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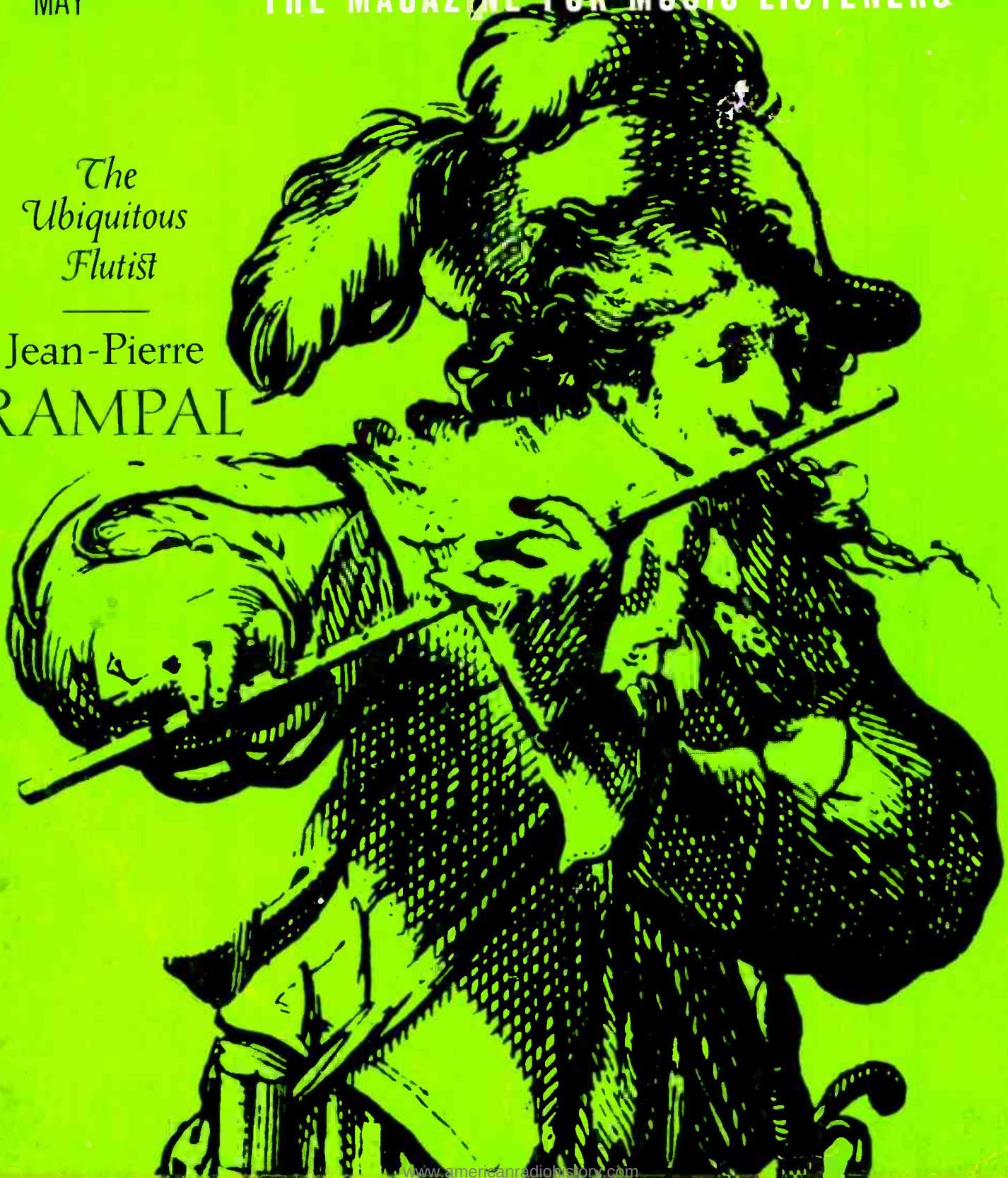
MAY

THE MAGAZINE FOR MUSIC LISTENERS

The Ubiquitous Flutist

Jean-Pierre
RAMPAL



If you can't part with your 1937 Fisher hi-fi system, this may change your tune.

The Fisher 500-C all-in-one stereo receiver, $389.50

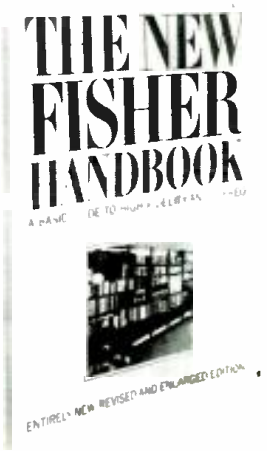
Even Mr. Fisher himself (right) finally parted with his 1937 Fisher in 1960. Here he presents it to the Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution for their permanent collection.

In 1937 the big news in music was made by Arturo Toscanini, Kirsten Flagstad, Koussevitsky and the Boston, Wanda Landowska, and Fisher. When Fisher introduced America's first high-fidelity system that year, it immediately became the connoisseur's way to enjoy the music of the world's greatest artists in the home. Even today, despite the many technological breakthroughs over the years, the original Fisher offers a standard of monophonic performance that many other manufacturers have yet to duplicate.

But, with the advent of stereophonic sound, the remaining barriers between home and concert hall began to crumble. And again music lovers turned to Fisher for leadership.

One result is the new Fisher 500-C stereo receiver, a remarkable synthesis of modern engineering concepts, space-saving ingenuity and simplified operation. Here, on *one* magnificent chassis, are *three* top-rated stereo components. An FM-multiplex stereo tuner, a stereo control-preamplifier and a 75-watt stereo power amplifier—in only 17½ inches of shelf space! *All* the electronics you need for one of the world's most advanced stereo systems. Yet so functionally designed, even a child can operate it. In 1965, the Fisher 500-C is the logical instrument for serious music listeners. That's why, at $389.50, it is the single best-selling high-fidelity component in the world today, bar none.

If you wish to pay $60 more, you can have the Fisher 800-C, which is identical to the 500-C, with the addition of a superlative AM tuner. Or, for $90 less, there is the Fisher 400, a stereo receiver with 65 watts of power. And, if you're willing to pay a premium for the last word in space-age electronics, consider the transistorized Fisher 600-T with 110 watts output, at $499.50. (Cabinets for all models, $24.95.)



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The Fisher

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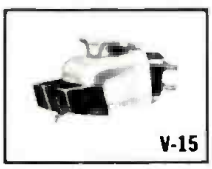
Nearly all musical people prefer *natural* sound. And natural sound begins with Pickering. Right where the stylus meets the groove.

Any of the new Pickering V-15 stereo cartridges will reproduce the groove, the whole groove and nothing but the groove. That's why a Pickering can't *help* sounding natural if the record and the rest of the reproducing equipment are of equally high quality.

To assure compatability with your stereo equipment, there are four different Pickering V-15 pickups, each designed for a specific application. The V-15AC-1 is for conventional record changers, where high output and heavier tracking forces are required. The V-15AT-1 is for lighter tracking in the newer automatic turntables. The even more compliant V-15AM-1 is ideal for professional-type manual turntables. And the V-15AME-1 with elliptical stylus is the choice of the technical sophisticate who demands the last word in tracking ability.

No other pickup design is quite like the Pickering V-15. The cartridge weighs next to nothing (5 grams) in order to take full advantage of low-mass tone arm systems. Pickering's exclusive Floating Stylus and patented replaceable V-Guard stylus assembly protect both the record and the diamond.

But the real payoff is in the sound. At least for those who can *hear* the difference.



Pickering
Plainview, L. I., N.Y.

For those who can hear the difference.

CIRCLE 50 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

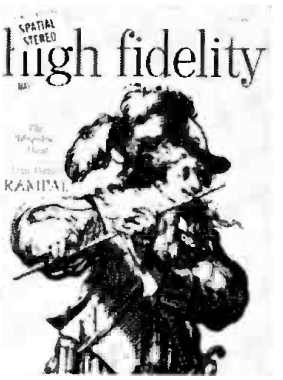
Page 41

Page 34

Page 44

high fidelity

MAY 1965 • VOLUME 15 NUMBER 5



Cover Design: by Roy Lindstrom

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Clean, pure, *spacious* sound . . . a sound never before achieved in stereo . . . is the reason for the great popularity of the three Stratophonic FM stereo receivers introduced last Fall. Freed at last from the heat and distortion of tubes and output transformers, the majestic Stratophonics offer *Sound Unbound* in your choice of IHFM music powers from 36 to 75 watts, at prices from $279* to $469*. And now, with the addition of the three new components shown at right, the Stratophonic line includes six 100% solid-state instruments for every listening wish.

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Model SR-400 36-Watt All-Transistor AM/FM Stereo Receiver. For those who want the added convenience of a superb AM tuner in their hi-fi system in addition to FM stereo. Solid-state and trim, the new SR-400 gives you a D'Arsonval tuning meter, automatic stereo indicator light, front-panel controls for hi and lo cut, contour, off/on/volume, speaker balance, treble and bass, program selection; tape-recorder output; two convenience outlets. **$309*.**

Model SA-2000 All-Transistor Integrated Stereo Amplifier. 36 watts IHFM music power (18 watts per channel). Response flat (±1 db at 1 watt, normal listening level) from 8 to 25,000 cps. Direct speaker coupling without output transformers results in speaker damping factor of 25:1. Complete controls and stereo headphone jack. **$159*** *(exclusive of excise tax).*

Model ST-2000 All-Transistor AM/FM Stereo Tuner. No tubes (not even nuvistor tubes) to cause heat, drift, or distortion. This fine tuner handles strong input signals without overload or crosstalk. Multiplex separation 25 db. Usable FM sensitivity 2.9 μv IHFM. AM sensitivity 50 μv/meter. **$199*.**

*Prices slightly higher in the West. Walnut enclosures optional.

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FACT: The first Heathkit design consideration is performance. Our special staff of *audio* engineers use the latest, most sophisticated techniques in the "state of the art". And much effort is devoted to developing new design. For example, Heath introduced the first successful all-transistor stereo components. Only after rigid performance tests are passed, does kit assembly enter the picture. But don't take our word for it. Compare the specifications . . . read the Heathkit component reviews by respected hi-fi authors and editors . . . or ask any Heathkit owner!

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FACT: Heath's reputation for top quality has always been respected by kit builders and non-kitbuliders alike. In fact, we're noted for our conservative ratings. Actually our engineers "over-specify" parts to insure that extra margin for best performance and long, dependable life. As you build your kit, you'll recognize famous names like GE, Sylvania, RCA, Weston, Tung-Sol, etc., on the parts you use.

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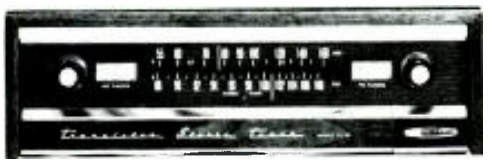
CIRCLE 34 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

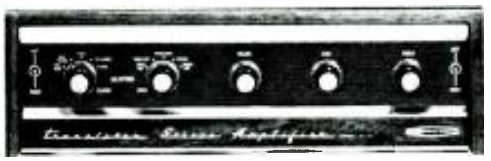
All-Transistor Stereo Receiver

AM/FM/FM Stereo Receiver, AR-13A . . . $195.00 Just add 2 speakers for a complete stereo system! 46-transistor, 17-diode circuit for cool, instant operation, & natural "transistor sound." 40 watts continuous, 66 watts IHF music power at ±1 db from 15 to 30,000 cps. Rich walnut cabinet. **Radio-TV Experimenter, Feb.-March Issue:** *"Comparing the AR-13A on a feature versus dollar basis, one cannot help but admit that the receiver is a rock-bottom dollar buy, about the best you can hope for in the solid-state market place."* See entire article.

Deluxe All-Transistor Stereo "Separates"



AM/FM/FM Stereo Tuner, AJ-43C . . . $129.95 Features 25-transistor, 9-diode circuitry, automatic switching to stereo with stereo indicator light, AFC, stereo phase control, filtered outputs for direct, beat-free recording, and handsome walnut cabinet. **Julian Hirsch, Hi-Fi/Stereo Review:** *"The AJ-43 is an excellent tuner, and holds its own with any other tuner of comparative ratings. I particularly appreciated being able to stack the AJ-43 on top of the AA-21 amplifier, and run them for hours without either one becoming perceptibly warm."*



Matching 70-Watt Stereo Amplifier, AA-21C . . . $149.95 Enjoy 100 watts IHF music power at ±1 db from 13 to 25,000 cps. 26-transistor, 10-diode circuit, modern walnut cabinet styling. **Electronics Illustrated magazine:** *"The sound from the AA-21 is quite startling. Compared to tube amplifiers, the most noticeable difference is the clarity and crispness of reproduction of transients. In terms of measured specs the AA-21 performs as well, and in most cases better, than claimed by Heath."*

Low Cost All-Transistor Stereo "Separates"

AM/FM/FM Stereo Tuner, AJ-33A . . . $99.95 Boasts 23-transistor, 8-diode circuit, built-in stereo demodulator, AFC, stereo indicator, filtered stereo outputs for beat-free recording, walnut cabinet. **Radio Electronics magazine:** *" . . . will get any station that can possibly be pulled in."* **AJ-33A owner, James E. Skibo, Bethlehem, Pa.:** *". . . with no external antenna on either AM or FM, I find that I can receive AM for a five-hundred mile radius and FM for a hundred mile radius! Stereo, too!"*

Matching 40-Watt Stereo Amplifier, AA-22 . . . $99.95 20-transistor, 10-diode circuit produces 66 watts IHF music power at ±1 db from 15 to 30,000 cps. 5 stereo inputs, walnut cabinet. **Julian Hirsch, Hi-Fi/Stereo Review:** *"It has the unstrained effortless quality that is sometimes found in very powerful tube amplifiers, or in certain expensive transistor amplifiers . . . delivers more than its rated power over the entire range from 20 to 20,000 cps. Any enthusiasm I may seem to express for this unit, incidentally, is purely intentional."*

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CIRCLE 34 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

LETTERS

Musicology and Criticism—Codetta

SIR:

Fate having forced me to wear, at various times, a variegated selection of musical hats, I feel bound to add a codetta to the Landon-Marsh-Smith controversy. [See "Alarums and Excursions," March 1965.]

A printed score and set of parts, corrected down to the last thirty-second note, does not necessarily represent the essence of a composer's style. Indeed, well-established performance customs (in certain kinds of repertory) may lead us not towards, but away from the Urtext. But this is no excuse for failing to establish an Urtext as a point of departure.

Some types of correction are unfortunately inaudible, even to a skilled musician with score in hand, and there is no reason—other than a musicological one—for making a song and dance about such trivia. Other kinds of correction, however, powerfully affect the sound and meaning of a passage, allowing the composer's intention to shine through a fog of misunderstanding; and this type deserves the maximum of attention and publicity.

On records, I know of instances where peaceful sounds are heard although the text speaks of war, where the omission of a melodic line destroys the point and piquancy of the harmony, where excessive speed distorts the atmosphere and intelligibility of a poem. Such solecisms are inexcusable, for they betray the composer and bemuse the listener.

Although musicology and criticism may to some extent lead separate lives, they can on occasion worthily join forces to combat ignorance and prejudice. I once asked a Viennese conductor who took pride in "his" Haydn interpretations, whether he had read H. C. Robbins Landon's book on Haydn's symphonies. His reply—"Who is Robbins Landon?"—shows us what we are up against.

Denis Stevens
New York, N. Y.

Why Speak of Orff?

