understand are dictated for translation back into English. Later yet, the student is asked to translate the same phrases back into French. Finally, more vocabulary is added, then verb forms. At last there is a chapter entitled "French Grammar" (or German or Italian—all the sets are laid out the same way). In this chapter it is of course impossible to avoid the stating of rules entirely, but the actual work is still done through "Reinforced Learning."

The method obviously works, but I have distinct reservations as to the way it works. Much as I may object to the memorization of lists and tables, they do, after all, have their uses. If I know how to conjugate "*donner*," I also know how to conjugate a large number of other French verbs; in fact, I can construct my own sentences with verbs I've never seen before, if I know the model. On the other hand, if I've simply learned a form of "*donner*" by parroting its use in a particular phrase, I don't really know a thing about the verb itself, or about any of the other verbs of the same family.

. . . in Twenty-four Easy Lessons



What is attempted here is learning without conscious effort, without analysis of any kind. For example, in Lesson Twelve, Chapter Two of "Instant French," there appears the sentence, *"Vous vous moquez de moi,"* translated as "You are making fun of me." Fine. But when the sentence is broken down, "*vous vous moquez*" is again given only as "You are making fun," with not a jot of explanation or even definition of reflexive verb forms—a concept with which many American students studying their first foreign language are totally unfamiliar. Now, I know that the student will eventually make the connection, perhaps halfway through the course, just as he will in the long run dope out the many other unexplained idiomatic constructions included in the early lessons. For the time being, however, he does not know just what he is saying; the course does its best to pretend that there are no essential differences in the ways that Frenchmen and Americans put words together. *"Combien de temps?"* means "how long?"—but it means "How much of time?" too, because that is the way that French expresses the idea (which is, of course, a slightly different idea—and that is one of the best reasons for studying a language). Other matters, of very considerable importance, are just never gone into at all. One can get clear through "Instant French," for example, without being aware of the existence of the simple past tense; in fact, one is left with the impression that the *passé composé* is *the* past tense, since it is called that throughout the course. This will leave the graduate, if I may so term him, mighty puzzled in the event that he should sometime attempt to grapple with the written language, and can lead him into all sorts of egregious errors arising from his inability to distinguish between the uses of the two tenses.

For myself, I cannot conceive the memorization of the driest of tables or lists as any more boring than the passive soaking-in of half-explained phrases through an eternity of repetition, but in fairness to "Instant French" it should be said that the diligent student will gain through it roughly the equivalent of a year's good secondary school course, except for the omission of such matters as the *passé simple,* and the absence of so much as a consecutive paragraph of text to give him an idea of how the language goes together. As with all home-study instruction, there is the question of self-discipline; the course—there are 628 lessons in the two manuals plus the recorded lessons—must be gone at consistently, for it slips away rapidly. On the other hand, the student will have the usual advantages of such projects: he may go at his own speed, not that of a group; if he does not cheat on the self-marking system, he will really learn all that's taught, rather than the percentage required to pass a class course; he will also have the records for future reference and pronunciation brush-up. Furthermore, since the lessons are spoken by cultured natives, he will acquire a superior pronunciation (his ear must be good, though, for he is the only judge of just how good his imitations are).

THE "Speakit" system of McGraw-Hill is rather different, and I find it somewhat preferable. I had a better feeling about the "Speakit" courses from the start, simply because their blurbs do not indulge in the sort of hard-sell (it's easy-easy-child's play) peddling of the "Instant" series. And I was made to feel at home when I saw that the lessons in the plastic-ring-bound manual were based on conversations between a couple of imaginary individuals. This has always been a source of merriment for me. In my college German course, we followed the fortunes of a fellow named Richard Neumann (*"ein netter Junger, nicht wahr?"*) who went to college and carried on a correspondence with one Fräulein Anna Becker (*"Sie ist schlank und sehr hübsch"*). "Speakit" also gives us romance: Hans Weber manages to pick up Lilli Meyer one day, effecting the connection by retrieving some change that has fallen from her purse (there's a moral here somewhere). In no time at all, he finds out where she lives, and by Lesson Nine is wangling a meal (*"eine ganz fabelhafte Mahlzeit,"* at that). They go on from there—Hans becomes a successful merchant and marries Lilli, Lilli helps him in the shop but makes mistakes, they fight but make up, Hans has health troubles from overwork—but by Lesson Fifty, Hans and Lilli are looking forward to a trip to America.

Well, it's not so much worse than Richard Neumann, though the conversations remain almost idiotically simple to the very end. In addition to the text of the conversation, each lesson includes a section of notes and commentary (mostly on such subjects as pronunciation problems, appearance of new idioms, etc.), a vocabulary list based on the conversation, a brief translation exercise, a grammar reference section which takes up grammatical questions raised by the conversation, and some additional vocabulary. The back of the manual contains exercises

based on the lessons, verb tables, noun tables (German nouns are declined), sentence pattern drills, and a Glossary of Grammatical Terms, with a number of examples. (This last strikes me as a fine idea; even students with some previous foreign language training and reasonable mastery of English grammar may occasionally wish to remind themselves of just what a future perfect construction looks like.) This section and the reference vocabulary are indexed; there is a pronunciation guide at the front of the book.

It is all very clearly, sensibly, and completely done. One could use the manual as reference for the solution to just about any grammatical problem —which is not so of the "Instant" manuals. The "Speakits" have missed their golden opportunities with the conversations, however, for though they are spoken clearly and not without inflection, they never (even upon repetition) gain a natural speed, so that one acquires no idea of the lilt and flow of the language. Otherwise, these sets seem to me to take the student about as far as the "Instant" sets, with the additional merit of providing a more thorough grounding in grammar. The whole system strikes me as a good deal less repetitive, and certainly less subliminal in its approach, than the "Instant" method. The dictionaries supplied with these sets are from the Collins "Gem" series; while they have the drawbacks of any pocket-size dictionary, they provide much more detailed and complete definitions than those of the "Midget" dictionaries of the "Instant" sets, are more readable, and are more attractively printed and bound.

Berlitz's "Simplified" series should not really be judged by the standards of the sets considered so far, since its aims are far less ambitious. Its intention is to serve "as a ready introduction to the phrases and sentences most frequently heard wherever French is spoken." It concentrates on practical, everyday usage, and covers the field very well, by means of conversations based on activities encountered on a trip to the country: "On the Plane," "The Arrival," "At the Hotel," etc. No dictionary is included, but there is a rotary verb finder (only about fifty verbs are covered), plus a coupon entitling the holder to one free lesson at at any Berlitz school. The notes for each lesson include hints on pronunciation and on usage of particularly important words or phrases in the lesson, as well as supportive suggestions for getting along in France ("Tip for Coffee Lovers," "Le Guide Michelin," "When You Ride in Elevators" are some examples). All is lucid and simple, and designed to get the tourist through a decent variety of situations. In Lesson Nineteen, for example, women are instructed in phrases effective for rejecting passes—in French, one is supposed to say "*Mais non, Monsieur. Laissez-moi tranquille! Allez-vous-en ou j'appelle un agent.*" In Italian it's "*Ma no, signore! Mi lasci tranquilla! Se ne vada, o chiamo un agente.*" (No advice proffered for those who wish to accept the invitation.) In sum these sets are all right for someone just wanting to "get away with it" for the duration of a trip, and I should think children around ten to twelve might also make good use of them.

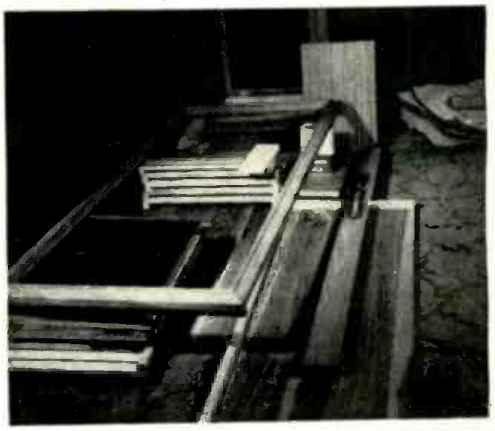
THE Columbia "Passport" sets are quite different in design and presentation. The records used are seven-inch LPs, with one lesson per side. This is a convenience, since it avoids having to set the needle onto a different band each time. The dictionary provided is the same solid one used in the McGraw-Hill sets. The first twenty lessons proceed along a course based on conversations; the final four supplement this with additional phrases and idioms and a guide to pronunciation.

The conversation lessons are set up this way: first there is a brief conversation, spoken slowly, then repeated a bit more rapidly. The student is instructed to speak aloud in imitation during the pauses. Then follows a vocabulary list, then a second, more extended conversation, spoken at very nearly natural speed (there are pauses between sentences, but the sentences themselves are spoken quickly). Grammar review lessons, four of them, are spaced along the way.

This series is my personal choice among all those dealt with here. It is the only one in which the conversations are really "acted out," the only one in which there is any real acknowledgment of the fact that one of a language's chief functions is that of meaningful self-expression. Moreover, the tone and content of the conversations are on a more adult, sophisticated level. There are even hints, here and there, that a written language and a cultural milieu are waiting to be investigated. Ted and Lea, the hero and heroine of the "Passport" Italian course, study at the Academy of Fine Arts. They discuss art and architecture, and argue with a surly engineer named Paolo (Paolo likes Verdi, Manzoni, and Titian; loathes Respighi, Stravinsky, De Chirico, and Modigliani; considers Mozart "for the ladies"). Emotion is allowed to invade the language, and with it a good share of expressiveness and inflectional range. In short, one can get the feel of the language from these sets, as from none of the others discussed.

The "Passport" Russian course, which I undertook, is laid out somewhat differently, due to the necessity of overcoming the obstacles posed by the Cyrillic alphabet and by the presence of certain sounds not found in English or the Romance tongues. Thus, the course opens with a spelling lesson, followed by instruction in pronunciation. Short conversations then are used, combined with additional vocabulary, some practice instructions, and some fairly extensive grammatical notes. The purely conversational approach used throughout the Italian, Spanish, and German courses is not brought into play until midway through the course.

I found that my progress was not as rapid as I had hoped. I had counted on getting through nearly all of it before having to set down my thoughts on it, and believed there was ample time. In fact, though, I'm only about a third of *Continued on page 101*



The cabinets above were assembled from the parts shown at the right. Although the tuner and preamplifier are installed vertically from a top panel, they also could be fitted horizontally through a front panel. The tape deck rests on adjustable cleats; alternately, it may be fitted more permanently on its own cut-out panel.

A Cabinet for Connoisseurs

By Norman Eisenberg

WHATEVER THE PLEASURE some enthusiasts take in the sight of audio components exposed in pristine beauty on shelves and tables, even they will surely be given pause by the aesthetic and functional persuasiveness of a new series of cabinets from Barzilay, a leading West Coast furniture manufacturer. Designer Jack Benveniste has created an equipment cabinet that is visually attractive, is sensibly priced, and—above all—caters to the special needs of a component installation and its owner, regardless of how prone the latter may be to experimenting, interchanging units, or expanding the system. Complementing the equipment cabinet is a pair of matching speaker enclosures that are acoustically suited to a number of possible speaker systems. This ensemble is also available as a kit—and one which goes together easily and quickly.

Over-all dimensions of the equipment cabinet are 28¾ inches high, 57 inches wide, and 18⅝ inches deep, plus an additional 1⅛-inch clearance at the rear for the lift-up top's hinges. The separate speaker enclosures, designed to flank the main cabinet, measure the same height and depth and are 19 inches wide. The kit version of the three units, called the Design I Ensemble, costs $269.50, or $161.50 for the K-61 equipment cabinet, and $54 for each of the K-62 speaker enclosures. The entire ensemble, factory-built and finished, costs $432 (Model 100E), or $256 for the Model 161 equipment cabinet and $88 for each of the Model 162 speaker enclosures. The pieces described here are the kit units.

The equipment cabinet, to begin with, is made of the highest-grade American black walnut ¾-inch plywood. The main sections are cut from the same board so that when the cabinet is completed, the grains of all visible surfaces match perfectly. Well sanded on arrival, the pieces need only some more fine-sanding and the application of the oils and wax supplied to take on a professional finish that brings out the rich grain of the wood. Critical edges are not merely covered with veneer but are inlaid with solid walnut strips.

A lift-up top as well as three sliding doors are provided. This dual access, combined with removable and adjustable interior panels and brackets, permits components to be installed from the top, or front, or both, and of course facilitates their removal for servicing or replacement. The nominal three divisions of the cabinet suggest a logical grouping of turntable, tuner and amplifier controls, and tape deck—with ample space below for some record and tape storage, a power amplifier (if a separate preamp is used above), and accessories such as headphones, record cleaners, spare cables, and so on. The turntable and tape deck compartments may be treated as wells into which the equipment, on its own base, may be placed to rest on a hidden shelf—or the shelf itself may be cut out as required to serve as both base and cabinet fitment for a more tailored look. In either installation, the panel rests on adjustable cleats so that it may be raised, lowered, or removed entirely.

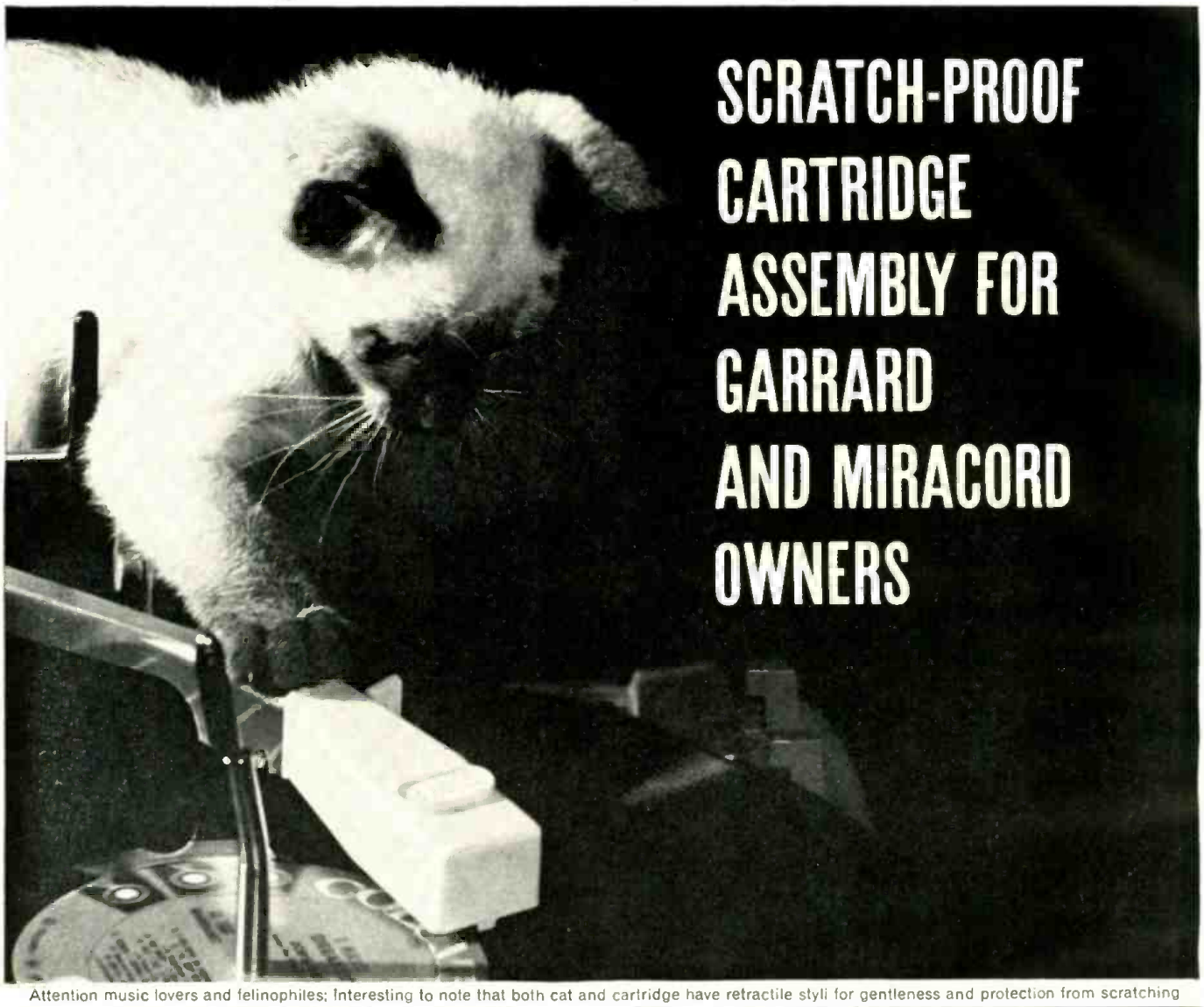
Across the front of each compartment an additional walnut panel may be fitted. This panel, extending only part of the distance vertically, will hide the innards of component chassis and the undersides of turntables and tape decks, yet it still permits access to them. Alternatively, these front semi-panels may be cut out and the tuner and/or amplifier mounted horizontally in them. Under either arrangement, the front sliding doors still provide complete camouflage for everything.

The K-62 speaker enclosure is roomy enough to house a speaker system with its own enclosure. If one intends to buy such a speaker, it would seem sensible to order it unfinished inasmuch as it will fit readily into the finished K-62. For this use, the bottom panel and speaker mounting board of the K-62 should be omitted during assembly.

Alternately, the K-62 may be used as an enclosure proper, for installing naked speakers. The main mounting baffle is cut for a 15-inch speaker, but a reducing board is supplied for holding a 12-inch speaker. The cabinet provides about 3½ cubic feet of inside space and is ported. It is, acoustically, a compromise that can be adjusted to provide good loading for a number of high quality speakers with fairly low resonances. For instance, we experimented with one 15-inch coaxial that had a resonance when unbaffled of 30 cps, and a rapid roll-off in response below that frequency. In the K-62 enclosure, the 30-cps peak was considerably reduced, and a new peak appeared near 20 cps, indicating that the speaker was being well loaded in the bass region. This extension of bass response was accompanied with some heaviness or tonal hangover with the port completely open, but by partially closing it with a block of wood, we were able to achieve cleaner and tighter bass. Obviously, some experimentation would be required for an optimum match between the K-62 and any given speaker. Stereophiles not inclined to such experimenting would naturally select an integrated speaker system in which the drivers and enclosure are supplied as a unit. And such a system, of course, may be placed as a unit within the K-62 housing.

new from SHURE

originators of scratch-proof high fidelity tone arms



Attention music lovers and felinophiles; Interesting to note that both cat and cartridge have retractile styli for gentleness and protection from scratching

GREATER RECORD AND NEEDLE PROTECTION . . . FINER RECORD REPRODUCTION

Now, owners of Garrard Laboratory® Type "A" and AT-6 and Miracord Model 10 and Model 10H Automatic Turntables can assure themselves unprecedented and unparalleled record and needle protection, and highest sound quality simply by plugging in the Shure Stereo Dynetic GARD-A-MATIC "floating" cartridge assembly. Nothing else to buy . . . no wiring, no soldering, just plug in.

Ingenious GARD-A-MATIC cartridge inside a special tone-arm shell ends scratching due to dropping the tone arm or accidentally dragging it across the grooves . . . records stay new, sound new. Needles last longer—can't be damaged by pressing arm on record. Does away with tone arm "bounce" from floor vibrations, etc. Even plays warped records. And, the performance characteristics are those of the famed Shure Stereo Dynetic cartridges.

SPECIFICATIONS

Frequency Responses:	From 20 to 20,000 cps
Output Voltage:	6 millivolts per channel
Channel Separation:	more than 22.5 db at 1000 cps
Recommended Load Impedance:	47,000 ohms
Compliance:	20.0 x 10^{-6} cm per dyne
Tracking:	1.5 to 3.0 grams
Inductance:	600 millihenries
D. C. Resistance:	750 ohms
Stylus:	.0007" diamond
Stylus Replacement:	N99

MODEL M99/A. Fits Garrard Laboratory® model "A". Includes tone arm head, factory mounted cartridge, .0007" diamond. **MODEL M99/AT6.** Fits Garrard AT-6. Includes tone arm head, factory mounted cartridge, .0007" diamond. **Model M99/M10.** Fits Miracord Models 10 or 10H. Includes tone arm head, factory mounted cartridge, .0007" diamond. **MODEL N99.** Replacement stylus assembly, .0007" diamond.

SHURE Stereo Dynetic® GARD-A-MATIC T.M.

Patented and Patents Pending

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WRITE FOR DETAILS TO: SHURE BROTHERS, INC., 222 HARTREY AVE., EVANSTON, ILLINOIS

CIRCLE 74 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

The consumer's guide to new and important high fidelity equipment

high fidelity

EQUIPMENT REPORTS

Wollensak Model 1580 Stereo Tape Recorder

AT A GLANCE: The Wollensak 1580, offered by Revere, is a compact tape recorder, designed for four- and two-track stereo or monophonic recording and playback. It will record sound-on-sound, play tape together with a live external source for special applications, and serve too as a small public address system. It may be heard through its own built-in amplifiers and speakers or connected to feed an external amplifier and speaker system. In addition to this versatility, United States Testing Company, Inc., found that the 1580 provides relatively high performance electronically and mechanically, and has been designed and laid out so as to be very easy to operate. Dimensions are 12 3/8 inches wide, 7 1/4 inches high, and 11 inches deep. An additional 2 1/5 inches depth must be allowed for tape reels. The chassis, including tape transport and electronics, is fitted into a neatly styled case that has a lift-out handle for carrying the machine. The 1580 is supplied with two small microphones, a power cord, various signal cables for all playback and recording operations, a slip-on plastic cover, and an excellent instruction manual. Price is $379. Manufacturer: Revere Camera Co., a subsidiary of Minnesota Mining and Manufacturing Co., 320 East 21st St., Chicago 16, Ill.

IN DETAIL: Along the front of the 1580 are a volume and tone control as well as a neon recording level indicator for each channel. The tone controls are marked with designations of "Balanced Tone," "Bass," "Hi-Fi," and "Treble." The level indicators have one side marked "Normal" and the other side marked "Distort." In normal operation, the volume control is adjusted so that the "distort" side does not flicker on peak volumes while the "normal" side still flashes.

Across the top of the recorder are its four main operating control tabs: a combination speed selector and AC power switch, a record/play selector for the left channel, a start-stop control for either the play or recording mode, and a record/play selector for the right channel. To the right of these tabs is a lever for operating the recorder in its fast forward and rewind modes, and to the left of the control tabs is a tape index counter. The machine also has an automatic shutoff, which is effective in all operating modes.

The 1580 contains two ¼-track stereo heads—one for erase and the other for record/playback. (Direct tape monitoring while recording is not possible on this recorder.) In order to shift the heads vertically, so as to align them for various stereo or mono functions in

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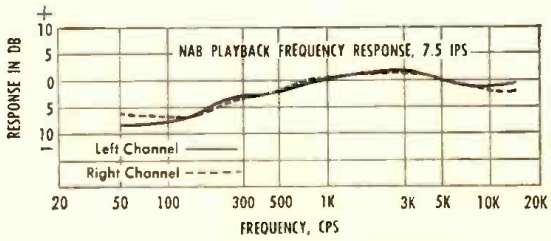
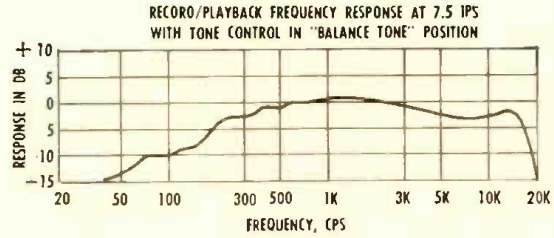
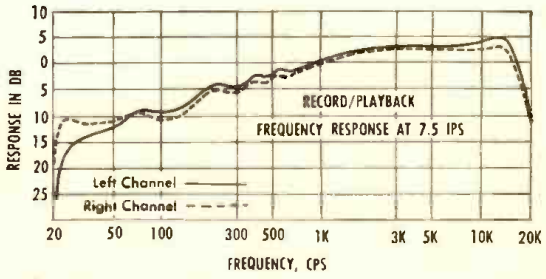
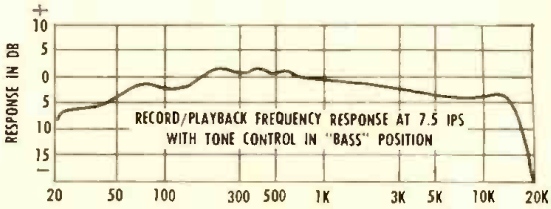
REPORT POLICY

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.









Response of Wollensak varied as tone control was adjusted. See report for explanation.

half-track or quarter-track, a wheel adjustment is provided to the left of the head assembly. A pause control is located at the right side of the deck for instantly stopping or starting the tape motion. This is useful when recording off the air for eliminating short unwanted sections of the program. It can also be a valuable aid in editing the tape. The rear panel contains output jacks for 8-ohm extension speakers and for high level inputs to a high fidelity amplifier. Also found here are the inputs to the recorder as well as the connection for the AC power cord.

The machine contains one four-pole induction motor and a maze of wheels, belts, springs, and linkages within its very compact case. Despite its complexity, everything appears to be well built. The electronics are located at the bottom of the recorder and are also well assembled. Point-to-point wiring is used throughout. The circuits are fairly conventional. Four hum-balance potentiometers are provided to minimize hum.

The recorder proved to be foolproof in its operation, and could be switched from one mode of operation to another without developing either tape slack or tape spillage. Operation was sure and positive, yet gentle on the tape. The tape ran somewhat slow at both speeds. The measured speed error for 7.5 ips was 1.8% at 117 volts line voltage, 2.4% at 105 volts, and 1.5% at 129 volts. At 3.75 ips, USTC measured an error of 1.7% at 117 volts, 2.3% at 105 volts, and 1.5% at 129 volts.

Tape flutter and wow at 7.5 ips were 0.12% and 0.14% respectively. At 3.75 ips, the figures increased to 0.2% and 0.16%. The Wollensak's rewind time for a 7-inch, 1,200-foot reel of standard tape was 2.32 minutes at either tape speed setting. The fast forward time for the same reel of tape varied with speed setting and was 1.62 minutes at 7.5 ips and 3.16 minutes at 3.75 ips. All these are favorable figures for this class of equipment.

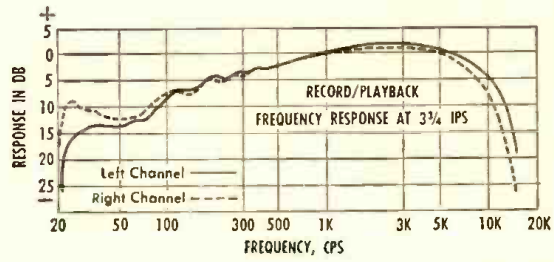
The playback response of the tape recorder, measured with the tone control in the "Hi-Fi" position, showed a rather severe low frequency rolloff, but both channels were flat within ±2.5 db from 400 cps to 15 kc. At 100 cps, both channels were down approximately 7.5 db.

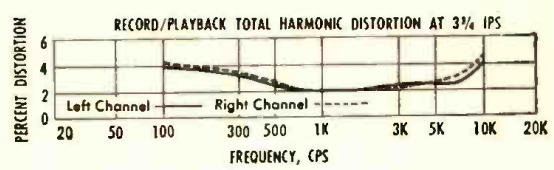
The record/playback response of the recorder at 7.5 ips contained an even greater low frequency rolloff, with the left channel down 9 db at 100 cps and the right channel down 10.3 db. Both channels peaked at about 12.5 kc and fell off to –3 db at about 17 kc. This shows that while the Wollensak has very good high frequency recording capability, its low frequency equalization is not as accurate. However, the unit does have tone controls which are effective on playback only, and the measurements indicate that most of the bass loss is in playback and not in recording. Thus, by adjusting the tone controls for maximum bass, the user can obtain a relatively good record/playback characteristic, that is to say, +2, –5 db from 40 to 15,000 cycles per second. This curve, as well as the curve made with the tone controls in the "Balanced Tone" position, is shown in the charts. The "Balanced Tone" position improved the low frequency-to-high frequency balance somewhat, while the "Bass" position helped the low frequency response considerably while only slightly dropping the high frequency response. Either position, however, will permit the 1580 to sound better than the "Hi-Fi" position—for record/playback as well as when playing a prerecorded tape.

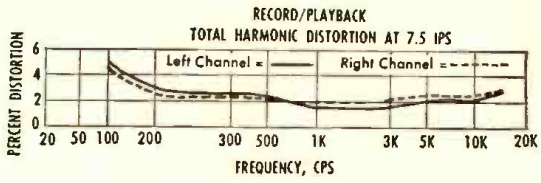
At 3.75 ips, the high frequency response rolled off at a somewhat lower frequency than it did at 7.5 ips, with the left channel falling to –5 db at 10.3 kc and the right channel to –5 db at 8.6 kc.

The distortion curves show that the recorder's distortion was fairly low at both tape speeds when measurements were performed with a –10 VU recording level. At the fast speed, less than 2.5% THD was noted on both channels from 200 cps to 10 kc, while at the slow speed the THD remained under 4% from 120 cps to 9 kc on both channels.

The recorder's signal-to-noise ratio was 49 db on





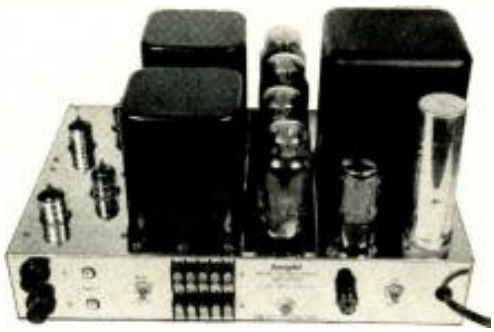


the left channel and 45 db on the right channel (re 0 VU). In addition, there was a considerable safety margin above 0 VU before the recorded signal would become distorted and the "distort" light would glow.

The recording level for the 3% THD point was +8 VU on the left channel and +5 VU on the right channel. The recorder's IM distortion was generally low, being less than 2.5% at the 0 VU level.

The power amplifier in the Wollensak was capable of providing 4.1 watts of audio power at 8 ohms impedance at clipping on the left channel, and 4.5 watts on the right channel.

Since the recorder has separate record/play switches for each channel, it can be used for (monophonic) sound-on-sound recordings. However, when used in this mode, the high frequency bias signal is presented at the output jacks of the recorder on the "play" channel, and up to 6 volts of this 73.5 kc signal is available at either the preamp output jack or across an 8-ohm load at the extension speaker output jack. This signal was found to be 7.5 db higher in level than the level of a 700-cps, -10 VU recorded signal on playback. If such a high-level signal is fed into a high-powered amplifier, the possibility exists that the tweeter in the speaker system will be burned out after a short while. This point, though not demonstrated in the laboratory, is raised merely as a note of caution. That is to say, it would appear that when sound-on-sound recordings are being made, the Wollensak 1580 should be disconnected from any external equipment. After the recording has been made, it can of course be reconnected to either extension speakers or amplifier and speakers, as desired.



Knight-Kit Model KB-85 Stereo Power Amplifier

AT A GLANCE: The Knight KB-85, offered by Allied Radio, is a dual-channel basic or power amplifier capable of delivering up to 35 watts per channel with low distortion. Available only in kit form, the unit was built and tested at United States Testing Company, Inc. Dimensions are 14 inches wide, 8½ inches high, and 9 inches deep. Price: $69.95. An optional metal cover costs $6.50. Manufacturer: Allied Radio Corp., 100 N. Western Ave., Chicago 80, Ill.

IN DETAIL: Inasmuch as each channel of the KB-85 is driven from a level control at the amplifier's input, it is possible to regulate the gain of the amplifier and thereby adjust its sensitivity as required for use with different signal sources. When used as a monophonic amplifier, the "A" channel control becomes the signal level control and the "B" channel control serves to balance the gain of each half of the amplifier. A special balance circuit with a "press-to-test" button is included to help balance the gain for mono use.

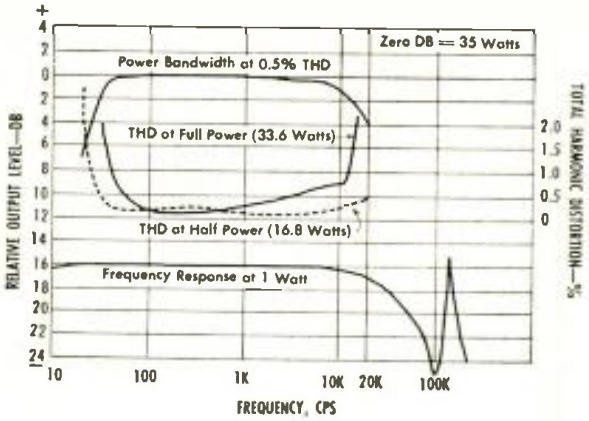
The amplifier uses two EL37 pentodes per channel in the push-pull output sections, and the output transformers have taps for 4-, 8-, 16-, and 32-ohm speakers. Negative feedback is used from the secondary of each output transformer back to the cathode of the first voltage amplifier. Provisions have been made for balancing the output tubes (provided that a 100-ma DC milliammeter is available). Four meter jacks on the rear panel of the amplifier allow insertion of the meter into the cathode circuit of any of the four EL37 tubes.

The power supply of the KB-85 utilizes two GZ34/5AR4 rectifier tubes which, combined with a rather hefty power transformer, give the other tubes all the power they need. The entire power supply is a very heavy-duty unit, indicating that the amplifier's performance with two channels operating should be just about as good as when only one channel is operating.

This, in fact, proved to be the case in USTC's tests. The KB-85 delivered 33.6 watts of power at clipping with only 0.22% harmonic distortion when only the left channel was operating. With both channels operating together, the left channel provided 30.5 watts of power output at the same distortion level, which is quite good. The right channel operating alone provided 34 watts output at clipping with only 0.27% distortion.

The amplifier's power bandwidth, which was measured at the 0.5% distortion level, extended from 27 cps to 16 kc, with the amplifier providing 35 watts output at 1,000 cps. The distortion curve at full power, measured with 33.6 watts output on the left channel, shows that the distortion remains under 1% from 38 cps to 12 kc, but rises very rapidly below and above that range. At half power, however, the distortion remained under 0.5% from 28 cps to 20 kc.

The amplifier's frequency response was flat within +0 and -0.5 db from 5 cps to 15 kc. It was down to -1 db at 23 kc, and to -3 db at 48 kc. The response fell

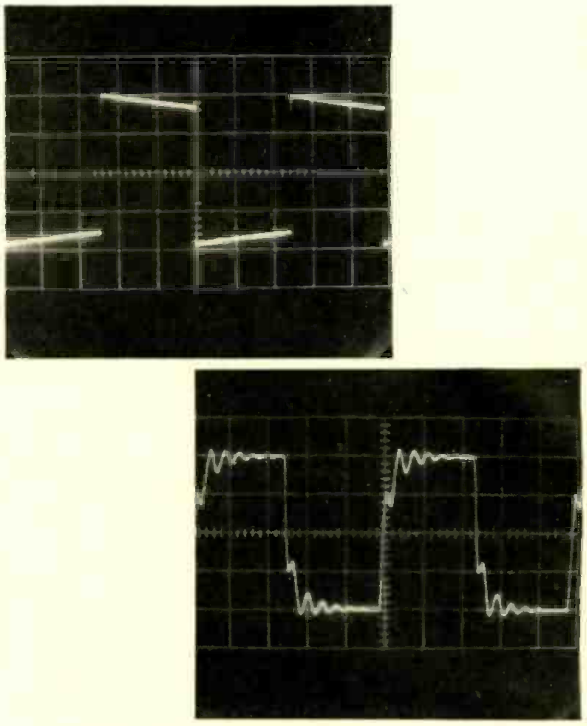


off to −9 db at 100 kc but peaked up to +1.2 db at 140 kc, above which frequency it fell off very rapidly again.

Square-wave response was very good at low frequencies, showing a relatively small phase shift at 50 cps. At high frequencies, a considerable amount of ringing was observed which is shown in the 10-kc square-wave photograph. Despite this ringing, however, the amplifier was found to be quite stable, even with pure capacitive loading.

The intermodulation distortion of the KB-85 was very low, being less than 0.2% up to 10 watts and less than 0.5% up to 33 watts. Total hum and noise was 95 db below full output and the amplifier's sensitivity for full output was 0.58 volts on the left channel and 0.49 volts on the right channel. The damping factor was 16 at the 8-ohm output taps. These are all very favorable figures.

The physical layout of this unit gives a very neat appearance, both from the outside and on the inside, within the chassis. Printed circuit boards are used to make the construction of this unit fairly easy. However, once the boards are installed within the chassis, and are connected in place, only the copper side of the boards is accessible. Additional wiring and components are then placed on top of the boards. Thus, if ever one of the components on the board needs servicing, all this must be removed to get at it, a chore that USTC figures would entail several hours of work for the repairman. Yet, USTC also points out that if the KB-85 is assembled and wired carefully by the kit builder, it may never require such servicing.



Square-wave response, 50 cps and 10 kc.

How It Went Together

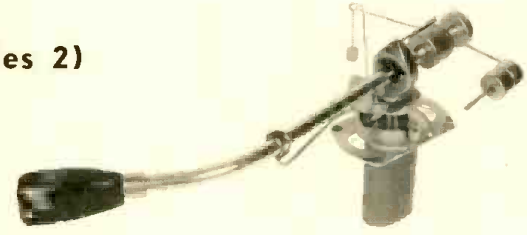
The kit went together moderately easily for an experienced kit builder who was able to overcome the difficulties encountered. The tube sockets were larger than the chassis holes, and the spacers provided as stand-offs for the printed circuit boards were too long to permit the application of lockwashers and nuts. Accordingly, the tube sockets were ground to fit, and double-nuts were used as board stand-offs.

Two capacitors of correct value but different part numbers were supplied without amendment to the instructions or parts list. The fuse was missing and was obtained locally.

The components were well packaged for shipment and the plan used by Knight of mounting the resistors on cards simplified their identification during assembly.

The instruction manual was in general carefully prepared, and instructions were simple and concise. Two minor errors were noted: the reference to "Figure 10 on page 7" should be changed to page 3, and the reference to "Figure 29 on page 25" should be changed to page 21. Total assembly time was fourteen hours.

Shure SME 3009 (Series 2) Tone Arm



AT A GLANCE: The new Model 3009 (Series 2) is an improved version of the highly reputed SME tone arm. It is a 12-inch arm suited to records up to 12 inches in diameter. Tests conducted at United States Testing Company, Inc., indicate that the new SME is very nearly the last word in tone arm design, offering adjustments that take some time and effort to set up but that do provide optimum tracking conditions for any known cartridge. Price is $89.50. A 16-inch model—the 3012—is designed for 16-inch transcription discs and costs $99.50. The SME arms are manufactured by SME Limited, Steyning, Sussex, England, and are marketed in the U. S. A. by Shure Brothers, Inc., 222 Hartrey Ave., Evanston, Ill.

IN DETAIL: The design of the SME arm, first introduced about three years ago, showed an unprecedented attention to all the details of the construction and operation of a tone arm, such that the resultant product was unsurpassed in its ability to provide optimum tracking with any known make of cartridge. Not content with this achievement, SME designers have further improved and refined their product, now designated as the Series 2.

The new SME arm is lighter in weight than the former model by about 15%, thus enabling the balancing counterweight to be smaller. The reduction, in weight and size, is designed to facilitate balancing the arm during its installation as well as to provide some-

what greater ability to track warped records. In addition, the lower weight renders the arm—when balanced—less susceptible to external shock and jarring of the turntable. Instead of the friction adjustment used on the original SME, which sometimes shifted during use, the new model uses a set-screw that holds the weight firmly in place. The new arm includes a "bias adjustment" that acts as an "anti-skating" device to improve tracking even further, particularly when ultrahigh compliance cartridges are used. The arm's mounting base is thinner than before; combined with its vertical height adjustment, this refinement permits the SME arm to be set up correctly for any thickness of turntable and for any stylus angle desired. The plug-in shell, or head, used on the SME is interchangeable with that of the Ortofon (this part is, in fact, made for SME by Ortofon), and suggests the beginnings of a possible move toward the standardization of cartridge terminals and shell-to-arm pin connections—something that this journal emphatically endorses as an aid to making high quality audio products more familiar to less technically minded people, and also to facilitate interchanging of cartridge heads for experimental purposes.

It is, in fact, this last point that is a major part of the design philosophy behind the SME arm. That is to say, the arm is intended to accommodate any make of cartridge—regardless of such requirements as weight, tracking force, stylus position, and so on—and to permit that cartridge to perform at its best. To accomplish this, the arm is provided with a number of adjustments, more than on any other arm we have encountered. Installing the arm—and then making these numerous adjustments—takes some time and effort, but once set up correctly the arm does achieve its avowed aim.

It is a precision instrument throughout its complex design. The arm is fitted to the turntable mounting board over a rather large elongated opening in the board, which must be precut to size. A slotted metal bed-plate is mounted to the turntable base through four rubber grommets to provide vibration isolation, and the base of the arm may be slid through a distance of one inch on the bed-plate to provide for adjustment of stylus overhang and tracking error. The base also contains an adjustment for arm height as well as a lever-operated hydraulic mechanism for lowering and raising the arm over the record. A flick of the lever lowers the arm to the record slowly and gently. Another flick lifts the arm.

The arm's lateral bearings, which consist of friction-free precision ball races, are enclosed in a pillar in the arm base. Above the pillar assembly are a set of horizontal knife-edge bearings that support the arm itself and which also are virtually friction-free. The height of the pillar is adjustable. Below the pillar, on the underside of the turntable mounting board, the signal leads terminate in a sturdy output socket to which a mating plug is connected. The leads themselves exert no influence on the free movement of the arm, and the wiring system facilitates four- or three-wire stereo, as well as mono, hookups with positive grounding to eliminate any hum. The tubular section of the arm, which is offset at the front end, is lined with wood to damp the tone arm's resonance, and the arm is terminated in front with a plastic plug-in shell.

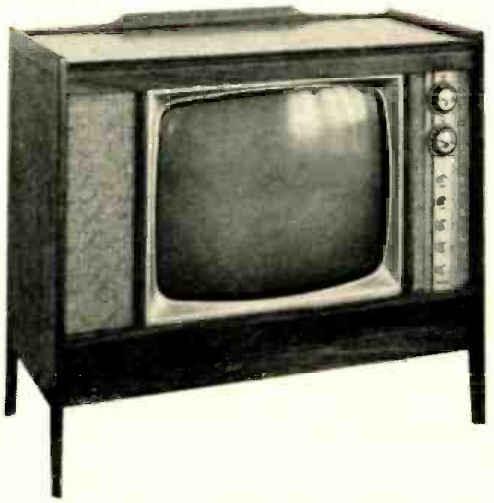
At the rear of the arm is the system of counterweights to provide for longitudinal and lateral balance. The counterweights are isolated from the tone arm proper by a compliant rubber joint. After the arm has been balanced, one of the sliding weights is moved forward along a scale calibrated in fractions of a gram to set the tracking force at the stylus. With light cartridges, the total range of adjustment will be 2.5 grams in 0.25-gram increments, while for heavier cartridges the total range of adjustment will be 5 grams in 0.5-gram increments. USTC found the accuracy of this adjustment to be better than ± 0.1 gram, which obviates the need for a separate stylus force gauge.

The "bias adjuster" may be used to compensate for the lateral force that is produced by the geometry of the arm and the friction of the stylus on the record, and which tends to pull the pickup toward the center of the record, thereby exerting more pressure along one wall of the groove. To compensate for this force—which has been held to produce distortion and uneven or accelerated record groove wear—an opposing force of constant amplitude is applied to the arm at the rear of its lateral bearings. The exact point of application of this force can be varied, depending on the tracking force, and—when correctly adjusted—results in a variable lateral torque that tends to pull the stylus away from the center of the record. This torque, derived from a small weight at the end of a nylon thread, neutralizes the "skating" tendency and thus removes one more adverse influence on the accurate tracking of the pickup. Its effectiveness is best observed when using a high compliance cartridge at a very low tracking force. USTC's tests were run with the Shure M33-5 cartridge, which was found to track heavily modulated test records perfectly at 1 gram—with the bias adjuster set accordingly. With this adjustment removed, some mistracking was observed on the oscilloscope.

The resonant frequency of the SME arm is somewhere below 10 cps and has no effect on performance. The "feel" of the arm, a careful examination of its construction, and the tracking tests performed with it all indicate a really "ultrafine" product. It is, of course, an expensive item and one that requires some fussing over during installation, as well as changes in adjustments should one care to substitute a new cartridge. These very adjustments, however, enable the SME to lay valid claim to being a truly "universal" tone arm and an outstanding performer in all respects. From this standpoint, it should appeal to the audio perfectionist who has not settled on an integrated arm-and-cartridge design, or who is predisposed to experimenting and to trying different cartridges.

Heathkit Model GR-22
Television Set

AT A GLANCE: One of the newest kits from Heath, and indeed one of the newest of its kind in general, is a high quality, 23-inch screen, black and white television receiver available in do-it-yourself form. Assembly, considering its advanced and complex circuitry, is relatively easy—faster in fact than some audio kits. Performance of a kit-built version, on both video and audio, was found to be extremely fine, rivaling that of costlier factory-built sets. The basic set, GR-22, consists of the chassis and picture tube and costs $169.95. An optional walnut frame, Model GRA-22-2, may be ordered for custom-installing the set into an existing



Heathkit GR-22 in its cabinet. Set also may be used with wall-mount (see facing page).

cabinet or wall unit. Cost is $25.95. Alternately, one may fashion one's own mount from templates supplied. A handsome walnut cabinet, Model GRA-22-1, $89.95, also is available. This cabinet, styled to match Heath's AE-20 cabinet series, includes a 6- by 9-inch oval speaker and thus makes the set a self-contained, complete unit. Without this option, the builder is expected to use his own speaker. As supplied, the GR-22 receives the standard VHF band (channels 2 to 13). An optional UHF tuner, for channels 14 through 82, also is sold for $27.95; it may be added to the set at any time. Chassis dimensions are: 29 inches wide, 19¼ inches high, 17½ inches deep. Mounting frame dimensions are: 30⅝ inches wide by 20⅜ inches high. The frame adds an additional 1⅝ inches to the over-all depth. Cabinet dimensions are: 36 inches wide, 32⅞ inches high, and 20½ inches deep. Manufacturer: Heath Company, Benton Harbor, Mich.

IN DETAIL: The recent attention that has been given to television by educational groups, government agencies, viewers individually and in groups, and by sources within the industry itself is beginning to bear fruit. Not only are there more programs of serious musical and other worthwhile content, but they are being made available in ever widening areas. What's more, the technical standards of telecasting have been under examination; here too—particularly in the sound portion of programs—improvement has been noted.

All this suggests, of course, a new need for improved television sets to handle whatever will be programmed and transmitted. What might be called a "high fidelity"—or at least a high quality—television set is one that is designed and built to rigorous standards and high performance specifications. Such a set would be one in which the sound is handled carefully and not—as in most sets—provided as an afterthought, or as a poor second to the picture. The picture itself should be clear and distinct, and easy to watch for reasonably long periods (viewing fatigue, as well as listening fatigue, must go!). From the standpoint of its usefulness, the set ideally should be available as self-contained with its own speaker, and also readily adaptable for connecting to one's own speaker, or into a high fidelity system via a suitable input jack on the control amplifier or preamplifier. Finally, if such a set is offered as a kit, it should be fairly easy to build and should present no post-construction alignment problems.

The new TV set from Heath, in a word, meets all these requirements very handily. The circuitry is "sophisticated" and employs recent techniques as well as high quality components. Sixteen tubes (including the picture tube) are used as well as a dual selenium rectifier, a crystal diode, and a silicon diode.

Channels are selected by a rotating turret tuner which has a set of four coils for each channel. A Nuvistor (6DS4) is used for rf amplification, and a dual-purpose tube (6CG8A) serves as oscillator and mixer. The resultant IF signal then goes through three stages of amplification. The sound portion goes through additional IF amplification and then to a sound detector stage, the output of which drives a cathode follower as well as an audio amplifier stage. The former circuit terminates in an output jack for feeding an external amplifier; the latter, in a jack for connecting a speaker directly. The picture tube itself gets a 20,000-volt brightening signal from the high-voltage supply, a fused circuit containing two half-wave rectifiers. The low-voltage supply is transformer-operated and is protected by a circuit-breaker. The filament supply is protected by a fuse. A thermistor in this circuit provides a warm-up time to permit tubes and other parts to reach their operating levels gradually. The power supply is well filtered and the set is hum-free.

The GR-22 is handsomely and modernly styled. Its controls, set in a neat escutcheon, are arranged vertically to the right of the screen. From the top, they include a channel selector and fine tuning knob, a space for the control of the optional UHF tuner (which may be added later if desired), a picture or contrast control, the off/on and sound volume control, brightness, vertical hold, and horizontal hold controls. The last three controls actually are dual concentric types; with their knobs removed, there are screwdriver adjustments inside the shafts that are used when installing the set. The sound take-off jacks are located under the chassis.

In use, the GR-22 has proven to be significantly more sensitive than many well-known factory-built sets, and at least as sensitive and as clear as the best we have encountered. The simple fact is that in a very difficult reception area it has received channels more clearly under its own power than another set had been receiving with the aid of a booster. It also has received, with the aid of a large roof-mounted antenna and rotator, channels not normally expected in this area.

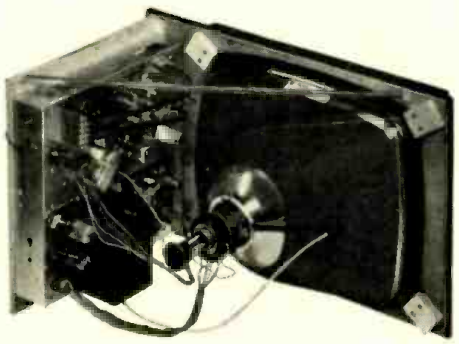
On the "normal" channels, the picture is very clear, almost like a glossy photograph. The controls work smoothly and effectively. Following the instructions for touch-up alignment in the manual, we were able—literally by a quarter-turn of one coil—to get the picture fine-tuning control to synchronize exactly with the best sound, so that by fine-tuning one you do not automatically detune the other.

The picture is large enough to be viewed comfortably from fairly long distances in the room, yet is sharp enough so that it does not become blurred when viewed closer up. This picture also is equally well focused at all portions of the screen. Reception is remarkably steady, and there is virtually no rolling, jumping, or fading due to atmospheric disturbances, passing aircraft, and the like. The safety glass in front of the screen is bonded directly to it for safety as well as reduced glare, and the picture may be enjoyed with lights on in the room. Glowing lamps are hardly reflected by the screen.

Complementing the high quality picture is the sound of the GR-22. As stated, one output jack provides an amplified audio signal for connecting directly to a speaker (one's own, or the 6- by 9-inch whizzer-loaded oval unit supplied with the optional cabinet). The sound thus heard is clean and smooth enough to make one realize that it is, after all, an FM signal. It is noticeably better than the sound heard from many TV sets. Alternately, the sound may be taken from the other output jack (labeled "amplifier") for feeding into the "tuner" or other high-level input ("spare" or "auxiliary")

on a high fidelity amplifier and thence to the speaker or speakers being driven by that amplifier. In this connection, the TV sound comes from the sound detector stage, through a cathode follower, bypassing the GR-22's own audio stage. The TV set thus becomes similar to an FM tuner for those channels being received. A direct comparison of this sound with that supplied by an FM tuner receiving the same channel—both sets playing through the same amplifier and speaker—indicated clearly that the TV set was furnishing as fine a signal as that obtained from the FM tuner.

Indeed, such sound—combined with the excellent picture and smooth operation of the GR-22—adds up to a program source worthy of serious attention. The GR-22, in sum, lends new meaning to the concept of the "home entertainment center" and suggests that the effort involved in integrating a TV set with a high fidelity sound system is well worth the expending. In view of its performance, ease of construction, adaptability for installation, and cost, we regard the GR-22 as a significant development in electronic kits, one of which Heath may well be proud.



How It Went Together

The most surprising thing about building the GR-22 kit was the degree to which a complex electronic unit has been simplified for the kit builder. Constructing this TV set was hardly more difficult than building an FM tuner or an audio amplifier; in fact, it was in some ways a good deal easier and faster (seventeen hours) than some audio kits previously assembled. It may not be a kit for the rank beginner, but it certainly is fair game for anyone who has constructed any electronic kit before. Most of the wiring is done on two printed circuit boards. One of these (the IF section) is fully preassembled; on the other (the sweep circuit), the builder mounts the components himself. The high-voltage section is fully preassembled, as is the front-end tuning section. Both the front end and the IF circuits also are prealigned and a few simple adjustments (following the kit instruction manual, and without using professional alignment instruments) are all that is needed to bring the set readily up to peak performance. The controls require very little wiring, and installing the picture tube—while requiring care and patience and the help of another pair of hands—presents no real difficulties. All parts, as well as an alignment tool, a hex-nut starter, and a supply of solder, were well packaged and easily identified. The instruction manual is remarkably clear and easy to follow, and includes a section on how the set works as well as a detailed and illustrated trouble-shooting guide. Judging from the construction and performance to date of the GR-22, this last section happily may not be needed for a long time to come—but it is comforting to have it included.

A Word On Rumble. . . .

As PART OF its joint test program, High Fidelity and United States Testing Company, Inc., are constantly reëxamining and reëvaluating existing test procedures and methods of reporting data. The aim is to enhance the accuracy and objectivity of the reports as well as to perform a much needed consumer and industry service by helping to achieve standardization of test methods. In many areas of testing there either is no standardization, or the existing standard is so loosely defined that the data thus derived often must be supplemented with qualitative explanation, analysis, and insight. One such area is the measurement of turntable rumble, which is expressed as a number of decibels below the level of a given test tone. By using different reference signals, or by "weighting" the rumble figure with such considerations as the human hearing curves, the actual rumble figures derived for the same turntable may vary by as much as 15 decibels.

In the past, USTC used the standard NAB method (rumble measured from a reference tone of 100 cps recorded at 1.4 centimeters per second peak velocity), but weighted the measurements on the basis of specific bass frequencies that were producing the rumble in any given turntable. Effectively, then, the lower the rumble frequency the better the reported rumble figure. Considerable experience in this area, however, indicates that differences in design and construction among turntables produce rumble frequencies that vary widely from one model to another. Moreover, some turntables include their own arms while others must be measured with a deliberately chosen arm. As a result, the weighting itself becomes problematic. Because of these problems, rumble figures presented here since the beginning of this year have been unweighted and are the figures read directly from the test setup, in accordance with the existing NAB specification.

In practical terms, this means that the rumble figures published so far this year—on the Zenith Micro-Touch Changer (January) and the AR Turntable (March)—cannot be directly compared with the rumble figures published here previously. Our published measurements showed the Zenith to have a rumble of -37 db below the standard reference level, while that of the AR was -38 db. Under the old (weighted) system, these figures would have been some 10 to 15 db better—that is, in the area of -47 to -53 db.

Readers should note that the unweighted method will be used henceforth, and allowances should therefore be made in comparing these figures with those published before the first of this year. It must be emphasized that the existing rumble specification does leave much to be desired for many reasons. For instance, it is entirely possible—using NAB procedures—to obtain two exactly similar rumble figures for two different turntables, even though the audible or effective rumble heard from each will vary appreciably. Being fully aware of this fact, and because of it, the reports do supplement the "bald" numbers with a fuller, qualitative explanation when required for accurately describing the performance of a particular model.

REPORTS IN PROGRESS

Roberts 1057 Tape Recorder

Sherwood S-2100 Tuner

COLUMBIA RECORDS

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In the second of his historic new recordings, Mr. Horowitz displays his superb artistry in a program of Schumann, Scarlatti, Schubert and Scriabin.

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CIRCLE 24 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

Music Makers

by ROLAND GELATT

TAKE A CONTROVERSIAL recording technique, add more than two million dollars to publicize it, and you have a recipe guaranteed to pique the curiosity of just about everyone interested in reproduced sound. The topic of the moment is the recently launched RCA "Dynagroove" process. Views on the new records run the gamut from delight to debunk—with seemingly no one at a loss for an opinion. Our "Dynagroove" coverage in this issue includes an account of the unveiling in Princeton and subsequent commercial repercussions (see page 37), plus reviews of some of the first releases. Perhaps Robert C. Marsh's comments on the Leinsdorf-BSO Mahler First (page 66) come closest to explaining the wide disparity of opinion on the "Dynagroove" sound: the meters say one thing, our ears something else. Which brings us back to psychoacoustics again.

LAST SPRING Martin Mayer held forth in these pages on "The Triumphs and Troubles of the Met." He made it abundantly clear that in recent seasons the venerable opera house had experienced far more troubles than triumphs, and his analysis put particular stress on the weaknesses of the Met's roster of conductors and the deficiencies of its orchestra. Last season such strictures were certainly justified. More often than not, the conducting was flaccid and routine, the playing wobbly and undernourished.

But it is only just to bring the record up to date. In the New York season just ended (the Met is currently on tour), some striking and gratifying improvements were evident. General Manager Rudolf Bing had Ernest Ansermet on hand for *Pelléas*, Georg Solti for *Tristan*, *Boris*, and *Otello*, Karl Böhm for *Fidelio* and *Ariadne*. And the men in the pit rose to the occasion marvelously. (Their luminous, delicately tinted tone in *Pelléas*, for instance, was almost unbelievable in light of what one had come to expect.) Only one of Bing's star conductors disappointed: Lorin Maazel, a fine musician but still relatively inexperienced in the opera house. His taut and inflexible beat wreaked considerable havoc on the lilting strains of *Der Rosenkavalier*.

The late Francis Poulenc.

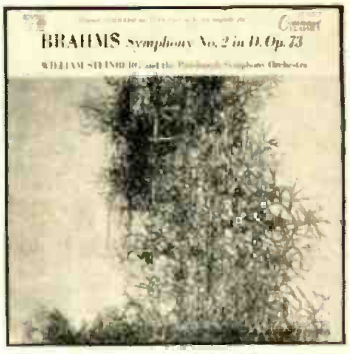
Of the five new productions, the first and last—*Die Meistersinger* and *Otello*—were brilliant successes from just about every standpoint. Robert O'Hearn's sets for *Die Meistersinger* evoked all the solidity and comfortable warmth of medieval Nuremberg, while Eugene Berman's backdrops and costumes for *Otello* were the last word in baroque fantasy and sumptuous color. Needless to say, there were ups and downs in the casting of both, but over-all the singing and conducting adhered to a high level, and one came away with the impression of having experienced two thoroughly integrated musical re-creations.

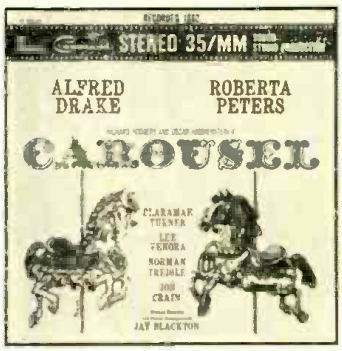
Aside from these gala productions, we encountered some astonishingly good performances in the ordinary nightly course of events. Slapdash, routine run-throughs of standard repertoire were less in evidence, and one noticed a welcome sense of discipline and élan in much that was attempted. This season, be it noted, the Met's triumphs clearly outweighed its troubles.

AS READERS of our "Notes from Abroad" reports will know, Columbia Records has been busy of late forging new alliances throughout the world. Because the "Columbia" trademark is the property in many countries of a rival enterprise (EMI), a new "CBS Records" label has been devised for use beyond the borders. The CBS line is now on sale in countries as diverse as Jamaica and Japan, Finland and France. "We believe," says Columbia's president, Goddard Lieberson, "that it will be only a matter of time before CBS Records emerges as the No. 1 label throughout the world. In fulfilling its world-wide responsibilities to entertain, to educate, and to provide living documents of our time, the new label hopefully shall set a standard in which the entire record industry may take pride."

These are laudable sentiments, and we wish the CBS label well. But we must interpose a brief sour note. Among the "living documents of our time" which Columbia once provided were two incomparable collections of songs by the late Francis Poulenc, sung by Pierre Bernac (for whom most of them were specifically written) and accompanied by the composer. Columbia was apparently sufficiently proud of these discs to include Francis Poulenc among the "many names from many lands [that] make up the world's most complete catalogue of recording artists." The only trouble is that these historic, unique, and utterly wonderful Poulenc song recordings have long since been deleted from the Columbia catalogue. We believe that their reinstatement should be counted among the company's above-mentioned "responsibilities." Cannot the Poulenc-Bernac recitals be reissued, here and abroad, as a memorial to the greatest song composer of the twentieth century?

While on the subject of Poulenc, we'd like to put in a plea for a new recording of the Mass by the Robert Shaw Chorale. Will RCA Victor take note? (The *Stabat Mater*, incidentally, would make an excellent coupling.) And perhaps some inquisitive conductor (Leonard Bernstein?) can be induced to take a look at Poulenc's music for the ballet *Les Animaux modèles*, a work which had its first performance in 1942 during the German occupation of Paris and has seemingly never been heard again.





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HI-FI STEREO REVIEW

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CIRCLE 26 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

reviewed by
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O. B. BRUMMELL
R. D. DARRELL
ALFRED FRANKENSTEIN
HARRIS GOLDSMITH
JOHN F. INDCOX
ROBERT C. MARSH
CONRAD L. OSBORNE
ERIC SALZMAN
JOHN S. WILSON

Records in Review

Conductor Karl Böhm.

Così Comes Again, With Wonderful Things

by Nathan Broder

AMONG THE GREAT operas of Mozart, *Così fan tutte* seems to occupy a somewhat insecure place as far as the plain music lover is concerned, and even for some confirmed Mozarteans. The libretto, particularly, causes uneasiness; indeed, it has done so for a century and a half, and there have been several attempts to adapt Mozart's music to tales thought to be more suitable, or more believable, or less flippant.

The reason for this attitude, it seems to me, is that the opera is often taken for something that neither Da Ponte nor Mozart ever intended it to be. There is an understandable tendency to compare it to the other products of this unique team. But, while in *Figaro* the authors were dealing with rounded recognizable human figures, and in *Don Giovanni* they were creating flesh-and-blood characters out of universal types, in *Così* they merely set out to tell an amusing story, which the audience was at liberty to believe or not, but which it was hoped would be found entertaining.

And entertaining it has been found by innumerable audiences. Rarely has a musical jest been told with such faultless taste, such finely worked craftsmanship, such sparkling instrumentation. If our amusement is occasionally interrupted, the fault is Mozart's. Scattered among the buffo pieces, the slyly humorous ones, the mock-serious ones, there will turn up a number of such exquisite beauty, or such depth of feeling, that one feels Mozart has forgotten that he is only telling a joke. It's as disconcerting as though a puppet were suddenly to come alive and then after his turn go back to his original state.

Both the humor and the beauty of *Così* have been well served on records. Each of the four sets available up to now has its excellent qualities, along with some that are less admirable. Some of us will never forget the old Glyndebourne set (1935, now on Electrola) because that's how we first became acquainted with the work. Even today, listened to objectively, there is much to recommend in it—especially the verve of Fritz Busch's conducting and John Brownlee's intelligent and well-sung Don Alfonso, among other felicities. The sound of the voices is still acceptable, though that of the orchestra does not, of course, compare with the recent recordings. Outstanding in the Columbia set (1952, sung in English) is the Despina of Roberta Peters, which has, it seems to me, just the right color and

tone. There are magnificent things in the London set (1956, conducted by Böhm). These include some lovely singing by Lisa Della Casa (Fiordiligi) and Paul Schoeffler (Don Alfonso). The big trouble with this recording is that there are extensive cuts. Up to now the best all-round version, to me, has been the Angel (1955, directed by Karajan). Aside from a rather colorless Despina (Lisa Otto), it seemed to have no conspicuous flaws—and a galaxy of virtues.

Now comes a new version from Angel, and it too is full of wonderful things. The Philharmonia Orchestra plays just as ravishingly for Böhm as it did for Karajan. And the engineers have achieved Angelic balances in the numerous ensembles and in the orchestra. As in the Karajan version, Mme. Schwarzkopf is in very fine form: the voice is firm and accurate at the top and bottom and lovely in between. There are moments when she tends to stress color at the expense of line, and she doesn't quite have the technique for the most difficult passages in *"Come scoglio,"* but most of the time her singing is eminently satisfying, and in the *"Per pietà"* it is full of feeling. Christa Ludwig's Dorabella is more expressive, it seems to me, than it was in the London set. In *"Smanie implacabili"* her voice has a fine ring and her *sospiri* are truly affecting: *"E amore un ladroncello"* is very nicely done. Nor should the ladies' work in the recitatives be overlooked: it is natural and charming female chattering. Hanny Steffek's voice has the right color for Despina, but her singing lacks sauciness, and she makes no attempt to disguise the voice when she appears as the Doctor. She is the one weak member of the company. Alfredo Kraus sings brightly and cleanly; in *"Un' aura amorosa"* he reveals some good solid A's; in the first finale he carries off fast, high-lying passages with considerable éclat. Taddei as Guglielmo is in excellent shape here. Not only does his voice have an attractive quality in itself, but he uses it very skillfully to reflect every change of mood. So does Berry, as Don Alfonso. I have seldom heard this artist sing with as much nuance as he does here. His *"Vorrei dir"* is a triumph of crocodile weeping.

The sound is not only splendid with respect to balance, clarity, and definition; it is also calculated to exploit every advantage of stereo. When voices of similar timbre sing together, they are recorded on separate tracks; effects of space and distance called for in the libretto are carefully reflected in the sound. Except for the one miscalculation in the casting, this is from every point of view an artistically distinguished and a highly enjoyable *Così*.

MOZART: *Così fan tutte*

Elisabeth Schwarzkopf (s), Fiordiligi; Christa Ludwig (ms), Dorabella; Hanny Steffek (s), Despina; Alfredo Kraus (t), Ferrando; Giuseppe Taddei (b), Guglielmo; Walter Berry (bs), Don Alfonso; Philharmonia Chorus and Orchestra, Karl Böhm, cond.

• ANGEL 3631. Four LP. $19.98.
• • ANGEL S 3631. Four SD. $23.98.

by Alfred Frankenstein

A Celebration At Seventy– Szigeti's Prokofiev

ALL THE COMPOSERS are celebrating birthdays—or having birthdays celebrated for them—with new recordings, and it is only just that a few performers be given an opportunity to commemorate life's milestones in the same fashion.

Joseph Szigeti is seventy, and Mercury observes that fact with a new recording of his devoted to the two Prokofiev sonatas for violin and piano. No violinist of the present day is more worthy of special honor. Almost singlehanded, Szigeti changed the solo violinist's repertoire, with the result that violin recitals no longer open with Saint-Saëns's *Introduction and Rondo capriccioso* and go on to concertos by De Beriot and Wieniawski with piano accompaniment. If most violinists play the Bach solo partitas today, and if the accompanied sonatas of Mozart, Beethoven, Brahms, and the moderns are now standard resources on which they all draw heavily, Joseph Szigeti, more than any other single person, is responsible.

During the height of his career he was especially associated in the public mind with Bach and modern composers. I myself had the privilege of hearing him introduce to American audiences the two Bartók sonatas with Bartók at the piano and the Ravel sonata with Ravel; Berg, Stravinsky, and Hindemith are other composers of this century with whose music he has been significantly linked, but his association with Prokofiev seems to have been especially close. Szigeti "created" Prokofiev's First Violin Concerto, played it all over the world, and was the first to record it. He also introduced both of Prokofiev's accompanied sonatas to audiences outside Russia, and he edited their American editions.

The new recording of these sonatas has all the old enthusiasm, fire, and warmth; and since the sound is of the best, all that is missing is the familiar stage picture—the spare, tall, handsome figure with that strange, cramped stance, as if he had learned to play the violin in a telephone booth.

Prokofiev's First Sonata is one of the composer's heroic, nobly proportioned works, corresponding in terms of chamber music to his Fifth Symphony. In his notes, Szigeti says it "seems conceived in terms of Mussorgskyan epic grandeur," a phrase I find especially cogent because I have always felt that its muted, murmurous, rippling slow movement stems directly from the moonlight music we hear in the scene at the fountain in the third act of *Boris*. But the scene at the fountain is only a lyric episode in an opera noted for much bigger and grimmer business, and so here too: the first movement of the sonata is full of the menace that likewise fills *Alexander Nevsky*; the juggernaut of the second justifies terms like *brusco* and *eroico*; and the finale is infinitely complex in its rhythms, based on those of Caucasian folk dance. Above everything, the sonata uses the total coloristic spectrum of which the violin is capable, from the grand resonance of the open G string to all manner of plucked and harmonic devices; of these special effects, none is more telling than the icy, quiet scales at the end of the first movement, and no one plays these so hair-raisingly as Szigeti.

The Second Sonata, in D major, is not nearly as remarkable as the first from the point of view of the special violinistic idiom, and for a very good reason: it was written originally for the flute, and while an occasional double stop has been added in the violin version, and in one or two passages the violin version goes below the range of the wind instrument, it remains a flute sonata. The best record of it ever made is still the one by Doriot Anthony

In the new recording, the same fire.

Dwyer, first flutist of the Boston Symphony, on the Boston label.

Szigeti says of the D major that it is "with the *Spring*, the *Kreutzer*, and the Brahms D minor probably the most truly popular violin sonata today." This brings up an interesting question: is frequency of performance a true index of popularity? I suspect the Prokofiev D major is so frequently played because it is relatively easy. At any rate, it is an agreeable work on either instrument, couched in a style much more reserved and "classic" than that of the F minor. Its classicism extends to a full, Mozartean repeat of the exposition in the first movement, which Szigeti (unlike many) dutifully takes. One thing about both sonatas which neither Szigeti nor anyone else seems to have pointed out is that they are in four movements and that their first and third movements are slow and their second and fourth fast. The opening slow movement in sonata form is one of the most striking innovations of the modern Russian school. Prokofiev uses it often in symphonies and sonatas, and Shostakovich uses it almost invariably. It is one of the things that give their works their very special character. It signally alters the nature of the cyclic sequence, starting not with big gestures and an impressive tempo but lyrically, mysteriously, unfolding the musical narrative with a new and special persuasiveness. All this Szigeti understands magnificently, even if he doesn't verbalize about it.

PROKOFIEV: *Sonatas for Violin and Piano: No. 1, in F minor, Op. 80; No. 2, in D, Op. 94a*

Joseph Szigeti, violin; Artur Balsam, piano.
• MERCURY MG 50319. LP. $4.98.
• • MERCURY SR 90319. SD. $5.98.

CLASSICAL

BACH: *Cantatas: No. 207a, Auf, schmetternde Töne; No. 214, Tönet, ihr Pauken!*

Ingeborg Reichelt, soprano; Emmy Loisken, contralto; Georg Jelden, tenor; Eduard Wollitz, bass; Kantorei Barmen-Gemarke; Chamber Orchestra, Helmut Kahlhöfer, cond.
• CANTATE 641211. LP. $5.95.
• • CANTATE 651211. SD. $6.95.

These secular cantatas, called by Bach *dramme per musica*, were written to celebrate the nameday or birthday of the Elector (207a) and Electress (214) of Saxony. They are more interesting for their sources or later uses than for their own sake. The first chorus of No. 207a is a remarkable transmutation of the third movement of the first *Brandenburg* Concerto; and later on the delightful second Trio of the Minuet in that Concerto turns up here in a different instrumentation and tempo. The best four of the nine sections in No. 214 were later used in the *Christmas* Oratorio. The soloists all negotiate this sometimes difficult music capably. The chorus and orchestra are competent, and the sound is good. N.B.

BARTOK: *Concerto for Piano and Orchestra, No. 1*
†**Prokofiev**: *Concerto for Piano (Left Hand) and Orchestra, No. 4, Op. 53*

Rudolf Serkin, piano; Columbia Symphony Orchestra, George Szell, cond. (in the Bartók); Philadelphia Orchestra, Eugene Ormandy, cond. (in the Prokofiev).
• COLUMBIA ML 5805. LP. $4.98.
• • COLUMBIA MS 6405. SD. $5.98.