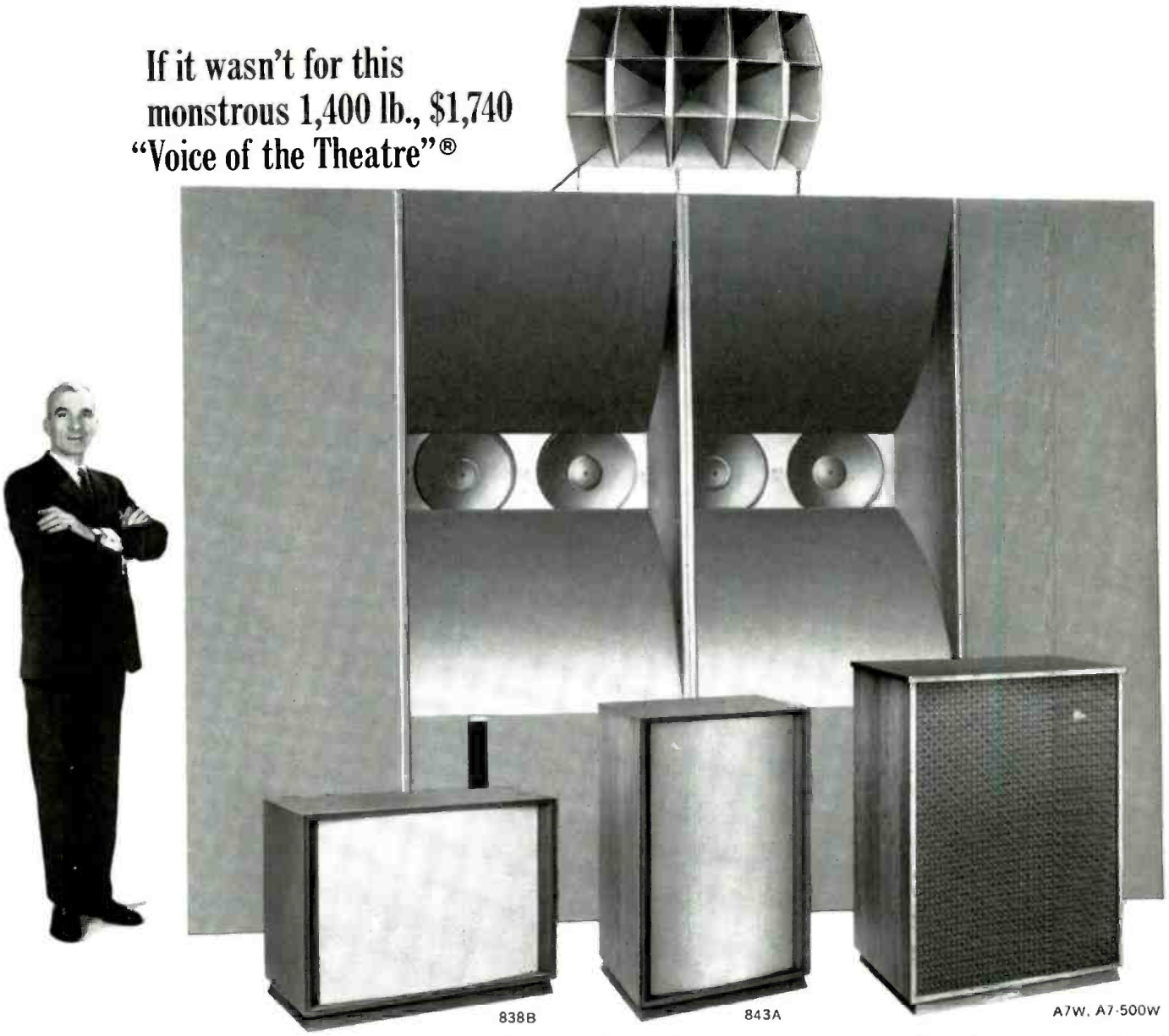
SIR:

I would like to take exception to some of Alan Rich's unnecessarily sweeping statements in his feature review of *Carmina Burana* ("But Not by Orff") in your March issue.

The *Carmina Burana* do not, as Mr.

Continued on page 10

If it wasn't for this monstrous 1,400 lb., $1,740 "Voice of the Theatre"®



you could probably never afford to enjoy the no-compromise big sound of these FULL-SIZE PLAYBACK speaker systems from Altec

Because their no-distortion mid-range (with highs and lows to match) which embraces 90% of all musical material would be beyond the reach of anybody except people in the industry: the recording and broadcast studios, and the networks. Most of whom use them. (Who else in the hi-fi industry can make a claim like this? Manufacturer A, B, E, F, F, J, K, K, L, P, Q, S, T, U, W?)

And maybe even these discriminating speaker buyers couldn't afford to help us amortize the research and development costs of developing PLAYBACK systems like our beautifully furniture-styled 843A "Malibu", 838B "Carmel", and A7W. Thank goodness they (and you) don't have to. Theatre owners the world over have done it already. Ever since 1945, when Altec introduced the first (and only) commercially-available speaker systems approved by the Research Council of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences.

So unless you have room for two of our 1,400 lb. "Voice of the Theatre" Systems, we'd suggest you consider the only next best thing: PLAYBACK systems like the ones available to recording and broadcast studios *and you* at the same reasonable, R&D-prepaid prices.

For example, the new Altec 843A "Malibu" is a bargain at $356.00 because it contains speaker components that are nearly identical to our giant two-way theatre models: two low frequency speakers, a horn-loaded high frequency driver with low crossover, and a two-section dividing network. The "Malibu" is first and foremost a beautifully hand-crafted furniture piece tailored into a space-saving upright walnut enclosure that will do credit to any living room. For a horizontal version of the same thing, try the 838B "Carmel" at $346.50. Or, for $384.00, you can own the new Altec A7W which is identical, in every way but looks, to our famous "baby" "Voice of the Theatre", the A7. The difference is that the A7W comes in walnut finish, while the A7 comes in a rather spartan utility cabinet (though at only $288.00 who will complain?) for built-in installations. Other full-size Altec Speaker Systems available from $214.50 for the space-saving 841B "Coronado" to $411.00.

What more can we tell you? Just to "A-B" these PLAYBACK systems against anything and everything you can find at your nearby leading Altec Distributor's.

In the meantime, get your copy of *Hi/Fi Stereo Review's* Great Debate: "Is a good big speaker better than a good little speaker?" The affirmative, quite naturally, is presented by our own Chief Engineer of Acoustics/Transducers, Alexis Badmaieff. The negative is presented by a well-known manufacturer of little speakers. So find out for yourself why full-size speakers are now the rage. Merely write Dept. HF-5

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Specially designed for people who like over-emphasized instrumental bass. This extreme low pass filter connects between amplifier output and speaker input. Suitable for use only with high efficiency speakers. Price: $30.00

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CIRCLE 3 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

LETTERS

Continued from page 8

Rich states, owe their present-day fame chiefly to Orff's setting of some of the poems. If that were so, it could also be said that our knowledge of Heine derives from Schubert's setting of his poems. (It appears, however, that not even Schubert could make Wilhelm Müller a household word, despite *Die Winterreise* and *Die schöne Müllerin.*) Anyone familiar with medieval literature knows the *Carmina* as poetry, and poetry that can stand on its own. Orff's work is merely incidental —which is undoubtedly why he is not mentioned in Telefunken's jacket notes.

I might add that while I have not seen which of the Beurn songs appear on this record, I do think it somewhat presumptuous of Mr. Rich to say that ". . . most of the poetry is little more than doggerel" simply because the verses follow a strict rhyme scheme.

P. Aizupitis
Newark, Del.

"Ah, Perfidos!" Compared

SIR:

In regard to Mr. Richard Cabral's letter in your February issue concerning Maria Callas' version of the Beethoven aria, *"Ah, perfido!"* [in last fall's Angel recording, 36200 or S 36200], I will not deny the dramatic involvement of Callas —or of Elisabeth Schwarzkopf either for that matter. I enjoy both of these artists. But to me, Kirsten Flagstad is very much "in the running." I always find myself returning to her recording, in which the spirit and ease of the singing, and the forward impulse of the voice, are comparable.

As for the matter of breath control, I made a little comparison of the three versions of the aria which I own, counting the total number of breath pauses for each singer. The results? Schwarzkopf: 109; Callas: 104; Flagstad: 97. If anyone else "breaks" a hundred, I would like to know.

Jo South
Elkhorn, Wis.

On the Side of Death by Poison

SIR:

I have just finished reading the March issue of HIGH FIDELITY and was enchanted with Else Radant's article called "The Strange Demise of W. A. Mozart." I was astonished, however, that Miss Radant made no reference to a book given over entirely to the subject of Mozart's poisoning: *Gewiss, man hat mir Gift gegeben* ("I have knowledge that I am being poisoned"), written by a German physician, Dr. Gunther Duda, and published in 1958 by Verlag Hohe Warte.

This omission notwithstanding, I thoroughly enjoyed the article and would like to convey my congratulations to the author. I have believed for some time now that the circumstances surrounding the

Continued on page 12

HOBSON'S CHOICE?
NEVER AGAIN!

If, in 1631, you went to rent a horse from Thomas Hobson at Cambridge, England, you took the horse that stood next to the door. And no other. Period. Hence, Hobson's Choice means No Choice.

And, as recently as 1961, if you went to buy a true high fidelity stereo phono cartridge, you bought the Shure M3D Stereo Dynetic. Just as the critics and musicians did. It was acknowledged as the ONLY choice for the critical listener.

Since then, Shure has developed several models of their Stereo Dynetic cartridges—each designed for optimum performance in specific kinds of systems, each designed for a specific kind of *porte-monnaie*.

We trust this brief recitation of the significant features covering the various members of the Shure cartridge family will help guide you to the best choice for you.

THE CARTRIDGE	ITS FUNCTION, ITS FEATURES...	IS YOUR BEST SELECTION
 V-15	The ultimate! 15° tracking and Bi-Radial Elliptical stylus reduces Tracing (pinch effect), IM and Harmonic Distortion to unprecedented lows. Scratch-proof. Extraordinary quality control throughout. Literally handmade and individually tested. In a class by itself for reproducing music from mono as well as stereo discs.	If your tone arm tracks at 1½ grams or less (either with manual or automatic turntable)—and if you want the very best, regardless of price, this is without question your cartridge. It is designed for the purist . . . the perfectionist whose entire system *must* be composed of the finest equipment in every category. Shure's finest cartridge. $62.50.
 M55E	Designed to give professional performance! Elliptical diamond stylus and new 15° vertical tracking angle provide freedom from distortion. Low Mass. Scratch-proof. Similar to V-15, except that it is made under standard quality control conditions.	If you seek outstanding performance and your tonearm will track at forces of ¾ to 1½ grams, the M55E will satisfy—beautifully. Will actually improve the sound from your high fidelity system! (Unless you're using the V-15, Shure's finest cartridge.) A special value at $35.50.
 M44	A premium quality cartridge at a modest price. 15° tracking angle conforms to the 15° RIAA and EIA proposed standard cutting angle recently adopted by most recording companies. IM and Harmonic distortion are remarkably low . . . cross-talk between channels is negated in critical low and mid-frequency ranges.	If you track between ¾ and 1½ grams, the M44-5 with .0005" stylus represents a best-buy investment. If you track between 1½ and 3 grams, the M44-7 is for you . . . particularly if you have a great number of older records. Both have "scratch-proof" retractile stylus. Either model under $25.00.
 M7/N21D	A top-rated cartridge featuring the highly compliant N21D tubular stylus. Noted for its sweet, "singing" quality throughout the audible spectrum and especially its singular recreation of clean mid-range sounds (where most of the music really "happens".) Budget priced, too.	For 2 to 2½ gram tracking. Especially fine if your present set-up sounds "muddy." At less than $20.00, it is truly an outstanding buy. (Also, if you own regular M7D, you can upgrade it for higher compliance and lighter tracking by installing an N21D stylus.)
 M99	A unique Stereo-Dynetic cartridge head shell assembly for Garrard and Miracord automatic turntable owners. The cartridge "floats" on counterbalancing springs . . . makes the stylus scratch-proof . . . ends tone arm "bounce."	If floor vibration is a problem. Saves your records. Models for Garrard Laboratory Type "A", AT-6, AT-60 and Model 50 automatic turntables and Miracord Model 10 or 10H turntables. Under $25.00 including head shell, .0007" diamond stylus.
 M3D	A best-seller with extremely musical and transparent sound at rock-bottom price. Tracks at pressures as high as 6 grams, as low as 3 grams. The original famous Shure Dynetic Cartridge.	If cost is the dominant factor. Lowest price of any Shure Stereo Dynetic cartridge (about $16.00) . . . with almost universal application. Can be used with any changer. Very rugged.

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Shure Brothers, Inc., 222 Hartrey Ave., Evanston, Illinois

CIRCLE 59 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

LETTERS

Continued from page 10

death of Mozart were, to put it moderately, highly suspect.

Daniel N. Leeson
Fair Lawn, N. J.

Ultrasonic Oscillations

SIR:

Permit me to comment on your report on the Pure Sonics Model 402-C amplifier, published in HIGH FIDELITY, March 1965 (page 75). The report struck us as generally accurate and objective, but I would like to add to the point regarding speaker compatibility and the question of ultrasonic oscillations.

To begin with, such oscillations are of a very small amplitude, and there is practically no power produced above 40 kc that would be strong enough to damage a speaker voice coil. Secondly, any such disturbance—if it did occur—would be apparent immediately as a raspy or coarse sound from the speaker. The music would sound as if it contained about 30 per cent distortion. The listener would sense at once that something was wrong, and turn off the system.

In any case, this disturbance will rarely, if ever, happen. With the possible exception of a low cost system using RC-type crossover networks instead of LC types, which are incorporated in all better systems, we state with certainty that the Model 402-C can be used to drive any speaker system commercially available.

G. C. Deneker
President, Pure Sonics, Inc.
Chicago, Ill.

UDises—Information Requested

SIR:

I am working on a book about the UDisc series, the 12-inch vinylite 78-rpm records issued between 1943 and 1949 by the Special Service Division, Army Service Forces, for use of U. S. Armed Forces overseas. It is hoped that the book will be published sometime this year. I would appreciate hearing from any of your readers who may have information on personnels, recording dates, matrix numbers, test pressings, and unreleased material. I might add that many of these discs were from radio broadcasts, and any relevant data on sources etc. would be most welcome.

Richard S. Sears
Apartado Aereo 14510
Bogotá 1, D.E.
Colombia

After two months of what **Popular Science** described as "the most extensive listening tests ever made by any magazine," a panel of experts chose components for stereo systems in several price categories. The components in the highest rated system were to be the best available no matter what the price.* "Where there was a more expensive component that produced a detectable improvement in sound," stated **Popular Science** authors Gilmore and Luckett, "it was chosen."

AR-3 speakers and the AR turntable were the choices for **Popular Science's** top system.

The **Popular Science** panel was not alone in its findings. Two other magazines — **Bravo!** and **Hi-Fi Tape Systems** — selected components for the best possible stereo system; AR-3 speakers and

THE AR-3's WERE CHOSEN AS BEST.

Two of **Popular Science's** five-member panel check speakers.

the AR turntable were the choices in each case. **Gentlemen's Quarterly** chose the AR turntable for its top ($3,824) system, but relegated AR-3's to its "medium-cost" ($1,273) system. (The complete lists of selected components, as they appeared in these four magazines, are available on request.)

The AR turntable by itself has been reviewed by leading authorities as the best in the entire field regardless of price.

Yet you can spend many times the price of these AR components. AR-3 speakers are $203 to $225 each, depending on finish (other models from $51), and the two-speed AR turntable is $78 including arm, base, and dust cover.

*Speakers limited to "compacts" for reasons of practicality in the home.