These two vigorous concertos are due for a good deal more playing than they have so far received. The Prokofiev, a neat and not-so-little neoclassical piece, was written on commission from Paul Wittgenstein, the famous one-armed pianist who was also responsible for the composition of the Ravel Left-Hand Concerto. Wittgenstein never played the Prokofiev work, and it was completely forgotten until Siegfried Rapp, another one-armed pianist, requested that it be reclaimed from the composer's posthumous papers. Rapp gave the piece its world premiere in 1956; Serkin, Ormandy, and the Philadelphia Orchestra gave the work its first performances in this country two years later.

Written in Paris in the early Thirties, shortly before Prokofiev's return to Russia, the Left-Hand Concerto is, in fact, full of Paris—or rather of the international neoclassic style that had its center in Paris and found its principal exponent in the genius of another Russian expatriate living in France, Igor Stravinsky. Prokofiev's running, rippling, clattering first movement, his broad, strong third movement, and the brief, clever echo of the first movement that serves as the coda, all show his close identification with the prevailing taste and manner of the day, although the ideas are always expressed from an individual Prokofievian point of view. A long second movement providing weight at the center in the form of a highly attractive slow section is the most developed portion and, in many ways, the most authentic.

The Bartók First Piano Concerto provides quite a different inflection of a related kind of language. The difference is that Bartók is never an elegant nor a reminiscent composer. In Prokofiev (as in Stravinsky) the figure, the conformation is important; in Bartók, the accent, the tone, the color count more heavily. Bartók's Concerto is not only for Piano and Orchestra; it is for Piano and Orchestra and Percussion. The last-named assumes a weight and independent importance. The role of the piano is, above all, that of an instrument which partakes of the qualities both of the regular orchestral pitched instruments and the noise makers; the keyboard instrument, with its strings and hammers, can be said to mediate between the pitched and the percussion. This is not merely a matter of tone color; it involves rhythmic accent and structure and hence the entire formal pattern of the work. In these respects and simply in matters of sheer sound, this work closely parallels the later Sonata for Two Pianos and Percussion. In some ways it is an even more successful realization of a similar idea.

Anyone who might imagine that Serkin is not the pianist for the kind of music on this disc would be very much mistaken. Power, forward drive, phrase shape, and motion through rhythmic pulse, color control, and a whole variety of keyboard attacks and articulation have been an important part of much Central European piano playing since Beethoven and Liszt. Serkin not only manages it well but he really rides with it. The teamwork between conductor and orchestra and the soloist is, in both works, admirable. Both have good recorded sound, with greater richness in the Prokofiev; the Bartók sonics are closer and a little more confining, especially for the explosive sound of the music. The stereo versions of both works were preferable by far: I was aware of hiss on both sides of the LP. E.S.

BARTOK: *Out of Doors Suite: No. 4 ("Night Sounds"); No. 5 ("The Hunt")*—See Liszt: *Sonata for Piano, in B minor.*

BEETHOVEN: *Concerto for Piano and Orchestra, No. 1, in C, Op. 15*

Leonard Bernstein, piano; New York Philharmonic, Leonard Bernstein, cond.
• COLUMBIA ML 5807. LP. $4.98.
• • COLUMBIA MS 6407. SD. $5.98.

With the majority of American symphonic recordings being produced as a by-product of concert series, it has become increasingly common for records to appear with lengthy quotations from the critical response to the live performances. There is nothing objectionable in this practice, and it is up to the customer to have the acumen to note who is being quoted. Naturally, in the eyes of concert managers and record makers, the critic deserves to be heard only when he is speaking words of praise. When he departs from the paths of positive thinking, it is fair game to evoke the name and reputation of his paper while keeping him shooshed.

The notes to this present set include a critical evaluation from the *New York Times*, labeled as coming from that pa-

per's Honolulu correspondent. These remarks date from 1960, when Bernstein played this concerto on a transcontinental tour. Since the name of the *New York Times* has been thus used, I think it is only fair to add that a few weeks later Mr. Bernstein played the work in Carnegie Hall in a program reviewed by the *Times*' own distinguished music critic, Harold C. Schonberg. Mr. Schonberg wrote as follows:

"Mr. Bernstein, as pianist, played the first movement quite expertly until he came to the cadenza. Beethoven composed three cadenzas for this concerto. The third is a long, sprawling affair that is seldom encountered. . . . It was this cadenza that Mr. Bernstein selected. Up to this point he had been playing chastely. But when he arrived at the cadenza he sounded like a frustrated pianist, and a frustrated Liszt pianist at that. With foot on the pedal he whaled away at the keyboard, piling sonority on sonority. . . .

"Mr. B took a very romantic view of the slow movement and a modern view of the finale. In the last movement is a theme . . . that has jazzy qualities. Here Mr. B really went to town. . . ."

Mr. Schonberg went on to say, "On the whole, it was a thoroughly personal but a rather vulgar performance, which was also a little rough pianistically. Perhaps," he added, "the time has come to call a halt to the exhibitionism of pianist-conductors, for exhibitionism it is. When a man can ride two horses at once, such a feat really belongs in the circus."

I have quoted this review at length because it applies equally to the present recording. Little needs to be added except that technically the disc is well recorded. R.C.M.

BEETHOVEN: *Concerto for Piano and Orchestra, No. 5, in E flat, Op. 73 ("Emperor")*

Gina Bachauer, piano; London Symphony Orchestra, Stanislaw Skrowaczewski, cond.
• MERCURY MR 50321. LP. $4.98.
• • MERCURY SR 90321. SD. $5.98.

It is rare for a woman pianist to record this work, rarer for her to do so with such a degree of virtuosity that one all but forgets about the supposed physical limitations of the weaker sex. Mme. Bachauer is plainly out to challenge the new Serkin set, and she gives him a run for his money right down to the finish. The work is presented at full scale with the kind of strong, secure projection that marks an exceptional artist. Skrowaczewski is right there throughout with a vigorous and congenial accompaniment.

If, despite this, I continue to vote for the Serkin, you may attribute it to male prejudice, or simply to the fact that the Serkin has these same qualities in even greater degree, and somewhat more robust sound. R.C.M.

BEETHOVEN: *Sonata for Violin and Piano, No. 8, in G, Op. 30, No. 3*
†Brahms: *Sonata for Violin and Piano, No. 3, in D minor, Op. 108*

Erica Morini, violin; Rudolf Firkusny, piano.
• DECCA DL 10065. LP. $4.98.
• • DECCA DL 710065. SD. $5.98.

This is one of the most thoroughly pleasing records Miss Morini has given us. Her tone is bright and the touch is light. Long thematic lines spin from her bow with sensitive melodic shaping and crisp accents. The Brahms, which is usually rhapsodized into a shapeless mass of treacle pudding, has a bravura and lyric strength which are a delight to rediscover. The Beethoven is quite good enough to put the Schneiderhan version out of the running, simply by making it seem ponderous and uncongenial to the youthful high spirits of the work. Firkusny is always the most sensitive—even psychic—of collaborators. These are joint performances in every sense.

The recording is good, but the stereo disc has little to offer over the mono version. R.C.M.

BELLINI: *La Sonnambula*

Joan Sutherland (s), Amina; Sylvia Stahlman (s), Lisa; Margreta Elkins (ms), Teresa; Nicola Monti (t), Elvino; Angelo Mercuriali (t), Notary; Giovanni Foiani (b), Alessio; Fernando Corena (bs), Count Rodolfo. Chorus and Orchestra of Maggio Musicale Fiorentino, Richard Bonynge, cond.
• LONDON A 4365. Three LP. $14.94.
• • LONDON OSA 1365. Three SD. $17.94.

It has taken Joan Sutherland to bring *La Sonnambula* back to the Met, and only the presence of a singer of her stature would justify, commercially or artistically, the appearance of a third LP version of the opera.

For me, there is something about the work that forbids it quite taking hold. I enjoy hearing the lovely melodies, especially when I have been away from them for a while; but when it's all over, I realize that I don't much care whether I ever hear the entire thing again or not, though I would not like to do without *"Vi ravviso," "Prendi, l'anel ti dono," "Son geloso del zeffiro,"* or the wonderful music for Amina in the last scene, including, of course, *"Ah non credea mirarti"* and *"Ah non giunge."* Perhaps this is a deficiency on my part, or perhaps it is just that I've never had the good fortune to see or hear a soprano who succeeded in making Amina (the only character for whom one can care) an entirely believable and sympathetic character. Whatever the reason, the opera seems to me nowhere near the sort of masterpiece that *Norma* certainly is, and there are times (especially during the scene at the inn) when the musical level sags badly.

The present recording is quite good, and often remarkable so far as Sutherland is concerned. The extreme droopiness and rhythmic laxity that so badly marred her Gilda and, to a lesser extent, her Alcina, are by no means evident here. For sheer softness and roundness of tone and for ease of articulation in passage work, her singing is without contemporary parallel. Two things are missed: 1) aural evidence of some real involvement with the character, as opposed to generalized mood, and 2) some occasional sharpness of attack and of enunciation—especially some really bright vowel coloration. The two things are connected. An example of what I mean by involvement can be heard on Claudia Muzio's recording of *"Ah non credea,"* not as perfect vocally as Sutherland's or Galli-Curci's, but vastly more touching, because Muzio projects a woman caught in an emotional situation, and not just a singer rendering an aria. Muzio's recording also offers a demonstration of what really clean vowel projection can do to assist in this projection (they aren't just vowels, of course, but words); in Sutherland's voicing, the really bright Italian "i" and "e" (or for that matter, the "a" or open "o") are pretty much missing; indeed, if the listener will deliberately select a passage in which the text is unfamiliar, he will realize that not only are the words practically indistinguishable, but the vowels have all been blended into a continuous sound that varies little.

These complaints have taken up a disproportionate amount of space. The sound of the voice—high or low, loud or soft—is exceptionally even and beautiful, and the phrasing is done with the greatest musical sensitivity and taste. In all the coloratura—but particularly in *"Ah non giunge"*—Sutherland is stunning and decisively outdistances the careful, often precarious work of Callas on the Angel set. Sutherland's embellishments also sound more stylish than Callas' where they differ, though part of this is no doubt due to the greater ease with which Sutherland negotiates them. (A word ought to be said about her trill, which is the genuine article, and an enchanting sound.) Altogether, this is Miss Sutherland's best recording in some time, and I imagine that few listeners will stop to worry about emotional projection or vowel sounds; maybe they are right.

The quality of the other performances is regrettably in inverse ratio to the importance of the roles. The best is that of the mezzo Margreta Elkins, as Amina's mother—this is a smooth, rich voice in the hands of a good stylist. Sylvia Stahlman turns in a neat Lisa, quite superior to that of the hard-voiced Ratti on Angel.

Corena brings dignity of style to Count Rodolfo, but he simply doesn't command the richness of the true legato line called for; Angel's Zaccaria is better, and Cetra's Siepi better yet (Siepi's "*Vi ravviso*" is one of the most beautiful individual bits on LP, and the Cetra set as a whole, with the simple, sweet Amina of Pagliughi and the intermittently persuasive Elvino of Tagliavini, should not be dismissed without a hearing). Monti is a likable artist, but an inadequate Elvino except by default. His low and middle compass has a nice spin and Italian liquidity, but his tone above the staff is terribly pinched and often nasal. And since he is completely out of the running when it comes to bravura, we really get only about half the role. London's spacious stereo makes his voice sound even thinner than it did on Angel's monophonic recording. This set occupies six sides to Angel's five, but offers some extra music, including a second aria for Lisa.

Bonynge's leadership is well ordered and nicely balanced, if not very zestful. Basically, I think his reading has all the lilt of Votto's, though not as much expansiveness; Votto, though, gets crisper, sharper playing from the La Scala orchestra than Bonynge is able to muster from the Maggio Musicale's. The stereo sound is good, though the difference in caliber of the voices of Monti and Corena is distressingly apparent. I was surprised to hear slight high-end distortion near the ends of several sides. C.L.O.

BIZET: *Symphony in C; Patrie Overture*

Orchestre de la Suisse Romande, Ernest Ansermet, cond.
• RICHMOND B 19088. LP. $1.98.

There are few more delightful symphonies in the repertoire than the sole work in this form which Georges Bizet wrote when he was only seventeen. And there are few, if any, more felicitous disc performances of it than this one by Ansermet, now reissued at a most attractive price. The playing throughout is exceptionally crisp, and the conductor keeps the music moving in spirited fashion, at the same time phrasing every passage with care and sensitivity. As a piece of music, the *Patrie* Overture may be less worthy, yet it is nonetheless attractive. Ansermet gives the end sections the grand treatment, bringing contrasting intimacy to the lyrical middle part. Proof that London's "ffrr" sound was ahead of its time is the clear, bright quality of the reproduction in this Richmond reissue. P.A.

BOCCHERINI: *Sinfonia in D minor ("La Casa del Diavolo")*
†Sacchini: *Oedipe à Colonne: Overture*
†Vivaldi: *Concertos for Flute and Strings, Op. 10: No. 1, La Tempesta di mare; No. 2, La Notte*

Gian Claudio Masi, flute; Orchestra San Pietro, Renato Ruotolo, cond.
• DECCA DL 10062. LP. $4.98.
• • DECCA DL 710062. SD. $5.98.

It is the Boccherini that raises this disc out of the merely routine. The Sacchini piece doesn't seem to deserve the moderate renown that clings to it: it is a standard late-eighteenth-century overture, of no special distinction. Of the two Vivaldi concertos, *La Notte* is unusually imaginative in its tone painting, but there is no dearth of recordings of both, as good as or better than this one. But the Boccherini, with its unusual formal pattern (each of the two fast movements is preceded by the same slow introduction) is on a considerably higher plane. Its opening Andante, melancholy and dramatic, leads to a lively early-classic Allegro that contains some interesting harmonic progressions. The central Andantino is, surprisingly, a kind of character piece, a pre-romantic "song without words." The energetic final Allegro—it is probably this section that accounts for the symphony's nickname—is based on the same thematic material as the last Dance of the Furies in the second act of Gluck's *Orfeo*. One wonders about the authenticity of this work (it wouldn't be surprising if it one day turned out to be someone's putting-together of theatrical pieces from various sources), but there is no denying that it makes a striking, if somewhat mixed, composition. The orchestra, a chamber group, is a lively and skillful ensemble, and its sound has been faithfully recorded in both versions. N.B.

BRAHMS: *Sonata for Violin and Piano, No. 3, in D minor, Op. 108*—See Beethoven: *Sonata for Violin and Piano, No. 8, in G, Op. 30, No. 3.*

BRAHMS: *Symphony No. 4, in E minor, Op. 98*

Symphony Orchestra of the North German Radio Network, Hans Schmidt-Isserstedt, cond.
• VOX PL 12270. LP. $4.98.
• • Vox STPL 512270. SD. $4.98.

When I heard the NDR (Norddeutscher Rundfunk) Symphony Orchestra of Hamburg under Schmidt-Isserstedt's direction in Carnegie Hall at the beginning of its recent American tour, this relatively young organization (founded about 1948) impressed me as among the finest to come out of postwar Europe. On records, I find it less outstanding. Schmidt-Isserstedt leads his men through a solid performance of the Brahms symphony, but there are times when one feels it is a bit too solid—as in the first movement, which lacks forward motion. Well recorded, this is a more than adequate Fourth; the versions of Paray, Klemperer, and Walter (to refer only to stereo editions) all merit a more enthusiastic description. P.A.

BRUCKNER: *Mass No. 3, in F minor ("Great Mass") (Original Version)*

Pilar Lorengar, soprano; Christa Ludwig, contralto; Josef Traxel, tenor; Walter Berry, bass; Choir of St. Hedwig's Cathedral (Berlin); Berlin Symphony Orchestra, Karl Forster, cond.
• ANGEL 35982. LP. $4.98.
• • ANGEL S 35982. SD. $5.98.

Anyone seeing Bruckner's Mass in F minor referred to as the *Great Mass* might logically expect to encounter a work of massive scope. But this is not the case at all. The composer's third and last setting of the liturgy, dating from 1868, is relatively simple, compact, and direct, free of most of the excessive weight and endless modulation found in the symphonies. The work is in six main sections without any set numbers, all solos and ensembles being incorporated into the main body of each section. Though the score calls for four vocal soloists, chorus, and full orchestra, there are many places where Bruckner achieves an almost chamber music effect through the use of one or two soloists and a handful of instruments. One of the most beautiful of these spots is the "*Et incarnatus est*," a solo for tenor with solo violin and viola obbligato. As a matter of fact, there is a good deal of the concert hall in this Mass, though it is in no way too showy.

Pilar Lorengar, soprano in Bruckner.

The same description might be given of its performance here, which is both reverent and bright. The vocal and instrumental soloists are all first-rate, the chorus well disciplined, the orchestra highly polished, especially in the strings. From the sound of it, this first stereo recording was made in a church, yet most of the time the overhang does not harm the clarity of the diction, and there is a unique and hard-to-achieve balance between instrumental and vocal presence, on the one hand, and the illusion of vast spaciousness, on the other.

One further note of commendation: for many years, it was the custom to perform the Bruckner symphonies in reworked editions by the composer's well-meaning but misguided friends and disciples. In recent years, however, the symphonies have been performed and recorded in the composer's own original edition. This Mass did not escape the editor's blue pencil; but a so-called "original edition," incorporating Bruckner's original manuscript, his own revisions of 1881, and a few fragmentary later sketches, was published in 1944, and it is this edition we hear in the present recording. P.A.

CASCARINO: *Sonata for Bassoon and Piano*—See Lieberson: *Quartet for Strings.*

CHOPIN: *Andante Spianato and Grand Polonaise brillante, in E flat, Op. 22*—See Schumann: *Carnaval, Op. 9.*

DEBUSSY: *Piano Works*

Berceuse héroïque; Children's Corner; D'un cahier d'esquisses; Danse; Danse bohémienne; Estampes; Hommage à

Haydn; Images (Book One); Masques; Mazurka; Pour le piano: Preludes (Book One); Le petit nègre; Suite bergamasque; Valse romantique.

Peter Frankl, piano.
• Vox VBX 432. Three LP. $9.98.

This is the first half of the third complete recorded edition of the Debussy piano music, and the first to be offered at economy rates. Peter Frankl is a most careful performer, blessed with a sturdy, accurate keyboard technique and with considerable feeling for musical poetry. His performances are based upon a thorough study of the score, and in this respect his renditions are more closely akin to Gieseking's than to those of Ericourt, whose subjective involvement prompts him to inject his own personality into the music.

Some of the pieces are a trifle square in Frankl's presentations. This is especially the case in preludes like *Ce qu'a vu le vent d'Ouest* where the pianist's slow tempo and sparing use of pedal (in the interest of extreme clarity) prevent the music from ever reaching the specified hurricane velocity. On the other hand, the soft introspection of *Des pas sur la neige* and *Danseuses de Delphes* is beautifully evoked and expressed in lovely singing tonal coloration. There is also an attractive humor in the compositions which call for that quality. I am not completely happy, however, with the way Mr. Frankl negotiates the contrasting tempos in *La Sérénade interrompue*. Merely following the indications of the text is not enough in such a work; an artist must be able to sense the relationships of the conflicting speeds and integrate them into a convincing unit. Gieseking and Ericourt manage this very well (though quite differently) for their intuition springs from a deep communion with Debussyan style. Frankl, on the other hand, is merely intelligent and reverent.

Vox's distribution of the material seems a most sensible one, for both this volume and the second (which has not been released yet) have an equal share of the bona fide masterpieces. The recorded sound is highly realistic, and the set a most worthy addition to the bargain catalogue. H.G.

DEBUSSY: *Songs*

Fêtes galantes I: En sourdine: Fantoches; Clair de lune. Fêtes galantes II: Les Ingénus; Le faune: Colloque sentimentale. Chansons de Bilitis: La Flûte de Pan: La Chevelure: Le Tombeau des Naïades. Le Promenoir des deux amants: La grotte; Crois mon conseil, chère Clymène: Je tremble en voyant ton visage. Proses lyriques: De rêve; De grève: De fleurs; De soir. Ariettes oubliées: Green. Trois Ballades de François Villon: Ballade des femmes de Paris. Cinq Poèmes de Baudelaire: Le Jet d'eau. Romance: Beau soir.

Maggie Teyte, soprano; Alfred Cortot, piano; Gerald Moore, piano.
• ANGEL COLH 134. LP. $5.98.

Having looked forward eagerly to this release, I now find myself slightly disappointed; many of these performances do not appeal to me as much this time around as they did formerly. Those who saw Teyte often and who remember her as *the* female interpreter of *mélodies* will probably not view the record as coldly as I, whose only "direct" experience of the artist was through a few radio broadcasts in the late '40s (Bell Telephone Hour, if I remember aright).

But I must report my own reactions. Things get off to a slow start: *En sourdine* is really quite square and unatmospheric, and the whole of *Fêtes galantes I* seems to me lacking in magic, in any specific interpretative quality. It is not until the last song of *Fêtes galantes II—Colloque sentimentale*—that the performances strike the level of something special. This rendition is every bit as splendid as I had remembered; the record is worth having just for Teyte's chilling declamation of the erstwhile lover's replies—"*Non*" and "*C'est possible.*"

The *Chansons de Bilitis* are also fine, especially *La Chevelure*, wherein the lover's dream narration is shrewdly built, and superbly contrasted with the girl's final phrases. The song's close, "*. . . il me regarde d'un regard si tendre que je baissai les yeux avec un frisson,*" is done with subtle, yet specific, pointing of the words, particularly "*tendre*" and "*frisson.*" Exactly right.

I like to hear a male voice in *La Promenoir des deux amants*—the warm, sustained sound of a good French-style baritone (Panzera, Souzay, Kruysen) seems especially apt. Teyte is most successful, I feel, with the last one, *Je tremble en voyant ton visage*; there are better versions of the others.

And so it goes. All these titles (Teyte's entire HMV list) were, we must remember, recorded fairly late in her career, the earliest when she was forty-eight, the last when she was fifty-six. So it is not surprising that there are moments of precarious, thin tone—but there they are; I find it hard to relax with many of the songs. On the other hand, it is good to hear a voice with some real character in its lower and middle parts, instead of the kind of disembodied, it-might-be-any-girl-with-a-nice-voice instrument that one so often hears in these songs. And it is interesting that she is not afraid almost to romanticize some of the songs. The little downward glide she employs so often is not accepted "Debussy style," but she often makes it most appropriate and effective.

Inasmuch as *Le Jet d'eau, De rêve, De fleurs,* and *De soir* were previously issued only in a restricted edition, they are in the general catalogue for the first time here. Cortot is the accompanist for everything on Side 1 (both sets of *Fêtes galantes*, the *Chansons de Bilitis*, and *Promenoir*), plus two songs on Side 2; Moore does the remaining seven songs. Cortot is certainly remarkable—one hardly is aware of him, yet when a song is over, one realizes that the mood has been set to perfection and no points missed. Moore, being unashamed, is a bit more on display, and by and large, I believe I prefer Cortot's kind of collaboration in this particular repertory. One exception: Cortot's *Ballade des femmes de Paris*, which could certainly afford a more abandoned, even splashy, approach from both pianist and singer.

Angel's booklet is, as usual, comprehensive. The issue has its purely historical interest, for Teyte studied voice with De Reszke, Debussy with Debussy, and she was the immediate successor of Garden as Mélisande. The sound is sometimes bothersome, what with some surface noise from the originals, and a frequent click that sounds like bubbles in the originals; it's seldom really ruinous, though. C.L.O.

DONIZETTI: *Lucia di Lammermoor* (highlights)

Joan Sutherland (s), Lucia; Ana Raquel Satre (ms), Alisa; Renato Cioni (t), Edgardo; Kenneth Macdonald (t), Arturo; Rinaldo Pelizzoni (t), Normanno; Robert Merrill (b), Enrico; Cesar Siepi (bs), Raimondo. Chorus and Orchestra of Accademia di Santa Cecilia (Rome), John Pritchard, cond.
• LONDON 5702. LP. $4.98.
• • LONDON OS 25702. SD. $5.98.

An excellent selection from the complete London recording. The chosen numbers, which include the baritone aria, Lucia's aria and cabaletta and Mad Scene, most of the Lucia/Edgardo duet, the Sextette and finale of Act II, and Edgardo's final aria, are given without internal cuts, so that each of the bands actually includes music that one would not hear in the ordinary "complete" performance. There are no awkward cuts or fade-outs.

The unremitting dolefulness of Sutherland's interpretation is much less bothersome here than over the long pull of the complete role, and her Mad Scene is assuredly deserving of classic status from the purely vocal point of view. The others all make good contributions, and the sound is good, though a slightly echoey effect in the baritone's scena, which I do not remember noticing on the complete edition, is a bit bothersome. For myself, I'd buy the complete set, since it is such a good performance, and supplement it with the highlights from Angel's set, for the sake of having Callas' interesting interpretation. C.L.O.

DVORAK: *Slavonic Dances: Op. 46, No. 1, No. 3, No. 8; Op. 72, No. 1, No. 2*
†Smetana: *The Bartered Bride: Overture: Polka; Furiant. Vltava (The Moldau)*

Israel Philharmonic Orchestra, Istvan Kertesz, cond.
• LONDON CM 9330. LP. $4.98.
• • LONDON CS 6330. SD. $5.98.

The young Hungarian conductor Istvan Kertesz demonstrated on a release of the Dvořák *New World* Symphony that he has a real flair for interpreting music of this genre. On the present disc, everything is full of sparkle, with immaculate articulation in the fast passages of the *Bartered Bride* Overture, while elsewhere his tempos and style are always fresh and right. My only regret here is that the material was not spread onto two discs, in order that we might have had a complete set of *Slavonic Dances* and the *Dance of the Comedians*, which had to be omitted from the *Bartered Bride* music. P.A.

ETLER: *Sonata for Bassoon and Piano*
—See Lieberson: *Quartet for Strings.*

FAURE: *Requiem, Op. 48*

Victoria de los Angeles, soprano; Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, baritone; Henriette Puig-Roget, organ; Elisabeth Brasseur Choir; Orchestre de la Société des Concerts du Conservatoire de Paris, André Cluytens, cond.
• ANGEL 35974. LP. $4.98.
• • ANGEL S 35974. SD. $5.98.

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CIRCLE 8 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

high rating to the first stereo recording of the Fauré Requiem as performed for Capitol by the Roger Wagner Chorale and the Paris Conservatoire Orchestra. Now, already, it is superseded by the finest disc interpretation of this lovely, solacing Mass for the Dead that I can recall ever having heard.

The sound on the Wagner disc is cleaner and more forceful, with a larger, more precise chorus in a more equitable balance with the orchestra and, although recorded in a church, with just the right amount of resonance. The new version, on the other hand, utilizes a relatively small chorus that is set a bit farther in the background. It too sounds as if it had been made in a church, but here there is considerably more reverberation, an overhang of about three seconds. This does not help over-all clarity, though there is ample definition, satisfactory balance, and, in stereo, a fine sonic spread.

Where the present performance excels is in the more important area of interpretation. Cluytens approaches the music not only with tenderness but with a feeling for the work's spirituality that is missing from Wagner's reading. Furthermore, the choice of Victoria de los Angeles and Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau to sing the solo passages was a true inspiration. The angelic purity of the soprano and the deep eloquence of the baritone completely eclipse the commendable but not outstanding Marie Gibson and Michel Roux in the earlier performance. Certainly as presented here, this beautiful Requiem surely belongs in your collection. P.A.

FRANCK: *Three Chorales for Organ; Pastorale*

Fernando Germani, organ.
• ANGEL 35962. LP. $4.98.
• • ANGEL S 35962. SD. $5.98.

César Franck put some of his most inspired writing into his last works, the three *Chorales*. Germani puts some of his most inspired playing into them. His phrasing is tasteful and delicate, yet amply forceful where the music requires it. The same applies to his refined treatment of the charming, subdued little *Pastorale*, a composition from Franck's earlier period. The English organ he uses (at Selby Abbey in Yorkshire) is well suited to the performance and registration of this late romantic music, and the acoustics of the church are just right. Both in the one- and the two-channel editions, the engineers have succeeded in producing a wide tonal range, at the same time keeping the volume within bounds capable of being handled in balanced fashion even by modest playback equipment.

There is somewhat more excitement in Marcel Dupré's recording for Mercury, which was made several years ago in St. Thomas' Church, New York City; but it is heard to greatest advantage only on systems with big speakers that can handle the tremendous volume in the heavier passages. And I prefer Germani's more even phrasing in the quieter section of the Chorale No. 3. The choice between the two is a difficult one to make. Therefore, I would suggest trying both, preferably on your own music system. P.A.

GABURO: *Line Studies*—See Lieberson: *Quartet for Strings.*

GOTOVAC: *Ero the Joker: Kolo*—See Kodály: *Háry János: Suite.*

HAYDN: *Mass No. 4, in G ("Missa St. Nicolai")*

Elisabeth Thomann, soprano; Rose Bahl, alto; Kurt Equiluz, tenor; Gerhard Eder, bass; Josef Nebois, organ; Akademie Kammerchor; Vienna State Opera Orchestra, George Barati, cond.
• LYRICHORD LL 114. LP. $4.98.
• • LYRICHORD LLST 7114. SD. $5.95.

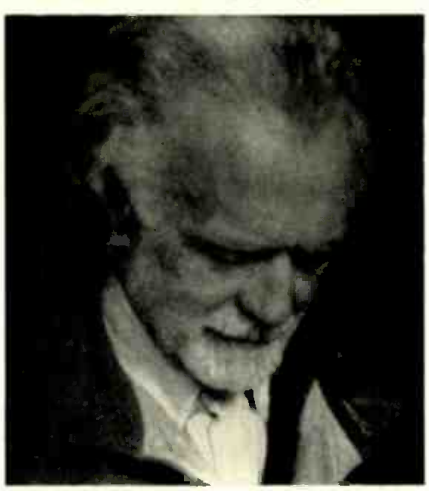
HAYDN: *Mass No. 12, in B flat ("Harmoniemesse")*

Christine Sorell, soprano; Maura Moreira, alto; Kurt Equiluz, tenor; Peter Wimberger, bass; Josef Nebois, organ; Akademie Kammerchor; Vienna State Opera Orchestra, George Barati, cond.
• LYRICHORD LL 111. LP. $4.98.
• • LYRICHORD LLST 7111. SD. $5.95.

There are a dozen important Haydn Masses, of which these are respectively the fourth and the last, dating from 1772 and 1802, and all have been recorded at one time or another (No. 11, the *Schöpfungsmesse*, only recently, by Musica Sacra: for a review, see "The Imports," p. 64). With Lyrichord's releases, nine are represented in the current Schwann. Compared to some scandalous situations (the unavailability of all the Bruckner symphonies, for a start), this is a tolerable state of affairs, but even so I would advise you to get these records without undue delay. For one thing, they're far too rewarding to do without any longer than necessary.

The *St. Nicholas* Mass dates from the same year as the *Farewell* Symphony. It is relatively short, a "practical" liturgical work for church use, very melodic, and filled with a sense of joyful celebration appropriate to the Christmastide. The *Harmoniemesse*, on the other hand, is Haydn's last completed work, a majestic setting of the sacred text that is virtually a Haydn choral symphony. H. C. Robbins Landon has commented that the final six Haydn Masses, written in the period 1796–1802 after the 107 symphonies were completed, are, in fact, the final development of Haydn's contribution to symphonic form, the liturgical text being used as a means for adding soloists and chorus to the instrumental forces available. Beethoven, a somewhat bolder innovator, used a secular text for the same purpose and gave us the Ninth Symphony.

I stress this point, because a great many people shun the Masses of Haydn, Mozart, and Schubert, giving as an excuse their dislike for religious music. There is no religiosity here, any more than in the Beethoven *Missa Solemnis*. They have a sense of splendor common to all noble works of art, but there is nothing doctrinal about it, and the force of the message is universal in scope.



Kodály: his humor treated broadly.

Both recordings—the first for these works in stereo—are satisfactory, although I heard a better performance of the *Harmoniemesse* only a few weeks ago at the University of Chicago. (Barati has nothing like the Reiner ensemble to support him.) I have no score to prove it, but I suspect some of the trumpet parts have been transposed down. The soloists are sometimes ill-at-ease in the more florid passages, but they do them reasonable justice. Chorus, instrumentalists, and conductor are all sympathetic to the composer's intentions, and the engineering gives a spacious, agreeable quality. R.C.M.

HAYDN: *Symphony No. 45, in G minor ("Farewell")*
†Mozart: *Symphony No. 40, in G minor, K. 550*

London Symphony Orchestra, Antal Dorati, cond.
• MERCURY MR 50280 LP. $4.98.
• • MERCURY SR 90280. SD. $5.98.

Dorati's only current competition in the Haydn is a Scherchen performance which, by contrast, seems rather heavy-handed and roughly joined. This version is light, brisk, witty, and particularly attractive in the two middle movements, which you rarely hear played this well. The farewells of the finale are only musical (Scherchen has the musicians bid verbal adieux and trip off stage), and on a record that's as it ought to be.

There are about a dozen other stereo versions of the Mozart in the catalogue (among them an earlier one by Dorati), but I would place this at the top, along with the Klemperer and Karajan sets. Again the performance is bright and buoyant. It is not as deeply felt or as deeply expressed as the Klemperer, but if you prefer emphasis on the mood of Mozartean comedy, that quality it captures very well. R.C.M.

KODALY: *Háry János: Suite*
†Gotovac: *Ero, the Joker: Kolo*
†Tchaikovsky: *Suite No. 3, in G, Op. 55: Theme and Variations*

Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra, Rudolf Kempe, cond.
• ANGEL 35975. LP. $4.98.
• • ANGEL S 35975. SD. $5.98.

Although sometimes humor is the most effective when it is understated, what Kempe gives us is a broad, mock-serious interpretation of the roguish *Háry János* music. The conductor also treats the other works rather broadly—the lively and catchy *Kolo*, the final dance from the opera *Ero, the Joker* by the contemporary Yugoslav composer-conductor Jakov Gotovac—and the highly balletic Tchaikovsky *Theme and Variations*. It should be added, however, that Kempe never fails to bring out the strongly rhythmic characteristics of these pieces. The sumptuous playing he elicits from the Vienna Philharmonic has been transparently reproduced in both versions, making this a most appealing disc of music in the lighter vein. P.A.

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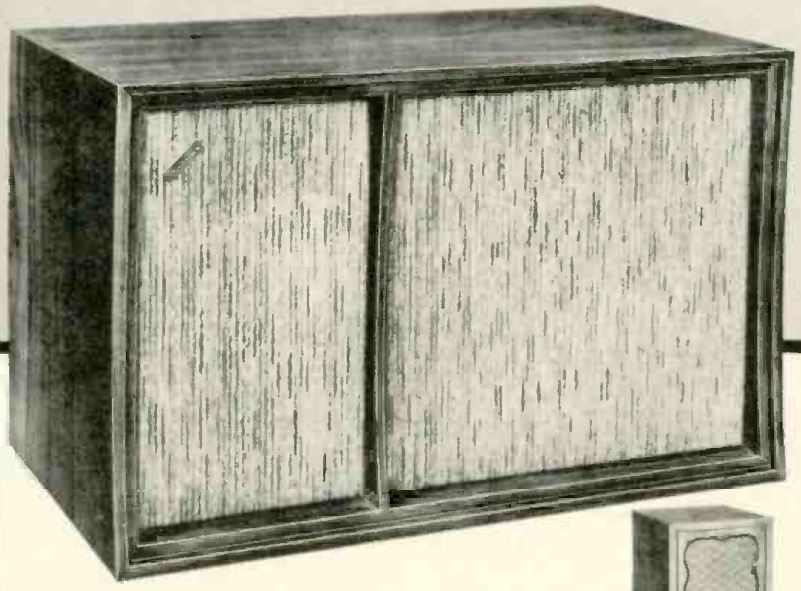

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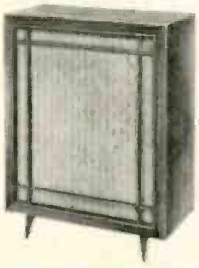

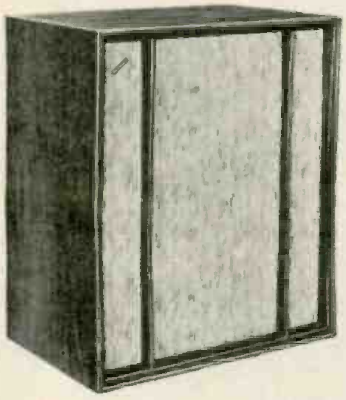

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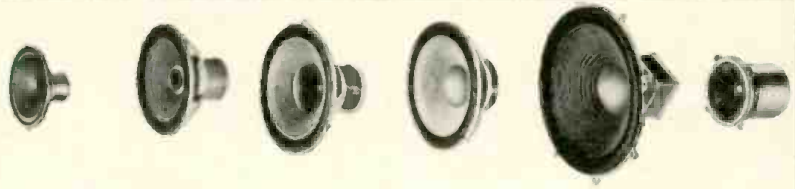

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CIRCLE 91 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

THE IMPORTS

IN HIS ARTICLE "The Baffling Case of Anton Bruckner" (HIGH FIDELITY, February 1963), H. C. Robbins Landon quotes an astonishing survey showing Franz Schmidt as third only to Bruckner and Mozart in the preference of Viennese concertgoers—ahead of Beethoven! Further on, Landon writes that "Bruckner leads nowhere (unless you are prepared to call Franz Schmidt somewhere, which most non-Austrians are not)." Schmidt (1874–1939) was a thoroughly Viennese musician—cellist, pianist, teacher, composer. On LP in the United States we have had only the Symphony No. 4 (now withdrawn) and an opera intermezzo. Now we "non-Austrians" can hear Schmidt's masterpiece, the oratorio *Das Buch mit Siebern Siegeln*, issued by Amadeo on two discs (AVRS 5004/05). Anton Lippe, conducting the Munich Philharmonic, has made a tradition of the work, as has the Grazer Domchor. The country's leading singers vie to appear in it: the recording has the venerable Julius Patzak as the Evangelist, Otto Wiener as the voice of the Lord, with Hanny Steffek and Hertha Töpper in other roles. The Dürer-illustrated booklet contains musical examples, Schmidt's own program notes, and a complete text in German.

The Book of the Seven Seals is worth such loving care. We hear the definite influences of Bruckner in the harmonies and lines of the slow movements, of Mahler in the choral treatment and the vigorous instrumentation, and of Wagner himself in the ever-present surge of the orchestra. The oratorio, almost two hours long, flags only occasionally in its narrative portions, and even in those moments has a quiet, poetic quality of its own. Without quite approaching the huge fury of a Mahler or conveying the ironic blackness of Bergman's film on this same theme, the Schmidt score nevertheless has some terrifying moments—for example, the section called the Chaos of the Sixth Seal, with its cruel rhythm dominating a massive fugue. Patzak's now aging voice gives a wonderfully medieval quality to the Evangelist's visions, and the performance as a whole seems well carried out. I've compared this recording with tapes of a Bregenz Festival performance conducted by Anton Heiller and find the discs better balanced and Lippe a more dynamic conductor.

Dürer's "Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse."

HAYDN'S *Creation* Mass in B flat (so called because a theme from his great oratorio *The Creation* appears in the "*Qui tollis*" and the "*Miserere*") was his last really large-scaled work, written in 1801 at the age of seventy. It is also the last of Haydn's twelve extant masses to be put on records (Musica Sacra AMS 35, mono and stereo), and happily we have been rewarded with an affectionate and knowledgeable performance by the Salzburger Rundfunk-Mozarteum Chorus and Orchestra under Ernst Hinreiner. In the *Schöpfungsmesse* the solo parts are more operatic than liturgical in style. The graceful Sanctus could be straight out of *The Abduction*, and the Agnus Dei has the serene quality of *The Magic Flute*. Most recordings of late Haydn Masses put the solos in the forefront, a fundamental error since the orchestral writing is thoroughly symphonic (indeed, the Kyrie in the *Creation* Mass is really a radiant sonata-form slow movement with voices), but here the conductor obtains a perfect balance of his forces. Chorus and orchestra really sound out in the big contrapuntal sections, effortlessly alternating with the four soloists, who are uncommonly good. The recording, made in a Salzburg church, keeps things in perspective. The same gently resonant effect is apparent in both stereo and mono.

At last we have a recording of Bach's Cantata No. 208 *Was mir behagt*, in which is found the original setting of "Sheep may safely graze." It was Bach's first secular cantata, written for a hunting party in honor of the Duke of Saxe-Weissenfels and performed during a great indoor feast. Much has been made of "Sheep may safely graze," but never has it sounded fresher and more innocent than here in the midst of horn fanfares, a choral fugue, and a variety of highly embellished arias, all glorifying the hunt and the Duke with a typically classical text. Bach thought very highly of his cantata and revived it on two later occasions. On a new Electrola 10-inch disc (E 70 475), Erika Köth sings Pales, Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau appears as Pan, Annelies Kupper as Diana, and Fritz Wunderlich as Endymion, with the fine Chorus of St. Hedwig's Cathedral and the Berlin Symphony conducted by Karl Forster (who also recorded the *Coffee* and *Peasant* Cantatas with Fischer-Dieskau for Electrola). Forster sets an aptly brisk pace which now and then has the singers breathing hard, but in the main the performance is most satisfying. The recording has a good dynamic range, the recorders and the harpsichord come through splendidly, and there is a complete text as well as notes in German.

To my mind, Electrola's new recording of the Mozart Clarinet Quintet in A, K. 581 (E 80 522) supersedes the several versions now in the domestic catalogue. Not only is Heinrich Geuser's clarinet playing the best I have ever heard in timbre, phrasing, and pace but the experienced Drolc Quartet comes close to matching him in a performance of flawless ensemble. Moreover, the engineers provide a well-proportioned chamber sound on impeccable surface. For all of its expressiveness, the interpretation is a traditional one, except for the tempo of the Larghetto, which comes perilously close to being Adagio (Geuser's effortless legato and fine-grained tone still manage to bring it off).

The quintet has been fitted onto one side without any inner-groove distortion despite the large dynamic range. On the other side is an overly romanticized performance of the Oboe Quartet in F, K. 370, which will not efface the old Goossens-Lener or some of the current versions. In general, the perkiness of this piece is lost: staccatos are held too long, the last-movement tempo is too slow, and oboist Karl Steins's intonation is wavery in the upper octave. Still, the disc is well worth having for the Clarinet Quintet alone.

GENE BRUCK

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CIRCLE 49 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

RECORDS IN REVIEW

Continued from page 62

LIEBERSON: *Quartet for Strings*
†Cascarino: *Sonata for Bassoon and Piano*
†Gaburo: *Line Studies*
†Etler: *Sonata for Bassoon and Piano*

Galimir String Quartet (in the Lieberson); Sol Schoenbach, bassoon (in the Cascarino and Etler); Walter Trampler, viola, Julius Baker, flute, David Glazer, clarinet, Erwin L. Price, trombone (in the Gaburo).
• COLUMBIA ML 5821. LP. $4.98.
• • COLUMBIA MS 6421. SD. $5.98.

Goddard Lieberson is the president of Columbia Records and a long-standing friend of contemporary music. But let no one assume that this is a case of a record company executive who, after years of putting other people's music on discs, decided to prove that he could do just as well. Rather the case is the other way around: that of an artist who decided that he could handle business management as well as anybody—and did.

The great role that Lieberson has played in promoting contemporary music and the taste and knowledge that he has shown in these matters is directly related to his background as a composer. He studied at the Eastman School and, in the Twenties and Thirties, produced a considerable amount of orchestral, vocal, chamber, and theatrical music. His String Quartet, written in 1938 and dedicated to Dimitri Mitropoulos, has a great deal of real character, energy, and profile, particularly in the outer movements. I feel that the second movement, with its sea-chantey scherzo theme, is weak and out of character with the rest. The work gets an excellent reading from the Galimir Quartet.

The last movement of the Lieberson quartet consists of an extended and thoughtful structure built up from an insistent three-note motive that is, oddly enough, the retrograde inversion (that is, transposed upside down and backwards) of the trichord cell that heads the twelve-tone row of the work by Kenneth Gaburo (also an Eastman graduate, by the way). Quite obviously, this is merely curious coincidence, but perhaps it can, in some sense, suggest the relationship Lieberson (and through him, Columbia) has had with some of the most thoughtful, important, and often neglected music of our time, particularly of the twelve-tone variety—the famous complete set of Webern, the current Schoenberg series, the recent works of Stravinsky, and other important European and American works of related significance or quality.

The Gaburo piece can, without apology, take its place in this catalogue. This is purified and elegant twelve-tone music, executed and elaborated with the most carefully simple and cunningly economical means. The line is a row which appears as an unaccompanied theme and as the basis of some brief extensions that explore certain delimited aspects of the material almost in the manner of a modern passacaglia or ricercare. Although the row itself is an ordering of all twelve chromatic tones, it falls out into subsidiary groupings suggesting familiar tonal patterns. Because of this, the music often suggests a kind of tonal, diatonic Webern. Interestingly enough, this gives the impression neither of jarring inconsistency nor of accidental irrelevancy; rather it emerges as an aspect of the fundamental clarity and simplicity of the musical communication. I have not seen a score of the work, but my impression is that the performance is excellent.

The two tuneful bassoon sonatas also included on the disc are musical worlds apart from their companions. These are a pair of merry bits of *Gebrauchsmusik*. Romeo Cascarino, who is a Philadelphian, wrote his Bassoon Sonata for Sol Schoenbach, former first bassoonist of the Philadelphia Orchestra. The work is a light and sweet confection, a little coy perhaps in its perky simplicity. Next to its genial neoclassical smiles, the more abstract Etler Sonata seems to frown an occasional contrapuntal, chromatic frown. Like Hindemith, Etler has written his Bassoon Sonata as part of a systematic cycle of practical sonatas and, like Hindemith, he writes Hindemithian music. With the exception of what sounds like an unedited little burble in the Etler, Schoenbach is an impeccable performer.

The recorded sound is consistently good. I could detect no great difference between the monophonic and stereophonic editions except for a background hiss on my mono pressing. E.S.

LISZT: *Sonata for Piano, in B minor; Mazeppa; Funérailles*
†Bartók: *Out of Doors Suite: No. 4 ("Night Sounds"); No. 5 ("The Hunt")*

Gábor Gabos (in the Sonata), Clark David Wilde (in *Mazeppa*), Valentyn Belcsenko (in *Funérailles*), Dino Cianni (in the Bartók), piano.
• DEUTSCHE GRAMMOPHON LPEM 19292. LP. $5.98.
• • DEUTSCHE GRAMMOPHON SLPEM 136292. SD. $6.98.

This record features the first four prize winners of the Liszt-Bartók International Piano Contest held in Budapest in the fall of 1961. Gabos and Wilde tied for first place, Cianni received second prize, and Belcsenko came in third. As happens, on the present disc Belcsenko outplays his higher-placed rivals. In fact, he seems to be the only one of the quartet to possess a really lovely tone, and he alone impresses by the introverted musicality of his playing. I am, indeed, very much taken by his broad, singing delivery of *Funérailles*. Rather than indulging in the usual tawdry fireworks, he evokes a gentle, nostalgic atmosphere of quiet resignation.

A flowing cantabile touch is certainly not required by the Bartók selections included here, both of which are composed in the same pointillistic and dissonant idiom as the composer's Fourth and Fifth String Quartets. Dino Cianni plays them with obvious awareness of their style, and his pianism is interesting enough to make me want to hear more of it. A thorough evaluation of his art, however, will have to wait, for the present works represent, at best, a demanding but essentially restricted facet of piano playing.

Wilde gives a firm, technically impressive rendition of *Mazeppa*, but his account is basically cut-and-dried. Clean octaves do not, in themselves, communicate. I have much the same comment to make about Gabos' playing of the Liszt Sonata. While he has fine technique, sonorous tone, and a good deal of vigorous abandon, alongside the versions by Fleisher and Horowitz (both of whom were younger than Gabos when they recorded their performances) his account is not very arresting from a stylistic standpoint.

The reproduction is below DGG's best, being a mite raw and percussive in tone, and the surfaces on the review copy were not free from swish and other defects. H.G.

Cianni *Wilde*

Gabos *Belcsenko*

Prize winners in Budapest.

MAHLER: *Symphony No. 1, in D ("Titan")*

Boston Symphony Orchestra, Erich Leinsdorf, cond.
• RCA VICTOR LM 2642. LP. $4.98.
• • RCA VICTOR LSC 2642. SD. $5.98.

It is obvious that this new Leinsdorf edition and the recent Bruno Walter set are the two dominant recordings of the work in today's catalogue. That, however, is just about all that is obvious. Both sets are good enough to deserve high respect—the Walter, indeed, is a historic document. Neither is technically on the level of recent work on 35-mm film, and no one stylus can play both with optimum limitations of IM distortion.

Musically, Walter is unsurpassed in the two middle movements. Leinsdorf turns the mock funeral procession into a fairly orthodox Austrian slow movement, thus missing the point of such matters as the slap cymbal and the somewhat rowdy and irreverent humor elsewhere. In the opening and closing movements, however, Leinsdorf is more vigorous and hard-driving than Walter, and many will find his faster tempos preferable to the broadly phrased and more rhetorically pulsed Walter statements. It is Leinsdorf rather than Walter who respects the first movement repeat. (Walter once told me that he followed the example set by Mahler, who himself eliminated the repeat in later years, but I feel that the movement is better balanced with the repeat.) In sum, no clear-cut choice between the two interpretations can be made, and there is a good case for acquiring both records.

On most stereo equipment RCA's "Dynagroove" record will sound cleaner

than the Columbia, with obviously less distortion in the inner grooves. Part of the electronic alteration in the new RCA process seems to involve compression of the wave forms. According to my decibel meter, the Boston set has quite a bit less dynamic range than the Columbia. According to my ears, it is the other way around—a phenomenon that may be due to its open, undistorted quality and fine separation, or that may result from Victor's relatively close microphone placement.

I would not let these engineering considerations weigh too heavily in my choice. With a little care in playback, either version of the Mahler First sounds superb. R.C.M.

MENDELSSOHN: *Rondo capriccioso, in E, Op. 16*—See Schumann: *Carnaval, Op. 9.*

MONTEVERDI: *L'Incoronazione di Poppea*

Ursula Buckel (s), Poppea; Genia Wilhelmi (s), Drusilla; Antonia Fahberg (s), Amore; Eugenia Zareska (ms), Ottavia; Sonia Karamanian (c), Arnalta; Grayston Burgess (ct), Ottone; Hans-Ulrich Mielsch (t), Nerone; Eduard Wollitz (bs), Seneca; Santini-Kammerorchester, Rudolf Ewerhart, cond.
• Vox OPBX 113. Three LP. $9.95.
• • Vox SOPBX 5113. Three SD. $9.95.

One of the great tragedies in the history of music is the loss of Monteverdi's operas between the *Orfeo* of 1607 and his final works of the early 1640s. What is left to us is enough to make plain the versatility of a great musical mind: at the age of forty, Monteverdi could turn from the old contrapuntal style which he had cultivated so successfully to create the first masterpiece of the new dramatic monody; thirty-five years later, he was to create another great dramatic work in the new Venetian style.

Just as *Orfeo* emerges within the first moments of operatic history, *Poppea* stands at the beginning of modern opera as we know it. *Orfeo* represents the highest realization of the original conception of operatic theatre, an esoteric creation of intellectuals, dilettantes, literati, and connoisseurs. It was based on an idea remarkably similar to that of Wagnerian music drama: a kind of poetic declamation heightened to a continuous flow of *arioso* speech-song and shaped dramatically and musically by the instrumental accompaniment. Its milieu was the secular and ecclesiastical courts of Italy; its subject matter was taken from pagan mythology and, later, from sacred history.

By the time of *Poppea*—1642—opera was on the verge of an evolution. We are here at the beginning of the most neglected and misunderstood development in Western art—the great *bel canto* opera of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, a remarkable art form that not only influenced the history of opera but also the course of all subsequent musical development.

The new, so-called "solo" opera was associated with the growth of a new operatic public. The first public commercial opera house was opened in Venice in 1637. The rather rarefied beauties of the recitative style were giving way before the more obvious attractions of legato, *bel canto* song. The

picturesque *stile concitato* with its agitated *fioratura* used originally for expressive and dramatic effects lingered on as virtuoso ornament and bravura. Mythology was replaced—more or less—by real history. Unfortunately, it is difficult to say exactly what role Monteverdi played in the development of the new opera. It is likely that, as in the case of *Orfeo*, he was developing and perfecting other people's innovations. Many scholars believe that he was heavily influenced in his late work by his pupil Cavalli, who went on to become the leading figure of Venetian opera in its first flowering. Such fascinating historical questions are ultimately, of course, not really relevant to the main point—that *Poppea* is an exquisite work of art and most welcome in this excellent and careful recording.

Francesco Busenello's libretto is derived—in a manner of speaking—from Tacitus. It concerns Nero's divorce from Octavia and remarriage to Poppea; the principal dramatic action centers around the plot to kill Poppea hatched by Octavia and Ottone (Poppea's former lover or husband). With the aid of a bit of supernatural intervention, the conspiracy is foiled. Love triumphs over all—even the elementary principles of moral justice. Wicked tyrant Nero happily marries ambitious scheming Poppea; Ottone and his girl friend, Drusilla, consider themselves fortunate to get off merely with exile; poor Octavia is abandoned to a rather obscure fate which, at any rate, gives her the chance to sing a moving lament in the old and beautiful *arioso* style of *Orfeo*. Most of the other high points are set in true aria-song: the recrimination scene between Poppea and Ottone, the suicide of the philosopher Seneca, the highly elaborated assassination scene beginning with the gorgeous lullaby sung by Arnalta, the climactic coronation scene with the processional music and final love duet.

Everything is beautifully conceived and ordered, plastic and full of expressive shape. This is a rare and perfect moment in the history of opera, illuminated by the powers of a great creative mind. A true, ordered aria style is already in evidence. It is not yet the elaborate recitative and *da capo* aria formula of later opera but rather a song pattern with repetitions and instrumental *ritornelli*. One is always aware of its dual origins in the old popular strophic song on the one hand and the flexible recitative-*arioso* style of earlier opera on the other. There is always a remarkable and precious synthesis between the demands of musical form, of vocal projection, and of dramatic expression—a synthesis and a balance that is an expression of the particular genius of Monteverdi.

This is not the place to go into the complex problems surrounding the work: the differences between manuscripts, the vexed questions of instrumentation, the problems of authenticity. Ewerhart's solutions are not imaginative but they are careful, respectful, and respectable. His approach is that of the archeologist who will restore a few toppled stones but never, never reconstruct. The orchestra itself is used only in the Sinfonia, in the *ritornelli*, and in the brief processional music in the last act. The vocal parts are accompanied only by the continuo; for this, however, Ewerhart follows early baroque practice and uses a great variety of instruments—harpsichord, baroque organs, harp, lute, theorbo, viola da gamba, cello, and contrabass gamba are arranged underneath on the floor, so to speak, to give maximum variety as well as dramatic support and character differentiation. I would have preferred a livelier treatment of some of the recitatives and a bit more in the way of ornamentation in the vocal parts. Nevertheless the concept is honest, clear, and—within the chosen strict limitations—elegant and expressive.

Ewerhart is helped in no small degree by the very capable cast. The outstanding voice is that of the bass Eduard Wollitz, who sings Seneca with a gloriously rich sound that is always used flexibly and musically. With one exception, the other members of the cast have attractive voices used to good stylistic and musical point. The somewhat Germanic Italian is not especially grateful and, in the case of some of the women, borders on incomprehensibility; but this is a minor defect to set against so much fine singing. The one exception noted above is the Ottone, sung by Grayston Burgess, apparently an English countertenor of the Deller school. His falsetto style is uneven—sometimes attractive but sometimes showing an artificial quality and a good deal of strain. The part was, by the way, written for a male alto, just as Nero was intended for a *castrato* soprano. There are, obviously, limits to the possibility of authenticity.

The recorded sound is good. The stereo version lacks the fancy opera-house stage sound in depth; but this is hardly missed. The round quality of the sound and a certain amount of stereo separation suggest quite enough in the way of realism. This review is based on the stereo copy, but on a somewhat casual listening I found the monophonic version quite satisfactory. E.S.

MOZART: *Così fan tutte*

Elisabeth Schwarzkopf, Alfredo Kraus, et al.; Karl Böhm, cond.

For a feature review including this recording, see page 55.

MOZART: *Rondo in A minor, K. 511*—See Schubert: *Sonata for Piano, in A, Op. posth.*

MOZART: *Symphony No. 40, in G minor, K. 550*—See Haydn: *Symphony No. 45, in G minor ("Farewell").*

NIELSEN: *Symphony No. 5, Op. 50*

New York Philharmonic, Leonard Bernstein, cond.
• COLUMBIA ML 5814. LP. $4.98.
• • COLUMBIA MS 6414. SD. $5.98.

About ten years ago, a series of recordings, mostly by the Danish State Radio Orchestra, aroused a flurry of interest on this side of the Atlantic in the music of the Danish composer Carl Nielsen (1865–1931). The strength and individuality of his compositions and the sweep of his themes brought us a welcome fresh voice from the North at a time when the works of another vibrant musical spokesman for Scandinavia, Jean Sibelius, appeared to be fading from favor. Unfortunately, the Nielsen boom was short-lived, and now most of those fine recordings are no longer to be found in the catalogue.

Perhaps this splendid new recording of his Fifth Symphony will set off another Nielsen renaissance. This is a unique work in two long movements. Composed shortly after World War I, it is full of conflict, a conflict brilliantly expressed in the first movement, where a long, lyrical passage battles for supremacy over the rat-tat-tat of a belligerent snare drum. It is a powerful, deeply affecting work, and it comes across extremely well, thanks to the conviction of Bernstein's direction, the playing of the Philharmonic, and the broad stereo spectrum, which brings unusual depth, width, and over-all spaciousness to the sound. P.A.

PERGOLESI: *Concertini for Strings: No. 2, in G; No. 3, in A; No. 4, in F minor. Concerto in G, for Flute and Strings.*

Zurich Chamber Orchestra, Edmond de Stoutz, cond.
• VANGUARD BG 638. LP. $4.98.
• • VANGUARD BGS 5050. SD. $5.95.

The Concertini may or may not be by Pergolesi, but they are very attractive pieces whoever wrote them. All are in the four-section church sonata pattern, with fast contrapuntal second movements (No. 2 has a particularly jolly one), expressive Andantes as third movements, and dancelike finales. The last movements of Nos. 2 and 4 sound a little nervous and heavy, but otherwise these works are played with precision, warm tone, and rhythmic vitality. The Flute Concerto seems less distinguished, but it too receives an excellent performance. Aside from a whiff of preëcho in the finale of the Flute Concerto (heard only in the stereo version), the sound both in stereo and in mono is good. N.B.

PROKOFIEV: *Concerto for Piano (Left Hand) and Orchestra, No. 4, Op. 53*—See Bartók: *Concerto for Piano and Orchestra, No. 1.*

PROKOFIEV: *Sonatas for Violin and Piano: No. 1, in F minor, Op. 80; No. 2, in D, Op. 94a*

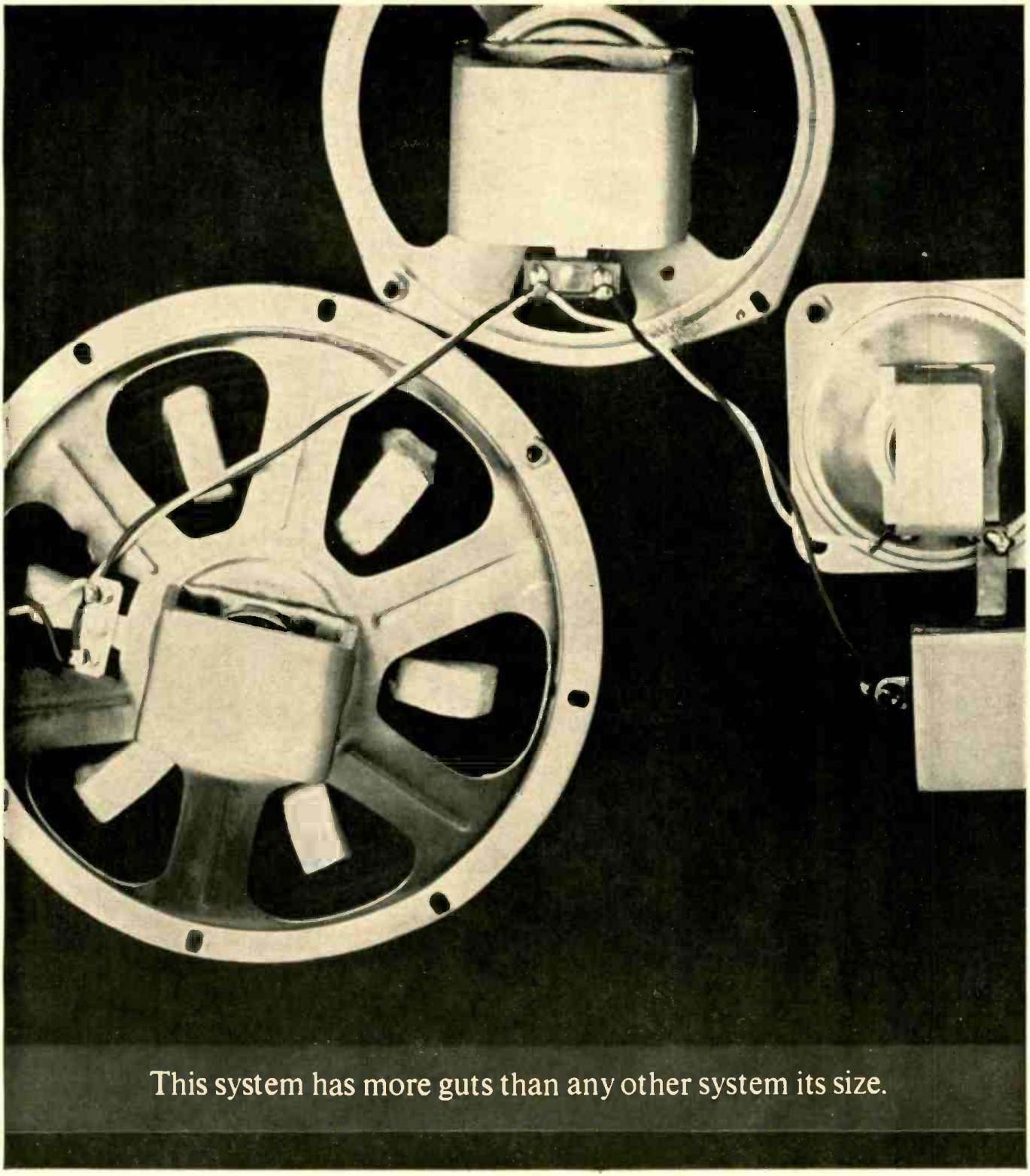
Joseph Szigeti, Artur Balsam.

For a feature review of this recording, see page 56.

PURCELL: *Twelve Sonatas (1683)*

Jacobean Ensemble, Thurston Dart, cond.
• SPOKEN ARTS 209/10. Two LP. $5.95 each.

These "Sonnata's of III Parts," issued when Purcell was twenty-four, were his first important publication. They are for two violins, bass viol, and organ or harpsichord. In the foreword the composer stated that he "faithfully endeavour'd a just imitation of the most fam'd Italian masters." They reveal the young Englishman already a master of the Italian chamber music style, to which he adds his own touches, such as the occassional chromaticism, and the intensity of some of the slow movements. These are worthy products of the youth who had already written the remarkable fantasias for strings. They alternate between minor and major from sonata to sonata, and within each work there is



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usually an alternation between slow and fast sections. Some of these movements are attractive dances, others are lively contrapuntal pieces. The players employ instruments of the period, including a bureau organ. We are not told whether the violins still have the flatter bridges and shorter fingerboards characteristic of fiddles in those days, but a slight raspiness in the fast sections indicates that they might. The performers are all excellent, and the sound is good enough. It seemed to me that the crisp tone of a harpsichord would have suited the fast movements better than the organ does, but there is no denying the effectiveness of the latter instrument in the slow sections. N.B.

RAVEL: *Bolero; Pavane pour une infante défunte; La Valse*

Boston Symphony Orchestra, Charles Munch, cond.
• RCA VICTOR LM 2664. LP. $4.98.
• • RCA VICTOR LSC 2664. SD. $5.98.

Both characteristic strengths and weaknesses of the new "Dynagroove" process are demonstrated so illuminatingly in this release (most impressively of course in the stereo disc version) that it demands far more attention than its purely musical merits might warrant. The Bostonians play magnificently, to be sure, but Munch's Ravelian readings, as such, offer no competition to the best already available elsewhere. His stiffly rhythmed *Bolero* is steadier, and slower by over a minute, than his previous (1956) Boston version, but still lacks graceful verve. His *Pavane* is prosaic when it is not lugubrious. And while his brisker remake of *La Valse* has considerably more dramatic contrast and impact than its 1956 predecessor, its brutal vehemence verges at times on melodrama and conveys little of the tone poem's essential ironic sensuousness.

No great matter. What is vital here is that neither of the larger scores has ever been brought to more searchingly delineated, imperiously powerful, and incandescent sonic life in reproduction. The *Bolero* starts closer to *mf* (with my normal symphonic playback level setting) than the specified *pp*, but the steady crescendo attains a shattering *ffff*—with the result that, for the first time in my experience of recorded music, the work achieves something close to the paralyzing hammer-blows effect of virtuoso live performances. And, again for the first time, the subterranean rumblings at the beginning of *La Valse* can be clearly heard as well as felt, while the final volcanic explosions (here well into the disc's innermost grooves) seem no more clouded by distortion than they are in even the best of necessarily strained live orchestral playing. This is sonic realism with a vengeance: a technological triumph of a high order and one unsurpassed for its sheerly physical impact.

Well, for the *Bolero* and *Valse* showpieces, the new process proves awesome. But what about less appropriately theatrical materials and the evocation of poetic enchantment? The present sterile surgical dissection of the *Pavane* raises doubts whether the apparently extended dynamic range and other realisms are aesthetically applicable everywhere. Yet of course the microscopically close miking of these Ravel recordings is not an inherent concomitant of "Dynagroove" technology. The latter's apparent reductions in surface noise, definite minimization of groove-tracing distortions, and more authentically perceived spectrum balances have obvious potentialities for appeals as potent to auditors' imaginations as to their physical senses. R.D.D.

ROSSINI: *La Scala di seta*

Graziella Sciutti (s), Giulia; Margherita Rinaldi (ms), Lucilla; Fernando Jacopucci (t), Dorvil; Manlio Rocchi (t), Dormont; Ferdinando Li Donni (bs), Germano; Boris Carmeli (bs), Blansac. Orchestra Filarmonica di Roma, Franco Ferrara, cond.
• RCA VICTOR LM 7020. Two LP. $9.96.

Gradually, we are getting a pretty good look at the long neglected Rossini comic operas: in addition to *Barbiere di Siviglia*, a number have been put onto LP—*Cenerentola*, *Le Comte Ory*, *Cambiale di matrimonio*, and now *Scala di seta*.

Except for its overture, the score for *Scala di seta* is entirely unfamiliar. I do not have a copy of the score at hand, and am not just sure what is meant by the "musical revision by Vito Frazzi," referred to in the accompanying booklet. The orchestration sounds typically enough Rossinian, and I suspect that most of the "revision" consists of cutting (there's only an hour and a quarter's worth of music here). Several of the arias sound as if they may have been telescoped, and of course there's no telling what has been left out altogether. In any case, the present edition moves along well. Besides the overture, there are a number of fine passages, all concentrated in the second half of the opera—the first half hour or so is just pleasant, rather uninspired writing. The leading tenor has an effectively vigorous aria, and there is a splendid quartet for soprano, tenor, and the two bassos (the accompaniment is especially interesting) leading into an exhilarating crescendo-ensemble. The mezzo (though here she sounds like a lyric soprano) has a charming song, *"Sento talor nell'anima,"* and the soprano's most extended aria, *"Il mio ben sospiro e chiamo,"* is again interesting for a particularly imaginative accompaniment.

Dramatically, the work takes a while to get going (perhaps that's why the music does too). It's a patented formula plot, involving a secret marriage and a silken ladder (*"scala di seta"*) lowered nightly from the balcony so that the clandestine Mr. and Mrs. will not be utterly without the rewards of matrimony. It all comes down to one of those complicated stage situations in which nearly everyone is hiding in closets or under tables, observing everyone else. It ought to be quite funny on the stage, and would play extremely well in the hands of some good stylists.

I wish the present production were better; it is from the sound track of a Cine Lirica Italiana presentation, and is by no means competitive with the wonderful opera buffa recordings made under the Mercury/Ricordi collaboration. Sciutti is in far from her best recorded form; the little flutter in her voice is quite obstrusive, and is accompanied by a frequent hardness of tone and flatness of pitch. She muffs the climax of her chief aria badly, and her undoubted sense of style and good taste make only partial recovery elsewhere. The two basses are competent stylistically, but not vocally—Li Donni

is the better. Jacopucci seems very promising. His tenor has sweetness and some metal, and if the high tones (not called into play here) are not hard-pressed, he should prove good in the lyric repertory; his performance here is, except for a sloppy moment or two in his aria, quite fine. Rinaldi, the mezzo (or second soprano), does very well, both in the aria and the recitative, and the tenor Rocchi is adequate for his *comprimario* role. But I'm afraid that with Sciutti off-form and the two important bass parts weakly cast, it's the opera itself that must provide most of the interest.

The orchestra is not outstanding, but for the most part plays cleanly enough, and Ferrara's direction is sensible. Sound (mono only): quite pleasant, but not entirely free of fuzziness. Libretto and notes provided. C.L.O.

SACCHINI: *Oedipe à Colonne: Overture*—See Boccherini: *Sinfonia in D minor.*

SCHOENBERG: *Gurre-Lieder*

Ethel Semser, soprano; Nell Tangeman, mezzo; Richard Lewis, tenor; Ferry Gruber, tenor; John Riley, bass; Morris Gesell, speaker; Chorus and Orchestra of the New Symphony Society (Paris), René Leibowitz, cond.
• Vox VBX 204. Three LP. $9.95.

I have never been sure whether the *Gurre-Lieder* is of greater interest as a historical and cultural document or simply as a superbly beautiful work of overwhelming expressive, technical, and artistic achievement.

From the documentary point of view, the composition is an incredible climax to the colossal "romantic," an extraordinary and magical amalgam of the romantic era with which Schoenberg—quite consciously—wrote finis to the century. With unbelievable virtuosity, the young Schoenberg encompassed the resources of the hugest instrumental and choral forces ever assembled (starting at the top with four piccolos), employing an enormous range of melodic, harmonic, and contrapuntal resources derived from traditional tonal techniques pushed to their furthest extremes; and all of this convincingly set forth in a two-hour dramatic-symphonic conception that calls forth unity out of diversity, expressiveness out of coherence, and scope out of poetry and fantasy. The starting point is *Tristan* and a Tristan-esque chromaticism combined with a kind of literal contrapuntal-orchestral color writing that also derives from Wagner and the Wagnerians. The finish is a remarkable "melodrama" for *Sprechstimme* narration and chorus which looks forward to the twentieth century in its tonal freedom, contrapuntal rhythmic and phrase complexity, and exceptional originality of conception and color.

But if *Gurre-Lieder* were merely a display of incredible virtuosity, it would probably remain nothing more than a historical curiosity. That it is a great deal more is due to the intrinsic qualities of Schoenberg's imagination. Like most of Schoenberg's supposedly ultra-intellectual works, *Gurre-Lieder* was written in a relatively short time and in white heat. It glows with melodic richness and pulse; in spite of the final *Sprechstimme* section, in spite of all the harmonic and contrapuntal elaboration, in spite of the Wagnerian thematic development, and in spite of the extensive use of orchestral color and effect, the music is carried forward, almost throughout, on a melodic impulse that is primarily vocal in concept and always richly imaginative.

Schoenberg set a German translation from the Danish poet Jens Peter Jacobsen. The theme is a Tristan-esque subject from medieval Denmark, treated in a modern, imagist fashion: there are many correspondences with Maeterlinck's *Pelléas et Mélisande*, a contemporary work that also attracted Schoenberg. The use of sound as magic, as a mysterious and unfathomable means for achieving illusion and transformation, appears here almost for the last time, shortly to vanish before the new psychological and rational uses of music.