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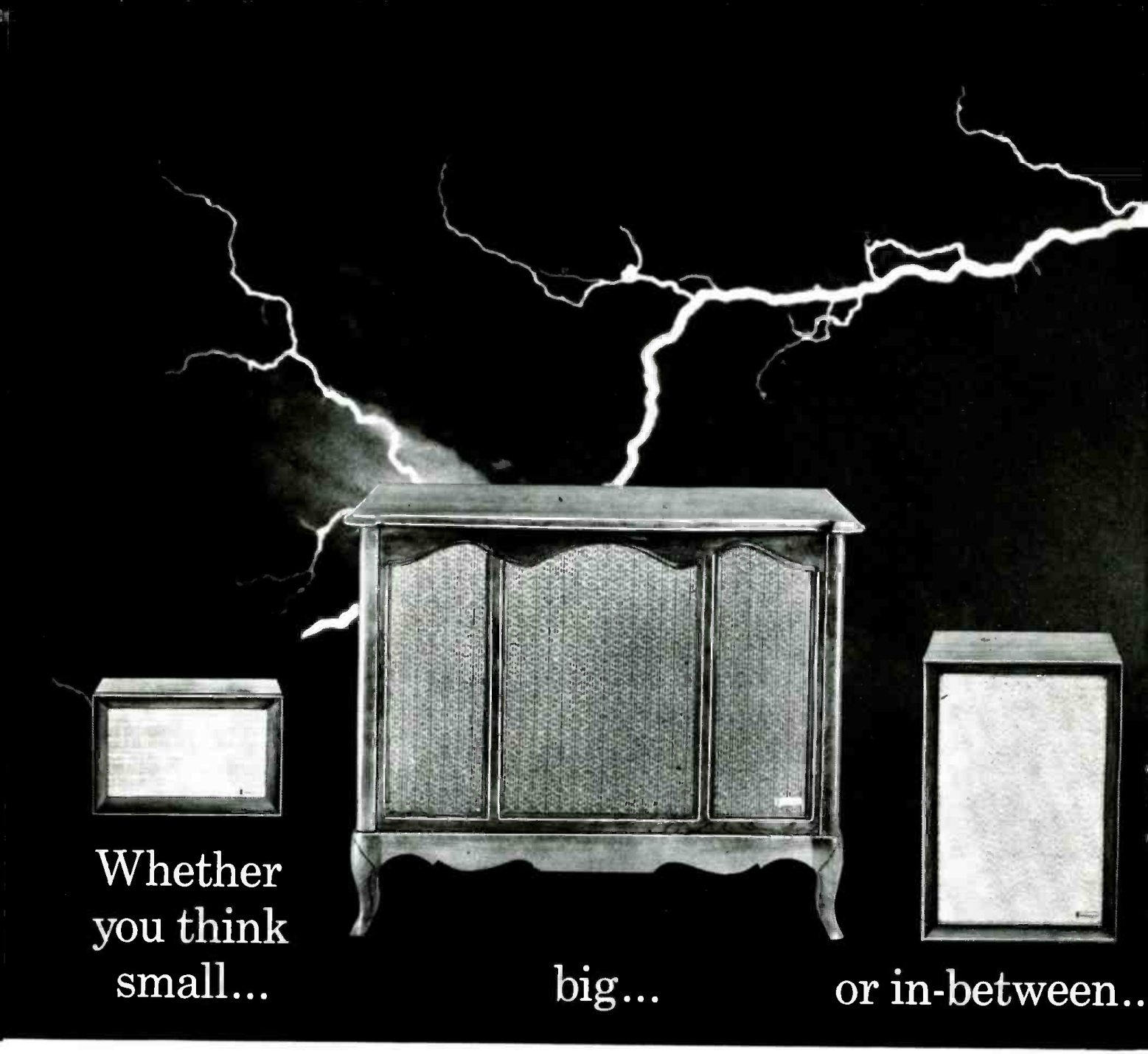
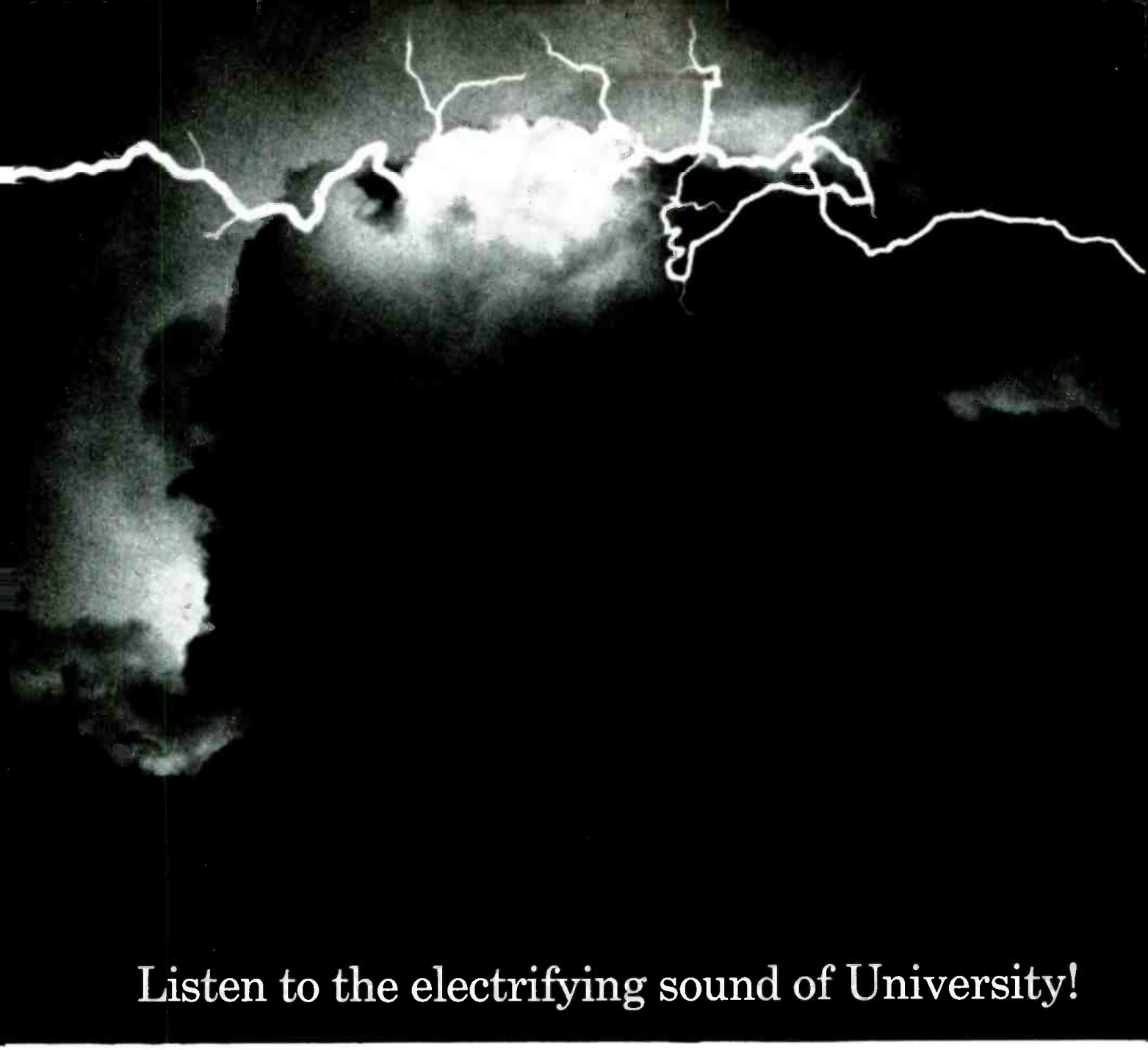
CIRCLE 1 ON READER-SERVICE CARD



*Mini-Flex II, Classic Mark II, Medallion Monitor are registered trade-mark names of LTV-University.



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- *Medallion Monitor**, 3-Way Bookshelf System, oiled walnut. $129.00

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NOTES FROM OUR CORRESPONDENTS

NEW YORK

There are twenty-four recordings of Tchaikovsky's First Piano Concerto listed in the current Schwann catalogue. There is exactly one recorded edition of the Concerto No. 2, in G (a Westminster mono-only disc, with Edith Farnadi), and none of the single movement of No. 3, in E flat. This situation has struck a good many people as odd, including pianist Gary Graffman. Mr. Graffman, indeed, is taking action.

"Usually there is a good reason why a piece of music is not performed," this artist said when I talked with him recently. "But with the Tchaikovsky Concerto No. 2 the neglect is really incomprehensible. Its melodies and workmanship are certainly comparable to the First Concerto, and pianistically it is extremely effective." Mr. Graffman, it turned out, had become so taken with the work that he decided to make it part of his active repertoire. Columbia Records evidently shared his enthusiasm, and a Graffman coupling of the Second and the Third, with the Philadelphia Orchestra under Eugene Ormandy, has now been taped.

The Tchaikovsky No One Hears. Adding a special fillip of interest to the recording is the fact that the Second Concerto has not been played here in concert since Benno Moiseiwitsch appeared with Ormandy and the Philadelphians in 1949 (previously, it seems that there had been only five other performances, all in the early years of the century) and apparently the No. 3 has received only one public U. S. performance. Mr. Graffman heard about the latter quite by accident. One day when he was chatting with Peter Serkin he was somewhat startled to hear his young colleague nonchalantly humming the opening bars of the Concerto's main theme. Serkin explained that he had heard the music in the first movement of the reconstructed Seventh Symphony (played for the first time in this country three years ago, again by the Philadelphia Orchestra). Curiosity aroused, he had investigated the score in its original form for piano and orchestra—which version he performed last year with the Cleveland Orchestra at a children's concert in Akron, Ohio.

Graffman: Tchaikovsky redivivus.

When I visited Mr. and Mrs. Graffman at their apartment to discuss the two works, the question of why only one movement to the Third Concerto of course arose. I mentioned that *Baker's Biographical Dictionary of Musicians* identifies an Andante and Finale for piano and orchestra, dating from 1893, as the missing second and third movements of the Third Piano Concerto. Mr. Graffman expressed himself as unfamiliar with any such work, and for the time being we were all puzzled. Unexpectedly, a solution to the problem was not long in coming. Visiting the Graffman's that very evening was their close friend Russian pianist Yakov Zak. As I heard later, Mr. Zak settled the matter by explaining that the Andante and Finale was an arrangement by Sergey Taneyev of Tchaikovsky's discarded sketches for the Concerto. More Taneyev than Tchaikovsky, these two movements are never played in Russia. (Extensive use was made of this music, however, when the Seventh Symphony was being reconstructed.) In point of fact, Tchaikovsky himself was satisfied with the Third Concerto as it stood; he thought of it as a one-movement *Konzertstück*.

The Second Concerto also shows evidence of other hands, primarily in the extensively cut and altered second move-

Continued on page 18

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CIRCLE 40 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

NOTES FROM OUR CORRESPONDENTS

Continued from page 16

ment. The blue pencil here was that of Alexander Siloti, pianist and pupil of Tchaikovsky, who felt that the work suffered from excessive length: in its original form the slow movement approaches triple concerto dimensions with extended solo passages, cadenzas, and ensemble work for piano, violin, and cello. Siloti reduced the importance of the solo strings and made a number of cuts, all with Tchaikovsky's blessings, and this has become the accepted version of the work in Russia. Mr. Graffman, however, is prepared to play either one.

Tchaikovsky by Mr. Graffman. For the recording (made in Philadelphia's acoustically lively Town Hall Auditorium) Ormandy and Graffman decided upon the shorter arrangement. Since first cellist Samuel Mayes was rapidly falling prey to the seasonal grippe, it was decided to record the second movement first. To me the gorgeous concertante writing for the three soloists was a revelation, and I was glad to have the opportunity of hearing it several times repeated as everyone sought to effect the music's intimate chamber music proportions. One would sometime like to hear this movement in its longer, more ornate form too.

Although orchestral musicians are generally a difficult group to impress, the virtuoso nature of the pianist's part in the first movement stirred a flurry of comment. One violinist confessed that *he* was exhausted just from listening. After completing the blistering cadenza, Mr. Graffman was rewarded with a salvo of bravos and a well-earned rest while the playbacks were being run.

During the taping of the Third Concerto there was a brief delay while the piano tuner was summoned. At one point the score calls for a low A flat, a note found on Tchaikovsky's Russian piano but on few of today's Western models, which descend only to A. The tuner repitched the note down a half tone and the session resumed, quickly proceeding to a successful conclusion. Lovers of the romantic piano concerto repertoire will be able to add a fresh work to their collections when the Graffman disc is released this fall. P.G.D.

LONDON

The name "Gulbenkian" has long vied with "Rothschild," "Rockefeller," and a few others as a symbol of opulence (the fanciful autos of one member of the family have long been a sight of London's West End), but—as seems generally the case these days—the association is increasingly with culture rather than mere money. Hence, the Calouste Gulbenkian Foundation of Lisbon, the very active London

Continued on page 20

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CIRCLE 41 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

NOTES FROM OUR CORRESPONDENTS

Continued from page 18

branch of which has now entered the record field through its sponsorship of what is hoped will be a series of recordings devoted to twentieth-century music.

Contemporary First. The initial releases will undoubtedly produce mixed feelings, so unexpected are their contents: Roberto Gerhard's Symphony No. 1 and *Don Quixote* Suite appear on one disc; the other contains Schoenberg's Suite for Strings, in G, Britten's Prelude and Fugue for Eighteen Strings, and Elisabeth Lutyens' cantata *O saisons, O chateaux!* At one time it was thought that the recording of a single major work, probably choral, would be the main object of the Foundation's first grant of £10,000, but those in charge finally decided to put their eggs in more baskets than one—in other words to choose a variety of works previously unrecorded, not necessarily constituting a representative collection but one primarily designed to fill in gaps in the catalogue. The next two releases in the project, to be forthcoming this summer, will be a disc containing works by Boulez, Messiaen, and Koechlin and one of music by Peter Maxwell Davies, Richard Rodney Bennett, Alexander Goehr, and Malcolm Williamson.

The selection of repertoire has been made by a panel of experts (officially anonymous, though the influence of William Glock, the BBC's dynamic director of music, is not hard to infer), and thus far the presentation could hardly be better—the program notes make most others look mean and unhelpful. The International Division of EMI was picked as the agent for recording and releasing the discs (on the grounds, one gathers, that its ideas were more helpful than those submitted by the other companies), and the artists were specially chosen for their understanding of modern music. The Gerhard record features the newly enlivened BBC Symphony under its conductor, Antal Dorati; the other disc has Norman Del Mar and the strings of the Royal Philharmonic.

Just how far the project will now go is very uncertain. There is a chance that, if sales prove disappointing, the first £10,000 may also be the last, but there is hope that the Foundation will be farsighted.

Bax, Tippett, and Others. While the Gulbenkian series is international, drawing on composers of any country, British music is also getting a separate spate of promotion at the moment. A small company, Concert Artist, has just issued Arnold Bax's Fourth Symphony, played by the Guildford Philharmonic, an orchestra whose activities are normally confined to the stockbroker belt of Surrey. Happily, the enthusiasm of its

Continued on page 22

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CIRCLE 42 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

NOTES FROM OUR CORRESPONDENTS

Continued from page 20

playing more than makes amends for lack of polish on the string tone.

Vaughan Williams' *Hodie*—a long Christmas cantata of almost medieval directness—is another work that has just been recorded (by EMI); and if the Royal Festival Hall performance given by the same artists just after the sessions is anything to go by, it will be very good indeed—Janet Baker, Richard Lewis, John Shirley-Quirk with the Bach Choir and London Symphony under the King's College conductor, David Willcocks. The Vaughan Williams Trust is now promoting works by composers other than the founding master, and the first issues will be two Michael Tippett pieces (again from EMI)—the Piano Concerto and the Second Piano Sonata, both with John Ogdon. Another Tippett issue just too late for the 60th birthday celebrations is of the composer conducting the Bath Festival Players in the *Fantasia Concertante on a Theme of Corelli* together with the Corelli concerto from which the theme is taken. On the overside is Britten's *Variations on a Theme of Frank Bridge*, with Menuhin directing.

Lady Cellist. The Delius Trust has recently been instrumental in bringing about Philips' recording of two Delius works not available before—the Cello Concerto and the *Songs of Farewell*—which will be coupled with *A Song Before Sunrise*. Beecham's old orchestra, the Royal Philharmonic, has been used, and in the Concerto, Jacqueline Du Pré—one of Britain's really outstanding younger artists (still only twenty)—makes her first major appearance on records.

At the sessions I attended Miss Du Pré was completely at ease, looking still rather like a hockey-playing schoolgirl but producing the most marvelous,

Continued on page 24

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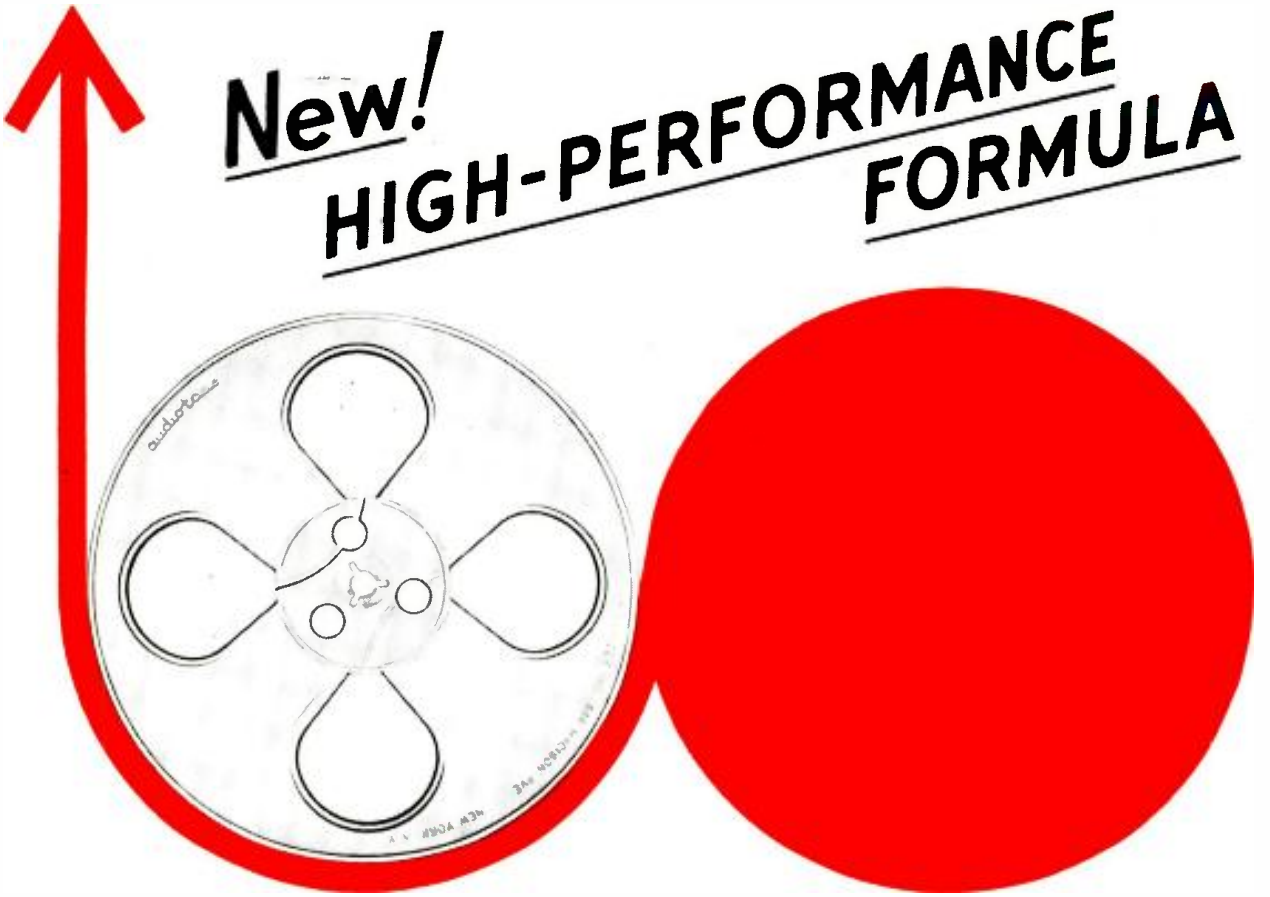

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NOTES FROM OUR CORRESPONDENTS

Continued from page 22

spontaneous-sounding phrasing. One would much like to hear her record the Elgar Cello Concerto. They say she will find even greater depth in a few years' time, but what tragedy it would have been if the recording people had failed to capture Master Yehudi Menuhin's account of the Elgar Violin Concerto while that youthful interpretation was in its earliest freshness. The Elgar Cello Concerto is one of the works Miss Du Pré will be playing with the BBC Symphony in its United States tour this month, and American interest will obviously have something to do with any recording plans. EDWARD GREENFIELD

KASSEL

The news that Cantate, one of the biggest and apparently one of the most successful of the small record firms, is involved in bankruptcy proceedings came as a complete shock to most of us. The news that the legal authorities have for the present assigned distribution rights for the company's list to Bärenreiter-Verlag came as an equally great relief. According to Bärenreiter's head, Dr. Karl Vötterle, his organization would like to take permanent control of Cantate if its creditors will agree and the courts give their approval. In this case, Bärenreiter would maintain the Cantate label as such, and eventually augment its catalogue along the lines established by Cantate's founder, Dr. Karl Merseburger, and his artistic advisor, Professor Wilhelm Ehmann.