I have never heard a performance that conveyed all of these qualities of the work and, alas, perhaps I never will. The recording at hand is, nevertheless, a precious document if only because of its uniqueness. A reissue of the old Haydn Society recording, it is far from satisfactory. Even for its day, the engineering was never remarkable and good modern equipment simply enhances the huge distortions that appear in the large orchestral and choral sections. Furthermore, in the re-mastering exceptional amounts of tape hiss and surface noise seem to have been added. The chorus does not manage its short but difficult parts very well, and the orchestral playing in the elaborate, fast, and challenging passages is not generally very accurate or very clear. The work simply cries out for topnotch musicians, rehearsed to the teeth and recorded with the finest modern stereo

technique; it cannot really be achieved with anything less.

Nevertheless, this recording can certainly serve as a representation of an otherwise unavailable masterpiece, and it does convey many aspects of the work most admirably. Leibowitz well understands the melodic phrase and sweep of the music and, thus, when he is not fighting his way through the miasma created by the severe technical shortcomings of performance and recording, he achieves a remarkable poetic expression and even scope. In this shaping of line and phrase, he is aided by the capable group of soloists headed by Richard Lewis. These fundamental and musical virtues make this reissue most welcome until a modern, well-prepared performance and recording is achieved. One hopes for such a recording; one also hopes that it will have some of the melodic sweep of this old version. E.S.

SCHUBERT: *Sonata for Piano, in A, Op. posth.*
†Mozart: *Rondo in A minor, K. 511*

Charles Rosen, piano.
• EPIC LC 3855. LP. $4.98.
• • EPIC BC 1255. SD. $5.98.

This is a thoroughly "modern" interpretation of both of these pieces. Rosen is extremely interested in the anatomical structure of the music and throughout his performances here he takes great care to keep the textures transparent and the tempos mobile. While melodic lines and tonal color are not lacking in these presentations, they are, however, kept subordinate to rhythmic impetus.

The strange and wonderful Schubert Sonata, which is practically all song and lyricism, fares much better here than one might have expected. Rosen's reading is considerably stricter and more compressed than those by Schnabel and Serkin (the latter in an unforgettable New York recital this past winter), but it has a compensating crispness of detail. The first three movements are especially satisfying in their forward motion and clean articulation; and although the finale could make more of an effect in a less staccato reading which allowed the *cantabile* more breathing space, it is a pleasure to hear the difficult final pages negotiated with such ease and finesse. Pianistically, this is the most polished performance I have yet heard of a work that is basically unpianistic in its digital format. (Those seesaw rhythms and spread chords so beloved of Schubert are much easier for a string quartet or orchestra to negotiate than they are for keyboard exponents.)

The Mozart gets a performance of a type similar to that of the Sonata, but here I felt that Rosen should have relaxed just a trifle and colored his tone a bit more. Good as this reading is, I have heard others that had greater eloquence.

In both the stereo and the monophonic editions, the sound is just about all one could reasonably hope for, and as a totality this is a very fine disc indeed. H.G.

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

Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra, William Steinberg, cond.
• COMMAND CC 3311017. LP. $4.98.
• • COMMAND CC 11017. SD. $5.98.

SCHUBERT: *Symphonies: No. 3, in D; No. 2, in B*

Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra, Lorin Maazel, cond.
• DEUTSCHE GRAMMOPHON LPM 18790. LP. $5.98.
• • DEUTSCHE GRAMMOPHON SLPM 138790. SD. $6.98.

The Steinberg recording is among the best I have heard recently for sheer fidelity of sound. It acquires a dominant position by virtue of the fact that it sounds precisely like an orchestra playing Schubert symphonies. The intrusion of the recording process is as minimal as we have achieved today, and the sense of presence is phenomenal.

German technology, on the other hand, creates the impression of a small orchestra playing at the far end of a very large hall. Maazel's performances are sympathetic and musically competitive with Steinberg's, but the separation is slight in the stereo, and quiet passages lose all definition. One is simply too far out of touch with the music.

My favorite Schubert Third to date has been Beecham's, and it will stay on the shelf. But Steinberg's is far better-engineered and—despite the different approach—has a winning Schubertean flavor. The *Unfinished* as Steinberg now sees it is somewhat brisker in tempo than German tradition allows, with stress on youthful bravura and drama rather than on sentiment. It is a musically well-justified viewpoint, carefully thought out, consistently applied, and resulting in a very attractive recording of a much overplayed work. R.C.M.

SCHUMANN: *Carnaval, Op. 9*
†Chopin: *Andante Spianato and Grande Polonaise brillante, in E flat, Op. 22*
†Mendelssohn: *Rondo capriccioso, in E, Op. 16*

Ivan Davis, piano.
• COLUMBIA ML 5806. LP. $4.98.
• • COLUMBIA MS 6406. SD. $5.98.

Davis performs all three of these compositions with felicitous tone and gossamer technical ease. His is a slender, diminutive type of playing—agile and linear. He is at his best in the swift portions of the music, where the evenness of his fingers carries him along. In leisurely and introspective passages, however, Mr. Davis is guilty of an insipid *langueur*, phraseological vagueness, and a deficiency of impetus.

The sound is bright and true, but there are better editions of these pieces. H.G.

SCHUMANN: *Songs*

Dichterliebe, Op. 48; Four Heine Songs: Mein Wagen rollt langsam; Lehn' deine Wang'; Mit Myrthen und Rosen; Schöne Wiege meiner Leiden.

Eberhard Wächter, baritone; Alfred Brendel, piano.
• LONDON 5696. LP. $4.98.
• • LONDON OS 25330. SD. $5.98.

I have a basic liking for Wächter's round, firm, wide-ranging voice, and I can make small objection to the pianism, as such, of Brendel. Yet I do not find their *Dichterliebe* very affecting, and certainly cannot recommend it in preference to the versions of Fischer-Dieskau, Valletti, or Souzay.

The thing I don't care for in Wächter's singing—and which puts me off at some point in almost every song, the only exception being his really excellent *Aus alten Märchen*—is his tendency to overload phrases vocally, to sing an aria on every note. Or to put it another way: he seems to try to achieve by purely vocal means what could be better achieved by variations in intensity or a pointing of the words (and an overemphasis on certain final consonants is not a real pointing of the words). One is amply warned by his treatment of the very first song, wherein the rising phrase that ends each verse (*"Die Liebe aufgegangen; Mein Sehnen und Verlangen"*—admittedly very difficult to approach and descend from with real lyric grace) is banged out like some sort of announcement. Throughout, Wächter summons much rich vibrato, an open and somewhat hectic tone, and a barbed resonance on some of the diphthongs that tend to rob the poems of sympathy. On a couple of songs—*Ein Jüngling liebt ein Mädchen* is the most unfortunate example—the singer sounds downright mean. There is room, of course, for a bitter color in more than one song of the cycle, and I am all for a manly, full-throated approach as one of several legitimate ones; but the poet should not sound like Von Faninal.

Brendel is satisfactory, and makes some good points—he does not clobber the postlude of *Im Rhein, im heiligen Strome*, for instance, and it is interesting to hear his more restrained treatment. Yet he does some strange things, and makes what seems to me one cardinal mistake: he lays on a heavy retard in the postlude to No. 12, *Am leuchtenden Sommermorgen*. No one can blame a pianist for wanting to extend the poignant melody; the trouble is that Schumann has marked no retard at all, and when the melody returns at the very end of the cycle, he does indicate a retard, commencing three bars from the conclusion and continuing to the end. Throughout the cycle, the composer indicates very specifically his wishes regarding dynamics and tempo, down to tiny *sforzandi* in the piano part; can we not assume that he differentiated quite deliberately between the two appearances of this theme? And doesn't it make better musical sense, anyway?—for if the retard is more than barely noticeable in No. 12 (and Brendel's is extreme), what is left for No. 16, except to come to a standstill?

The pacing of the songs also seems to me a bit insensitive. Nos. 1, 2, and 3, all very short, simple, and happy, are obviously a group—but I am not sure I like the idea of Nos. 7, 8, and 9 following one another with hardly the equivalent of a bar's rest between songs. The idea, I suppose, is to emphasize the change in mood between the first and second parts of the cycle, but it is overdone—a longer pause between 6 and 7, or the usual underlining of the postlude of No. 6 (which is where the dark colors and harmonies make their first, foreboding appearance), followed by a slight quickening of the flow, would accomplish the object.

The remaining songs are all fine ones, but the performances are of the same ilk; consult Häfliger's interpretation of *Schöne Wiege meiner Leiden* (a relatively unfamiliar song, and one of Schumann's most remarkable) for an interesting comparison. The sound of the stereo version

is, if anything, a bit close-to for this kind of a performance—it tends to bludgeon the listener. I have not heard the mono, but past experience would indicate that it would be even a bit closer and sharper in perspective.

The translations provided with my copy, incidentally, turn out to be those used for the now withdrawn Souzay/Bonneau version, and of course the extra songs given are not the right ones. London has not been doing too well lately with this sort of "extra" (which is not an extra when it comes to Lieder); surely we deserve better. C.L.O.

SMETANA: *The Bartered Bride: Overture; Polka; Furiant. Vltava (The Moldau)*—See Dvořák: *Slavonic Dances: Op. 46: No. 1, No. 3, No. 8: Op. 72: No. 1, No. 2.*

STRADELLA: *S. Giovanni Battista*

Zimra Ornatt, soprano; Adriana Lazzarini, contralto; Alfredo Nobile, tenor; Giorgio Tadeo, bass; Polyphonic Choir of Turin; Angelicum Orchestra of Milan, Carlo Felice Cillario, cond.
• MUSIC GUILD 34. LP. $5.50.
• • MUSIC GUILD S 34. SD. $6.50.

There is a legend to the effect that when the cutthroats hired to assassinate Stradella heard this oratorio in St. John Lateran they were so moved that they could not carry out their assignment. It is easy for those of us in less ruthless occupations to see how such a tale could gain credence. For this remarkable work (dated 1676) is extraordinarily beautiful—full of a typically Italian melodiousness, poignant harmonies, and expressive counterpoint. And it is as dramatic a composition as has been recorded from its period. It tells of Salome and John the Baptist, though in terms as far apart from Richard Strauss's treatment of the same story as Johann Mattheson's *Boris Godunov* is from Mussorgsky's. Structurally, the work is a combination and juxtaposition of recitative, arioso, aria, and choral sections. The recitative, even when it is accompanied only by an organ, is not "dry," but warm and songlike. The other solo sections cover a wide range of emotions, from the poignancy of the Saint's "*L'alma vien*," with which he faces imminent death, to the cheerfulness of Salome's dance-song "*Vaghe ninfe*." One of the most striking numbers is Salome's "*Volin pure*," with its long, undulating line and almost Verdian directness of expression. Most surprising of all is the final duet between Salome and Herod, which expresses simultaneously her triumph and his remorse over the murder of the Saint—a type of characterization that is extremely rare before Mozart.

The version presented here was apparently reduced from a more complete recording. Several sections of the text (printed both in Italian and in English) are not represented on the disc. Among the excisions is dialogue that is vital to the story, and the entire role of Herodias, although the singer of that part—Elena Barcis—is nevertheless listed among the soloists. But better a truncated version of this minor masterpiece than none at all. The singers—Miss Lazzarini as John the Baptist, Miss Ornatt as Salome, Tadeo as Herod, and Nobile as a Counsellor—are all good, with Tadeo particularly strong; Cillario keeps everything running efficiently; and the sound is fine. N.B.

TCHAIKOVSKY: *Suite No. 3, in G, Op. 55: Theme and Variations*—See Kodály: *Háry János: Suite.*

TCHAIKOVSKY: *Symphony No. 4, in F minor, Op. 36*

Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra, Lorin Maazel, cond.
• DEUTSCHE GRAMMOPHON LPM 18789. LP. $5.98.
• • DEUTSCHE GRAMMOPHON SLPM 138789. SD. $6.98.

Maazel offers quite a presentable interpretation of this symphony—sometimes a trifle fast, yet with plenty of emphasis on the work's lyrical (rather than its dramatic) qualities. The orchestra does an excellent job too, except for the first oboe, which has a wobbly tone. Only the DGG engineers have been remiss. The microphones have been placed at points so distant from the orchestra in a very live hall or studio that one seems to be listening from the far back of a large auditorium through a half-closed door. As a result, the strings—especially the cellos and basses—have little or no presence whatever, and the entire performance lacks impact. The Fourths by Mravinsky or Monteux are much to be preferred. P.A.

VERDI: *Arias*

Macbeth: Vieni, l'affretta! La luce langue; Sleepwalking Scene. Nabucco: Anch'io dischiuso un giorno. La Forza del destino: Madre pietosa vergine; Pace, pace, mio Dio. Don Carlo: O don fatale.

Birgit Nilsson, soprano; Orchestra of Covent Garden, Argeo Quadri, cond.
• LONDON 5742. LP. $4.98.
• • LONDON OS 25742. SD. $5.98.

Well, no, Miss Nilsson's is a great and beautiful voice, but it just isn't Verdi. One could point to many felicities. Example: the handling of the peculiar little rises over wide intervals at a *piano* dynamic in "*Anch'io dischiuso*" (these turns are the most difficult points in the aria, assuming that a singer has the voice to tackle it in the first place). Another example: the truly stunning *forte* high notes at the end of the same aria's cabaletta and indeed at many points throughout the recital. And another: the very lovely, full tone with which Nilsson invests the cantabile of the Sleepwalking Scene.

Or one could pick things to pieces. To wit: some very ungainly runs in the *Nabucco* and *Macbeth* selections, certainly no better than Inge Borkh's, not as clean as Callas' or even Rysanek's. Or: the very thin tone in high *piano* passages, curiously detached from the rest of her voice, as if in falsetto (this occurs on the high turn at the end of the *Nabucco* cavatina, and even more painfully on that famous final phrase of the Sleepwalking Scene, where it shatters the spell entirely). Or: an overpronunciation of the "c" in "*Pace*" making the first two words of the great *Forza* aria sound like sneezes. Or: the startling sag in pitch on "*mio Dio*" a couple of seconds later.

But the specific pros and cons do not tell the story, which is that the Nilsson voice/temperament combination just doesn't ever sound right in this music. There is never a trace of that peculiarly Italian animation, of the Verdian rhythmic thrust, of the high emotional

coloring that are absolutely essential to these arias. Part of this, at least, is traceable to a failure to conceive of the characters as real people with legitimate feelings; and part is due to the lack of Italian openness and clarity in vowel formation. Nothing ever disturbs that round, focused flow of good sound, including the words that are supposed to be sung. But mostly it is simply a matter of a fine artist somehow simply not responding to a musical style (the attempts, mostly during the *Macbeth* numbers, to infuse emotional coloring are palpably artificial and most unconvincing). And so, although the voice clambers around in an impressive way, the end result is as wrong as the unfortunate cover picture.

The sound is all right, though it inclines to a blatancy not common with London's efforts; perhaps this is partially due to Quadri, who conducts as if this music were *Elektra*—it's sometimes exciting, sometimes just crude. There are extended notes on the history of Verdi's relationships with various prima donnas, but not a word about the music and not a jot of text. C.L.O.

VIVALDI: ***Concertos for Flute and Strings, Op. 10: No. 1, La Tempesta di mare; No. 2, La Notte***—See Boccherini: ***Sinfonia in D minor.***

VIVALDI-BACH: ***Concertos for Organ: in G, S. 592; in A minor, S. 593; in C, S. 594; in D minor, S. 596***

Anton Heiller, organ.
• VANGUARD BG 637. LP. $4.98.
• • VANGUARD BGS 5049. SD. $5.95.

Heiller plays on the organ of St. Mary's in Hälsingborg, Sweden, built in 1959 by the Danish firm of Marcussen. It sounds like a splendid instrument, although the stop chosen for the second manual in the slow movement of the A minor Concerto does not always speak as clearly as the others. There are other miscalculations in registration. In the first movement of the same work, for example, the top voice is sometimes drowned out in passages on the Great. The slow movements are done very nicely, on the whole, but one or two of the fast ones seem, as played here, rather ponderous. Ponderousness is certainly not a characteristic of the original violin concertos—in the order given above, the works are based on a concerto by Prince Johann Ernst of Saxe-Weimar; Vivaldi's Op. 3, No. 8; Op. 7, No. 5; and Op. 3, No. 11—and since Bach certainly knew his business, the heavy registrations must be blamed for this effect. The sound in general is bright and alive in both versions. N.B.

WAGNER: ***Orchestral Excerpts***

Das Rheingold: Entry of the Gods into Valhalla. Die Walküre: Ride of the Valkyries. Siegfried: Forest Murmurs. Götterdämmerung: Rhine Journey. Parsifal: Prelude. Tannhäuser: Prelude to Act III (Original Version).

Philharmonia Orchestra, Otto Klemperer, cond.
• ANGEL 35947. LP. $4.98.
• • ANGEL S 35947. SD. $5.98.

Klemperer's earlier two-record Wagner album for Angel is the most distinguished such anthology in the catalogue, partly because it omits the formless clippings from the *Ring* which make up the first half of the present collection. Klemperer does his best with them, but he's too fine a musician not to know that they're silly and his lack of enthusiasm occasionally shows.

The *Parsifal* and *Tannhäuser* extracts are of a much higher order. The latter, indeed, is even on Tovey's select list of "legitimate" concert pieces from the Wagner operas. Since these scores are a natural extension of the earlier set, many of its gratified owners will want them, but they will find the sound here slightly inferior to the previous discs in both mono and stereo, with the low frequencies particularly victimized. R.C.M.

RECITALS AND MISCELLANY

ALI AKBAR KHAN: ***"Master Musician of India"***

Râga Chandranandan; Râga Gauri Manjari.

Ali Akbar Khân, sarod; Mahapurush Misra, tabla; Anila Sinha, tanpura.
• • CONNOISSEUR CS 462. 12-in. 45-rpm SD. $6.98.

It would be idle to pretend that Westerners untutored in the disciplines of Indian classical music can hope to grasp every subtlety of this outstanding disc. But it would be foolish to shun it out of fear of the unknown. The musical appeal here is universal enough to attract anyone interested, let us say, in late Beethoven quartets or the *Goldberg Variations*.

Ustad (the title means "Master Musician") Ali Akbar Khân is India's ranking virtuoso of the sarod, an elaborate twenty-five-stringed instrument capable of an astonishing range of moods and colors. Son of one great Indian musician, the centenarian Allauddin Khân, and brother-in-law of another, sitar master Ravi Shankar, Ali Akbar Khân is steeped in Indian musical tradition. And tradition is vital in this field, since the performer is also the composer, creating free improvisations within the fairly rigid confines of technical rules established over the centuries. Offered here are two râgas, or compositions, based on frameworks *not* drawn from tradition, but composed by Ali Akbar Khân himself—which is to say that they are improvised variations on original themes. *Gauri Manjari* is an extended solo for sarod, accompanied, as always, by the continuolike drone of the tanpura. *Chandranandan*, occupying the other side of the disc, is more traditional in form, making use of the tabla, or double drum, as equal partner with the sarod. Mahapurush Misra, the tabla player here, shows himself a worthy match for his celebrated collaborator—particularly in one moment of high humor near the end of the râga, when Ali Akbar Khân delivers a series of incredibly complex statements and the drummer cunningly and stunningly imitates each in turn, note for note, on the tabla.

The musical results throughout are eloquent, often deeply moving, and frequently exciting, and the sound is excellent. The handsomely packaged record

includes highly informative notes—and despite its 45-rpm speed contains forty minutes of music. ROBERT SILVERBERG

JOAN BENSON: *Music for Clavichord*

Joan Benson, clavichord.
• REPERTOIRE RM 901. LP. $4.98.

In the current revival of instruments that were popular centuries ago, the clavichord has been somewhat neglected. The few recordings in which it has been used have not achieved wide distribution. It is to be hoped that the present one will have a better fate, for this instrument, which has the crispness of a harpsichord and the dynamic flexibility of a piano, is a fragrant, fragile voice from the past.

Out of the rather large repertory of music for which the clavichord is suitable, Miss Benson has chosen some unhackneyed pieces, ranging from an anonymous prelude from the fifteenth-century Buxheim Organ Book to a Fantasy by Philipp Emanuel Bach written in 1787. In the Bach, a big improvisational work, and in the other pieces, which include a charming dance by Jean Perrichon (1566–c. 1600) as well as a tender lamentation by Froberger (1616–1667), Miss Benson plays with an expressive, singing tone and achieves infinitesimal gradations of intensity with the narrow dynamic range of the instrument. The sound is first-rate. N.B.

CHAPEL CHOIR OF CAPITAL UNIVERSITY: *A Choral Recital*

Chapel Choir of Capital University (Columbus, Ohio), Ellis Emanuel Snyder, cond.
• WESTMINSTER XWN 19024. LP. $4.98.
• • WESTMINSTER WST 17024. SD. $5.98.

The present recording was made in London last summer while the Choir was on a European tour. It is clearly a carefully trained, highly disciplined chorus, well balanced, and capable of considerable dynamic nuance. Its tone is on the whole good, though some of the sopranos sound a bit shrill on occasion in Bach's *Komm, Jesu, komm* and the tenor quality is not quite up to that of the rest—a common failing in our university choirs. Although it is unaccompanied, the chorus manages to stay pretty well on pitch, except in portions of the difficult Bach. Side 1 offers, in addition to the Bach, a vigorous performance of Viadana's *Exsultate justi*, and nicely varied readings of *O magnum mysterium* by Victoria (here still spelled Vittoria, as though he were an Italian) and Lotti's *Crucifixus*. Side 2 is devoted to arrangements and paraphrases of chorales and spirituals, as well as two original works by American composers: a rather imaginative piece, in a conservative vein, by Paul Fetler called *You did not miss Jerusalem*, and a setting, deficient in musical vitamins, of Psalm 150, by Kent A. Newbury. There is a bit of preëcho in various spots, but otherwise the sound is satisfactory. N.B.

BENIAMINO GIGLI: *"Gigli in His Glorious Prime"*

Puccini: *Manon Lescaut: Donna non vidi mai. Tosca: Recondita armonia.* Donizetti: *L'Elisir d'amore: Una furtiva lagrima. Lucia di Lammermoor: Tombe degl'avi miei.* Thomas: *Mignon: Addio, Mignon! Fa core!* Verdi: *La Traviata: Dei miei bollenti spiriti.* Di Capua: *Maria Marì.* Donaudy: *O bei nidi d'amore.* Denza-Pagliara: *Occhi turchini.* De Curtis: *Canta pe'me'.* Gilbert: *Marta.* Albéniz-Sandoval: *Quisiera olvidar tus ojos.* Sandoval: *Eres tu.*

Beniamino Gigli, tenor; orchestra.
• RCA VICTOR LM 2624. LP. $4.98.

Victor is getting plenty of mileage out of Gigli—eight of these fourteen selections are included in the company's big "Ten Famous Singers" album (LM 6705). However, there are undoubtedly those who are interested in Gigli without necessarily being interested in the other nine great singers, and this collection at least duplicates none of those contained on Victor's previous all-Gigli disc, LM 2337; and only *"Una furtiva lagrima"* is repeated from Angel's collection on COLH 118. Rococo's R34 is devoted to earlier Gigli.

There is little need at this date to comment on Gigli's stature or the character of his singing. The present collection is all representative of his prime-year singing—lush, ringing, and alive. The tenor is also on relatively good behavior here, with less than usual of the personal mannerism and musical sloppiness that make some of his recordings so objectionable. I do not see why the well-vocalized but horribly rushed *Lucia* aria had to be included again, but all the other arias are top Gigli, and though the songs are slight, they call forth some of the singer's most exciting and characteristic vocalism. If a single Gigli disc must be chosen, I would still pick LM 2337, with the wonderful De Luca duets; but the present recording is a sensible choice. C.L.O.

THOMAS HAYWARD: *Twenty Songs*

Francis Hopkinson: *Come, Fair Rosina; My Love Is Gone to Sea; Beneath a Weeping Willow's Shade; Enraptur'd I Gaze; See Down Maria's Blushing Cheek; O'er the Hill Far Away; My Gen'rous Heart Disdains; The Trav'ler Benighted and Lost.* Robert Burns: *Scots Wha Hae; A Red, Red Rose; Afton Water; Comin' thro the Rye; Green Grow the Rashes; O Wert Thou in the Cauld Blast; Tam Glen; John Anderson; O'er the Water to Charlie; The Pigmy Scraper's Song; The Banks o' Doon; Auld Lang Syne.*

Thomas Hayward, tenor; Melville Smith, harpsichord.
• CAMBRIDGE CRS 711. LP. $4.98.
• • CAMBRIDGE CRS 1711. SD. $5.98.

It's the Burns songs that are of interest here. The settings are traditional ones, but not always the best-known ones: these are not, for instance, the settings of *Flow Gently, Sweet Afton* or *Auld Lang Syne* that we all learn in elementary school. The Scottish flavor and dialect seem to bring out a color in Hayward's tenor and a brightness in his personality; he sings these songs with pleasing, firm tone and considerable verve.

Hopkinson was better known as a patriot than as a musician; in fact, he never aspired to more than amateur status as a composer. His are genteel drawing-room songs, stultifyingly polite, and really of almost no musical interest. While it's worth having some of them recorded as historical curiosities, I think

two or three would have brought us nicely to the brink of surfeit. Hayward deals with them competently, but does nothing to spark them or make them seem anything more than their dull, sweet selves. The late Melville Smith plays their rather elaborate harpsichord parts very knowingly, though. The accompanying notes are most informative, and texts are given. The sound is satisfactory, but the engineer seems to have changed the ambience somewhat midway through *My Gen'rous Heart Disdains*, evidently feeling that some variety and expansion would do no harm: Hayward's voice swells suddenly (it is more than a simple increase in the singer's volume), and his position relative to the mike seems to change. I thought at first that my amplifier was responsible, but several playings have produced the same result. It's not a serious problem, though. C.L.O.

PARIS BAROQUE ENSEMBLE: *French Chamber Music of the Eighteenth Century*

Paris Baroque Ensemble.
• MUSIC GUILD 32. LP. $5.50.
• • MUSIC GUILD S 32. SD. $6.50.

Two works by François Couperin, published in the 1720s, and one each by Boismortier, Leclair, Corrette, and Mondonville, published in the 1730s, make up this tasty collection of baroque and rococo pieces. All of them make pleasant listening, but the elegant Violin Sonata in D, Op. 9, No. 3, by Leclair, with its lovely Sarabande and charming Tambourin, and the unpretentious little Flute Sonata in E flat, Op. 19, by Corrette struck me as especially attractive. The Ensemble, which includes such expert performers as Jean-Pierre Rampal on flute and Robert Veyron-Lacroix on harpsichord, plays everything in lively and songful fashion. In the Couperin *Concert Royal* No. 13, here performed by flute and oboe, the instruments are very close to the microphone, and in the Boismortier Quintet in E minor, Op. 37, the bassoon is too far forward; otherwise the balances are just and the sound realistic. N.B.

PETER PEARS: *Recital of Folk Songs Arranged by Benjamin Britten*

A Brisk Young Widow; O Waly, Waly; Sweet Polly Oliver; Early One Morning; The Bonny Earl o' Moray; The Ash Grove; Come You Not from Newcastle; Le Roi s'en va-t'en chasse; La belle est au jardin d'amour; The Minstrel Boy; How Sweet the Answer; The Last Rose of Summer; Avenging and Bright; Oft in the Stilly Night; The Miller of Dee; Ca' the Yowes; The Plough Boy.

Peter Pears, tenor; Benjamin Britten, piano.
• LONDON 5693. LP. $4.98.
• • LONDON OS 25327. SD. $5.98.

Whether or not song lovers of the future will think of some of these pieces as being "by Britten," as we presently think of many folk song arrangements as being songs "by Brahms," I can't say; but it is not wrong to give Britten credit for a whole series of original compositions here, so fresh is the perspective he brings to most of the tunes and texts.

Most of the accompaniments are recognizably Britten, though he hasn't hesitated to reach into others' bags of art song tricks. The excellent liner notes discover Mahler in *Sweet Polly Oliver* (how about the Wolf of *Epiphanias*, too?); it is also easy to hear *Le Manoir de Rosemonde* in the insistent rhythmic figure of *Le Roi s'en va-t'en chasse*, and Schubert's *Einsamkeit* in *The Plough Boy*. But mostly one hears Britten, at his tasteful best, avoiding the pitfalls of overelaboration or preciosity. He has found plenty in the songs to comment on and underline, but hasn't stretched a single point.

The performances are brilliant. Britten himself is beyond reproach, and Pears falls short at only one or two points (e.g., *The Bonny Earl o' Moray*, where the voice's somewhat dry, heady quality and the waver on sustained *fortes* rob the song of much of its strength). I was able to refer to just a couple of the songs (*Bonny Earl* and *The Ash Grove*), being in possession of a copy of Vol. I of the Boosey and Hawkes edition of these settings. That was enough to see that Pears takes some liberty with the musical text, sometimes ignoring dynamic markings, not bothering to define a dotted-eighth-and-sixteenth combination, and whatnot; and further, that he and Britten take a largish retard where none is marked at the end of *Ash Grove*. It's going to be rough on writers of musicological theses regarding strict observance of "the composer's wishes." C.L.O.

ANTONIETTA STELLA: *Opera Arias*

Verdi: *Aida: Qui Radames verrà; O patria mia. Aroldo: O cielo! dove son io!* Bellini: *Norma: Casta diva.* Mascagni: *Cavalleria rusticana: Voi lo sapete.* Ponchielli: *La Gioconda: Suicidio!* Cilea: *Adriana Lecouvreur: Poveri fiori.* Puccini: *Turandot: In questa reggia.*

Antonietta Stella, soprano; Chorus and Orchestra of Maggio Musicale Fiorentino, Bruno Bartoletti, cond.
• DEUTSCHE GRAMMOPHON LPEM 19290. LP. $5.98.
• • DEUTSCHE GRAMMOPHON SLPEM 136290. SD. $6.98.

Miss Stella is a problematic singer. When she is in good form and in a congenial role, she can be as exciting as any soprano before the public; when conditions are wrong, she can be altogether undistinguished. She has suffered, I think, from an effort to present her as a *prima donna assoluta*, tackling everything from Santuzza to Linda di Chamounix. To what extent this has contributed to the bothersome division of registers and the frequent failures of intonation in her singing, I don't know—but somehow she has not managed to find a consistent level.

She is in good voice here—a vast improvement over her work on the recent *Don Carlo*. There are still instances of sudden gear-shifting and of flatting on top, and there is still the lack of any particular insight into music or text. But there are also surprisingly fine moments, both stylistically and vocally. "*O patria mia*" and "*Poveri fiori*" are both handled extremely well, and the Cavatina of "*Casta diva*" captures the devotional, reposeful atmosphere—even the turns are done well. Throughout the recital there are phrases and whole passages where the voice seems to catch fire and lift its way through the music—this is, after all, one of the few really good Italian *spinto* instruments in current use, and when such a voice is going well in

congenial repertory it makes a wonderful sound.

A word about the *Aroldo* scena, which is a find. The opening recitative is reminiscent of Amelia's arrival at the gibbet in *Ballo* (as is the general situation—Mina has come to a graveyard to pray at her mother's tomb). The aria that follows (*"Ah! Degli scanni eterei"*) is a splendid one, with an orchestral introduction of almost chamber music texture (remember the scene of Oronte's death in *Lombardi*—what a lot of un-Verdian experimentation the composer did!) and a haunting accompaniment not unlike that of the soprano aria in *Simon Boccanegra*. The concluding cabaletta is also effective, though less individual. According to Toye, the recitative and cavatina date from the opera's early version (*Stiffelio*), and the cabaletta from the revision as *Aroldo* (Version I, 1850, preceded *Rigoletto*; Version II, 1857, came between *Boccanegra* and *Ballo*—and from the internal evidence, one would almost assume the times of composition of the two sections to have been reversed). The entire scene is quite fine, and Stella brings it off convincingly —it is very demanding music.

DGG's sound is good, Bartoletti's accompaniments well above routine. Complete texts and translations are provided; for some reason, they include many lines for subsidiary characters not included on the record, and the *Turandot* text even includes the first riddle. But I suppose one should not complain of too *much* text.

C.L.O.

SPOKEN WORD

BRECHT: *"Bentley on Brecht"*

Eric Bentley, reader, vocalist, instrumentalist, and annotator.

- RIVERSIDE RM 7017. LP. $4.98.
- • RIVERSIDE RS 97017. SD. $5.98.

BRECHT: *"Brecht on Brecht"*

Lotte Lenya, Anne Jackson, Viveca Lindfors, Dane Clark, George Voskovec, and Michael Wager; George Tabori, arr. and trans.; Gene Frankel, dir.

- COLUMBIA 02L278. Two LP. $9.96.
- • COLUMBIA 02S203. Two SD. $9.96.

There is no doubt that there is a Brecht movement on these days, in the sense that much is written and said of his plays, his poems, and his theoretical writings—a substantial proportion of which are now available in English translations. In terms of actual theatrical production, the Brecht movement has thus far stumbled on two obstacles: first, the matter of performing and translation rights, which has forced cancellation of more than one project that had reached the option stage; and second, the matter of a general inability to evolve a consistent style of playing. American actors seem to have a tough time getting hold of it, and directors an equally tough time making things cohere. There are signs that both problems may be approaching at least partial solution: New York will finally (barring last-minute catastrophe) see *Mother Courage*; moreover, a recent production of *A Man's a Man* emerged in one piece, and achieved fair success with both critics and audiences.

We've had a good deal of Brecht on records, but practically all of it has been Brecht/Weill (*Threepenny Opera, Mahagonny, Seven Deadly Sins*), and the increasingly serious attention paid to the music of Weill—particularly the prewar, German Weill—has probably figured more importantly in the sale of records than any consideration for Brecht. And we cannot forget the persuasive presence of Lotte Lenya, whose own popularity as a performer of her husband's music has had a good deal to do with it.

Both the present albums offer a fair amount of Brecht minus Weill, with considerable duplication of poems and songs. The very idea of the Bentley record is interesting, for Bentley's own critical writings generated much of the current interest in Brecht, and over the past decade Bentley has been extremely active as translator, director, and missionary for the author's plays and poems. The record can't be called an unqualified success, but some of the items are quite fine, and the line-up affords reasonable variety and chronological sweep. Bentley introduces each item, thus placing it in at least some sort of context. His readings have the merit of clarity and are not disfigured by any trace of irrelevant temperament—thus a selection such as *Of Poor B.B.*, the best poem in the collection (the original text with literal translation is available, by the way, in the German volume of Penguin's excellent foreign poetry series), comes out in good condition. The song renditions—music by Stefan Wolpe, Hanns Eisler, Eric Regner, Paul Dessau, and Weill—have the same advantages: the Bentley vocal instrument is negligible (which is as it should be for this material, though I would welcome some bite or edge to the voice), but he seems a decent musician and produces the rhythmic thud that propels so many of the songs. (Actually, even Bentley has his mannerisms as a performer—little pauses before key words, a habit of lapsing into ordinary speech at predictable points as a means of throwing away a line. And the huskiness of quality occasionally conveys an emotional message that is unintended.) The material's quality fluctuates, but all of it is at least of interest in putting together some sort of representative picture of Brecht's own work. Few of the song settings have the individuality or pungency of the best of Weill's, though most of them capture a general flavor, and several of Eisler's possess a marked subtlety in use of harmony and simple accompanying figures. Bentley as accompanist uses a harmonium, which wheezes and splutters away in a wonderfully commonplace way, and a piano prepared with tacks, which sounds, well, tacky.

I found "Brecht on Brecht," an original cast recording of this season's off-Broadway production, rather disheartening. A number of the excerpts simply refuse to stand by themselves; some are so inconsequential as to have no justification for inclusion, unless an intelligent effort is made to place them in a frame which will not demand that they stand or fall entirely on the basis of their own content. They have a habit of announcing a perception that nearly any thinking person comes across rather early on; the treatment of such perceptions as dramatic material tends to give them a disproportionate importance—the statement (for example) that people are exploited in ways that sometimes seem ironic is presented as a major

philosophic coup. Such excerpts as "In Praise of Passports" or "Questions from a Worker" belong to this category—what excuse is there for subjecting them to this kind of treatment? Or again, once the rather engaging "Parable of the Burning House" has been told, why must we be beaten over the head with a detailed explanation of its very obvious meaning?