Cantate's Past. The story behind the company's failure is not unique: in a nutshell—too little capital to support a very ambitious project. Dr. Merseburger started Cantate, in 1957, on the proverbial shoestring, issuing records that immediately attracted attention for their high artistic and technical quality. His chosen field was the rich and hitherto sadly neglected one of Protestant church music from the time of Luther to the present. In 1957 barely a dozen of Bach's 210 cantatas were listed in the Bielefelder catalogue (the German equivalent of Schwann); in the past seven years Cantate has brought out no fewer than thirty-six in its Bach Studio—nearly all in superior performances, notable for their vitality and for their stylistic purity. Professor Ehmann's Westphalian Kantorei contributed a number of these. A host of works by other composers were also made available, many of them for the first time on discs: Schütz, Buxtehude, Scheidt, Schein, Lübeck among the old masters; Hugo Distler and Ernst Pepping among the moderns. The catalogue grew by leaps and bounds—too rapidly, as things turned

Continued on page 26

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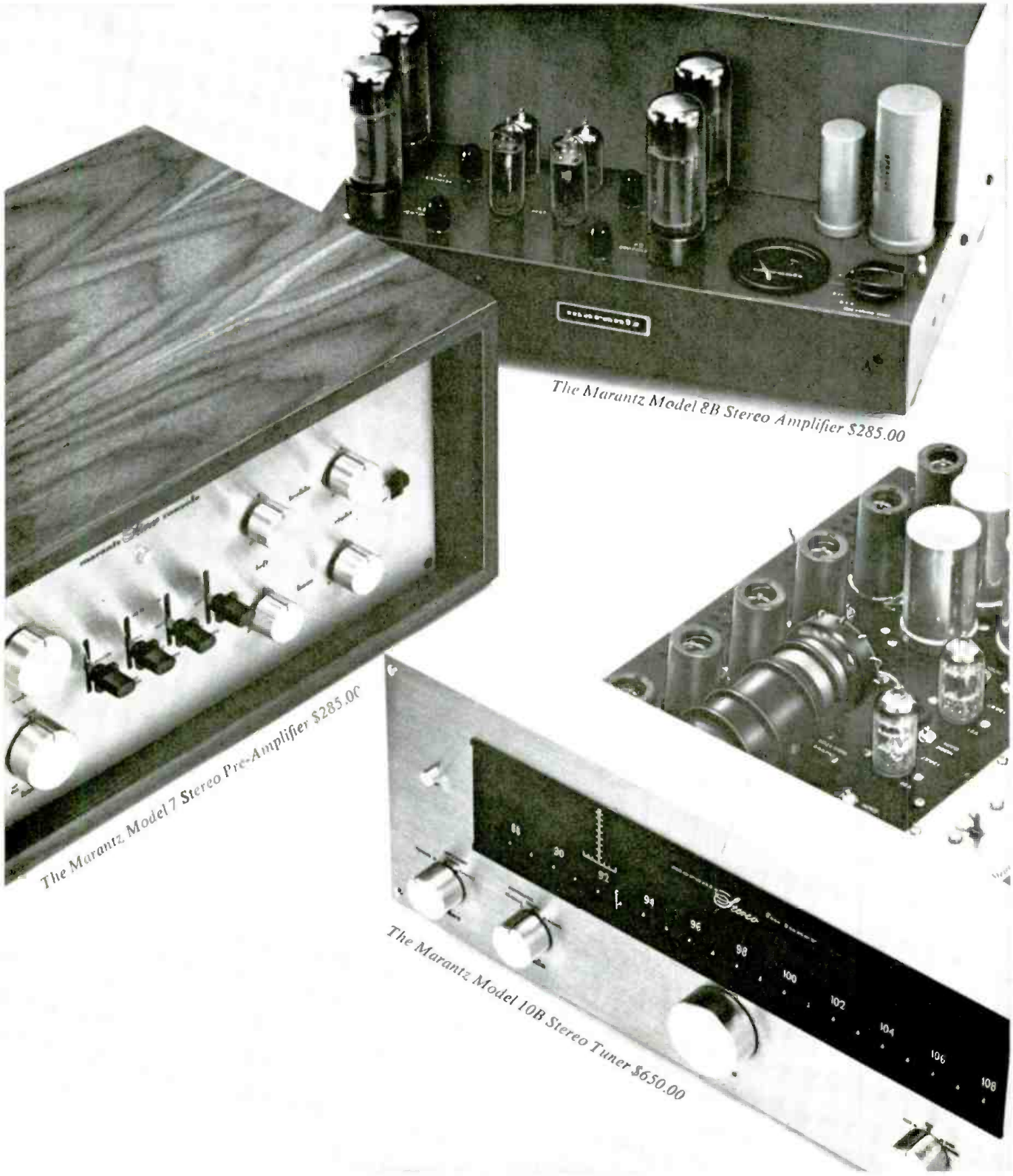

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CIRCLE 47 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

NOTES FROM OUR CORRESPONDENTS

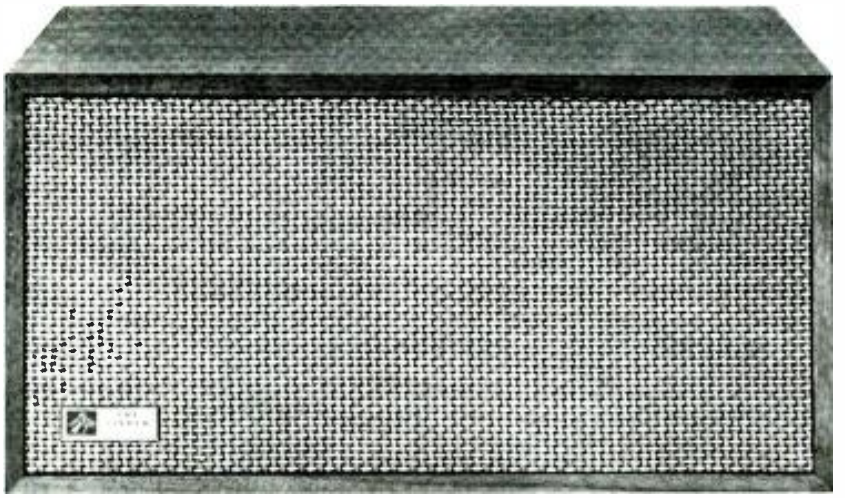
Continued from page 24

out. For despite the high quality of the music, performances, and sound engineering, Cantate's list appealed to a limited audience, and sales failed to keep pace with the extensive production program. As Professor Ehmann puts it: "Dr. Merseburger tried to do something very special, and he succeeded on the artistic side admirably. But he overextended himself. . . . His was a magnificent pioneer work."

Dr. Vötterle used the same expression in describing Merseburger's accomplishment: "He suffered the fate of a pioneer. Record sales have not yet reached the point in Germany where such production pays for itself." Dr. Vötterle also denied emphatically the insinuation, voiced in some journals, that Cantate was the "victim" of the large record companies, attributing its failure instead to "the extent to which light music and popular songs dominate the music market of today." He went on to add: "Furthermore, in those circles that could be regarded as natural 'consumers' of church music, listening to records has not yet achieved wide currency. The churches themselves have not yet recognized to what an extent records can supplement the music heard during services to fulfill a legitimate spiritual need on the part of an individual or family in the home."

Cantate's Future. The Cantate production fits beautifully into the Bärenreiter Musicaphon catalogue, which has also grown rapidly in the past few years and which also includes a great deal of old music. (There are some duplications, to be sure, but these are minimal: Musicaphon has a much broader basis, ranging from Jannequin to Spohr to Schoenberg.) Dr. Vötterle stated that if his hoped-for plans materialize he will continue to enlarge the Cantate repertoire under the artistic direction of Professor Ehmann. He would also like to continue the Handel Studio series which Cantate had barely begun in coöperation with Alfred Mann of Rutgers University.

The story of Dr. Merseburger's *"Tonkunst Verlag"* is a rather sad one, but at least the Cantate name has not vanished. Its friends will certainly await the outcome of the current legal proceedings with great interest. EVERETT HELM



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— *How Good Is the New Breed of Compact Speakers?* Popular Science, March 1965

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"Most cheap speakers previously available," the Popular Science report noted, "had glaring faults. Some were screechy or harsh sounding. Others were seriously shy of bass or treble, or had noticeably uneven frequency response. Not one of the speakers we tested suffers from these defects. Some are better than others, but all produce a pleasant, listenable sound.

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CIRCLE 62 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

HIGH FIDELITY NEWSFRONTS

BY NORMAN EISENBERG

FM in Progress. Impressed at first by the announcement, and later by the clean signal (stereo and monophonic) and excellent programming, of a new FM station in our Berkshire Hills, we hied ourselves recently to the headquarters of WMNB-FM (101.1 mc) in North Adams, Massachusetts. There we found a "living example" of the pattern of success delineated in an earlier article in this journal ("FM on the Threshold" by Leonard Marcus, November, 1964).

Offices and studios are housed in a modern building just on the outskirts of town. The transmitting tower itself is situated high on a mountain top some miles away, from where it radiates coverage of an area that extends, north to south, from above Bennington, Vermont, to the northern border of Connecticut; west to east, from Schenectady, New York, to Athol, Massachusetts. This 6,000-square-mile area is dotted with locales ranging in size from the traditional "four corners" of deep rural settings to cities as prominent as Albany and Springfield. Its population of about 1,800,000 comprises a wide cross-section in terms of vocation, income, and musical interest.

It was from this sprawling, heterogeneous area that station head Donald A. Thurston had to find his audience—enough listeners to justify an investment of $54,000 in setting up the FM outlet, and to convince local sponsors that the new facility merited their support. No one had any illusions of broadcasting to nearly two million people, but a survey, conducted by the station, showed that FM set ownership in this area was numerically "more than encouraging." For instance, in Williamstown—a college center—seven out of ten families own FM receivers. In North Adams, an industrial town, the percentage is lower, 27%, but even this figure is a bit higher than the national average (of 25%) that was reported a few years ago.

Responsibility for programming material to this audience was turned over to Andre Speyer, a professional musician, amateur audiophile, and onetime instructor of music at the University of Minnesota. Speyer believes that music exists, among other reasons, to be enjoyed by listeners, and his firm views on where to draw the line between what he will air and what he won't already have lent the station a discernible program character.

Speyer finds no relationship between economic groups in the community and musical taste or cultural sophistication. The nearest thing to a "group taste trend," he feels, would be the folk music favored by some ethnic groups. But more than half the letters received at the station are requests for the classics. Catering to this major demand fairly well defines station aims and policy, although Speyer points out that "we are not classifying ourselves as a 'good music station' because 'good music' includes more than the well-known three Bs." Nor will the station play more than a "reasonable amount" of baroque music, and while it airs discussions and forums on various topics, the "esoteric examinations of pseudo-highbrow subjects that really are of little appeal to most of our adult listeners have little or no place in our plans."

If WMNB-FM's programming philosophy has proven correct, so too has its technical approach. As shown in the photo, FM facilities are completely isolated from other station operations (AM and SCA). High quality playback equipment is carefully installed—the turntables, for instance, are mounted on 1-inch-thick foam rubber strips that run around the outer edge of the motor board and isolate the platter and pickup from external shock effects. Licensed as a Class A station, WMNB-FM is permitted to transmit nominally a power of 3 kilowatts for the average elevation of area terrain. Inasmuch as its antenna is much higher than average—2,163 feet—thanks to the mountains, the station accordingly gets by with lower power, 1 kw.

The ace in the sleeve, however, is its use of the recently authorized "dual polarization" system of FM broadcasting (this station, as far as we know, is the only one in New England, and one of a handful throughout the nation, so far to take advantage of dual polarization). Ordinary FM—whether stereo or monophonic—is transmitted in a horizontal "line-of-sight" plane. The new technique enables the signal to be sent out in both horizontal and vertical planes. This doesn't increase the range of area covered but it does improve reception in difficult locales within that area by "filling in the valleys." It also provides improved reception for car FM radios and portables which invariably use vertical mast antennas that, for the first time, can be fairly well saturated with an incoming FM signal. Our own listening experiences, receiving this station some forty miles from its transmitter, verify that dual polarization is a definite improvement; both at home and in car FM sets signals are stronger and clearer than from most other stations of comparable distances.

In common with many, possibly most, FM stations in the U.S.A., WMNB-FM has had to make itself known to its audience through the veil of silence, the "inky curtain," of the local press. Station personnel allow that out of sixteen newspapers to which program announcements and schedules are sent, they know of only three that actually print them even in part; of these three, only one—the North Adams Transcript (which is owned by the same corporation that owns the station) provides full program coverage. The slight to WMNB is not unique; despite the fact that with moderately good FM equipment one can receive perhaps six to ten FM stations in this region, one would never realize it by reading the local papers.

Norman Bailey at WMNB-FM console.

Grace Notes. Sony/Superscope has begun shipment of its new magnetic recording tape, the first to be imported by the tape recorder company. Designated as PR-150, it is a polyester-backed tape impregnated with what the company calls "Lubricushion" to assure smooth tape movement, intimate head contact, and minimum head wear. The tape is wound on reels that are marked in gold and silver on alternate sides for quick identification, and is supplied with a front leader in green, a tail in red. Owners of Sony machines, incidentally, may write to the company for a coupon book with which they may obtain a discount when buying the new PR-150 tape.

The pair of 5-inch speakers used as the tweeter in the AR-2 since 1957, and as the midrange section of the AR-2a since 1959, has been replaced by a single 3½-inch speaker. The new driver—a broad-dispersion cone heavily damped by Fiberglas on both sides of its diaphragm—changes the nomenclature of the system in which it is used to the AR-2X and the AR-2aX respectively. Conversion kits, for updating existing AR models to the new versions, are available at dealers', or postpaid directly from the manufacturer, Acoustic Research, Inc., 24 Thorndike Street, Cambridge, Mass. 02141, at $15 each.

Newest addition to the repertoire of prerecorded tapes offered for use with the Revere-Wollensak automatic tape cartridge system is the Mercury catalogue, bringing the number of different labels now offered in cartridge form to

Continued on next page

Continued from preceding page

twenty-seven, and of cartridge albums to more than three hundred.

High fidelity, American style, has been reaching around the world: a recent "sight and sound" show at the U. S. Trade Center in Bangkok, Thailand—sponsored by the U. S. Department of Commerce—included exhibits by twenty-four U.S. manufacturers of audio-visual equipment. In addition to such products as mobile radio-telephone systems, cameras, television sets, and such, Eastern visitors were treated to a complete line of high fidelity components demonstrated in soundproofed rooms, one of which is illustrated here. These shows—of which the most recent was an exhibit in Milan, Italy—are part of a governmental effort to help U.S. companies sell products overseas. During the first nine months of

American audio abroad.

1964, twenty-six shows were held; reports from twenty-five indicate participation by 933 U.S. firms. On-the-spot sales totaled 8.2 million dollars, with 67.7 million anticipated during 1965.

The latest offering from Guild Radio and Television of Englewood, California—a manufacturer known for Early-American replicas for housing of modern playback systems—is a version of the old "square grand piano" decked out with a record changer, solid-state amplifier and FM/stereo tuner, and stereo speaker system with reflecting panels for mid-range and highs. The right-hand compartment has been designed for record storage but could be used for installation of a tape deck. Known as the Stereodon, the new instrument offers a choice of nostalgias, being available in French Provincial or Early-American styling.