There are good things. The best is the fairly lengthy "The Jewish Wife" (from *Private Life of the Master Race*), most powerfully done by Viveca Lindfors. The brief snatches from the Senate Subcommittee Meeting are diverting and saddening—like most confrontations between the genuine artist and the politician (my favorite bit of interrogation: "Where are you presently employed?"). Lenya sings her numbers in her familiar excellent fashion, though there is little of her, and she recorded *Solomon's Song* to better effect in her album of "German Theatre Songs."

Most of the acting is, I'm afraid, poor, at least in purely aural terms. Voskovec is the only one of the principals consistently to capture and project the spirit of his material, though Miss Jackson does some very good things with "Concerning the Infanticide, Marie Farrar." Neither Clark nor Wager seems aware of any distinction between the reading of an anecdotal story or narrative and the building of a character—both load their passages with emotional meanings that just aren't in the text, and indeed one can often hardly make sense of Clark's contributions.

I cannot banish the feeling here that Brecht's reputation is being subjected to a shoddy piece of exploitation. That Brecht could, in his unsaddled moments, produce commonplace bits of homey philosophy, or uninspired hunks of political observation, or heavy-handed notes on the irony of it all, is not surprising. It isn't interesting, either. What is interesting is Brecht as a playwright (of which there is little in this album), Brecht as a poet (of which there isn't really much), and Brecht as a dramatic theoretician (of which there's nothing at all). Intriguingly enough, the album's liner notes offer no information whatever about the selections chosen or the sources from which they are taken, much less any evaluative comment or any attempt to define the nature of Brecht's artistic or critical contribution. Instead, we are given a passage of charm-reminiscence by Miss Lenya (what Brecht was like when he went bathing on the Riviera in '28), and a once-over of several reviews of the production, from which one can glean precious little. Brecht has been "humanized." It happens to the best of them.

Now, perhaps we can forget about the warm heart and the lovable nature of poor B.B., and get around to producing some of his plays. C.L.O.

ROYAL SHAKESPEARE COMPANY: *"The Hollow Crown"*

Max Adrian, John Barton, Richard Johnson, Dorothy Tutin.
• LONDON A 4253. Two LP. $9.96.
• • LONDON OSA 1253. Two SD. $11.96.

That the Kings and Queens of England are an undeniably human lot is a fact that flickers between the lines of history books, but seldom has their measure been so nicely taken—often in their own words—as in this "entertainment devised

Lord Russell: have him in for tea.

on the theme of the Monarchy." These readings first took place during the 1960 Shakespeare season at Stratford, and recently came to the New York stage by way of London. Except for two quotes from the Bard, the source of each passage is nonfictional: the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle and Holinshed, among historical records; Horace Walpole, the Marquis of Halifax, and Fanny Burney, among the rulers' contemporaries (and surely Miss Burney's tea-time attempt at conversation with George III marks one of the more grueling social afternoons in history). Most telling of all, the Crowned Heads speak for themselves, in situations ranging from the tragic to the ludicrous.

We hear Charles I. on trial for his life, protesting the authority of the court with an arrogance imbedded deep in the principle of the divine right of kings. We hear Henry VIII composing a love letter of brutish tenderness to Anne Boleyn, followed by Anne's plea of innocence written in the Tower shortly before she was to be beheaded by her erstwhile lover. There is a secret memorandum from Henry VII to his ambassador in Naples, sent at a time when he contemplated marriage with the Queen of Naples, requesting information on the royal anatomy with an attention to detail that would do credit to a freshman in medical school. (The emissary's replies are catalogued with equal thoroughness, and the expression of constricted agony which passes over Max Adrian's face while delivering them is worth a trip to the theatre to behold.) We hear, finally, the nineteen-year-old Victoria confide to her private journal a complete account of her coronation, including a doggedly accurate timetable ("I was awoke at four o'clock by the guns in the park; got up at seven, feeling strong and well"); various observations on the participants ("the Bishop was remarkably maladroit. . . . Poor Lord Rowe fell quite down the steps"); and frequent, very frequent references to "dear, kind Lord Melbourne," who seems to have spent a large part of the day with tears in his eyes.

I cannot imagine any of this better delivered than it is in this production. Dorothy Tutin is particularly versatile in the women's parts, and portrays the fifteen-year-old Jane Austen (self-styled a "partial, prejudiced, and ignorant historian") with the same skill she displays in quoting older and wiser commentators. The principal qualities lost in stage-to-disc transfer are, inevitably, the irony and humor which can only be projected with the arch of an eyebrow or the ever so slight lift of a shoulder—the understated punctuation at which this quartet proved so adept in the theatre. I missed, too, the marvelously appropriate musical interludes provided by three male singers; only the Ayre written by Charles I is included here, along with a harpsichord piece by Orlando Gibbons and Beethoven's Variations on, believe it or not, *God Save the Queen*.

SHIRLEY FLEMING

RUSSELL: *"Speaking Personally"*

Bertrand Russell and John Chandos.
• RIVERSIDE 7014/15. Two LP. $11.96.

RUSSELL: *"Bertrand Russell Speaking"*

Bertrand Russell and Woodrow Wyatt.
• CAEDMON TC 1149. LP. $5.98.

During the six years from 1950–56 I enjoyed a number of conversations with Lord Russell, first in connection with a thesis which I submitted to Harvard and later with regard to Russell's early papers, which I was editing for a book, published in 1956, called *Logic and Knowledge*.

The present records, particularly the Riverside set with its friendly background noises of rain and clinking teacups, are to me a welcome reminder of similar situations when Russell expressed opinions much like these. Indeed, it was not difficult, so forcefully does the voice project the man, to turn my head and think that he might really be sitting over by the fire, expounding. Few of the potential purchasers of this set will have known what it is actually like to have Bertrand Russell in for tea. I assure them that the recorded likeness is remarkable.

The Riverside set was made in April of 1961 when Russell was approaching his eighty-ninth birthday. There is no date on the Caedmon set, but I suspect it came from his ninetieth birthday celebration in 1962. There is a little duplication between the two albums, but not so much as to deter friends of the philosopher from acquiring both. If you want only one and can afford the Riverside set, it is the more appealing and comprehensive. Chandos is the right sort of person to interview Russell. Wyatt has one of those very upper-class accents which Peter Sellers parodies so well, but Wyatt's is the real thing and Americans may find it mildly absurd.

The range of topics is very wide, from the future of philosophy to life in jail to memories of Mr. Gladstone to present-day politics. Much of what Russell says, as always, is controversial, and little of it will strike his readers as new; but the personal charm and intellectual force of the man are conveyed on records with a direct quality no printed page can surpass.

R.C.M.

SHAKESPEARE: *Cymbeline*

Claire Bloom, Imogene; Pamela Brown, Queen; Boris Karloff, Cymbeline; John Fraser, Posthumus; Alan Dobie, Iachimo; et al.; Howard Sackler, dir.
• CAEDMON SRS 236. Three LP. $17.85.
• • CAEDMON SRS S236. Three SD. $17.85.

Margaret Drabble, Tony White, Ian Lang, Denis McCarthy, Terence Hardiman, Gillian Webb, Peter Orr; Marlowe Society; George Rylands, dir.
• LONDON A 4416. Four LP. $19.92.
• • LONDON OSA 1416. Four SD. $23.92.

Shakespeare's final group of Beaumont and Fletcher-like "romances," so frankly

fairy tale in some of their aspects, have not fared well in the modern realistic theatre, but I have seen rewarding productions of all these plays, and both *The Winter's Tale* and *The Tempest* have each been recorded twice. Now *Cymbeline* appears in two complete recordings issued almost simultaneously.

There is no difficulty, I think, in choosing between them. The London version (professional actors and members of the Marlowe Society) is a thoroughly good and intelligent performance; the Caedmon (Shakespeare Recording Society) is a brilliant performance—we have had none better of any Shakespearean play, both in terms of performance and engineering. The battle scenes are brilliantly handled, and I believe that many readers who have been bored in reading that interminable and thoroughly artificial last scene, where mystery after mystery is submitted to such a contrived unraveling, will be surprised to find how really dramatic it can be.

Imogene is always the glory of *Cymbeline*, and such survival value as the play has manifested is helplessly and submissively dependent upon her. Obviously, Claire Bloom was a "natural" for this role, and she rises to the occasion nobly. To hear her read the "false to his bed" speech and a dozen others is an experience worth having. By the same token, the wicked Queen favors one side of Pamela Brown's great talent. Boris Karloff is another matter; he has appeared in so many cheap horror films that many persons have never learned what a fine actor he is. Fortunately, many excellent recordings have now served to dispel misconceptions concerning him, and his Cymbeline may be trusted to serve further in a good cause.

EDWARD WAGENKNECHT

SHAKESPEARE: *Macbeth* (excerpts)

Anthony Quayle, Macbeth; Gwen Ffrangcon-Davies, Lady Macbeth; Stanley Holloway, Porter; et al.; Howard Sackler, dir.
• CAEDMON TC 1167. LP. $5.95.

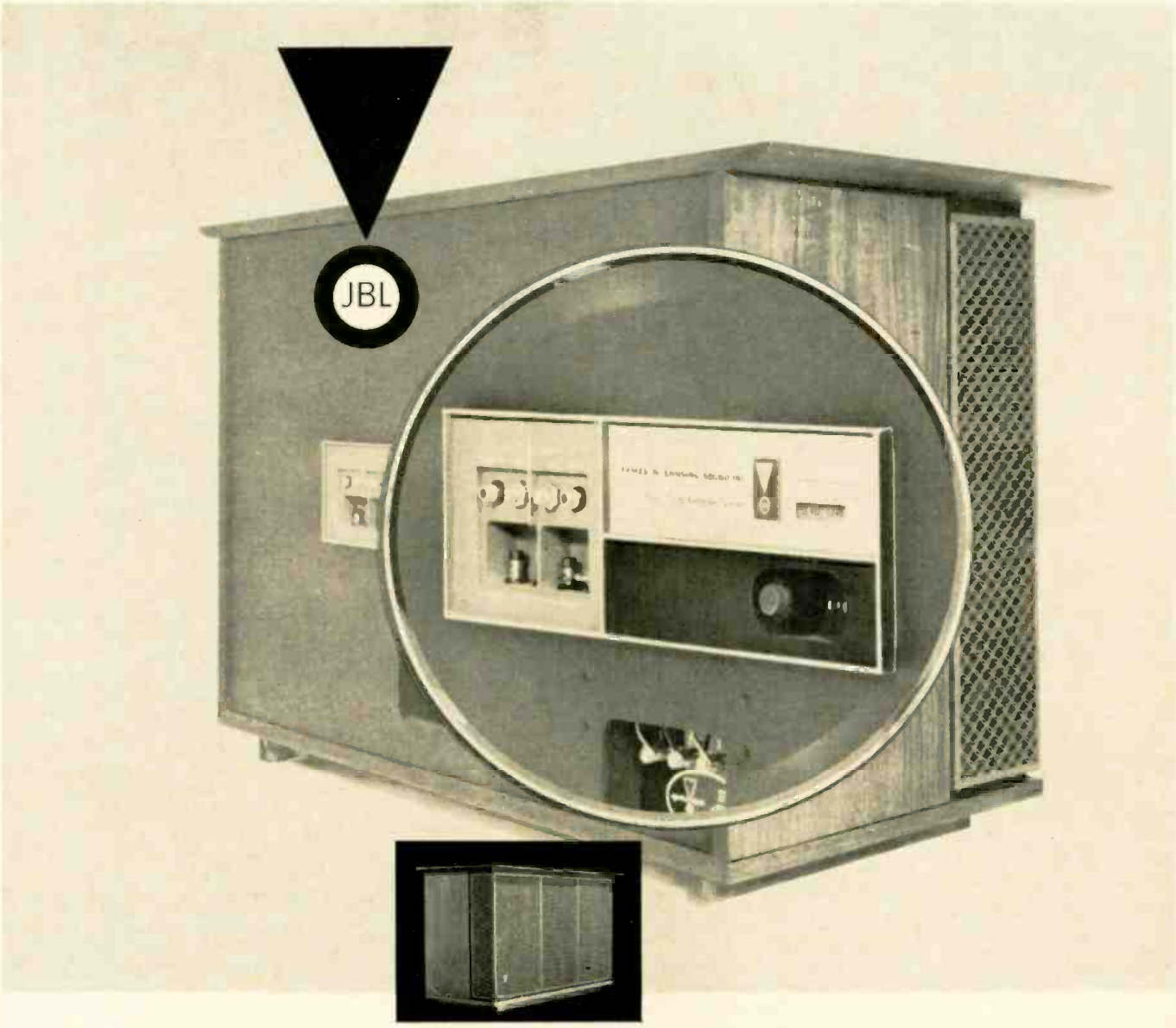
This is the first of the Shakespeare Recording Society productions to be submitted to ordeal by excerpting. Macbeth was a very good choice, since half the play (including all the great scenes) can be included on a single disc.

The glory of this performance is Gwen Ffrangcon-Davies. Her Lady Macbeth is not perhaps for all tastes—as presented here, she is no monster but a devoted wife who throws her soul away to serve her husband's ambition, and then disintegrates with the recognition that she is a much better woman than she believed herself to be. To me, Miss Ffrangcon-Davies' interpretation is very moving. She packs every syllable with meaning—often new, but never eccentric, meaning—and this is a remarkable achievement in dealing with so familiar a text.

Anthony Quayle's Macbeth is less original in conception, and perhaps somewhat less overwhelming in effect than his Antony in the new *Antony and Cleopatra*. But the difference is only in degree, and the performance is a fine one. Stanley Holloway makes the most of the drunken Porter.

The only company that furnishes texts with Shakespearean recordings, Caedmon has surpassed itself here by supplying the whole play with the omitted portions enclosed within brackets.

EDWARD WAGENKNECHT



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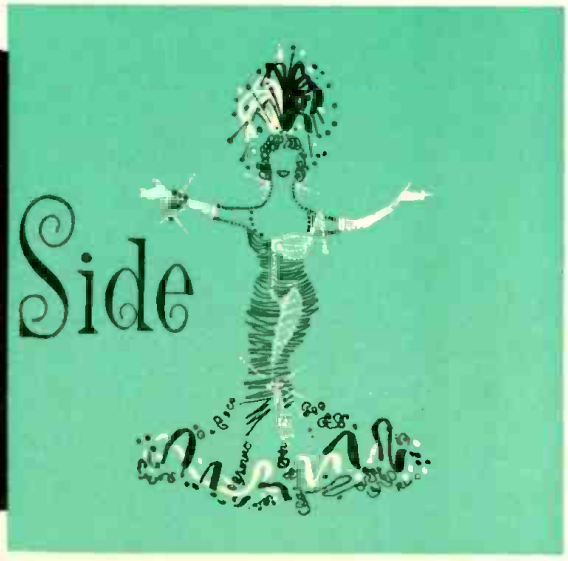

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New Steps to Sonic Authenticity

"Supercussion," "Soundpower!," and "New Thresholds in Sound." *Dick Schory's Percussion Pops Orchestra, Marty Gold and His Orchestra, Sid Ramin and His Orchestra, respectively. RCA Victor LM 2613, LM 2620, and LM 2658, $4.98 each (LP); LSC 2613, LSC 2620, LSC 2658, $5.98 each (SD).*

THOUGH THE ULTIMATE evaluation of RCA Victor's "Dynagroove" process must be based on what it does for serious music, sonic display programs nevertheless provide reliable immediate testimony as to its sound quality and dramatic effectiveness. There is ample evidence in these three discs of a notable advance in recorded realism. It is not revolutionary, and perhaps not even as spectacular as some earlier stereo showpieces seemed on first encounter. But to my ears it represents substantial progress in the further minimization of distortion at high levels and of surface noise at low levels,

and in an apparent expansion of the dynamic range. And it lends a definite enhancement to the solidity of recorded sound and to its sheerly physical impact on the listener.

The musical materials here are familiar enough: the big orchestras of Gold and Ramin feature sonorous performances of elaborately scored pop tunes; the twelve-man Schory ensemble treats similar tunes in lighter, defter style, with more glittering, individualized timbres. I particularly relished Schory's program, which retains all the humor and imagination of the best of his earlier ones, depends less on percussive decorations, and better integrates its percussion section—especially the vibes of Gary Burton—in its gleaming over-all textures. Certainly the exotically spiced *Nomad*, the warmly expressive *On Green Dolphin Street*, and the exuberantly bouncing *Brush Off* are triumphs of this genre.

Gold's scorings occasionally strain too hard for novel effects, but his bolero-rhythmed *The Moon Was Yellow*, the sax-dominated *Harlem Nocturne*, and the brassily theatrical *Shangri-La* are managed very impressively indeed. And many of the more *outré* effects elsewhere (notably the superb tuba playing of Don Butterfield and the subterranean growls of Stan Webb's contrabass clarinet) reveal low frequency potentials, musically meaningful and sonically fascinating, which bass fanciers have never heard as clearly and authentically in the past.

Ramin's arrangements are more orthodox and depend more consistently on normal symphonic sonorities, although there are occasional striking bits for alto flute, contrabass clarinet, and double bassoon, and a combination of muted trombone with four alto flutes. What gives this program far more than conventional appeal (especially in a vibrant *Granada*, a delicately atmospheric *April in Paris*, and a sizzling *Swanee*) is the happy blending of precisely controlled yet spirited performances with piquant stereo antiphonies. Sonics are powerful yet always transparently reproduced. The best moments in these three programs demonstrate that "Dynagroove," matched with comparably good musicianship, can provide a thrilling sonic authenticity. These first examples of the new process set admirably high standards. R.D.D.

"Riverwind." Original Cast Recording. London AM 48001, $4.98 (LP); AMS 78001, $5.98 (SD).

Slight and unpretentious as *Riverwind* is, it brings a welcome and much needed breath of good, clean fresh air to Broadway and off-Broadway stages, overpopulated as they are with cheats, connivers, social climbers, and other reprehensible characters. Its plot is almost too simple, by current standards. A middle-aged woman, trying to save her marriage, returns with her husband to the tourist colony Riverwind, where, in a "comfy cabin," they had spent their honeymoon. Nothing has changed; the shower is still outdoors, along with the other conveniences, the mud is as thick as ever, and the walls of the cabin are still "honeymoon pink." The garrulous proprietress is as cheerful as ever, but her daughter has now grown into a nymphet who, perhaps too obviously, reminds the husband of how attractive his wife once was. Add to these an inarticulate, Jimmy Stewart-type local boy, in love with the daughter, and a couple of cabin residents living, as they say, "without benefit of clergy," and the whole plot is succinctly framed. It is a tidy little tale, and has been brilliantly illuminated by John Jenning's acute and funny lyrics and his cheerful, almost Frank Loesser-ish tunes. The small cast of almost unknown artists does a magnificent job, and it is not easy to single out any individual for special mention. I greatly enjoyed Elizabeth Parrish's affecting performance of *Riverwind*, a haunting melody, Martin Cassidy's shy, bumbling *I Love Your Laughing Face*, and the amusing duet *Almost, But Not Quite*, done to a turn by Lovelady Powell and Brooks Morton. I am told that Helen Blount, as the proprietress of Riverwind, stops the show with her duet, with Elizabeth Parrish, *A Woman Must Never Grow Old*, but it is a number I find rather tawdry. For its first original cast recording of a domestic musical, London has provided fine sound. Stereo effects are used discreetly. J.F.I.

Morton and Slavin of "Riverwind."

"Sixty French Girls: Les Djinns Singers Sing Songs of Paris." ABC Paramount ABC 418, $3.98 (LP); ABCS 418, $4.98 (SD).

The dozen selections Les Djinns have chosen for this, their fifth release, glitter with melody and *esprit*: you will find yourself humming *Monsieur LaFayette, Ohe les gars*, and *Les Cloches de Paris* long after you switch off your preamp. These sixty young girls form a vocal ensemble of extraordinary charm. True, one misses the texture of male voices, but the girls offer lilting buoyance of tone, superb phrasing, and diction that is startlingly clear. This last is a particular virtue inasmuch as ABC has all but rendered the album useless by including neither texts, translations, nor synopses of the songs. In fact, the evasive annotation fathers the suspicion that no member of the ABC staff on this side of the ocean really knows what the girls are singing about. Thus, the buyer learns that the haunting *Thyl de Flandre* (which, on my map, is a long way from Paris) is in a minor key, but he can go whistle for its meaning. An inexcusable blemish upon a delightful album. O.B.B.

"Shelby Flint Sings Folk." Valiant 403, $3.98 (LP); S 403, $4.98 (SD).

Shelby Flint's soprano is small and somewhat breathy, but adapts neatly to her intimate interpretations of traditional airs. In this age of hard-driving combos, the loveliness of a solo voice limning the old joys and sorrows of *Ash Grove*, *Black Is the Color*, and *The House Carpenter* stands out like an unbroken strand of gold in a crazy quilt. Miss Flint is an unpretentious but charming artist, and her recital is restrained, intelligent, and sensitively conceived. O.B.B.

"Victory in Review." Eric Rogers, cond. London SP 44024, $5.98 (SD).

This band-and-chorus extravaganza is the long-promised sequel to the sensational "Phase-4" debut disc "Pass in Review." There is plenty more of the old black magic in its realistic evocation of marching bands and choristers parading across an imaginary stadium in celebration of ancient and modern military triumphs. The former are musically illustrated somewhat anachronistically, to be sure: the Egyptians by the Grand March from *Aida*, the Israelites by a chorus from *Nabucco*, and the Romans by the march finale of Respighi's *Pines*. Modern campaigns are more accurately documented. Again the recordings are dazzlingly brilliant, with extremely dramatic stereogenic effects, but they now seem a bit too glassily hard to convey the open-air impression strived for. Like all sequels, the program as a whole tends to be a bit anticlimactic, even in the grand finale peroration *When Johnny Comes Marching Home*, which can't quite match the overwhelming impact of the earlier disc's *Stars and Stripes Forever*. R.D.D.

"Flamenco!" Pepe Romero, guitar. Mercury MG 50297, $4.98 (LP); SR 90297, $5.98 (SD).

Reviewing last January's "Royal Family of the Spanish Guitar" (in which Celedonio Romero and his three sons were heard in ensemble and solo guitar works by classical composers), Harris Goldsmith expressed the hope that subsequent

Pepe, of the Romero family.

releases might better exploit the individual specialities of these four extremely promising performers. Apparently Mercury has just that plan in mind, for here is one of the sons, Pepe, demonstrating a virtuosity comparable with that of Montoya, Sabicas, and other famous flamenco guitarists. At times he seems overintoxicated with his own remarkable dexterity, allowing his éclat to verge on sheer showmanship and his tone to take on an unnatural hardness and vehemence. But at his more relaxed best (in a piquant *Garrotin*, a Moorishly sinuous *Zorongo*, and two fine arrangements by his father of *Carabana Gitana* and *Lamento Andaluz*) his varicolored playing is a delight, showing off to excellent advantage, too, Mercury's clean, if a bit dry and closely miked, recording. Uncommonly informative jacket notes by Igor Kipnis provide a concise layman's introduction to flamenco traditions and forms. R.D.D.

"How the West Was Won." Original Sound Track Recording, Alfred Newman, cond. M-G-M 1E5, $4.98 (LP); S 1E5, $5.98 (SD).

As a purist, I ought to disapprove of much in this typically Hollywood score which mingles genuine and synthetic folk materials, and gives free rein to arranger-composer Newman's all too fluent talents. Not only is Debbie Reynolds featured in a sentimental adaptation of *Greensleeves*, but also in a couple of ill-suited dance-hall songs. Yet I must confess I forgot my scruples, for all of this is handled with great gusto. The Ken Darby Singers and the expanded M-G-M studio orchestra perform with spirit (with evocative solo contributions by accordionist Carl Fortuna and an unaccredited harmonica player), and the recording itself is impressively bold, panoramic, and vivid. Whether you've seen the film or not, you're likely to find this one of the most effective sound track releases of recent years, at least in stereo. The monophonic version has less immaculately silent surfaces and is drier and more constricted. R.D.D.

"Jerry Orbach Off Broadway." Jerry Orbach; Orchestra, Norman Paris, cond. M-G-M E 4056, $3.98 (LP); SE 4056, $4.98 (SD).

For this bright, imaginative, and unconventional program of show tunes, Jerry Orbach has mined the scores of ten off-Broadway musicals, and come up with ten fine songs which might easily have gone unnoticed. To these he has added *There's a Small Hotel* and *I Could Be Happy with You*, neither of which, strictly speaking, properly qualifies for inclusion since both were first heard in Broadway shows. Orbach is a tremendously talented and versatile performer, as effective in the almost impressionistic *Lazy Afternoon* and in the mild hilarities of *Portofino* as in his re-creation of the mid-Twenties style of song selling in *I'm Going To Find a Girl*. Inevitably, and thank heaven for it, he includes his moving version of *Try To Remember* from *The Fantasticks*, one of the loveliest of all recent show tunes. Norman Paris has provided some witty and delightful arrangements for these little gems, and M-G-M's sound is consistently agreeable. J.F.I.

"Operetta Highlights." Soloists; Chorus and Orchestra, Franz Marszalek, cond. M-G-M E 4092/93, 4098, 4100, $4.98 each (Four LP); SE 4092/93, 4098, 4100, $5.98 each (Four SD).

My recently expressed opinion that operetta is by no means dead appears to be substantiated by the appearance of these four M-G-M recordings (drawn from the Deutsche Grammophon Polydor catalogue), of excerpts from eight European operettas, sung in German. Lehár, understandably, heads the list with four entrants, *The Merry Widow* and *The Count of Luxembourg* (4098), *Land of Smiles* and *Paganini* (4100). The last-named, the only one of the quartet not to have been produced in this country, is a pleasant if not quite first-class operetta, with a fair sprinkling of good tunes—one of which, *Gern hab' ich die Frau'n geküsst*, was a particular favorite of Richard Tauber. After Oscar Straus's *Waltz Dream* (4092) (a score I continue to rate far superior to his music for *The Chocolate Soldier*), the musical values offered here drop a bit. Kunneke's *Cousin from Somewhere* (more generally known as *Cousin from Nowhere*) enjoyed tremendous popularity in Germany around 1920 and is still in the repertoire (it is paired here with *Waltz Dream*). Except for one lilting number, *Ich bin nur ein armer Wandergesell* (once gloriously sung by Marcel Wittrisch on an old HMV 78), I find most of the score plodding and dull. Things get a little brighter with *White Horse Inn* (4093), for which Benatzky and Stolz wrote a gay and tuneful bouquet of songs including, according to the present recording, *There's Danger in Your Eyes, Chérie*. This jolly and colorful musical picture of life on the Salzkammergut, though immensely popular all over Europe, somehow failed to attract audiences to the old Center Theatre in New York. The music still carries its Thirties style with becoming ease. The least distinguished music on any of these discs is Fred Raymond's score for *Mask in Blue* (paired with *White Horse Inn*), a hodgepodge of typical German music of the mid-Thirties, some songs in Italian style, and some pseudo-South American rhythm numbers. It is obviously right off the assembly line. The main interest of this particular disc is the reappearance, brief though it is, of Herbert Ernst Groh, a onetime great of the operetta world. The performances, by a group of singers obviously well schooled in the operetta tradition (as it exists in Germany), are on a very high level indeed. Outstanding in the interchangeable casts are the two tenors Willy Hoffman and Sandor Konya. The latter, though not yet a Tauber (he is far less subtle), does some particularly stunning work in *Land of Smiles* and *Paganini*. If there is no Vera Schwarz or Gitta Alpar among the female mem-

bers of the casts, Herta Talmar is nevertheless a first-class soprano with a clear, limpid voice which she uses admirably. Skilled directing by Franz Marszalek produces a series of spirited, vivacious orchestral performances which have been recorded in rich but not too plump sound. J.F.I.

"The Majestic Sounds of Semprini." Semprini, his piano, violins, and orchestra. Capitol T 1836, $3.98 (LP); ST 1836, $4.98 (SD).

Pleasant and musical as these sounds may be, I'd hesitate to call them, as Capitol does, "majestic." Actually, there is little reason they should be, for these musical miniatures need only to be played with good taste to be quite effective. Fortunately, Semprini sees it this way too, and leads a series of disciplined, reasonably small-scaled performances. Mainly because of the arrangements, a good deal of this music sounds like something Rachmaninoff might have discarded. Exceptions to this stricture are Semprini's own *Mariachee*, and his performance of Schubert's *The Trout* as transcribed for piano by Liszt. He gives interesting performances of *Malagueña* and *Russian Lullaby* (a much neglected Irving Berlin song), but apart from the inclusion of an old London street cry and the sound of wailing sirens, his *London Fantasia* conjures up little of the atmosphere of the old city. The Capitol sound is consistently opulent and aurally attractive. J.F.I.

"A Gershwin Holiday." Various Artists. RCA Victor VPM 6011, $4.98 (Two LP); VPS 6011, $5.98 (Two SD).

RCA Victor's anthology of Gershwin songs (twenty-four in all) covers the composer's successful career from the *Swanee* of 1919 to *Our Love Is Here To Stay*, written a few weeks before his death in 1937. On the surface, the offer of two records for the price of one appears to be quite a bargain. Whether you will actually find it so depends on your personal reaction to the performances. I find many of them distinctly disappointing. On the plus side, I'd place the four selections by the Norman Luboff Choir, which at least give us an opportunity (the only one) to hear Ira Gershwin's lyrics, which were almost as important to the songs as George's melodies. Also on the credit side are a quartet of songs from *Porgy and Bess*, very beautifully played by Peter Nero and Marty Gold's orchestra, and the orchestral performances led by Morton Gould and Hugo Winterhalter (two songs apiece). But Frankie Carle merely skims the surface of his numbers, while The Three Suns are so intent on producing odd sounds that they quite fail to do justice to *Liza*, *Bidin' My Time*, or *I Got Rhythm*. But the biggest *faux pas* is the allotment of four songs to Al Hirt and his All Star Dixieland Band. The music simply doesn't stand a chance against their blistering onslaughts. J.F.I.

"Ireland's Bridie Gallagher." Capitol T 10332, $3.98 (LP); ST 10332, $4.98 (SD).

Miss Gallagher is that *rara avis*, a singer of Irish popular (as distinguished from traditional) songs who manages to avoid both cuteness and condescension. Her crystalline voice and clean-cut artistry have won her an enthusiastic following in the British Isles. If you want to hear how beguiling—indeed, how lyrical—such shopworn staples as *Home to Mayo* and *Where the River Shannon Flows* can be, then by all means lend Miss Gallagher an ear. Both editions boast splendid sound, with stereo in the van by a split decibel. Recommended. O.B.B.

"All Star Festival." Various Artists. United Nations UN 1, $3.98 (LP); UNS 1, $4.98 (SD).

A dozen international recording stars have contributed tracks to this All Star Festival. The record is issued by the United Nations, which will use the proceeds of the sale to help refugees all over the world. In a sense, this is a benefit concert, on disc, and suffers, as do in-person benefit concerts, from unevenness. But there are enough high spots—Chevalier's confidential little chanson *La Vie est une belle fille*, the almost biographical *Je m'imagine* of Piaf, a soul-stirring *Nobody But You, Lord* from Mahalia Jackson, and Crosby and Armstrong nonchalantly dueting on *Lazy River*—to offset the dull entrants. Most of the bands appear to be new, though possibly a couple have been included on other discs. The sound is variable, as might be expected, for each track comes from a different label. The record is available in most stores, but may also be purchased by writing to: U. S. Committee for Refugees, Box 1000, Grand Central Station, New York 17, N.Y. J.F.I.

"Thirty Hits of the Tuneful '20s." Frankie Carle, His Piano and Orchestra. RCA Victor LP 2592, $3.98 (LP); LSP 2592, $4.98 (SD).

Into this pleasantly nostalgic appraisal of the popular music of the Twenties Frankie Carle has managed to squeeze most of the songs one remembers as being whistled, sung, played, or danced to in that now distant era. From *Yes, We Have No Bananas* to the first of the great talkie hits, *You Were Meant for Me*, Carle appears to have forgotten nobody except Irving Berlin. The Twenties were a particularly fertile and successful period in the Berlin career, with such phenomenal hits as *Always*, *What'll I Do*, *Blue Skies*, and *Remember*, to mention only four. Yet none of these, or any other song by the dean of American composers has been included in this survey. This shortcoming aside, however, Carle's tinkly piano stylings and his brisk orchestral accompaniments catch the period spirit of these songs remarkably well, making this record an extremely pleasant journey into the past. RCA Victor's West Coast sound could hardly be improved upon, particularly in the mono version, which is quite brilliant. J.F.I.

"George Jones Sings Bob Wills." United Artists UA 3221, $3.98 (LP); UAS 6221, $4.98 (SD).

In all the firmament of Country music, few stars have shone more brightly than Bob Wills. Both as performer and composer, he contributed a long series of vivid, memorable hits to the Nashville airwaves: among them is the evergreen of the genre, *San Antonio Rose*, which can hold its own in any company. George Jones, one of the Grand Ole Opry's most talented soloists, here etches—with perhaps too heavy a touch of nasal bathos—a dozen of Wills' finer songs. The best are *Trouble in Mind*, *Take Me Back to Tulsa*, which contains a glimmer of real folk poetry, and the *Rose* itself. Far superior to the Nashville norm, both in content and performance. O.B.B.

"Station J." Al White and His Orchestra. Capitol T 1832, $3.98 (LP); ST 1832, $4.98 (SD).

It's good to hear again from Al White, of "Your Father's Mustache" fame. He and his thirteen-man orchestra prove that they can reanimate Roaring Twenties classics as ably as they have those of the Gay Nineties; indeed I have never heard them play with bolder assurance than on this disc, on which they are obviously inspired by the enthusiastic audience at San Francisco's Station J night club. For one thing, they do everything "straight," without pseudocomic mannerisms; for another, the effective scorings feature such skilled soloists as Frank Hagerty on banjo, Frank Barbara on clarinet, drummer Lloyd Davis, and a truly notable tuba player, Carl Schwedhelm. Add superbly live and robust stereoism (the mono edition is sharper-focused and far less expansive) and you'll have to search far and wide for more exhilarating revivals of *Black Bottom, Wabash Blues, Five Foot Two,* and that raggy hit of the 1915 San Francisco Exposition—*Auntie Skinner's Chicken Dinner.* R.D.D.

"Delicado." Lew Davies and His Orchestra. Command RS 846, $5.98 (SD).