Literature, All Free. Illustrated specification sheets, describing the features of the Bell T-347, RT-360, and T-367 tape transports, are available by writing to the Sales Department, Bell Sound Division, Dage-Bell Corporation, 6325 Huntley Road, Columbus, Ohio 43224. . . . An elaborate and versatile shelf-and-accessory system—for storage of high fidelity equipment and just about everything else as well—is described in a brochure offered by the Omni Division, Aluminum Extrusions, Inc., 815 West Shepherd Street, Charlotte, Michigan 48813. . . . Information on three new high fidelity compact speaker systems and on five columnar systems for special applications is available from the R. T. Bozak Manufacturing Company, Darien, Connecticut 06821.

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More what? First, more *reliability*, the kind you'd hardly expect from a receiver so modestly priced. Here's what goes into every RP235. Over 1,100 inspection checks during assembly. Then, thorough alignment and consumer-use testing of all functions. What's more, random samples from each run are subjected to 500-hour torture tests – at high line voltage and at full output – the equivalent of several years of normal operation. To some, this caliber of quality control may seem impressive, and it is. But at Bogen, it's routine. Our people are quality-oriented. After 33 years, high standards become a way of life.

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Now, here's what you *don't* get: the excess controls and switches that you'll see on far more expensive receivers. Features that *look* impressive up front, but add virtually nothing to performance. And power ratings that make interesting reading, but scarcely affect what you actually hear. Things like that can cost you a lot.

Obviously, if you're looking for a top performing *and* reliable AM/FM Stereo Receiver at a sensible price, you can start and stop with Bogen's new RP235.

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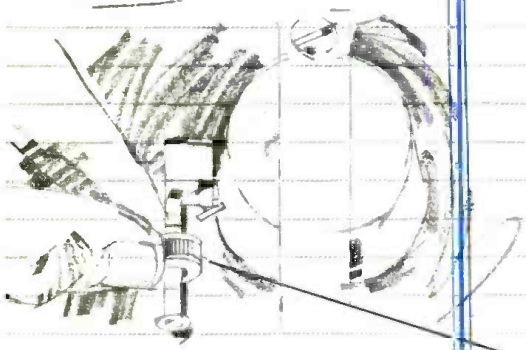
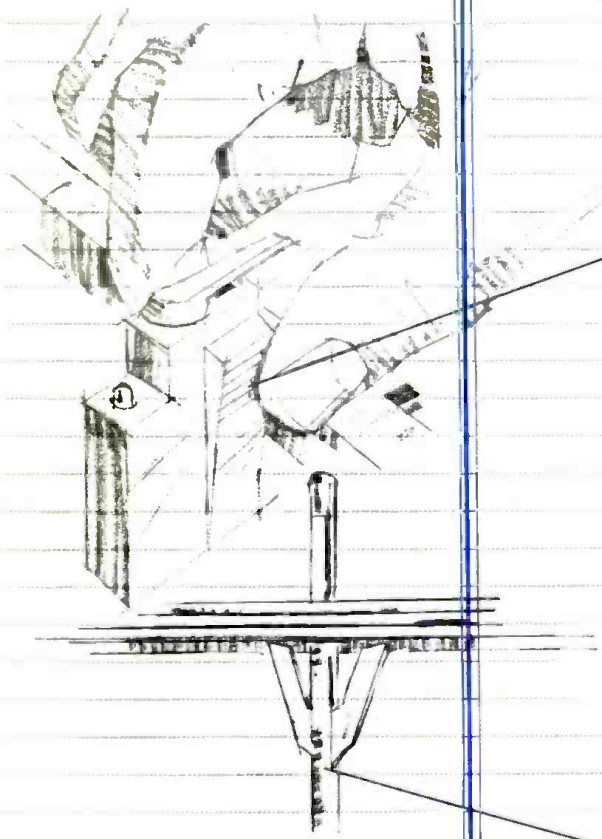
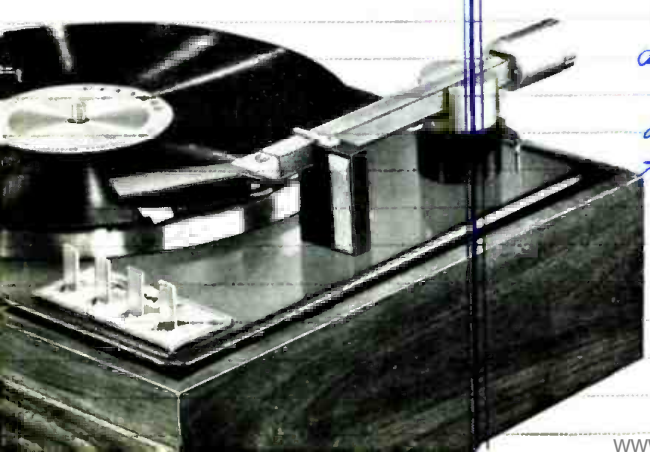






70 Larkspur Avenue

February 20, 1965

British Industries Corp.
Garrard Division
80 Shore Road
Port Washington, New York

Gentlemen:

About 1½ weeks ago I purchased a Garrard LAB 80 (I turned in an (DELETED) in trade) and I wish to tell you I am so delighted with the unit that I am compelled to make periodic trips into the living room to reassure myself it is still there.

I consider the LAB 80 a remarkable achievement. The arm tracks perfectly at pressures ¼ to ½ a gram lighter than the excellent (DELETED) arm I had before. In fact it will handle even my most difficult records flawlessly at one gram and the unit will trip with ease at 3/4 of a gram.

The cueing device is a delight to use. You score 100% on the appearance of your unit - it is a very handsome addition to our living room. The finger lift seems to be in the perfect spot - it makes manual handling of the arm a delight. What more can I say?

Upon opening my unit I found the instruction manual (which I also must compliment you on for its clearness and completeness) but included in the box there was no Warranty Card. The number of my unit according to the carton is #1293.

To complicate matters I have now lost or misplaced my instruction book. Would you please: 1. register my LAB 80 under Warranty if this is standard procedure and 2. Send me another instruction booklet and bill me for any cost involved.

May I again compliment you on an excellent and exciting automatic transcription turntable.

Sincerely,

Allan Goldfinger

Stereo and the Home Experimenter

THERE IS, under the Music Shed at Tanglewood, where the Boston Symphony plays in summer, one spot (there may be more) that is favored by a few audiophiles for a rather ironic reason. Near a certain steel post one can sometimes hear in forte passages a high-pitched beaming sound, which mixes with the music like a kind of live intermodulation distortion. Move slightly away, and the annoyance is gone. Most visitors to Tanglewood, of course, have never experienced this acoustic deviation. The few sonic-minded souls to whom it is known relish their secret —and take pleasure in averring that no such anomalous sound mars their home music systems.

We do not recite this bizarre footnote to a festival to carp at the acoustics at Tanglewood (indeed, under the great shed, they are, all things considered, quite good). Rather, we wish to make a point that —while it may outrage some stereo listeners—will perhaps encourage many others. To wit: if perception of sound at a live performance can vary from one listening position to another, we can expect even wider variation in sound heard in the home, where finite reproducers are working into the equally finite dimensions of a normal-sized room.

The admission of such variation then becomes another problem for the exercise of audio expertise and aesthetic judgment. When we take up such questions as those of room acoustics and sound emanating from loudspeakers, we are, in fact, dealing with what may be called "spatial distortion." Leonard Feldman's article on page 00 of this issue offers specific advice on reducing such distortion; and having followed his suggestions, we can report our hearty endorsement. But it occurs to us that the kind of experimentation the author describes is only part of a larger area of exploration in which the owner of high-quality playback equipment can directly participate. The all-out solutions proposed by Mr. Feldman may not be everyone's cup of tea, yet even a minimum degree of effort on the listener's part often can result in "maximum performance" from his equipment.

One thing, for instance, would be to consider relative settings of tone controls. We are, of course, familiar with the assertion that adjusting tone controls from their presumably sacrosanct "flat" positions violates tonal purity and may even add distortion to the signal. Actually, speaker-system response in a normal room is far from "flat"—and judicious use of bass and treble controls often can produce a more linear *audible* response. To be sure, excessive tone control adjustments can distort both sound and musical intent: we listened to the *Prague* Symphony over a friend's system recently and heard bass tones that Mozart never scored and the conductor never called for. But exceptions do not prove a rule, and excesses do not negate the value of good practice.

Turntable speed adjustment is another variable that we have recently found to be of genuine value. The weight of a disc, or of several discs piled on a changer, can affect platter speed, especially in locales where the drain on power line voltage becomes excessive. These adjustments, guided by a strobe disc, can readily compensate for such variations. Yet another source of control is the channel balance adjustment, which often can be used to compensate for differences in balance among recordings, in room characteristics relative to speakers and their placement, in how we hear our speakers when facing in slightly different directions from the general "listening area," in the very response of our two ears.

The purist who cavils at these suggestions may have assured himself that he has perfectly "flat" speakers playing in a perfectly "flat" room to perfectly "flat" and "balanced" ears. We admit to imperfection. Surely the versatile controls available in a modern stereo system are intended to facilitate its operation for the owner's greatest pleasure; and to the extent that he can by their means minimize the inherent limitations of recorded sound played back in a setting never calculated to contain opera or symphony, he is not only "reducing distortion" but is involved in a creative act. We would suggest that the listener share in all efforts "to conquer the room" —if not necessarily by multiplying speakers at least by actively engaging his own good hearing and his own good musical taste.

by Roy McMullen

In **Jean-Pierre Rampal**, man, milieu, and moment have converged to form the world's most celebrated flutist.

The Ubiquitous Flutist

BAKER, Baron, Barwahser, Gazzelloni, Kaplan, Kincaid, Linde, Monteux, Nicolet, Redel, Scheck, Schaffer, Wanausek, Wummer—this leafing of the Schwann catalogue is random, but proves that we are now living in a golden age of flute playing. There is no need, then, to treat Jean-Pierre Rampal as if he were an isolated phenomenon. On the contrary, one justification for discussing him in these pages is precisely the fact that he is a representative musician of our day. He is, indeed, part of a Cultural Shift.

But cultural shifts do not play wind instruments: individuals do, among whom Rampal is extraordinary. Avoiding unnecessary provocation, I would say that he is one of the four finest flutists now active (my other nominations, which probably reflect my European-based listening, would be Aurèle Nicolet, Julius Baker, and Severino Gazzelloni). Test him with Bach or Prokofiev, with Schubert or Debussy, or with one of the many baroque or rococo figures—Michel Corrette, for example—whom he has helped to revive. In each instance you will be impressed by taste, knowledge, and that peculiar aesthetic generosity, that willingness to treat every work as a masterpiece, which is a characteristic of all great performers, from Armstrong to Zabaleta.

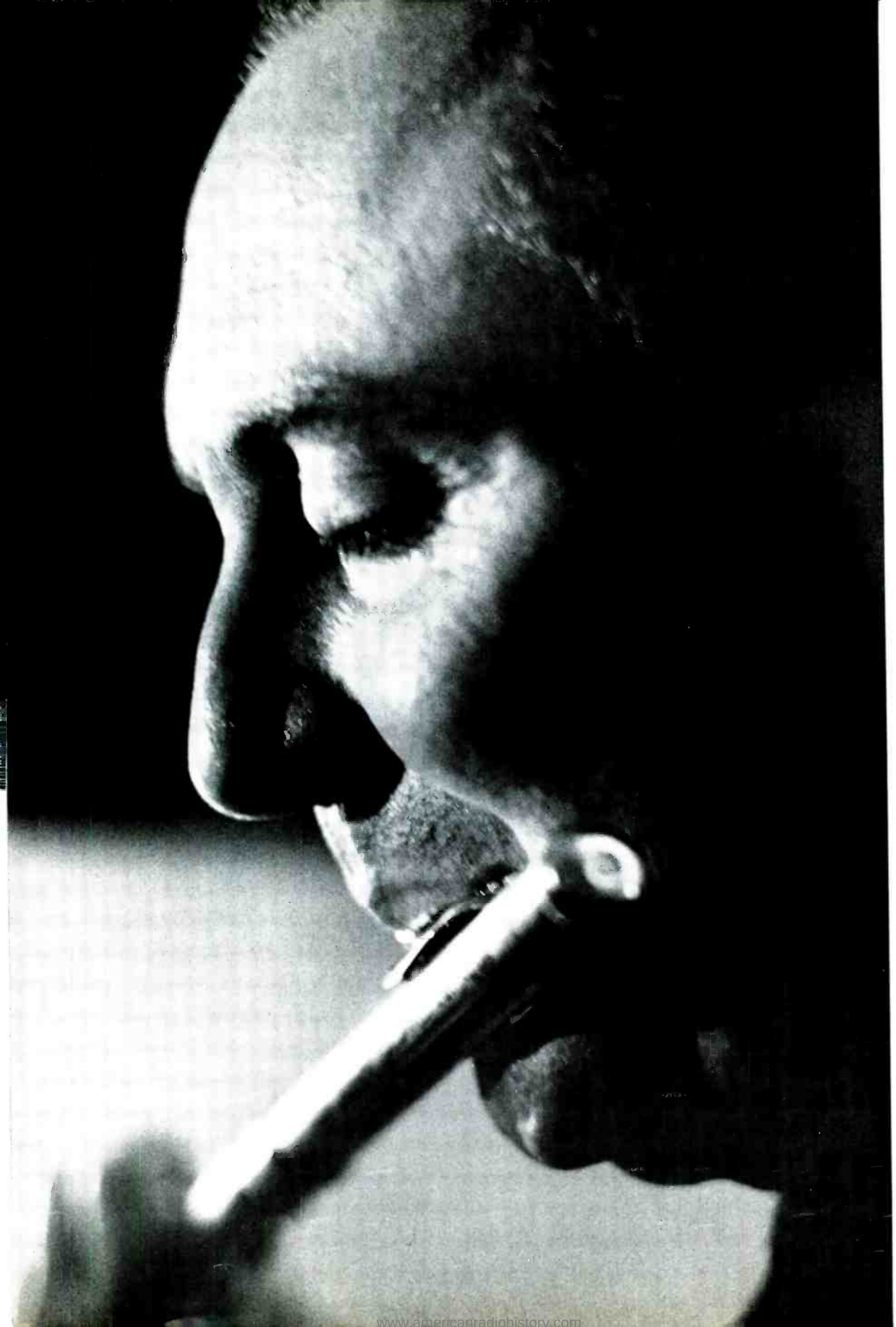
When he sets off one of his fireworks displays of arpeggios (a hundred finger movements per second, according to a French critic's calculation), shakes, leaps, buzz-saw tonguing, and miraculously sustained notes, the modern pretense of scorning virtuosity becomes even more hollow than usual. Since his breath control is at once astonishing and undistracting, he is exceptionally good in the long, flowing, calling phrases; when his *Syrinx* gets going, one can imagine the naiads coming in from miles around. His lovely and authoritative tone—but I shall come back to that.

The purely factual evidence is also striking. Rampal is easily the most successful French flutist since the era of Gallic artistic imperialism in the eighteenth century; and possibly the most successful of any nationality in history, although I know very little about the Aztecs. Still presumably short of his career's peak (he is forty-three, and rejects the notion that there are no old flutists), he has long since ceased to be an orchestra man, and has settled into the kind of ubiquity which record companies and concert managers normally reserve for virtuoso pianists and violinists.

American, European, and Oriental record catalogues list as currently available more than two hundred separate works in which he performs—an exact figure cannot be given, since he records constantly, where and when he wishes, and does not bother to keep a list of his releases up to date. His regular concert tours are now global and annual, and he has appeared in recent years at festivals in Aix, Menton, Strasbourg, Monte Carlo, Bordeaux, Edinburgh, Salzburg, Prague, Zagreb, Athens, Baalbek, Granada, Rio de Janeiro, Tel Aviv, and Tokyo (incidentally, he rates the Israelis as the most perceptive of audiences, with the Japanese second). This fall he will make an extensive tour of American concert halls. In France he has won six *Grands Prix du Disque*, and an Oscar as the nation's *premier virtuose*. He is heard, I am sure, more often on the French radio than anybody except the super-ubiquitous Herbert von Karajan.

In sum, the quality, scale, and speed of his achievement suggest a convergence of man, milieu, and moment. Thus the following notes, gathered during some recent Paris lunches, rehearsal breaks, and café philosophizing, have been put together more or less on that basis.

WE CAN START with the moment. Rampal is sharply aware of what his charmed listeners may ignore—



Photos by Edward Boubat

Amateur music makers—son Jean-Jacques, daughter Isabelle, wife Françoise—with Papa the professional.

the fact that the flute lost a lot of status in the years between Mozart and Debussy. There was the disaffection of princes, and then the wild affection of bourgeois amateurs; think, when you doubt progress, of a pair of Regency bucks warbling a flute arrangement of the "Hallelujah Chorus." Worst of all was the long, strange neglect by the great Romantic composers—doubly strange when one recalls that the Boehm instrument was a Romantic invention.

A consequence of this potted historical gloom is a sense of historical duty. One must not only play well; one must continue the defense and illustration of one's rehabilitated art. Rampal is even a bit of a flute chauvinist. "I don't see," he says, "how pianists get emotion through those keys, although they do. Violinists have a similar problem, since the sound is made by the bow. Of course Isaac Stern's violin, for example, has grown into his body—it's a member. But the flute is different. There you have the least matter between the executant and the music. It is just a column of vibrating air, and you make the sound, as when whistling or singing. The notes are there, physically, under your fingers. Next to the voice, this is the most personal instrument. It has the sound of humanity itself."

This gospeling may seem unnecessary, since the present flute renascence has been going on for some time. Rampal himself dates it back to the early recitals, even before World War I, of Marcel Moyse, "*le Maître*, the one who opened our horizon." But he feels that along the way there has been some backsliding into mere "flutism," and that his own generation has been faced with the task of maintaining and enriching the recently recovered tradition. When he refers to tradition he means, of course, the French tradition, which he regards as the chief ingredient in the styles of all the national schools of flute playing. Usually he means in particular the French *sonorité*—although his English is fluent, he boggles at our weak and ambiguous term "tone."

What exactly is the French *sonorité*? Rampal is reluctant to commit himself to a definition, but his gist is that it's the sound a Frenchman makes when playing the flute well and naturally. It is French, that is, partly for historical reasons and partly for physical ones: because it is shaped by a human tone-producing apparatus with certain speech habits. Imagine a flute embouchure, try saying *eucalyptus* in energetic French, and you will be near the idea. One can see how such a tone might be traditional, since it would be apt to be passed down from teacher to pupil largely by ear, the technique being practically invisible and thus hard to demonstrate. One can also see how the tradition might be lost or corrupted through an excess of merely mechanical virtuosity—mere flutism.

Rampal's own *sonorité* has been described by an

English critic as "immaculate," and I suppose it is. But I would not have thought of saying so. He himself talks of "resonance," "expressiveness," and *âme*, which can be translated both as "soul" and "mind" (and is also the word for a violin's sound post). For my ears the combination of these elements produces a warm, impetuous, and throaty tone, darkly golden even in the brilliant third octave. It has its share of French elegance, and the control is remarkable at every dynamic level. The core, however, is a vibrant baroque (Romantic, if you wish) summons—the "sound of humanity" out of doors, not in a rococo salon.

This big and rather lush tone can be called modern. It can also be thought of as a return, with many refinements, to the French village-fete wind sound which came up from the Loire valley to Versailles (and which I like to think could still be heard, after some Creole and other modifications, in the *style chantant* and wide vibrato of the late Sidney Bechet). Rampal, however, prefers to think of it as a matter of personal authenticity—which brings us to the man.

He is six feet tall, weighs 210 pounds, and has a trace of the slightly Italian intonation of his native Marseilles. All this is relevant, in view of the markedly physical impression his playing makes on most people. He is an enthusiastic gourmet, an amateur movie maker, and a recent convert to portable tape machines. But he lives for and in music. His wife Françoise is a harpist, their daughter Isabelle, sixteen, is a pianist, and son Jean-Jacques, ten, a violinist—none of them professionally, Rampal says thankfully. For the past ten years his Paris residence has been in the Avenue Mozart, a few doors from the Rue Bois-le-Vent and a bakery called A la Flute Enchantée; he is tired of the joke, but recommends the bread.

Although he insists that he has no collecting instinct, he owns a Chinese rim-blown flute, a Balinese model with a buzzing device, a Balkan parallel double pipe (actually a double recorder), and a large Laos mouth organ (not to be confused with our harmonica). If sufficiently challenged, he can get an exotic tone out of the very difficult Chinese instrument, and even hum simultaneously through his nose, thus producing a kind of Oriental organum with a Midi accent. He has a dozen ordinary Western concert flutes around the house, but the two in regular use are of gold. One is a product of the William S. Haynes firm of Boston; the other is well known to historians of the instrument: it was the pride of the famous Parisian atelier of Louis Lot, and was presented in 1869 to the virtuoso Jean Remusat by the Shanghai Philharmonic Society.

OBVIOUSLY, YOU MIGHT THINK, a flute-intoxicated, flute-fated man. Add the fact that his father, Joseph Rampal, now living in retirement in Paris, was long the flute professor in the Marseilles Conservatoire, and the picture looks even more inevitable. But it did not seem so while Jean-Pierre was growing up: he is that rare thing among musicians of his quality, an adult prodigy. Until the age of thirteen he was intent on being a painter. Then he badgered his father into giving him flute lessons, with of course excellent results. But there was no question of becoming a professional musician; he was to be a doctor. It was Hitler who arranged things otherwise.

In 1943 Rampal, then in his third year in medical school, was called up for a period of military labor service. Stationed near Paris, he obtained permission to take the entrance examination at the National Conservatoire; his intention was not to enroll but to get the two weeks' leave granted on such occasions. He passed, naturally, and then, having learned that his outfit was being sent to Germany, went AWOL. After a spell of dodging the police around Marseilles, he decided he might be safer back in Paris. A professor at the Conservatoire suggested that he might as well attend classes. He did, and five months later walked out with the first prize for flute playing. Then came the liberation of Paris, a chance to play Jacques Ibert's concerto on the radio, a job at the Opéra—and France had lost a doctor. In 1946 he signed up for the first of his many concert tours.

"I was," he concludes, "at least one person for whom the War was a benefit. I can now see that without music in my life I would have—well, suffocated."

He likes the irony in the fact that Joseph Rampal, who did not want his boy to be a flutist, is the hero of this story of accidental success: "People are said to be the students of somebody. I am my father's student. My period at the Paris Conservatoire was not long enough to have any effect on my style. I am sure that my *sonorité* is mostly the result of listening, as a child, to my father—although I soon began to seek my own kind of authenticity. I cannot remember having learned to articulate properly: I simply imitated my father. He is also my link with the French tradition, since he studied at the Conservatoire under Hennebains, who followed Taffanel, and so forth. Already you are not far from Devienne, the first Conservatoire professor and one of the four great flutists of the eighteenth century."

Only four? "Five, perhaps: Blavet, Quantz, Buffardin—who was from Marseilles and, since he taught Quantz, helped to create the German school—and Wendling, Mozart's friend, can also be mentioned. But we tend to exaggerate the number of virtuosos in the period."

These at once respectful and debunking remarks about the past bring us back to our cultural shift. If Rampal did not exist, some synthesizer would surely have to invent him. He was immediately recognized as a necessity in the postwar Paris milieu, swarming with chamber groups committed to the *ancien régime*, into which he emerged; and he is still a necessity in a world that apparently cannot get enough of the *Continued on page 102*

The "wall of sound" served as stereo's first ideal, but we can now achieve sonic space as well as breadth in our listening rooms at home.

An Inquiry Into SPATIAL STEREO

BY LEONARD FELDMAN

WITH MY CHILDREN in tow, I recently attended a showing of that ancient Disney/Stokowski film *Fantasia*—and thereby hangs a tale that may be of interest to stereo enthusiasts besides myself.

The children left the theatre full of pleased excitement, their father in a state of sober reflection. From a purely sonic point of view, I might have been experiencing *Fantasia* for the first time. Here was a sound track thirty years old, the total effect of which surpassed anything that we (which includes me, an audio engineer) had since managed to devise. True, the acoustics of the movie house were "bigger" than those of a living room (though they certainly were not up to the quality of a good concert hall). Yet the film's sound track—with its five channels surrounding the audience—had nuances of reverberation, a quality of air and space that came startlingly close to the full, open sound of a concert hall—a sound that was not matched by my own fine stereo system at home. I decided to undertake some experiments. First, however, I did some cogitating.

Long ago it was realized that in terms of the faithful re-creation of the original concert hall sound even the very best monophonic reproduction must suffer from an inherent kind of "spatial distortion." At a live performance, sounds exist freely in space, emanating from different sources and being perceived both directly and by reflection. Furthermore, every sound is heard by both ears, reaching one an instant later than the other. This time differential is interpreted by the brain in terms of the spatial relationship or origin of the sound in question, and no single-channel reproducer, however excellent, can approximate this unique quality.

To overcome this deficiency of monophonic sound early experiments in binaural (literally, two-eared) sound involved the use of a two-channel headset, connected through a two-channel amplifier to a pair of microphones, each affixed to the left and right sides of a dummy-head to approximate the average distance between two ears. Thus if the dummy (anthropomorphized as "Oscar" at the Chicago World's Fair of 1933–34) was seated in the tenth row of the orchestra, the listener using the headset would hear music as if he were sitting in the same location. The results were often thrilling, but the headset was cumbersome and one's mobility was of course restricted.

The advent of stereophonic sound (literally, solid sound), using the multichannel technique developed by the film industry, demonstrated that a sense of spatial realism could be conveyed in playback by the use of loudspeakers, and that it could be perceived by several listeners simultaneously, even when they were seated in different parts of the room. The sound heard, however, is still a "translation"—from the multichannel system of recording to the two-channel system of home listening—and, in my view, something is lost in the translation. Attempts to minimize this loss have been made by the recording companies, from the extreme separation of channels employed in stereo's early days (some early stereo recordings, I've been told, actually were made in two isolated studios!) to the more natural "spread" across both channels typical of present-day recordings. A good stereo recording, played on a good two-channel system, does indeed provide a great sense of breadth and depth, and this is easily and effectively demonstrated by switching the system from "mono" to "stereo" during playback. Even so, I am convinced on the basis of recent experiments that it is possible to reduce spatial distortion further.

FOR ONE THING, the sense of depth in two-channel reproduction is mostly a sense of "something" behind, rather than in front of, the presentation. To be sure, this condition often is valid—in an operatic recording, for instance, the vocalists are imagined as singing from just behind the orchestra in the pit, which is of course quite natural. But what of the "room effects" of the hall or theatre itself? In a live performance, the acoustic ambience derives from all parts of the hall, including areas behind the listener. In normal two-channel stereo playback, these room effects—though they may be reproduced in the record-

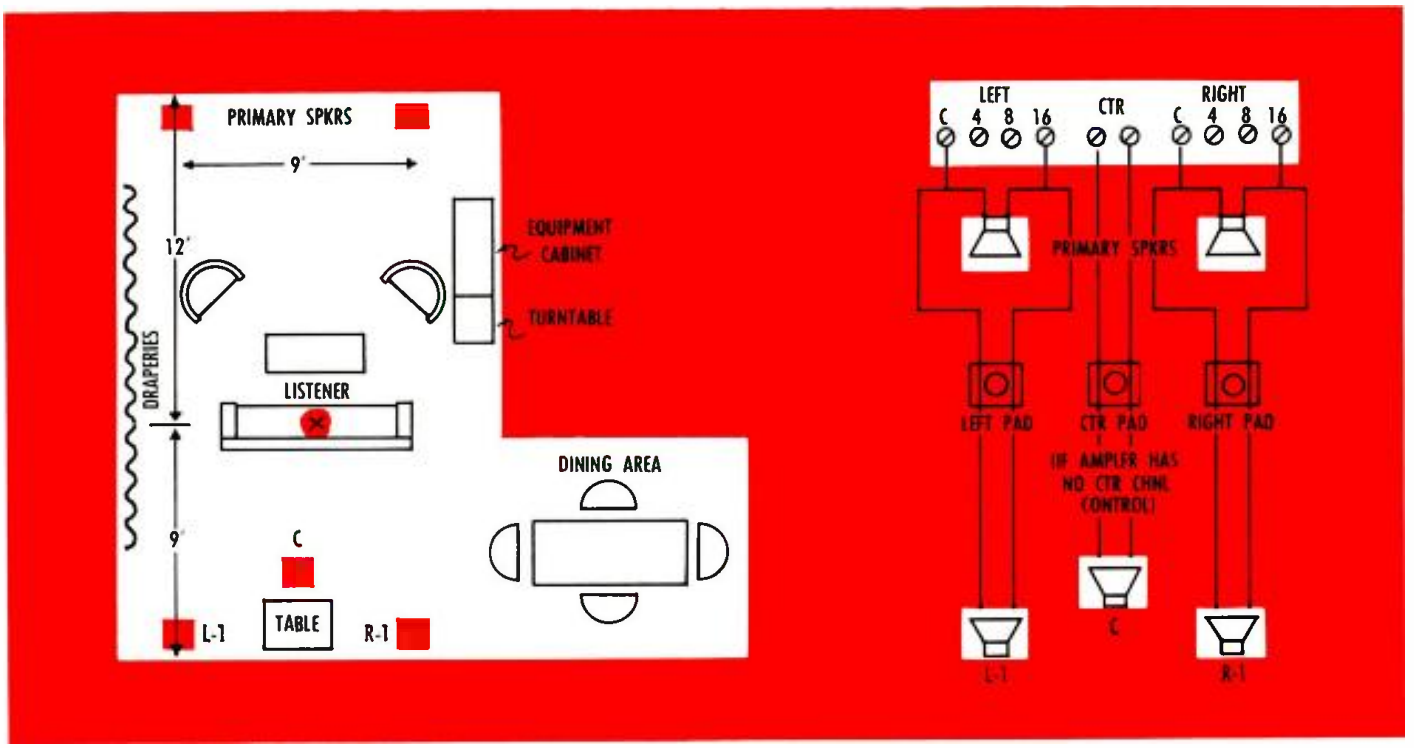


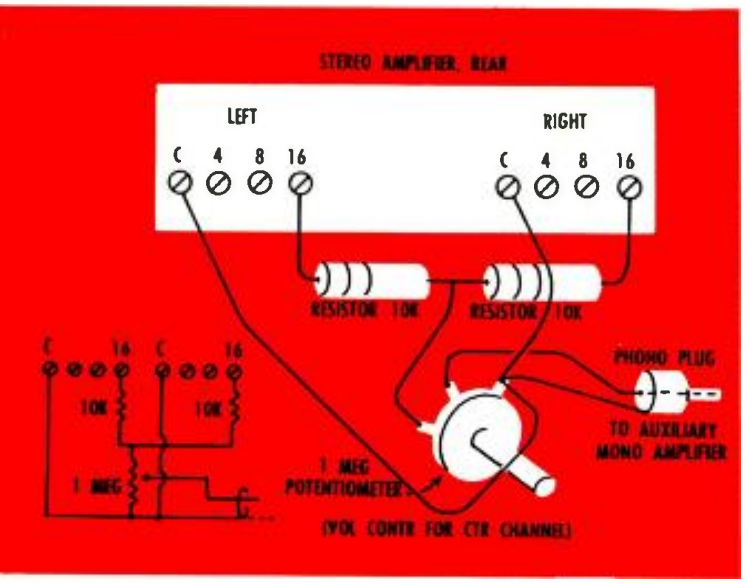
Fig. 1. In the room in which the tests were conducted, the listening area centered around "X" on the sofa. Listeners always faced the main, or primary, speaker systems at the far end of the room. In one test these were supplemented by "surround" speaker systems L-1 and R-1. In another test, a center sound source, speaker C, was added to bring the total to five. In the final test, L-1 and R-1 were eliminated, leaving only speaker C to reinforce the main stereo sound from the other end of the room. Wiring arrangement for all five speakers is shown at right. Methods of hooking up the center speaker are shown in Figure 2.

ing—are perceived as emanating solely from one's two speakers. The resultant vague dissatisfaction reported by many listeners is often unjustly blamed on the recording or the reproducing equipment.

To a degree, the presentation can be improved by increasing the omnidirectionality or "spread" of sound from each speaker system, particularly of the highs, but as long as a recording is heard simply from two channels occupying the same frontal plane in the listening room, spatial realism will be lacking. Interestingly enough, I have participated in many "live versus recorded" sessions intended to demonstrate how accurately this form of stereo does reproduce the original music. But while those demonstrations may indeed prove the excellence of stereo components, their effectiveness in "fooling" the audience can be attributed in large measure to the fact that both the live and reproduced music are heard *in the same acoustic environment.*

Several techniques have been proposed to simulate this essential quality. An approach that has been suggested is the injection on playback of artificial reverberation. (The reverberation of a concert hall cannot be duplicated in any other room, least of all one many times smaller, by any "natural" means.) Aside from the fact that a professionally designed reverb unit is prohibitively expensive for the average home listener—and concomitantly, popular-priced models all have had, to my ears, their own form of "built-in" distortion—the best that any reverb unit can do is to impress its own coloration on that same purely frontal plane of sound. A more widely accepted approach to recapturing something of the original lifelike quality of the performance has been the use of a "center channel," derived of course from the basic two channels of stereo. Originally advanced as a technique for overcoming exaggerated separation (the "hole in the middle"), the center channel was also found to enhance stereo solidity and to help create a "wall of sound." The effectiveness of the center channel depends on such factors as the recording itself, the position and degree of directionality of the speakers, and the acoustics of the listening room; and in any case it can prove tricky. If used moderately (not too much signal fed to the center speaker), no improvement may be heard; if used to excess (too strong a signal to the center speaker), the stereo effect provided by the two original speakers can be negated. To me it now seems apparent that whatever benefit the third channel provides is limited in that it too forms a part of the frontal sound plane. The "wall of sound" is indeed broadened but it remains a wall—in front of the listener.