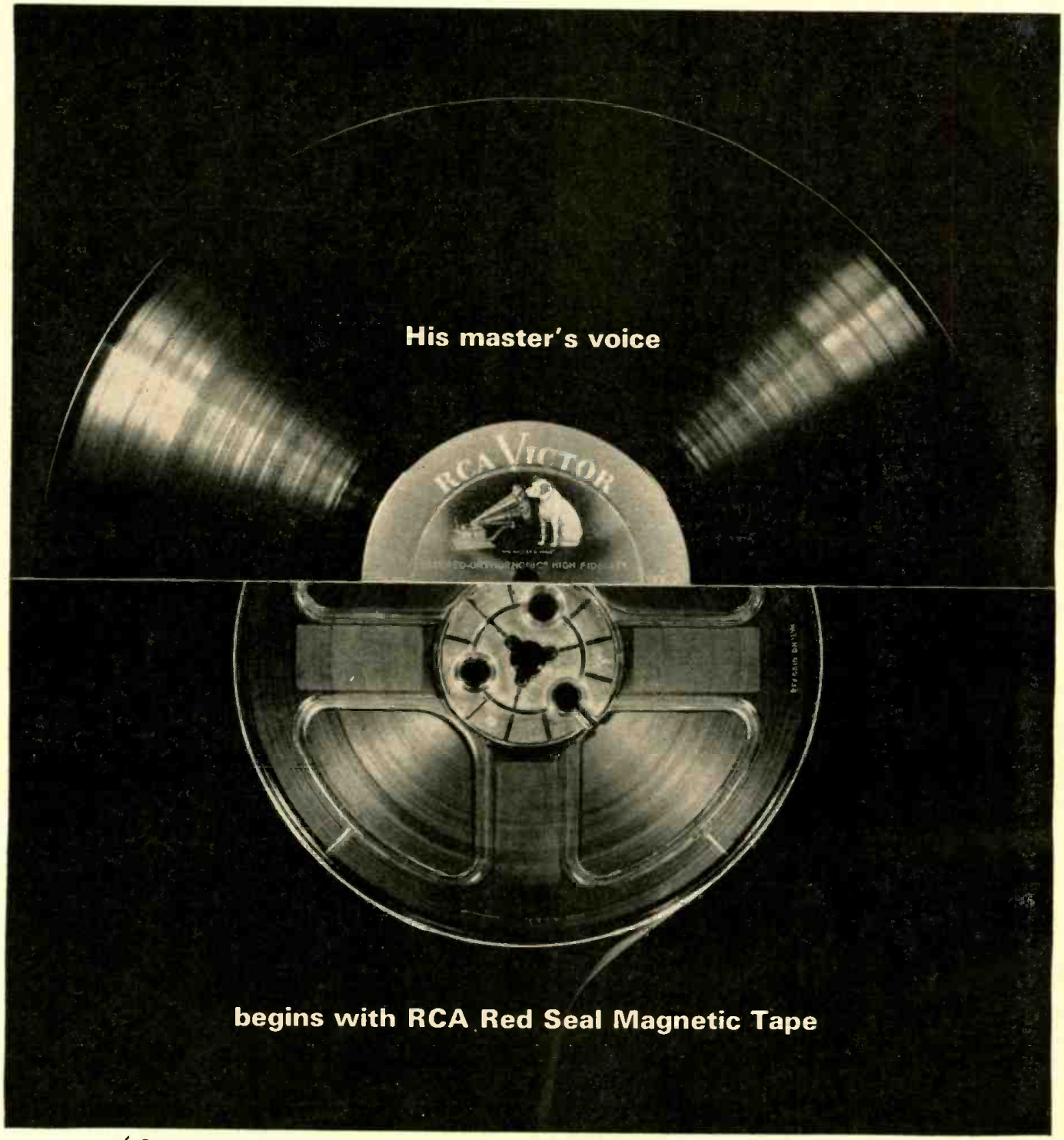
Proving that 35-mm magnetic film masters are not the only medium that can provide excellent signal-to-noise ratios and gleamingly pure recording (standard tape was used here), this disc is notable for seductive sonics and vivid presence. It is among the most impressive discs Command has yet given us. Davies curbs his usual predilection for fancy arrangements, yet demonstrates exceptional imaginativeness in an atmospheric *Now Is the Hour,* and in the delicately scored *The Way You Look Tonight.* As a conductor, he inspires his gifted players to some of their finest performances, topped by those of Stan Webb on recorder, flute, and bass clarinet. R.D.D.

"Our Man in New Orleans." Al Hirt, trumpet; Orchestra, Marty Paich, cond. RCA Victor LPM 2607, $3.98 (LP); LSP 2607, $4.98 (SD).

"Strings in Dixieland." Henry Jerome and His Orchestra. Decca DL 4307, $3.98 (LP); DL 74307, $4.98 (SD).

The orthodox Dixieland combo (five to seven men) is augmented here by a brass choir (in Paich's version) and strings (in Jerome's). The results are less incongruous than a purist might fear, since both supporting sections are kept under firm restraint, with Paich's brass in the right channel balanced antiphonally against Hirt's combo in the left, and Jerome's strings confined to brief preludes, occasional sustaining backgrounds, and amusing sign-off "tags."

Both discs are brilliantly recorded in well-spread and differentiated stereo. (The RCA Victor mono is good too, but of course lacks the SD's expansiveness—which is even better revealed in a simultaneously released 4-track tape edition, FTP 1166, 34 min., $7.95). But to my ears Jerome's combo commands the more authentic Dixieland idioms. The group is superbly integrated and the entire performance comes off with immense gusto. Hirt's program is too exclusively dominated by his showier-than-ever solo trumpet—never more florid than here, surely, but giving too few opportunities for Pee Wee Spitelera, pianist Ronnie Dupont, bassist Lowell Miller, and the other sidemen to demonstrate their obvious talents. R.D.D.



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Dave Bartholomew: "New Orleans House Party." Imperial 9217, $3.95 (LP). Possibly the last place where one would expect to find echoes of Jimmie Lunceford is in a band led by a New Orleans trumpeter who has been conducting and arranging for rhythm-and-blues singer Fats Domino. Yet Bartholomew's big band includes no less than five fairly close copies of the Lunceford group—*Margie, For Dancers Only, Well All Right, Charmaine,* and *Blues in the Night.* Although this band lacks the easy grace of Lunceford's, Bartholomew has an excellent (but unidentified) trombonist whose growling, wah-wah solo on *Well All Right* would have done credit to Duke Ellington's Joe Nanton. The easy and natural attack of the solo trumpeter (presumably Bartholomew) adds to the effectiveness of the disc. When the band is not keeping Lunceford's memory green, its style seems to be patterned mainly on early Stan Kenton and on Kenton's follower in the mid-Forties, Earle Spencer. Although the performances are not polished and are quite obviously derivative, this band sounds like a real working group and, as such, it is a refreshing change from the immaculate but bloodless studio ensembles that provide the bulk of contemporary big-band recordings.

Dave Brubeck Quartet: "Bossa Nova U.S.A." Columbia CL 1998, $3.98 (LP); CS 8798, $4.98 (SD).
Dave Brubeck's venture into bossa nova (using his own compositions rather than Brazilian imports) proves to be pleasant, melodic, and unpretentious, with stress laid on his romanticism. This is the vein in which he writes most winningly and in which his work as a pianist is shown in its best light. It is a less fruitful basis for alto saxophonist Paul Desmond, but even within such limitations he plays with an airy charm. The program includes three non-bossa nova items—*The Trolley Song,* one of the quartet's oldest standbys; a theme from Howard Brubeck's *Dialogues for Jazz Combo and Orchestra*; and *There'll Be No Tomorrow,* a Chopin-inspired creation of Brubeck's written when the quartet was in Poland in 1958.

Joe Bucci: "Wild About Basie!" Capitol S 1840, $3.98 (LP); ST 1840, $4.98 (SD).
Coming in the wake of a succession of jazz organists whose objectives have often appeared to be to torment the instrument as well as the listener, Bucci provides a refreshing and enlightening change. The electric organ, he shows us, does not have to sound like a pig with the horrors. He plays it for its mellow tone, its rich timbres. And he swings in an easy, effortless fashion strongly reminiscent of the man whose band is the source for all the tunes Bucci plays in this set: Count Basie. With only a drum as accompaniment, Bucci projects a full-bodied sound and often captures the feeling of Basie's ensembles. He has, too, an amazing lightness of touch in solos. His use of the foot pedals to create a bass line remarkably close to that of a jazz bassist is particularly interesting. It can be heard in striking fashion on the stereo version in which the drum (played by Joe Riddick) and Bucci's bass line emerge from the left speaker while the organ's keyboard is heard on the right.

Kenny Clarke and Francy Boland: "Jazz Is Universal." Atlantic 1401, $4.98 (LP); 1401 S, $5.98 (SD).
Last year a Clarke-Boland octet disc made in Germany was released in this country (*The Golden Eight,* Blue Note 4092). It revealed that these two men—an American drummer and a Belgian pianist and arranger—had created an international group (drawn mostly from Kurt Edelhagen's big band based in Germany) that possessed more originality and swinging vitality than any comparable group in the States. On the present disc the Golden Eight has been enlarged to a big band as superb in its way as the octet. It copies no other group, but simply plays Boland's excellent arrangements (five of the tunes are his) with tremendous zest and—for a studio ensemble—astonishing precision. It rides on the impetus of an unusually buoyant rhythm section (Boland, Clarke, and bassist Jimmy Woode) and its soloists are of rare individuality: trumpeter Roger Guerin, trombonists Ake Persson and Nat Peck, alto saxophonist Derek Humble, tenor saxophonists Carl Drevo and Zoot Sims, with Boland himself on piano. Big-band records like this are rare these days. This one should be treasured.

Herb Ellis and the All-Stars: "The Midnight Roll." Epic 16034, $3.98 (LP); 17034, $4.98 (SD).
A musical hodgepodge. We hear Ellis' guitar with Roy Eldridge's trumpet and Buddy Tate's tenor saxophone on some tracks; with Frank Assunto's trumpet and sometimes Tate's saxophone on others; and as a solo instrument backed by Ray Bryant, Israel Crosby, and Gus Johnson on still others. Bryant and Eldridge are consistently enlivening (Eldridge's crackling attack has rarely been so brilliant); Assunto is at times a pale copy of Harry Edison, and at times a copy of Eldridge himself; Tate plays with zest in the company of Eldridge but sounds discouraged with Assunto; while Ellis plays stimulating accompaniment to Eldridge and Tate, takes several nicely Christian-ized solos with the larger groups, and weaves a beautiful little cameo out of *Willow Weep for Me* with Ray Bryant. In sum, a very inconsistent collection. One can only wish the entire set had been devoted to selections involving Eldridge and Tate.

Sleepy John Estes: "The Legend of Sleepy John Estes." Delmar 603, $4.98 (LP).
Estes, a blues singer, acquired considerable reputation through his recordings in the Thirties but was not heard from after 1941. It was generally assumed that he must be either dead or very old, because Big Bill Broonzy once told of running away from home "about 1912" to hear Estes singing with a track-laying gang. Broonzy's date appears to have been extremely approximate, for Estes was found in Brownsville, Tennessee, in 1962, aged fifty-eight, blind, but still singing and playing his guitar. This disc reveals a light, rather plaintive voice, sometimes coated with hoarseness. He has the true country blues singer's instinct for phrasing, which is reinforced by his ability to project a variety of moods through skillful emphasis—a happy, dancing feeling on *Stop That Thing,* a use of chopped figures as a springboard for the "cry" in his voice on *Married Woman Blues,* or a deliberate, intense statement that enables him to get surprisingly strong effects from the none too remarkable lyrics of *Diving Duck Blues.* His own guitar accompaniments and occasional guitar solos are extremely good, and he receives superb support from Hammie Nixon, an unusually effective harmonica player. Pianist Knocky Parker, whose normal milieu is rags rather than such down-to-earth blues, happened to be in the studio at one session, and joined in unobtrusively and quite helpfully.

Chico Hamilton Quintet: "Passin' Thru." Impulse 29, $4.98 (LP); S 29, $5.98 (SD).
This is "the new Chico Hamilton Quin-

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tet." And new it certainly is. Gone is the cello that has been the hallmark of all the Hamilton quintets to date. In its place is a trombone, played with dark and somber forcefulness by George Bohanon. Gone are the pale flirtations with chamber music and the wild, inchoate furies that occasionally seized the earlier quintets. The key figures in this group are Charles Lloyd, playing tenor saxophone and flute, and Gabor Szabo, a guitarist who came to the United States from Hungary in 1956. Bohanon serves mostly in a background role, although he shows his solo mettle in a brisk treatment of *Second Time Around*. All the other pieces are originals by Lloyd or Szabo, unusual in conception and sometimes brilliant in execution. The entire first half of this disc must be the best LP side Hamilton has ever made. It opens with a furiously rhythmic mixture of ensemble and solo work, *Passin' Thru*, moves on to *Second Time Around*, in which both Lloyd and Bohanon demonstrate their authority, then to *El Toro*, another strongly rhythmic piece with some remarkable guitar figures by Szabo and, finally, a blues-drenched *Transfusion*, which has valid "down home" qualities with none of the current clichés.

Side 2, however, reveals that the quintet has a few thorns to offer. It opens with *Lady Gabor*, a thirteen-minute stage-wait that simply wears the listener down. The final selection, *Lonesome Child*, provides a lengthy opportunity for Lloyd to build, layer upon layer, a wailing, grating tenor saxophone solo carrying overtones of Eric Dolphy. But any group capable of producing the first side of this disc should be permitted the growing pains evident on the second.

Kid Howard's Olympia Band: "The Heart and Bowels of New Orleans Jazz." Icon 8, $4.98 (LP).

Unlike some of the recent record bands made up of veteran New Orleans musicians which require the listener to overlook the stolidity of rhythm sections and the fading abilities of aging fingers and lungs, this record of Kid Howard's Olympia Band is a constant joy. This group not only exemplifies the finest aspects of New Orleans ensemble jazz but has a genuine asset in its rhythm section (Alex Bigard, drums; Eddie Dawson, bass; Creole George Guesnon, banjo). It also boasts soloists who can emerge from the ensembles with full-blooded authority (Albert Burbank, clarinet; Jim Robinson, trombone; and Howard, cornet). A crucial element in the success of these performances is Howard's clean, driving lead in the ensembles, supplemented by Burbank's gorgeously floating clarinet lines. In this company Robinson, who often dominates groups, becomes a minor figure. The selections side-step the real warhorses but hew to a familiar line nevertheless: *Climax Rag, Don't Give Up the Ship, Yellow Dog Blues, Golden Leaf Strut*, and *Careless Love*. And a version of *Ride Red Ride* actually gives shape and dimension to a piece usually little more than a clamorous flag waver.

Ahmad Jamal: "At the Blackhawk." Argo 703, $4.98 (LP).

This is the last recording made by the definitive Jamal trio before Israel Crosby's death in the summer of 1962 (Jamal, piano; Crosby, bass; Vernell Fournier, drums). It is one of Jamal's best collections. His playing is consistently direct, cleanly melodic and rhythmic with a minimum of the coy mannerisms that have sometimes weighed him down. The mixture of delicacy with a suggestion of sinewy power, achieved with the assistance of Crosby's supple bass, appears throughout, keeping the music bubbling along and spreading a pervading sense of rhythm. The tunes are mostly musical show standards that lend themselves to Jamal's jaunty treatment.

Lambert, Hendricks, and Bavan: "At Basin Street East." RCA Victor LPM 2635, $3.98 (LP); LSP 2635, $4.98 (SD).

When Annie Ross left the Lambert, Hendricks, and Ross trio last year to be replaced by Yolande Bavan, a Ceylonese actress who also sings, the group acquired a colorful and very charming new member. But vocally, as this first disc by the new trio shows, she is no match for her predecessor. The astonishing high notes Miss Ross used to punch out with such apparent ease and which were a distinguishing characteristic of the trio's work are apparently beyond Miss Bavan. She has to fake her way around them and even then her voice turns thin. None of these moderately effective voices can carry the group as Miss Ross's did. This disc is made up largely of their familiar stock-in-trade—well-known instrumental arrangements vocalized with lyrics—a procedure rather drained of interest by now, although the group does well with Melba Liston's *Melba's Blues*. A pair of perfunctory bossa novas are included.

Cinuck Mangione: "Recuerdo." Jazzland 84, $4.98 (LP); 984, $5.98 (SD).

Admirers of the tenor saxophone should find this disc of special interest, for it introduces Joe Romano, an astonishingly self-possessed and authoritative practitioner on the instrument. Although he has recorded with Woody Herman, this disc marks his first appearance on records in the revealing circumstances of a quintet. Whether he is swaggering through a driving tune or sustaining a slow ballad, Romano quite obviously knows how to achieve the effects he desires. His big-toned, muscular style stems somewhat from Coleman Hawkins, with occasional suggestions of Sonny Rollins. But he is not simply an imitative player, for he moves ahead on his own with complete confidence. Mangione, leading a group on records for the first time without his pianist brother Gap, contributes three useful tunes, but his trumpet work is erratic—bristling with crackling authority at times, but at others meandering along with little sense of direction.

Blue Mitchell: "The Cup Bearers." Riverside 439, $4.98 (LP); 9439, $5.98 (SD).

Mitchell, the trumpeter in Horace Silver's Quintet, plays in a much more lyrical fashion here than he is normally able to do with Silver. Silver's group is present on this disc (with Silver himself replaced by pianist Cedar Walton), but the approach, for the most part, steers clear of the usual hell-for-leather attack. At the same time the tremendously potent pulsation of Gene Taylor and Roy Brooks on bass and drums, respectively, gives these generally balladic pieces an invigorating lift. Mitchell's playing is polished and thoughtfully directed—the result, at least in part, of advance preparation. This disc adds to the growing evidence that Mitchell is arriving at a musical maturity which may boost him into the upper ranks of contemporary jazz trumpeters.

Lalo Schifrin: "Piano, Strings, and Bossa Nova." M-G-M 4410, $3.98 (LP); S 4410, $4.98 (SD).

Schifrin, born in Argentina, seems to have a more unaffected feeling for the Brazilian bossa nova than most North American jazz musicians. Using just rhythm and string sections with his own piano, he has managed to catch the airy singing quality that such Brazilian vocalists as Joao Gilberto impart to it and, at the same time, to give his performances body without making them heavy. He achieves a nice feat of balancing here. His piano work is clean and to the point, strong without becoming too imposing. These performances make no great point of being jazz. They are attractive, unpretentious excursions into bossa nova, colored by Schifrin's natural inclination to play to some extent in jazz terms.

Muggsy Spanier and His Huge Dixieland Band: "Columbia the Gem of the Ocean." Ava 12, $3.98 (LP); S 12, $4.98 (SD).

For two years in the early Forties, Spanier led a big Dixieland band that was an outgrowth of his short association with Bob Crosby's band. The arrangements written for Spanier by Deane Kincaide, a one-time Crosby arranger, are played here by Spanier and a fifteen-piece band of West Coast studio men. It's a delight to hear Spanier's jabbing, plunger-muted cornet solos again, and to hear the distinctive sounds of Eddie Miller's mellow New Orleans tenor saxophone and Matty Matlock's edgy clarinet. But big-band Dixieland is an extremely chancey operation. Even the old Crosby band had its difficulties, and usually the best Dixieland was produced when only the small group of Bob Cats played. In this case, the difficulties are compounded by the usual problems of a studio band playing arrangements at sight. Add to that an ensemble heaviness stemming partly from the arrangements and partly from the recording circumstances. The situation is aggravated by recording balance that muffles the ensembles. Even with these drawbacks, however, there is enough untrammeled Spanier, Miller, and Matlock on display to make this disc worth a hearing for anyone who harbors fond memories of their work with the Crosby band.

Gerald Wilson Big Band: "Moment of Truth." Pacific Jazz 61, $4.98 (LP); S 61, $5.98 (SD).

Gerald Wilson gets a lot of lusty drive from his big band, and his arrangements are full of expansive, meaty voicings. But the spark igniting some of his earlier Pacific Jazz recordings fails to spring to life here. That spark might normally be expected to come from the soloists, but in this case Carmell Jones on trumpet, Joe Pass on guitar, and Harold Land and Teddy Edwards on tenor saxophones, who carry the major solo burdens, play with lots of energy but only sporadic distinction. Land is the most consistently effective of the lot. The most interesting pieces are a pair of slow ballads, one featuring Pass on unamplified guitar over a rich background, while in the other Gerald Wilson establishes a curtain of sound for pianist Jack Wilson.

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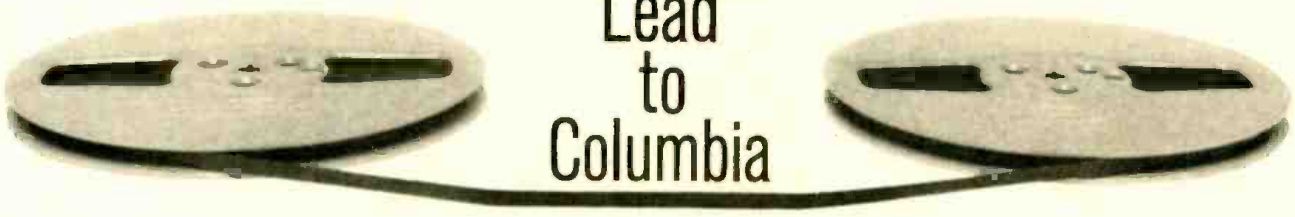

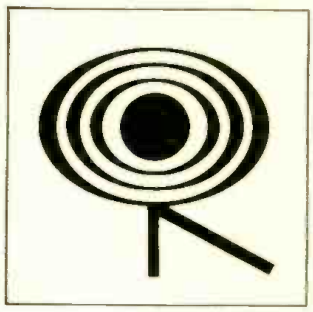

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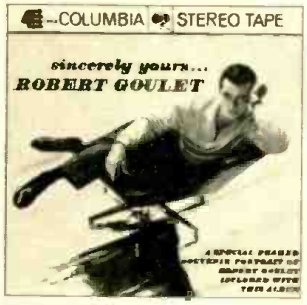

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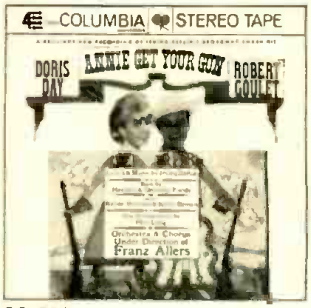

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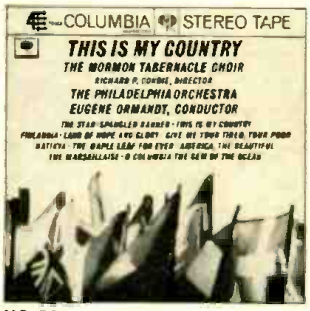

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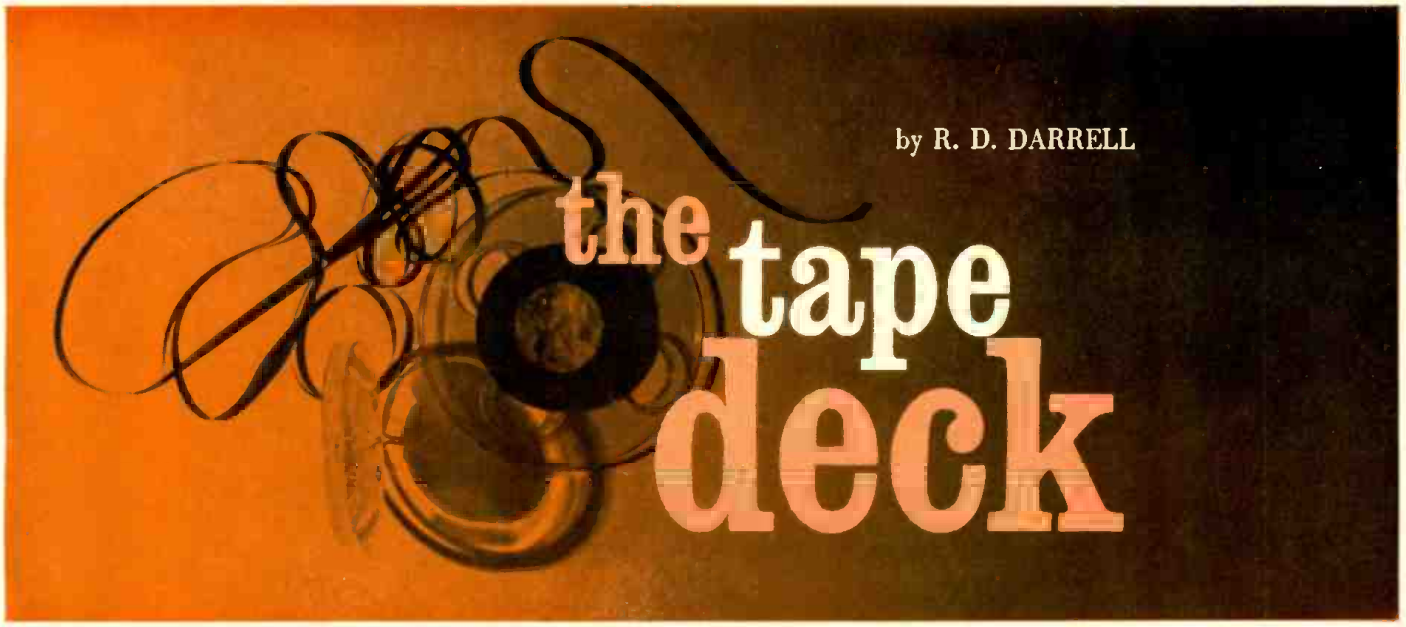

The following reviews are of 4-track 7.5-ips stereo tapes in normal reel form.

BARBER: *Second Essay for Orchestra, Op. 17; Music for a Scene from Shelley, Op. 7; A Stop Watch and an Ordnance Map, Op. 15; A Hand of Bridge, Op. 35; Serenade for Strings, Op. 1*

Various soloists; Robert de Cormier Chorus; Symphony of the Air, Vladimir Golschmann, cond.
• • VANGUARD VTC 1655. 43 min. $7.95.

This miscellany will be of marked interest only to devotees of Barber's music. The naïve Serenade is lightweight; the Shelley music ultraromantic, though not without some emotional power; the *Second Essay's* effective opening pages soon give way to the pretentious; the brittle sophistication of the chamber opera *A Hand of Bridge* (with Patricia Neway, Eunice Alberts, William Lewis, and Philip Maero) already seems old-fashioned. Only the choral work, based on a Spanish Civil War poem by Stephen Spender, boasts originality and dramatic impact. The performances are all highly competent, the recordings clean but run-of-the-mill, and the tape processing excellent.

BEETHOVEN: *Mass in D, Op. 123 ("Missa Solemnis")*

Eileen Farrell, soprano; Carol Smith, contralto; Richard Lewis, tenor; Kim Borg, bass; Westminster Choir; New York Philharmonic, Leonard Bernstein, cond.
• • COLUMBIA M2Q 509. 77 min. $11.95.

This release, Columbia's first in twin-pack format, is also the first 4-track taping of Beethoven's great Mass, previously represented in reel form only by a quite inadequate 2-track version by Goehr for Concert Hall. Bernstein may not plumb the profounder depths here, and his serener passages are perhaps less effective in their rather self-conscious devotionalism than the dramatic ones, where his familiar vigor is magnificently controlled and directed. I wish he had exerted similarly firm control on the soloists' tendency towards overemotionalism, but in other respects the performance is first-rate. Particular honors go to Miss Farrell and to the Westminster Choir, which sings even better here than on previous records. The broadspread, extremely lucid stereo recording works miracles in clarifying Beethoven's complex—indeed, often turgid—textures, and the vocal/instrumental balances are maintained in remarkably stable equilibrium. The only technical flaws are the minor ones of a somewhat dry acoustical ambience for so large-scaled a work, and a prevalence of preëchoes in the otherwise excellent tape processing.

BRUCH: *Concerto for Violin and Orchestra, No. 1, in G minor, Op. 26*
†Mozart: *Concerto for Violin and Orchestra, No. 4, in D, K. 218*

Jascha Heifetz, violin; New Symphony Orchestra of London, Sir Malcolm Sargent, cond.
• • RCA VICTOR FTC 2133. 43 min. $8.95.

Younger listeners can hardly appreciate as well as the old-timers who remember Heifetz's polished 1948 and 1952 mono versions of these concertos how much the soloist has developed interpretatively in recent years. His current Bruch is far calmer, yet also more eager at times, and richer than ever before. Sargent's accompaniment, once rather thin-toned, is notably more full-blooded here, and authentic big-hall acoustical ambience enhances the impressively broad and pure stereo recording. There have been three earlier 4-track tapings of the concerto, all quite good, but none of them remotely challenges this one—indeed I know of no other performance which endows the music with so much symphonic strength and stature. The Mozart Fourth is a tape first, as good musically and technically as the Bruch. But here the same big-hall "concert" treatment is perhaps less appropriate. Yet even for those who, like myself, prefer a smaller-scaled "chamber" approach, especially for the orchestral accompaniment, Heifetz's taut and cheerfully lilting playing is a siren-song impossible to resist. The fascinating if somewhat incongruously "modern" cadenzas are, I believe, Heifetz's own, although the jacket notes provide no information on this point. Tape processing is excellent, but there still remains a whisper of surface noise under the quietest passages.

BRUCKNER: *Symphony No. 5, in B flat* (Schalk & Löwe edition)

Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra, Hans Knappertsbusch, cond.
• • LONDON LCL 80103. 51 min. $7.95.

Since there have been only two 4-track Bruckner symphony tapings (the SMS/Tandberg reels of the Fourth and Seventh, which may no longer be generally available), there should be a warm welcome for the present Fifth. It must be a qualified one, however, for this recording dates back at least to 1957 (when it first appeared on LPs coupled with three *Götterdämmerung* excerpts), and while it doesn't show its age too badly, it can't meet current technical standards except in the high quality of the tape processing. Moreover, while Bruckner-ites hold Knappertsbusch's reading in high esteem, I must confess that I find it unbearably stodgy—which probably also accounts for the fact that the music itself seems to me much less interesting than the composer's best. In any case, this release can be recommended only to specialists; but I join with them in praying for more—and better—Bruckner tapes.

MOZART: *Symphonies: No. 35, in D, K. 385 ("Haffner"); No. 41, in C, K. 551 ("Jupiter")*

Amsterdam Concertgebouw Orchestra, Eugen Jochum, cond.
• • PHILIPS (via Bel Canto) PT 900004. 54 min. $7.95.

The first Philips tape to reach me (they, like Mercury reels, are distributed by Bel Canto) sets musical and technical standards of the highest order. The *Haffner* and *Jupiter* symphonies have been paired on tape before by Walter for Columbia and by Krips for London, but the former's robustly eloquent performances were none too satisfactorily recorded, and the latter's were sluggishly played. Joch-

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um's approach is less romantic than Walter's, but more sinewy, precise, and exhilarating. Moreover, the Concertgebouw plays superbly. Every coloristic detail is caught to perfection in smoothly spread and balanced stereo, and although there are a few slight preëchoes, the tape is processed with outstandingly quiet surfaces. I still disapprove of a tape sequence which here (as in the Columbia reel) puts the mighty *Jupiter* ahead of the small-scaled *Haffner*, and locates the sidebreak before the *Jupiter*'s last movement. But in every other respect this is just about the finest Mozart symphonic release in the entire tape catalogue.

PUCCINI: *Il Tabarro; Suor Angelica; Gianni Schicchi*

Renata Tebaldi (s), Giorgietta, Suor Angelica, and Lauretta; et al.; Chorus and Orchestra of Maggio Musicale Fiorentino, Lamberto Gardelli, cond.
• • LONDON LOL 90052/54. Three reels: 53, 51, and 52 min. $7.95 each.

Except for the robustly comic *Gianni Schicchi*, Puccini's triptych (*Il Trittico*) is seldom performed nowadays, even in part. This is the first integrated recording in any medium, and the first tape edition of all three short operas. The performances, all briskly competent, may not match some of the best earlier ones on discs (only *Gianni Schicchi* has appeared in stereo), but Tebaldi sings well in all three of her roles; Del Monaco as Luigi and Merrill as Michele are effective in the melodramatic *Tabarro*; Simionato as La Zia Principessa is magnificent in *Suor Angelica*; and Corena's Schicchi is notable for its buffo characterization, though less distinctive vocally. The vivid stereo recording (flawless except for a slightly hollow, empty-theatre acoustical ambience) gives these versions a technical superiority over all others, and compensates for the lack of the visual action and settings on which these little works depend more heavily than most operas. *Il Trittico* rewards the listener with some of Puccini's most imaginative musico-dramatic writing.

SAINT-SAENS: *Carnaval des animaux*
†**Britten:** *Young Person's Guide to the Orchestra, Op. 34*

Leonard Bernstein, narrator (in the Saint-Saëns); Henry Chapin, narrator (in the Britten); New York Philharmonic, Leonard Bernstein, cond.
• • COLUMBIA MQ 498. 48 min. $7.95.

These recordings should be just as illuminating to adult musical novices as to the youngsters for whom they are primarily intended. The *Carnival of the Animals* is particularly effective, for here Bernstein's straightforward and always pertinent narration concerns itself not with the now usual Nash verses (which, amusing as they are, tend to become tiresome with repetition), but with the original sources of the many quotations Saint-Saëns embodied in his "zoölogical fantasy." And although the leading solo roles are entrusted to hitherto unknown young players, they are all uncommonly talented. The overall performance is as fine as any available on either discs or tapes, and probably the best of all in its sonic brilliance and stereoistic effectiveness. The Britten variations on a theme by Purcell are equally well recorded but more pretentiously and often hurriedly played. I really prefer it without narration, but of all the recording narrators none has been more suitable, unmannered, and intelligible than twelve-year-old Henry Chapin.

STRAUSS, RICHARD: *Don Juan, Op. 20; Till Eulenspiegels lustige Streiche, Op. 28; Salome: Salomes Tanz*

Philharmonia Orchestra, Otto Klemperer, cond.
• • ANGEL ZS 35737. 42 min. $7.98.

The recorded sonics here bear an authentic concert-hall stamp, the tape processing is flawless, and the Klemperer interpretations curiously satisfying. I say curiously, because they certainly are not orthodox, and to many listeners they may seem (especially at first) somewhat lacking in dramatic excitement and heart-on-sleeve expressiveness. Theoretically, I too prefer more punch in *Don Juan* and the *Dance of the Seven Veils*, and more sardonic humor in *Till*—yet, somehow, Klemperer's restraint, sincerity, and eloquence hold me spellbound. Not everyone may share my pleasure here, and even I will want to turn at times to other more extroverted tape versions of these works, but in the long run I doubt that any of the others will prove so richly rewarding.

WAGNER: *Orchestral Excerpts*

Cleveland Orchestra, George Szell, cond.
• • EPIC EC 826. 40 min. $7.95.

Some disc reviewers find Szell's Wagner readings too disciplined, but for me his cool objectivity is infused with so much eloquent songfulness (and his interpretations are so magisterially planned and integrated) that I have derived immense satisfaction from the present program. I have no hesitation in ranking Szell's *Prelude and Love Death* above the more emotional Stokowski versions in the latter's *Tristan* "synthesis" (Columbia); his *Tannhäuser* Overture (Dresden version) above the Leinsdorf, Solti, or Dorati tapings; and his *Meistersinger* Act I Prelude as a worthy match for the memorable one by Walter for Columbia (Szell's is more crisply articulated though not as radiantly expansive). The Cleveland players themselves have seldom sounded better. The stereoism here is richly natural and, except for a bit of residual surface noise in the quietest passages of the *Tristan* side, the tape processing is good too. This reel joins those by Walter and by Steinberg for Command as the most highly recommended choices in the fast-growing tape repertory of Wagner concert excerpts.

LONDON OPERA HIGHLIGHTS

London has made available generous excerpts from several recent opera tapings: *Otello* with Tebaldi and Del Monaco (reviewed here August 1962); *I Pagliacci* with Del Monaco and Tucci (February 1961) and *Cavalleria rusticana* with Simionato and Del Monaco (September 1961), the *Lucia di Lammermoor* starring Sutherland (March 1962), and the *Rigoletto* with Sutherland, Cioni, and MacNeil (October 1962). These "highlights" reels are respectively LOL 90048, 90049 ("*Pag.*" and "*Cav.*"), 90051, and 90055; they run from fifty-three to fifty-eight minutes and are priced at $7.95 each.

"Adventure in Paradise," Vol. 3. Alfred Apaka, Roy Smeck, various orchestras. ABC Paramount ATC 827, 34 min., $7.95.
Listeners with a fondness for steel guitar glissandos can relish the real McCoy in Hawaiian music in the present reel. Smeck, the Islanders, and Terorotua and His Tahitians furnish the typically throbbing instrumentals; the more distinguished vocals are by the late, unrivaled Alfred Apaka; and the smoothly spread stereoism of the rich recording contributes effectively to the properly languorous atmosphere.

"Anything Goes." Eileen Rodgers, Hal Linden, et al.; Chorus and Orchestra, Ted Simons, cond. Epic FLT 825, 42 min., $7.95.
Second only to Command's *Carousel*, this Off-Broadway *Anything Goes* is the most exhilarating show revival on records. Porter fans can hardly object to its augmenting the original scores with several of the composer's best tunes from other sources, and even devotees of the original star, Ethel Merman, must admit that Miss Rodgers brings scarcely less personality and gusto to the leading role. The rest of the cast (notably Hal Linden, Barbara Lang, and Margery Gray) contribute invaluably to the rambunctious proceedings here—topped by the performances of the title song, *Heaven Hop, Blow Gabriel Blow*, the unaccompanied choral *Public Enemy No. 1*, and Mickey Deems's amusing *Be Like the Bluebird*. Big, rather heavy recording with considerable preëcho, but extremely effective use of panoramic stereo spacing.