THE READER WILL perhaps have anticipated the conclusion to which I am leading. What we need, it seems to me, is not one extended wall, but the addition of an auxiliary smaller wall or two to the sides and possibly to the rear of the listener. In short, I am proposing—and judging from recent talks with other engineers and some a & r men, I am



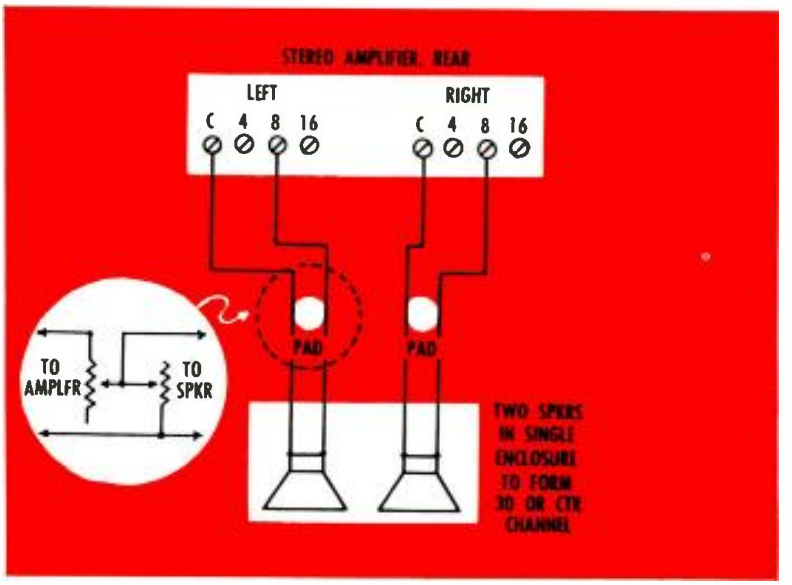


Fig. 2. To derive the center channel, many amplifiers have a third-channel output to which a speaker system may be connected directly. If your amplifier lacks this feature, the third channel may be set up by either of the following methods: A. A mixed signal is obtained by constructing the network shown and feeding the blend to a separate amplifier which in turn drives the third speaker system. B. Alternately, any two speakers may be installed in a common enclosure and connected as shown. Two small separate speaker systems, stacked together, will produce the same results. The L-pads control the volume for each speaker. Their wiring is also shown.

not alone in my thinking—that we reconsider our speakers and their relative placement.

For the listening tests to investigate my theories, I arranged three different setups, as shown in the accompanying drawings. The room itself was an average-size L-shaped area, combining dining and living rooms, so familiar in many homes and apartments. Acoustics were about midway between "dead" and "live" and, in any case, were judged to have no bearing on the results of the tests. The tests themselves were conducted over a period of weeks, with a listening panel of twelve adults—five women and seven men. Two women were professional musicians, two were high fidelity listeners, one cared little for recorded music but did attend concerts regularly. Of the men, one was an engineer (myself), two were music teachers, three were owners of high quality music systems, and one was indifferent about the whole thing. In all the experiments, all the listeners consistently preferred the enhanced stereo system to the original two-channel system.

In the first test—of a four-source stereo system (shown in the first diagram) auxiliary left and right speaker systems (L' & R') were positioned behind the listeners. Each auxiliary speaker system was equipped with a volume control (an L-Pad) which enabled us to set optimum levels for these reinforcing channels. With the listener seated as shown in the diagram, sound level of the rear speakers was slowly increased until the listener was barely aware of a "change." We played a variety of current recordings, mostly of orchestral music. No artificial reverberation or time delay of any kind was introduced into the auxiliary channels. In fact, the speakers were merely hooked in parallel with the prime, front speakers. Nevertheless, the response of the listeners in every case was that the "listening area" *Continued on page 103*

Those Extra Speakers

Speakers used for reinforcing channels need not be of the quality of the primary speakers. Any of a number of relatively low cost 8-inch or even smaller speakers will do. Care should be taken, however, to select speakers whose efficiency at least equals that of the primary speaker systems used, so that adequate sound can be obtained from the auxiliary units. Their volume then can be adjusted by means of individual L-pads.

Correct phasing of the added speakers is as important as it was for the original left- and right-channel speaker systems. In the setup using four or five speaker systems, the rear left, rear right, and rear center (if used) speakers must be correctly phased with respect to each other and to the primary speakers. Many loudspeakers are now marked for polarity; if yours are, simply follow the indications for all parallel wiring. If no polarity is indicated on your speakers, phase may be determined as follows:

1. Arbitrarily make both right-channel speaker connections and both left speaker system connections. Disconnect the left leads from the amplifier, keeping the C and 16 pairs of wires twisted together. Connect a 1 ½-volt flashlight battery to the C and 16 pairs of wires, in any polarity. Note whether cone movements of front and rear speakers are in the same direction. If they are not, reverse the leads to either the front or the rear speaker.
2. Repeat, disconnecting right leads from amplifier. With C and 16 leads connected to the battery in the same polarity as before, check the motion of the speakers. If both speakers' cones are moving in the same direction, check whether this direction is the same as in step 1. If it is not, reconnect leads to right output in opposite manner (C now becomes 16, and 16 now becomes C).
3. Check the center speaker phasing by the same battery test, comparing its direction of motion with either the left or right pair. If motion is opposite to left or right group, reverse leads to center channel speaker.

A Soft Sound in the U.S.S.R.

For listeners in Moscow and points beyond, the New York Pro Musica's recent visit served to open vistas on a new world of old music.

by Noah Greenberg

ONE OF THE HAPPIEST results of the Cultural Exchange Program with the Soviet Union is that American musicians have become a commonplace in that land. Almost as a matter of course their concerts are sold out even in the smallest cities, and Russian audiences come eagerly and excitedly to hear their work. Indeed, to the concert agency arranging the New York Pro Musica's tour last fall the fact that we were foreign artists was apparently enough to ensure our visit's success: the advance publicity and posters did not always tell prospective concertgoers about the kind of music we performed—we were billed simply on the basis of our being an "American" group from "New York."

Actually, what made our tour different from others in the Cultural Exchange Program was the nature of the repertoire. Only a tiny proportion of our audience could have had any idea of what to expect, for this was the first time that entire concerts of medieval and Renaissance music were to be presented in the U.S.S.R. It should be remembered, of course, that serious studies in early music were just beginning to blossom in Europe when, in 1917, the Bolshevik Revolution brought about the total rupture of relations between Russia and the West; and since then the musicological publications embodying the researches of Western scholars in this field have been extremely difficult for Russians to obtain. Furthermore, in the Russian heritage there is no direct historical link with the early music of the Western world: when Dufay and Josquin were writing for the princely chapels of Western Europe (and the Polish city of Cracow, where Copernicus later studied, was a center of cultural and intellectual life), much of what we know as Russia was still subject to the rule of the Tartar hordes. Without sources—and without instruments (the Heritage Museum in Leningrad contains an unusual collection of folk and early instruments, but otherwise appropriate instruments in playing condition are practically nonexistent)—the academies and conservatories could hardly share in the West's renascence of knowledge of early music. For our audience then, our concerts meant the experience of hearing something totally new; for us, they meant the great pleasure of introducing the Pro Musica repertoire into virgin territory.

For this tour (we had first visited Yugoslavia and were to spend six weeks traveling throughout the western portion of the U.S.S.R.) it was decided that Pro Musica would combine its permanent ensemble of eleven with the members of the New York Pro Musica Renaissance Band, so that in total we had a company of six solo singers and thirteen instrumentalists. In determining our choice of repertoire for the occasion we had wished to present a spectrum of early music, from Guillaume Dufay to Claudio Monteverdi. The combining of forces from the two groups thus made it possible to represent something of the great variety of instrumental and vocal music written between the fifteenth and the early seventeenth centuries.

We drew up three separate programs: the first was a program of Burgundian and Flemish music, including works by Dufay, Josquin, and Isaac; the second, a program of Elizabethan works designed as a 400th birthday tribute to William Shakespeare and including compositions by Morley, Dowland, Robert White, and William Byrd; the third program consisted of late Renaissance and early baroque music

Noah Greenberg is Musical Director of the New York Pro Musica, an ensemble devoted to the performance of medieval, Renaissance, and early baroque music. Since its formation in 1952, the Pro Musica has appeared in concert throughout North America and Europe and has made many recordings, of which its productions of the twelfth-century liturgical dramas **The Play of Daniel** and **The Play of Herod** have attracted particular attention.

In Moscow: Pro Musica members visit the Kremlin.

by German and Italian masters, and the composers represented were Monteverdi, Frescobaldi, Hassler, and Praetorius. It will be obvious that we had not come to patronize our audience. These programs were such as we might have presented at home, and in fact they did figure in our American appearances on our return.

THE Soviet concert agency, Gosconcert, organized the tour in such a way that in most cities all three programs could be given. This was an extremely happy arrangement, enabling those music lovers interested in becoming acquainted with this literature to hear more than a single concert and affording the members of the Pro Musica an opportunity to explore a little the often widely varying cities where we performed. Our itinerary started with a week in Moscow and a single concert in the nearby provincial city of Ryazan. From Moscow we flew to the Georgian capital, Tbilisi (formerly Tiflis), and then on to neighboring Armenia. The easternmost point of our travels was Baku, the capital of Azerbaijan, and from there we went on to the Crimea, where we gave concerts in Simferopol and Yalta. Next we played in the Causasian mountain cities of Piatygorsk and Kislovodsk. The October weather had been extremely pleasant after we left Moscow, but with Kiev we returned to a climate of premature winter. From the Ukraine we went on to Minsk, the center of Byelorussia, and thence to Leningrad for our final week.

Although one has learned that the Soviet Union is composed of many different republics which shelter many different peoples and cultures, the actual experience of coming into contact with Great Russians, Azerbaijanians, Georgians, Armenians, Ukrainians is an extraordinary one, and quite unforgettable. In spite of present-day mass communications and the highly organized nature of the Soviet government, the cultural differences among the various republics have not been wholly eradicated. In Baku, for example, tangible evidence of the Arabic tradition still flourishes. In Armenia one is aware of a people enormously proud of their early Christian tradition. On the streets of Tbilisi one encounters the busyness and exuberance of the Georgians, and the spirit of that city reminds one of a Mediterranean town. Everywhere the ancient architecture, the folk dress, the old works of art in the museums demonstrate the variety and richness contained within the vastness of the country.

As musicians, we were of course interested in the music played in the various republics. Generally speaking, one can say that the standard repertoire has established itself everywhere, but much traditional music exists, and wherever we went we asked to hear it. As a result, between our own performances we sometimes were introduced to music that is rarely heard in the Western world. The Soviet Union has, over the years, encouraged the formation and growth of vocal and instrumental ensembles that devote themselves to the performance of folk music, most of them permanent repertory companies of considerable skill. One could question the "ethnomusicological" validity of the approach taken by some of these groups, since the general practice seems to be to employ latter-day arrangements, but their performances were often interesting and gave members of the Pro Musica and myself many enjoyable hours. Even more fascinating, however, were the concerts of traditional music given by groups other than the State ensembles. While these performances are much more common in the smaller communities, even in the larger centers one can listen to music played by musicians who continue a tradition that often goes back centuries. What comes to my mind particularly is the day I heard an Armenian trio consisting of two duduk (double-reed instrument) players and a drummer—performance on the highest professional level and music that seemed to be completely untouched by nineteenth- and twentieth-century Western cultures.

For me, the most fascinating experience by far (and one that I had been anticipating from accounts by other travelers) was hearing the traditional choral music of the Republic of Georgia. My first introduction to this remarkable polyphony was through the composer Tacktackashivli, director of the conservatory in Tbilisi, who played for me a set of tapes that had been recorded by Georgian musicologists in Georgian villages. These field recordings exhibited a variety of styles and performances that were breathtakingly beautiful. Very generously, the conservatory extended an invitation to our entire company, and we were treated to a lecture and performances of this music on tape and by a group of young male singers (the latter, students who had come to Tbilisi from villages throughout Georgia).

After the lecture-recital an extremely lively

question and discussion period followed. What we had heard recalled to our ears European musical practices of the twelfth, thirteenth, and fourteenth centuries. Some pieces were reminiscent of French medieval organum, others of Italian fourteenth-century polyphony, still others of English and Spanish medieval sacred works, but taken as a whole this Georgian polyphonic song had its own unique style—dissonant, independent linear parts—a style requiring a highly sophisticated vocal technique. I might add that the happy surprise at our enthusiasm on the part of the conservatory students and faculty was equaled only by our own wonder at how such a complex tradition could have survived the centuries without notation. Interestingly enough, of the Pro Musica's three concerts in Tbilisi, the program that appealed most to the audience was the one devoted to the highly polyphonic Burgundian and Flemish music of Dufay and Josquin.

IN ALMOST ALL the cities we visited we were presented by the local Philharmonic Society, and on the whole the arrangements made for us were satisfactory. Hotel accommodations, as a general rule, were fairly good, and certainly we could have no complaint about the halls in which we performed. With the exception of the auditorium in Kiev, which seated 2,000, the halls were, to our pleasure, modest in size, most of them old buildings, some of them converted palaces from Czarist days. We found them acoustically excellent and, with their aura of old-fashioned comfort, comfortable places in which to make music and to listen. The audiences themselves were not what we would call "fashionable"; they struck us as quietly prosperous, middle-class, serious but not stolid. Happily, arrangements had been made for some tickets to be sold at reduced prices to students, and we thus had the satisfaction of knowing that our audience numbered a fair number of young people.

The single major disappointment we suffered was in discovering during the first week of our performances, in Moscow, that the program notes and texts we had sent ahead had not been printed. By the time we reached Tbilisi during the second week of the tour I felt that something had to be done, and there it was decided to have a young and very knowledgeable composer, musicologist Evgeny Machavariani, deliver a short talk before each concert. Subsequently, I wrote a set of brief program notes to be read before each program. However, in spite of the tremendous handicap of listening to a repertoire that was totally unfamiliar, the audience responded with keen interest to the new sounds and forms of the Pro Musica's old music.

The reactions of the audiences in the different cities were markedly different. The concerts in Moscow were greeted with a respectful but reserved enthusiasm; in Kiev the response was much more outgoing; in Leningrad the enthusiasm was overwhelming; and in the provincial centers, tumultuous applause would greet the members of the company even as they came on stage. We were always aware that the music of the first group apparently took our listeners unaware. The gentle sounds of the recorder and the viol, the soft buzz of the krummhorn, the delicate vocal lines of the Renaissance madrigal and motet seemed to come as a complete surprise. It was as though each member of the audience suddenly found himself listening to music from an entirely different perspective; and as the concert went on, one had the feeling that a readjustment was taking place, that each listener was observing from a new vantage point. It was, in fact, a rather wonderful thing to watch: after the first few experiences, one could predict that by the end of the program most of the audience would have come the complete circle.

In talking to the artists after the concert, people would refer again and again to the delicate filigree and the gentleness and the infinite varieties of soft sound one heard in Renaissance music. My feeling was that, in spite of the almost automatic association of concert music with eighteenth- and nineteenth-century repertoire, the Russian audiences were finding themselves responding actively and personally to a new aspect of music. In the larger centers the audiences were understandably more sophisticated—some of their members apparently had heard *about* this music though they had not previously had the opportunity of hearing it—but wherever we played, we noticed that the favorites, by far, were the vocal works. Perhaps this was to be expected since, however different from our own the Russian tradition of choral music is, it is easier to relate to the sound of the human voice than to a dozen different varieties of hitherto unknown instruments. Especially great was the response to the melancholy pieces, the laments by Monteverdi and Josquin; and two works we performed on the Elizabethan program —a very moving lament by John Ward, written for the death of King James's son Henry, and a relatively

Continued on page 102

In Leningrad: Mr. Greenberg and LaNoue Davenport.

by William Weaver

The Unknown SMETANA

A look beyond *The Bartered Bride* at one of music's neglected geniuses.

On May 5, 1882, the hundredth performance of Bedřich Smetana's sixteen-year-old opera *The Bartered Bride* was given in Prague. It was a national event—in a nation not yet politically independent—and the theatre was packed. Wild applause forced the orchestra to repeat the overture, and another thunderous ovation greeted the appearance of the composer, who had come in from his country retreat to be present. Prematurely aged, deaf and suffering from other ills and anxieties attendant on that affliction, Smetana was overwhelmed by this demonstration. But that same evening, at a banquet in his honor, after many speeches and many toasts to his opera, the composer said to a friend, in a deaf man's too loud voice: "If you think you give me special pleasure when you praise *The Bartered Bride* so highly, you are mistaken. When I hear you speak like that, it seems to me that you do not understand my other, better operas at all. My strength and joy lie elsewhere."

Smetana might have been speaking to the world. Though *The Bartered Bride* did not reach London until 1895 and New York until 1909 (with Mahler), it has remained his best-known and best-loved piece in the Western world. And, as the composer's words portended, his other work, at least in the West, has been largely neglected. Lovely and fresh as *The Bartered Bride* is, it is not Smetana's greatest achievement or even his most characteristic opera. For me, the exploration of Smetana's other music has been both a splendid surprise and a profoundly moving personal experience.