"At the Village Gate." Herbie Mann and His Orchestra. Atlantic ALC 1919, 38 min., $7.95.
The full side of elaborations on *It Ain't Necessarily So* and the long developments of the only other selections, *Summertime* and bassist Ben Tucker's original, *Comin' Home Baby*, go on so interminably that the proceedings grow tiresome. Yet the live audience seems insatiably receptive to Mann's lyrical fluting, the bass virtuosity of Tucker and Ahmal Abdul-Malik, the floridity of Hagood Hardy's vibes playing, and the clattering drumming of Chief Bey. The fact that the disc edition has climbed high on the list of best-selling jazz albums would indicate that the stamina of many home listeners must put mine to shame. Good recording and processing, except that the latter is flawed by an exceptionally long "A"-side leader betraying spill-over from the "B"-side finale.

"Balalaika Favorites." Osipov State Russian Folk Orchestra, Vitaly Gnutov, cond. Mercury (via Bel Canto) ST 90310, 50 min., $7.95.
Don't make the mistake of dismissing this as a mere ethnic novelty: it's one of the finest recordings available on tape today, and contains music of appeal to

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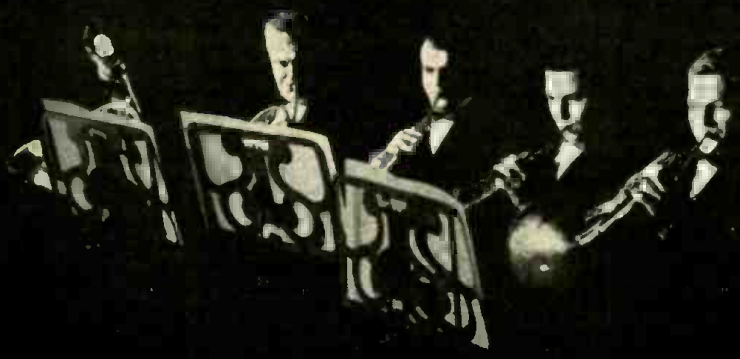

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THE TAPE DECK

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listeners of all tastes. The engineers surpass themselves in this on-location recording in the Great Hall of the Moscow Conservatory (the superb acoustical ambience of which has never been so authentically evoked by native Russian technicians). The crisp transients, wide dynamic and frequency ranges, and vivid presence are flawlessly transferred to tape. Yet listeners are likely to take the outstanding technology here almost for granted, so absorbed will they be in the invigorating performances. The large ensemble of mostly young virtuosos features various types of the plucked-string balalaikas, domras, and goosli, plus bayans (Russian accordions), ancient Vladimir shepherd horns, and other more conventional orchestral instruments. All are magnificently controlled and animated by conductor Gnutov. The music too is fascinating: notably Kulikov's sonorous *Linden Tree*, Tchaikovsky's *Dance of the Comedians*, Mossolov's poetic *Evening Bells*—all topped by one of the most electrifying and delicate performances I've ever heard of Rimsky's *Flight of the Bumble Bee*. In short, this is a "must" reel for every tape library!

"Best Band on Campus." Les Elgart and His Orchestra. Columbia CQ 483, 31 min., $7.95.

A steady beat, effective if orthodox arrangements, rich, dark sonority, and extremely full-blooded (if rather closely miked) recording combine to make this a first-rate dance program, with top honors going to an atmospheric *Foggy Day*, a bouncing *Washerwoman's Twist*, and *Button Up Your Overcoat*. Unfortunately, the tape processing is uneven: preëcho-free quiet surfaces, but an intrusion of spill-over in the first side and some left-channel buzz at the beginning of the second.

"The Big Band's Back in Town." "Doc" Severinsen, trumpet; Orchestra. Command RS 837, 40 min., $7.95.

"Great Themes from Hit Films." Enoch Light and His Orchestra. Command RS 835, 37 min., $7.95.

"Roman Guitar," Vol. 2. Tony Mottola and His Ensemble. Command RS 836, 30 min., $7.95.

All three of these programs, demonstrating Command's latest 35-mm magnetic film technology and warmly praised in their disc editions last year, sound just as good if not better (except for a few preëchoes) in the present tapings. The musical attractions stand up well too—especially Bobby Byrne's vivid big-band arrangements starring "Doc" Severinsen's trumpet, and Tony Mottola's own delectable settings of new and old Italian tunes. I found Lew Davies' scoring of film tune favorites a bit too elaborate.

"Big-Band Bossa Nova." Stan Getz, saxophone; Gary McFarland and His Orchestra. Verve VSTC 280, 34 min., $7.95.

"Contemporary Music of Mexico and Brazil." Laurindo Almeida, guitar; Carl Tjader and His Ensemble. Verve VSTC 281, 37 min., $7.95.

"Desafinado." Coleman Hawkins Sextet. Impulse ITC 303, 35 min., $7.95.

Three better than average bossa nova programs. The Hawkins Sextet comes close to matching the subtleties and elasticities of the still supreme Getz and Byrd "Jazz Samba." Getz himself plays well in his present release, but despite McFarland's imaginative arrangements for a larger supporting orchestra there is an inevitable loss of intimacy and variety. Almeida is given relatively little to do in the Tjader program, but as a composer furnishes the leader on vibes and Clare Fischer on piano with their most striking vehicle—a transcription of his *Chôro e Batuque*. The music here is generally more romantic and the Brazilian materials are varied with tunes by the Mexican composer Mario Ruíz Armengol. Recording and tape processing is most gleaming in *"Desafinado,"* and good in the other two tapes (except for a bit of spill-over at the beginning of "Big-Band Bossa Nova").

"An Evening with Cole Porter." Hollywood Bowl Pops Orchestra, Carmen Dragon, cond. Capitol ZW 1805, 39 min., $7.98.

It is good to get this program so promptly after its disc release. Porter's best tunes obviously stimulate the arranger-conductor's most distinctive scoring talents, as testified by the rich string sonorities of *In the Still of the Night* and *Easy To Love*, the zestful bounce of *Just One of Those Things*, and romantic eloquence of *So in Love* and *Night and Day*. Capitol's bright and smoothly expansive stereo recording shows off to perfection the fine orchestral playing; the tape processing is excellent except for some Side 1 preëchoes.

"The Incredible Carlos Montoya." Carlos Montoya, guitar. RCA Victor FTP 1155, 33 min., $7.95.

A companion tape to FTP 1044 (June 1961) of Montoya's superbly controlled and rhapsodic solo improvisations. Again, the miking is extremely close, but (thanks, perhaps, to the presence of a live audience at New York's Town Hall) the performances have even greater éclat and gusto. The program is primarily of interest to *aficionados* (who'll relish particularly the *Rondeña* utilizing an ancient gypsy scale), but it includes at least one work which serves uninitiated listeners as an ideal introductory thesaurus of flamenco idioms and techniques—the amusing and dazzlingly virtuosic variations on *St. Louis Blues*.

"Kreisler Classics and Other Favorites." Eric Johnson and His Orchestra. Westminster WTC 159, 40 min., $7.95.

A cleanly recorded, well-processed tape of five Kreisler light classics (Provost *Intermezzo*, Drdla *Souvenir*, Rubinstein *Melody in F*, the first movement of Beethoven's *Moonlight* Sonata, Debussy's *Clair de lune*, and Ravel's *Pavane*) which are deranged almost beyond recognition, presumably by Mr. Johnson—an orchestrator intoxicated with "effects" and a conductor who leaves no possibility of *schmaltz* unexplored. Music seldom evokes any visual images for me, but throughout this reel I could clearly picture a chef running amuck with a confectioner's cream squirt-gun as he decorated his indigestible birthday cakes.

"The Many Moods of Harry Belafonte." RCA Victor FTP 1154, 41 min., $7.95.

A bit rough-voiced despite his recent layoff from concertizing, and less extroverted than in his recordings before a live audience, Belafonte impresses me here less as a showman and far more

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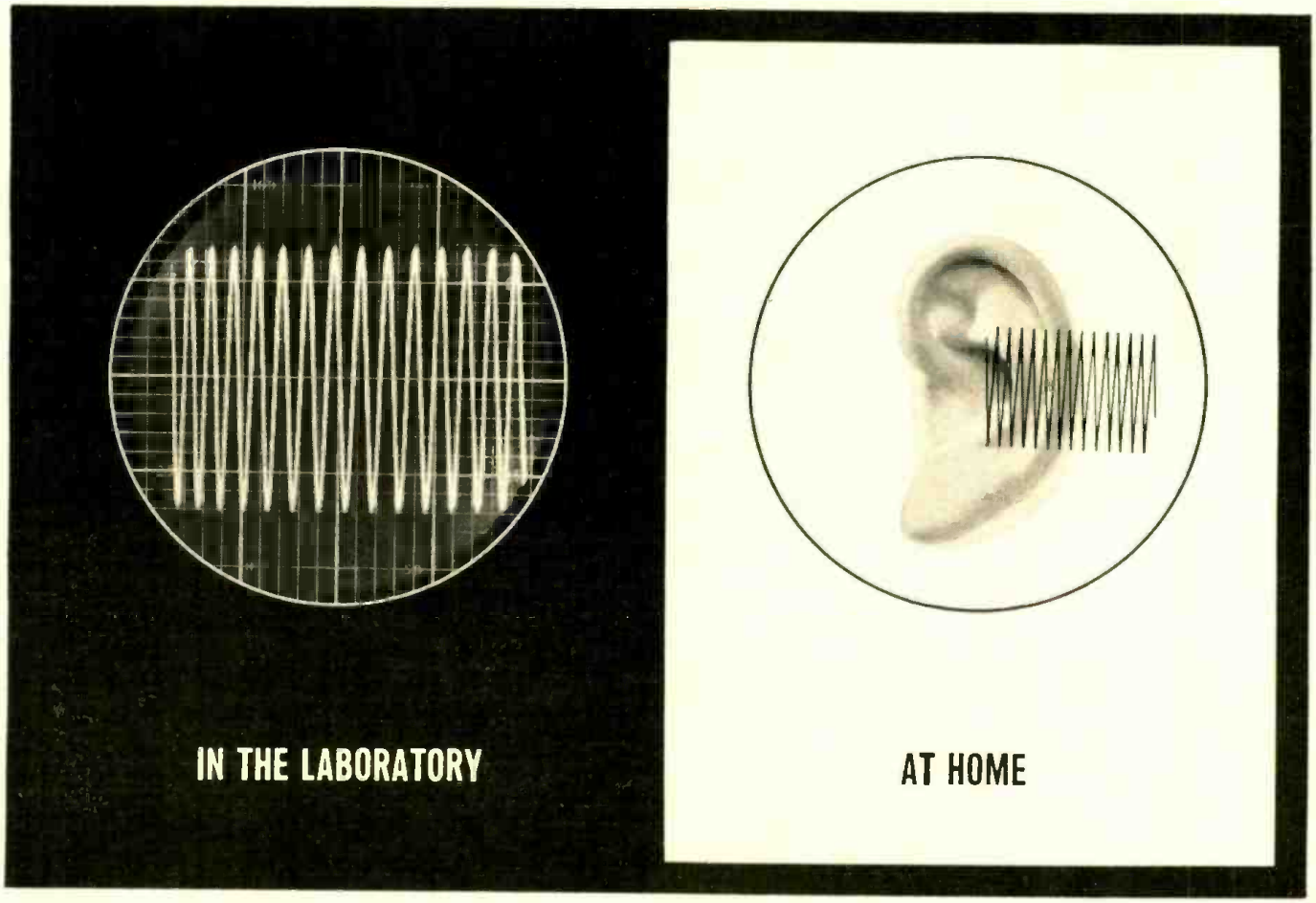

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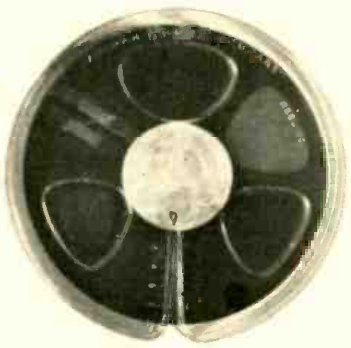

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THE TAPE DECK

Continued from page 96

as a remarkably versatile and engaging song interpreter. He is wondrously jaunty in the fine tune *I'm on My Way to Saturday*; lyrical in *Long About Now* and *Lyla, Lyla*; amusing in an African duo with Miriam Makeba, *Bamotsweri*; and dramatic in the mining ballad *Dark as a Dungeon*, which is made all the more effective for its fortuitous inclusion of thunder and rain raging outside the recording studio. The accompanying ensemble is just right, with some notable solo contributions by trumpeter Hugh Masekela and guitarist Ernie Calabria. The sound struck me as rather overblown at first (with soloist echo-chambering), but it soon began to seem quite suitable. There are a couple of spill-over intrusions on otherwise quiet tape surfaces.

"Mr. Piano." Roger Williams, piano; Orchestra, Frank Hunter and Ralph Carmichael, conds. Kapp KTL 41048, 36 min., $7.95.

A typical Williams program, but distinctive as always for the pure, expansive recording of brightly authentic piano and orchestral tones, and for the attractive treatments of such varied materials as a powerful Brahms *Hungarian Dance No. 5*, lilting *Sweetest Sounds*, and a warm *Stranger on the Shore*.

"Mutiny on the Bounty." Original Sound Track Recording. M-G-M STC 4200, 35 min., $7.95.

Apart from the hornpipe lilt of the Portsmouth Harbor episode, Bronislau Kaper's score for Captain Bligh's misadventures is a typically eclectic Hollywood mish-mash, including echoes even of Stravinsky's *Sacre*. The M-G-M studio orchestra is spelled at moments by native Tahitian drummers and singers. And if the latter sound suspiciously professional in their unaccompanied *Love Song* (and understandably self-conscious when the girls alone essay the inane English text), at least these on-location embellishments are effectively stereogenic and atmospheric. Full-blooded recording; immaculate tape processing.

"My Son, the Folk Singer." Allan Sherman, Christine Nelson; Orchestra and Chorus, Lou Busch, cond. Warner Brothers WSTC 1475, 38 min., $7.95.

Tape's a bit slow in getting around to this sensational best seller, but here it is at last in an immaculately processed reel which I suspect is much better in technical qualities than many of its necessarily rushed disc pressings. The skits—especially the superb *Sarah Jackman*—*are* very funny, too, but I could enjoy them much more if there were far less studio-audience laughter and applause.

"New Frontier." The Kingston Trio. Capitol ZT 1809, 37 min., $6.98.

The more Kingston Trio reels I hear (and this must be about the fifth), the harder it is for me to sympathize with the folk connoisseurs who depreciate the Kingstonians' commercial success. The present program is one of the boys' best-varied and most characteristic, especially in the vibrant *Greenback Dollar*, the country-styled *Honey Are You Mad at Your Man*, and a hushed *The First Time*. This is first-rate light musical entertainment, consistently well sung, recorded, and processed.

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transparency. He may be dull but is seldom fussy. He avoids changing tempos midstream and may be genuinely surprised, to find that he has chosen different ones at different performances as Toscanini was.

With Bernstein, anything from a *dolce* to a *fortissimo* may bring on a corresponding change of tempo to heighten the new character of a passage. The surface of a Bernstein performance glitters with color. If the composer indicates *staccato, legato, marcato, accelerando, diminuendo,* or *subito* this or that, Bernstein may tack on his own *molto* to make sure that no one misses it. One remembers a breath-taking performance of the *Magic Flute* Overture in which the sudden accents and brief *fortes* which pepper the score shot out of the orchestra like firecrackers. Or a *La Mer* in which every small crescendo welled up like waves of the sea they depicted. Or, on the other hand, a Brahms Fourth in which a separate pace accompanied every change of mood. Bernstein underscores each momentary musical event so that even the least perceptive of his audience may become conscious of it. This urge to clarify by amplification is again the pedagogical drive which runs like a theme through his various activities.

It stretches from his many summers of teaching at the Berkshire Music Center (where, among his students, were Lorin Maazel and Arthur Winograd), his professorship at Brandeis, his old Music Appreciation Recordings, his television lectures, his articles and books, to his unique Philharmonic policies. He terminated Franco Autori's long tenure as Associate Conductor so that he could accept three young journeymen conductors each year. In fact, he originally intended to have an entire class of Assistants study each week's scores and be prepared to step in at a moment's notice to conduct. Since 1957, the year he shared the podium with Mitropoulos, Bernstein has been in charge of the Young People's Concerts, a job generally relegated to secondary conductors since Toscanini's departure. By turning the orchestra's Thursday night concerts into "previews" he was able to give instruction to adult audiences as well. (Although these first performances of the week are no longer so labeled, he still reserves the right to speak.) The series into which he organized his Philharmonic seasons more than hinted at university courses: "The Gallic Approach," "Schumann and the Romantic Movement," "Keys to the 20th Century," etc. (Although the series no longer sport titles, programs are still bound together by a common motif.) Bernstein is a teacher with the whole world as his classroom.

But the whole world does not want to go to school. It was Mahler who came to the Philharmonic podium with the "aim to educate the public" and who was constantly censured during his two years in New York. Bernstein has been more successful. But his pedagogical policies on the concert stage, as informed and enlightening as they were, have been attacked from New York to Leningrad, where critic Aleksandr Metvedev sharply rebuked him for "presuming" to instruct Russian audiences. On a more musical level, his magnified interpretations and illustrative gestures, while acting as an audio-visual guide to the music for those who need it, seem to antagonize some of the more self-sufficient musical public. They not only feel distracted from the music by his gestures but resent his musical exaggerations of what is already obvious to them; they see him as "playing to the gallery"—which he is—and his performances as "superficial"— whatever that means. They are ready to accept his guidance through complex contemporary music in which they are not yet fluent, and they may admit to enjoying his performances of such colorful scores as those of Ravel or Strauss. But elsewhere, he doesn't go "deep" enough to satisfy their taste.

The impression of Bernstein's lack of depth as a performer is so widespread that one wonders at its source. Perhaps it stems from his attempt, through both technique and interpretation, to bring as many musical effects to the surface as he can, where all may see and hear them without too much effort. Or it may be another example of the popularly successful artist spawning a school of I-happen-to-know-he's-not-all-he's-cracked-up-to-be fish. Obviously there is no lack of depth in Bernstein's feeling for music.

There is also no superficiality apparent in his musicianship. His knowledge and retention of a score come not from a supposed trick photographic memory but from intensive study. This study includes a conscious consideration of why the composer must have placed each note as he did, and what he must have rejected to arrive at what he finally did write. Such an in-depth analysis makes one aware of those moments of a composer's genius where a more pedestrian note-writer might have composed something routine. It almost gives one the feeling of having written the work oneself. It also happens to be most penetrating in the music of such miracle makers as Bach, Mozart, and Beethoven, the very composers with whom Bernstein is popularly thought to be at his weakest. We may not go to him to hear those "definitive" performances which a posterity-minded public seems to value above all others, but we can always be sure of a musically moving and generally illuminating one.

For in Bernstein we are faced with a solidly trained, highly perceptive, and thoroughly dedicated musician whose great passion to impart the distillation of his knowledge and insights is matched only by his talent for communicating it both verbally and musically. If he sometimes breaches the prefabricated walls of taste to make a point, it is because he is more concerned with musical ideas than he is with etiquette. In fact, he is often one of the fortunate few at his concerts who seem sincerely more interested in the music than in Bernstein.

THE CASE OF THE TILTED STYLUS

Continued from page 37

now? The problem, to begin with, did not exist for laterally cut and reproduced monophonic discs. As for stereo, it is only recently that great improvements in stereo reproduction (in amplifiers and speakers as well as pickups) have reduced the grosser distortions that previously covered up those now attributed to vertical-tracking angle mismatches.

2) *Why wasn't a standard angle adopted from the first?* There were (and still are) many different notions about which angle is most suitable. A paper by C. C. Davis and J. C. Frayne on "The Westrex StereoDisk System" (1958) included an emphatic warning on the subject, and Westrex tried to set a pattern by designing a pickup (not manufactured for public sale) which conformed to the 23-degree angle of its cutter. Before this, English Decca/London had done a great deal of work on a lateral/vertical system utilizing a zero-degree playback angle, which proved easily adaptable in other respects to the Westrex 45/45 system that won general acceptance. Then the first rush of Westrex-cut stereo discs onto the market resulted in both record and pickup manufacturers going into production before they could profit by the year or two of laboratory experimentation they had counted on. Since that time, most American record makers have settled on a 23- to 25-degree cutter angle (abroad zero to ten degrees is usually used), but pickup manufacturers have gone their own many ways in deciding what design details (including angle characteristics) best meet their individual over-all performance standards.

3) *Is a pickup's vertical-tracking angle a safe index to its over-all quality?* Definitely not. Theoretically, it is true that a fairly close match between pickup and cutter angles minimizes vertical-tracking error distortion. Nevertheless, there are many other pickup characteristics (bearing weight, compliance, stylus-tip mass, frequency-spectrum range, channel separation, smoothness, etc.) equally, if not more, important in determining its over-all performance. Until—and even if—standardization is achieved, the choice of a particular pickup model should be made on the basis of its over-all response characteristics.

4) *Then what, if anything, can the individual do about the problem?* Not much, I'm afraid, except to await further developments and fuller disclosures of current design practices. Meanwhile, one can listen more closely for possible rises in distortion when playing stereo discs cut at a substantially different angle from that used in one's present pickup; and, if experimentally minded, compare the results obtained with other pickup models —preferably two of different angle characteristics (one relatively high, the other relatively low) to match more closely the extreme ranges of cutter-angle characteristics. With some versatile types of pickup arms it is possible to vary the mounting adjustments (and consequently the effective vertical-tracking stylus angle) considerably; in others little change can be made without running into other troubles. The novice will be well advised not to depart from his arm-manufacturer's instructions.

Whichever view one may favor, the present angle variances would seem to present problems only to owners of the highest-quality playback systems. With equipment of lower fidelity, whatever vertical-tracking error distortion there may be probably will be covered up by distortion from other sources.

As industry interest in this question grows, we may expect—if not standardization—further discussion, more research and test results, and doubtless new developments in the technique of cutting records. One such is the recently announced "Dynagroove" process of RCA Victor, details of which are given in a supplementary report accompanying this article (page 37). Another significant development is the series of unusual professional test records produced by the CBS Laboratories under the direction of Benjamin B. Bauer, which already is proving invaluable in providing more rigorous checks of pickup response—and better identifications of still existing weaknesses—than ever were available before. [These test records have been in use for HIGH FIDELITY's equipment reports for some time now.]

All three of the CBS Labs test records are designed primarily for use with automatic curve-tracing devices and oscilloscopes, and only the first of them (STR 100) can be profitably utilized by audiophiles lacking elaborate auxiliary equipment. The others—STR 111, "Square Wave, Tracking and Intermodulation Tests," and STR 120, "Wide-Range Pickup Test"—are useful professional engineering tools. STR 120, for instance, runs from 10 cps to 50,000 cps. The best of today's pickups can actually trace such frequencies without degrading them. The pickups' actual response falls off below 50,000 cps, but the extent and quality of their response, to some point above 20,000 cps, has been found to provide significant information about their response below 20,000 cps.

Significantly perhaps, the Westrex cutter producing the masters of STR 111 and STR 120 was specially modified to meet the proposed standard 15-degree vertical-tracking angle characteristic. And Dr. Bauer (himself a strong proponent of that standard's general adoption) reports that in reproducing his test records, using a high-quality 15-degree-angle pickup, both vertical and lateral IM distortion levels can be reduced to around 1% each.

In the largest sense, the whole issue of vertical-tracking angles suggests that progress in sound recording and reproduction is an exasperating pursuit of the never quite attainable. Resolving this problem may very well remove yet another obstacle on the highroad to sonic perfection.

Continued from page 41

the way along, though I've sampled most of the remaining lessons. This is partly, I am sure, simply because Russian is for me a much more difficult language than any I had previously studied; though I am by now quite used to working with the Cyrillic lettering, I find that my association of letter and sound combinations is not yet firm enough to permit a three- or four-day vacation from the course—this kind of absence necessitates my returning to Lesson Three ur Four, and reviewing the material from that point forward.

However, the mysteries of the alphabet are largely dispelled; I have some vocabulary well in hand for speaking purposes (though I could by no means write it correctly); and I have mastered some essential verb forms—conjugational patterns are beginning to make sense. And I am delighted to find that the course does not condescend. The instructor speaks along at a good clip, as do the conversationalists during their final runs, and if I am left behind, I am challenged to play the lesson over and master it. I am already beginning to get a sense of how complete sentences rise and fall.

I found some small difficulties in working with the course. It is not always possible to tell just when the speaker is going to pause for the student's repetition of phrases, so that I sometimes find myself speaking against the instructor, and sometimes failing to repeat the words during the time allowed. However, each lesson must be played a number of times, and one soon learns where the pauses fall. This is also the only set on which I have detected small errors: the labels for Lessons Three and Four are reversed, and a vocabulary word spoken in Lesson Three is omitted from the printed list. These are insignificant objections, though—I am sure I will complete the course and find myself with a command of the language sufficient for getting from place to place, for singing some Tchaikovsky in the original, for understanding Chaliapin for the first time. Of course, if I wish to read Dostoevsky, I will have to go and sign up for a good college course.

I should say of these sets in general that their real uses are not as replacement for class study but as supplement to it, especially for pronunciation practice (for which purpose any of them is most suitable, though the "Passport" series is the best because of its more natural speed and inflection). They are all usable, too, as introductions for travel purposes. All of them, except the Berlitz series, constitute good materials for review or reference; in this respect, I should place the McGraw-Hill "Speakits" at the top, with the "Passport" sets a close second. I ought to add that the "Instant" series includes an "Instant French for Children." The spoken presentation is pleasant, and a charmingly illustrated lesson booklet is included, though the child must still fiddle with a workbook-manual and an answer-cover card so that his learning may be "reinforced." The set would certainly constitute an excellent introduction to the language for young children. The sets all have one drawback of any concentrated, efficient learning procedure: as with those Army courses, one learns very quickly, and forgets very quickly. It is a waste of time to bother with these courses unless one plans to continue to use the language in some fashion, starting immediately.

MY OWN most satisfying experience with language learning (if I may close with another autobiographical snatch) was a first-year Italian course given at Columbia University. It was taught by an old man—officially retired, I believe—who, white-haired and goateed, resembled Sir Thomas Beecham. He was a one-time journalist and critic. The course was very disorganized; several students dropped out early on ("We're not using the text, dammit!"), and the rest of us remained chiefly because we felt an irrational affection and loyalty towards our instructor. I don't remember ever studying anything in that course; the old man talked in a rambling but feeling way about whatever came into his head, and the rest of us argued or joked as best we could in Italian. At the end of each class, our instructor would suddenly realize that the lesson in the text hadn't been touched—"Ahi, my God, the Book!" he would exclaim, with a weak wave of the hand. Pause. "Ah, there. Next time, maybe, eh?"

It truly seemed as if we learned nothing. But we found ourselves doing reading on the side (generally because of a passionate disquisition on some poet or another by the old man), browsing through the considerable resources of the Casa Italiana, and somehow taking in a great deal of Italian. (When I joined the Army, I caused considerable uproar by admitting, gleefully, to having attended a number of meetings of the Dante Alighieri Society. It had somehow found its way onto the Attorney General's list of proscribed fronts during World War II, and no one had ever got around to removing it. I recall drinking espresso and listening to readings from that insidious Fascist tract, *La vita nuova*.) At the end of the year, we found, to our amazement, that we were expressing ourselves as none of us had ever managed to do in a foreign language, reading on quite an advanced level, and writing respectable compositions. In some fashion, we had made our way through the text, and even absorbed the grammar. When I came to second-year Italian, I had to backtrack for most of the first semester.

I don't quite know why the course was such a success. It had very little to do with tables or lists of any kind. Or with "Reinforced Learning," for that matter.

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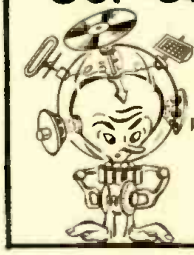

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Continued from page 27

stereo breadth and depth—were astonishingly small, less in fact than the differences encountered between live performances of the orchestra in the three different halls. This was a rather arduous way of demonstrating that an orchestra well recorded in stereo still sounds like itself playing "live" under ideal acoustic conditions, but demonstrate it to our satisfaction it did.

Whether such a recording can be better than a live performance under *any* acoustic conditions remains perhaps a question that can be answered only personally. Which returns us, finally, to the subject of Philharmonic Hall. A good deal has been said of the hall and we have no interest in belaboring it except to offer one thought. Most of the comment on this hall has centered about its spotty bass response. It is possible, however, that the hall's bass response is a symptom rather than a cause. Our own belief is that the hall lacks enough treble propagation or dispersion. The overtone structure set up by an orchestra simply does not get out to large sections of the audience. Yet it is this very harmonic structure that defines all instruments, including the bass choirs. Cut the tweeter out of a two-way speaker system and you not only lose the highs, but some of the bite of the lows which then take on a muffled or dulled quality. In a sense, this is what happens in Philharmonic Hall.

Equally germane to our treble-poor theory is the lack of vibrancy, of roundedness, of living space or "sonic air" in the orchestral sounds in the hall. There is too much "cream" over the sound, much of it thickly whipped. In any case, it is our understanding that the designers of Philharmonic Hall are aware of its shortcomings and plan to correct them. Whether this will include such drastic measures as the laying of a new floor on the stage, as suggested by Vanguard's Seymour Solomon, cannot yet be learned. It may well be, however, that a new floor is just what is needed to waft living sound to the rafters.

Miniature Antenna. The smallest FM antenna we have yet encountered is the Gallo, measuring 6 by 3 by 1 inches and housing within its plastic box a transistor booster-amplifier with a signal-sensing coil. To use the Gallo, you plug its line cord into an AC outlet and connect its signal cable to the antenna terminals on an FM receiver.

In our use-tests, the Gallo was no match for an outdoor roof-mounted antenna, but it did provide signals that were generally a little stronger than those obtained from the "folded dipole" that is supplied with most FM tuners or that can be fashioned from about fifty cents' worth of twin-lead. Vis-à-vis such an antenna, the Gallo obviously takes less space and does permit itself to be positioned for best reception. At that, we found that finding the best location for the box could become a chore when tuning across the dial, or downright impossible if that location happens to be in mid-air. After a while we simply rested the box on a shelf a few feet from the tuner and let the microvolts take care of themselves. In any case, the Gallo would seem to appeal most strongly to apartment dwellers in medium-to-strong signal areas, where a superior outdoor antenna is not needed or is not feasible. In such a situation, the Gallo does offer a measure of convenience and performance over the less wieldy folded dipole, albeit at a higher cost.

Onward and Upward. Discussing the future of high fidelity components, as manufacturers are wont to do from time to time, Herb Horowitz, president of Empire Scientific, pointed out recently that while a good portion of the promotion and publicity for stereo has emanated from the major console manufacturers, its net effect on the public has been to stimulate sales of components rather than of package sets. "The more they publicize stereo," says Horowitz, "the more audio-oriented the public will become—and the more components they will buy." Horowitz backs up his optimism with reports of high component sales, the opening of new component shops, and the fact that major department stores have added component departments to their merchandising operations. All in all, Horowitz feels that "1963 may well prove to be the biggest boom year in our industry's history."

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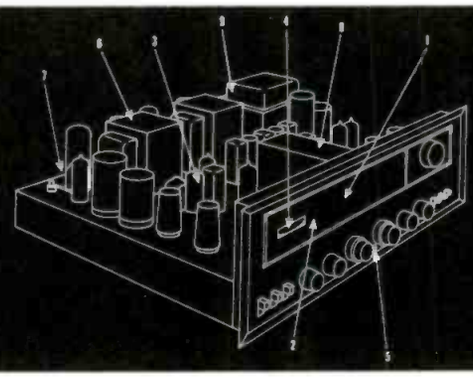

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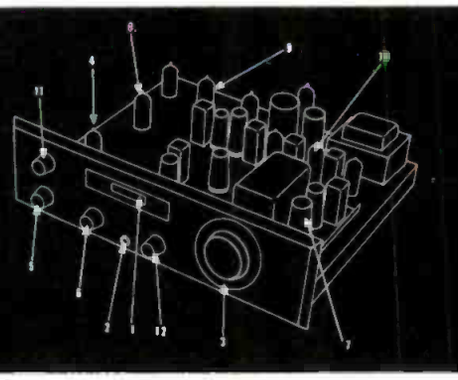

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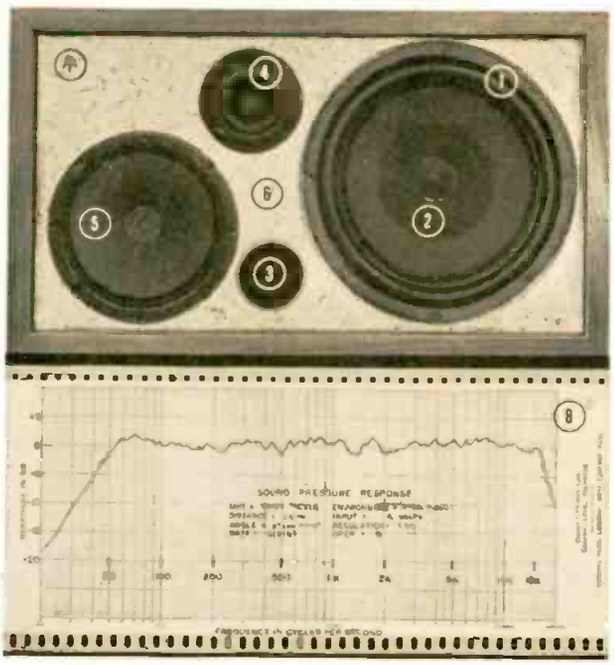

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2. **Long-throw, 4-layer voice coil on woofer** boosts efficiency. One-inch linear cone motion minimizes distortion.
3. **Bass-port low-frequency reinforcement** increases power capability.
4. **Shallow-ring radiator tweeter** reproduces super-high frequencies with remarkable smoothness. Minimum annulus reflection and cavitation peaks.
5. **Midrange specially fabricated,** treated, and shaped to achieve smooth response throughout midrange frequencies.
6. **600-cps crossover network** is key to lack of "fuzziness" (low intermodulation distortion).
7. **One-inch resin-filled flakeboard baffle,** plus cross-bracing, provides rigid, non-resonant mounting for speakers.
8. **Individually tested speakers** are performance-matched. Response curves (see above) run on each system guarantee adherence to Sherwood's quality standards for use as stereo pairs.

READ WHAT THE EXPERTS SAY about Sherwood's Ravinia Speaker System, (the slightly larger version of the Berkshire). C. G. *McProud, Editor,* AUDIO, April, 1962—". . . solid, non-boomy bass, smooth midrange with good presence and clean highs." *Hirsch Houck Labs.,* ELECTRONICS WORLD, June, 1962—". . . response ± 5 db. from 27 cps to beyond 15,000 cps . . . sounds as good as it measures . . . unlike most, the woofer did not 'let go' or lose coupling to the room at any frequency down to 20 cps . . . high frequency sound almost indistinguishable from that of good electrostatic . . . good dispersion . . . no peaks." *Equipment Reviewers,* HIGH FIDELITY MAGAZINE, January, 1963—". . . the Ravinia confirmed its claim to response and then some. Bass was free of boom . . . midrange and highs were honest and clean . . . did not impart any particular coloration or tonal emphasis to any group of instruments or voice. Apparent sound source larger than cabinet size, yet system could be enjoyed fairly close up."

BERKSHIRE 3-WAY SPEAKER SYSTEM—**Response:** 53 cps to 17,500 cps ± 2½ db. **Power:** handles 50-watts program, 10-watts minimum drive. **Speakers:** 10-In., 8-in., and 3-In. **Cabinet:** Sides, top and bottom ¾-in. solid core walnut veneered plywood. All joints sealed against air pressure leakage. **Size:** 24 x 13 x 9½-in. deep. **Price:** $99.50, in genuine hand-rubbed walnut veneer. RAVINIA 3-WAY SPEAKER SYSTEM—Similar to Berkshire with following exceptions: **Response:** 48 cps to 17,500 cps ± 2½ db. **Power:** handles 60-watts program, 10-watts minimum drive. **Speakers:** 12-in., 8-in., and 3-in. **Cabinet:** Sides, top, and bottom, full 1-In. thick solid core walnut veneered plywood. **Size:** 26¼ x 15 x 13¼-in. deep. **Price:** $139.50, in genuine hand-rubbed walnut. OPTIONAL ACCESSORIES—Consolette legs (shown), $19.95. Pedestal bases, $9.95.

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