In the fall of 1956 I was in West Berlin for the music festival, and one day I ventured into the Eastern Sector (the Wall was then mercifully nonexistent) in search of books and records. A friend had told me about the Czech Pavilion, where good LPs were to be had at incredibly low prices. I found the shop, asked what they had in the way of complete operas, and was handed a recording of *Dalibor*—a work I had only vaguely heard of. This was the beginning of a great and enduring passion.

I brought the album home (to Rome) and for several weeks listened to the music—casually, while shaving or watering the plants—with no notion of what the plot was about. Finally, I found a piano score with a German text, and eventually an English libretto, which enabled me to sit down and follow the opera with some understanding. By this time the tunes were firmly and irresistibly in my ear, and

the heroic splendor of *Dalibor* had won me over completely. I then set out, systematically, to learn more about its creator.

Like everyone else, I knew *The Bartered Bride* (from rather poor performances, in translation), the *Moldau* (which I subsequently learned to call, properly, *Vltava*); but this was all I knew. As my investigations proceeded, the stature of the artist grew enormously in my eyes, and I began to track down what little biographical material is available in English and French.

IN THE 1908 edition of *Grove's Dictionary* Smetana's first name is given as Friedrich, and the titles of his operas are also listed in their German form—*Die verkaufte Braut, Der Kuss*, etc. It is only one of the many ironies of the composer's history that his most famous symphonic piece, *Vltava*, that hymn to the beautiful, beloved river of his own land, is to this day known all over the world by a foreign name. Smetana is sometimes dismissed as *merely* a national composer, linked with lesser artists like Grieg and Nielsen; and this is another irony, because during his lifetime his fellow-Czechs attacked him for not being nationalistic enough. His music was accused of Wagnerism (there is about as much Wagner in *Dalibor* as there is in *Aida*).

Unlike many great artists, Smetana—to judge from his letters and from the reminiscences of his associates—was a singularly lovable as well as noble man. The simple account of his life, where personal joys and tragedies alternate with artistic successes and failures, reads like a moving composite of the biographies of nineteenth-century composers. In 1824, when Bedřich was born in the little town of Litomyšl, his family was not poor (his father was a brewer, and Bohemia was—and is—a country of beer drinkers) and he was given an adequate early education (in German, language of the Austrian oppressors). But the family fortunes declined, his musical studies advanced precariously, and when he was twenty—thanks to a recommendation from the head of the Prague Conservatory—he took a job as music master in the family of Count Leopold Thun. At this time he began to compose seriously (he had been writing polkas and improvising since early childhood), as he mingled with older musicians and men of culture in the aristocratic atmosphere of the Thun household.

Smetana, however, was already a nationalist, and his position with the Thuns was ambiguous. He left them in 1848—significant year—and, after his marriage to a young pianist, opened a music school with his wife. Kateřina Kolař had been a childhood sweetheart, and her gentle figure reminds me inevitably of the sweet, shadowy Margherita Barezzi Verdi. Like the young Verdis, the Smetanas lost their first two children in infancy; the death of their little daughter Bedřiška inspired Smetana's G minor Trio, perhaps the finest of his early works.

Financial and political difficulties, and to some extent no doubt these intimate sorrows, led Smetana to seek work abroad. In December 1856, he wrote to his parents from Sweden: "On October 6, early in the morning, I arrived in Göteborg and here I am still. . . . I have given two concerts and earned great praise but not what you would call money. I immediately got more lessons than I can possibly cope with, and I have also started a school . . . the Society for the Promotion of Music has chosen me as its director." In the same letter Smetana said: "Prague did not wish to recognize me, so I have left. . . . I am homesick for my country." This, incidentally, was the first letter Smetana wrote in Czech. He had set about studying his country's tongue, and eventually was to become fluent in it.

Smetana's five years in Sweden (1856–61) were the years of his maturing. His piano compositions became more ambitious, and he wrote three Lisztian symphonic poems of great vigor. But tragedy continued to hound him. The northern climate affected his wife's health, and in 1859 she died, on a journey back to Prague. The following year Smetana married another fellow-countrywoman, Barbara Fernandi—his second marriage was as happy as his first—and, as soon as it was financially possible, returned with his new wife and his surviving daughter to Bohemia.

Prague was a changed city. The revolutionary movements of 1848 and 1859 had won concessions from the Vienna government, and in his diary, under "December 1861," Smetana wrote: "With our newly awakened national consciousness, it is also my endeavor to complete my study of our beautiful language. . . ." In the same diary he wrote a year later: "I have finally got an operatic text . . . by the poet Sabina. . . . I am setting to work with great pleasure." The great phase of Smetana's career was now beginning.

Composers cannot really be compared. Still, if I were forced to put another's name beside Smetana's, it would not be Grieg but Verdi. Both began writing in countries under Austrian oppression, and both were conscious, ardent nationalists. Today the word "nationalism" has an evil flavor; it no longer suggests Kossuth and Garibaldi, but Hitler and John Birch-ites. And yet it was national fervor that inspired much music we love today, from *Nabucco* to the *Revolutionary* Etude.

Verdi, of course, was writing in a country that greedily demanded new operas, and he was the continuer of a long tradition. Opera in Smetana's Prague meant foreign opera; he set out not only to compose operas in his native language (some of his librettos were written in German and translated into Czech for him) but also to forge a national tradition that other, younger composers could carry on after him.

Karel Sabina's "operatic text" was the libretto of *The Brandenburgers in Bohemia* (when I saw it, this first Smetana opera reminded me in many ways of *I Lombardi*, another patriotic pageant). First

The Vltava at Prague; Smetana Museum at right.

performed in 1866, the work was an immediate success and won a prize of 600 gulden which had been established for "the best opera on a patriotic Czech theme." The success—and the prize—no doubt stimulated Smetana to complete his second opera, *The Bartered Bride* (another Sabina libretto), in a hurry. It was given that same year, but was a failure, and the arrival of Prussian troops—then at war with Austria—in Prague caused the theatre to shut down and the composer himself to flee the city. When order was finally restored, Smetana was given the post of conductor at the Czech Theatre (against the opposition of his rivals and enemies), and his *Bride* soon became a hit.

THE NEXT YEARS of Smetana's life were intimately connected with a project that concentrated the energies of all Czechs: the construction of the National Theatre. The new political situation allowed Czech culture more freedom of expression, and the opera house was to be the visible symbol of this freedom, constructed entirely by popular subscription. *Dalibor* was composed to celebrate the laying of the cornerstone. In the second act, when the hero is in prison, Milada—the heroine—takes a page from Leonore's book, disguises herself as a boy, and makes friends with the jailer. Instead of smuggling the prisoner a piece of stale bread, she takes him a violin. The jailer approves, saying: "What Czech is not fond of music?"

Despite the official occasion and despite the thrilling score, *Dalibor* was not a success, nor did it become one until after the composer's death. Again the charge was "Wagnerism."

Smetana's first three operas were composed at a Verdian pace, in four years. His next opera, *Libuše*, was intended for performance at the opening of the National Theatre; he spent four years in writing it, and it remained in his desk until the theatre was completed, nearly a decade later. Meanwhile, as construction on the theatre progressed, he wrote a charming light opera, *The Two Widows* (its premiere was in 1874), the last of his operas to be completed before the onset of his deafness.

"It was in August 1874, as I was walking in the early evening hours through the woods . . . I suddenly heard such moving and ingenious notes being lured from a flute that I stood still and looked round me, trying to see where such an excellent flute player was hiding. Nowhere. . . . Next day I kept to my room, but the illusion repeated itself. . . . Later a terrible roaring in my ears . . . and the piano at which I had sat down to play seemed to me quite out of tune."

The tale of the various "cures" attempted is almost unbearable to read. In the space of a few months Smetana had lost his hearing completely, though it was much longer before he gave up all hope. Having to abandon his conducting post and give up concertizing, he retired, in straitened circumstances, to the house of his daughter Zofie and her husband, chief forester on the Thurn und Taxis estate at Jabkenice. There the peace of the beautiful countryside which he depicted in so much of his music helped restore his spirits, and during the last eight years of his life (1876–1884) he composed some of his finest works. At Jabkenice he completed the *Má Vlast* cycle, wrote his two string quartets, his flashing *Czech Dances* for piano, the two violin-piano duets known as *From My Homeland*, the *Evening Songs*, a number of works for male choir, and his two last operas—*The Secret* (1882) and *The Devil's Wall* (1884).

On June 11, 1881, *Libuše* was finally performed, inaugurating the National Theatre. A new kind of *Bühnenweihfestspiel* (written ten years before *Parsifal*), *Libuše* is an intentionally static, solemn work, illustrating scenes from the life of the legendary Bohemian queen and prophetess whose name gives the opera its title. Smetana had specified that it was to be performed only "on great memorial days which touch the whole Czech nation," but even in this ceremonial work the composer's tunefulness did not abandon him and the opera is never dull.

Libuše was well received. A few weeks later, however, a disaster occurred which shocked the country and also had repercussions on the composer's health. On August 12 Smetana was coming into the city; from the train he saw smoke and flames. The National Theatre was on fire; hours later it was in ruins. Today, in Prague's Smetana Museum, a fascinating collection of documents housed in an old mill on the Vltava, one can see a copy of the next day's paper, with the stark headline, "Weep, Nation!," over a smudgy engraving of the flaming building. The paper also reports Smetana's reaction: "The terrible news had such an effect on Smetana that he was unable to speak a word and was seized with a fit of shivering. . . ."

On September 8 of that same year (the feast of Saint Wenceslas, the national patron), Smetana came out of retirement to conduct the *Libuše* Overture at a concert for the rebuilding fund. The money was collected at record speed, and two years later the theatre was rededicated, again with a production of *Libuše*. The words that can still be read over the proscenium, *Národ sobě* (the nation's gift to itself), are doubly true.

Smetana was present at the theatre's second opening, on November 18, 1883. It was one of his last public appearances, for the long torment of his deafness was beginning to cloud his mind and his health was rapidly deteriorating. The following April he was brought from the country to Prague, to the hospital for nervous disorders. On May 12 he died. His funeral was held three days later, and as Eliška Krásnahorská (librettist of *The Kiss*, *The Secret*, and *The Devil's Wall*) wrote in her memoirs: "On the very day of the master's funeral, the sounds of his *Bartered Bride* rang out in the theatre to which his heart was so firmly united. . . . It was as though a black veil had been draped over the stage . . . tears darkened the eyes of thousands."

If during his lifetime Smetana had to fight to win the admiration of his fellow-countrymen, he is now a national hero on a scale which even Verdi in Italy has not achieved. Every Czech I have ever spoken to—including some avant-garde composers—has brightened with enthusiasm at the mention of his name. In Prague, all his operas are in the repertory, and I have never attended a Smetana performance there that wasn't packed.

THE Western world's ignorance of Smetana (and, to a lesser degree, of his successors Dvořák and Janáček) is particularly surprising in that virtually all his music has been recorded. Admittedly, Supraphon records—the only source for the rarer Smetana repertoire—are not always easily obtained, but with a little patience and an importer's help, they can be had; and the adventurous, open-minded listener can make many exciting discoveries. In a period when capacity audiences rush to hear minor Donizetti, surely it is time for music lovers to hear the major works of a major composer.

Like all converts, I am frankly a proselytizer, and no musical friend leaves my house without having listened to at least a couple of Smetana recordings. Most people, of course, already know *The Bartered Bride*. (In my opinion, the Czech recording under Zdenek Chalabala—Artia 82 or S 82—is, despite sonic inadequacies, preferable to the Angel set—3642 or S 3642—under Rudolf Kempe. The latter recording is well conducted and not badly sung, but I feel that a German text affects the interpretation and produces a kind of heaviness, though the opera certainly remains full of charm.) For those unfamiliar with the rest of Smetana's work I recommend *Dalibor*—begin anywhere, the tuneful sweep of the opera will soon catch you—and the magnificent string quartets. The first of these, *From My Life* (Supraphon 420), is literally autobiographical, an unusual and explicit narrative where, in the last movement (Smetana's description), "the terrifying high note rings in my ears as a premonition of my cruel . . . deafness. . . ." Then there is *Má Vlast*. The words "program music" are almost as unfashionable as the term "nationalism," but fashions change, and perhaps one day soon this cycle will have the audience it deserves. Rafael Kubelik's reading with the Vienna Philharmonic (London 2202) is an affectionate, idiomatic one, and its fine sound helps to make the set a strong rival to the musically peerless but technically inferior recording by the late Václav Talich and the excellent Czech Philharmonic (Parliament 111). The Czech group has, I am told, recently made a new recording of the work under Karel Ančerl; it should be well worth keeping an eye out for.

The operas, of course, the songs and choruses (a recent Supraphon recording, 10029, of these last is superb) bring one face-to-face with the language barrier, and the English translations furnished in some Supraphon albums are a very shaky ladder in scaling that barrier. But with a little patience it can be got over, and the rewards are great. (There are, by the way, singing translations in English of *The Two Widows* and *The Kiss*, and our concert-opera societies might well look into these.) My own favorites—after *Dalibor*—are *The Kiss* and *The Secret*, comic operas tinged with an elegiac melancholy, autumnal works. These are not "funny" operas, any more than *Falstaff* is funny; they are comic only in that they end with love rewarded. The splendid melodies of *The Bartered Bride* and *Dalibor* are here too, and the orchestral invention is even greater.

The Brandenburgers in Bohemia has been recorded, but not yet released; *Libuše* should be on records within another year. (Warning: these operas —like *The Devil's Wall*—are more readily comprehensible in the theatre than on recordings.) Of Supraphon's Smetana discs in general I should add that some made ten years or so ago (*Dalibor* and *The Secret*, notably) are sonically inferior; and while there is some excellent singing (Beno Blachut's Dalibor, for example), there is also some irksome wobbling from the sopranos. The orchestra and chorus of the National Theatre are excellent, however, and so are the conductors.

An enthusiast is always in a bad position, in danger of overstating his case and alienating when he wants to persuade. I do not mean to say that every polka Smetana wrote was a masterpiece (though some come close), but nothing he wrote is completely without interest. Twenty years ago, when I was in college, I was considered eccentric for insisting that *Rigoletto* was a great work. Now, middle Verdi is so chic that I almost want to climb off the bandwagon. Perhaps in another twenty years Smetana too will be internationally recognized—to the world's great gain.

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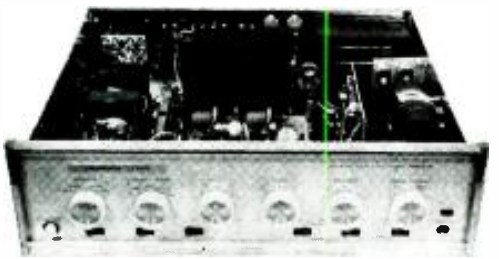

Sherwood Model S-9000 Integrated Amplifier

THE EQUIPMENT: Sherwood S-9000, a solid-state stereo combination preamplifier/power amplifier. Dimensions: 14¼ by 12½ by 4 inches. Price: $299.50. Optional cabinet, $8.50. Manufacturer: Sherwood Electronics Laboratories, Inc., 4300 North California Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60618.

COMMENT: A recent entry into transistorized audio is the new S-9000 by Sherwood—a gleaming, compact integrated amplifier in the medium-to-high power class. Its neat, logical styling and its fine performance both are reminiscent of former Sherwood equipment. The S-9000 comes in a metal case which, with the legs supplied, may be placed on a shelf "as is," or further dressed up in the wood-grained leatherette case available. If a panel cutout installation in custom cabinetry is used, the amplifier may be mounted in any position from horizontal to completely vertical (with the face plate up).

The operating controls are laid out in a straight line across the center of the front panel and include, from left to right: a four-position program selector switch (tape head, phono, tuner, auxiliary); a five-position stereo/mono selector switch (reverse, normal, channel 1, channel 2, mix); a bass control (for left and right channels simultaneously); a similar type treble control; a loudness (volume) control combined with the ON/OFF switch; and a stereo-balance control. Below these controls are a tiny phono-gain control (tape head and phono input levels are adjustable) and six slide switches used for: tape monitor, high frequency (scratch) filter, low frequency (rumble) filter, loudness contour, phase reverse, speakers ON/OFF. With the loudness switch at the IN position the volume control functions as a loudness contour control and provides effective bass boost at lower volume levels. Also included on the front panel is a low-impedance stereo headphone jack. Headphones may be used simultaneously with speakers, if desired.

At the rear of the S-9000 are five pairs of stereo inputs: three pairs are for high level sources (tuner, auxiliary and tape monitor) and two are low level inputs (phono and tape head). For feeding signals from the S-9000 to a tape recorder there is a pair of signal output jacks. Also at the rear are two accessory AC outlets, one of which is switched; a grounding terminal; a fuse-holder; and the AC power cord. The pair of left and right speaker terminals will accommodate speakers having an impedance between 4 and 16 ohms.

The circuitry of the S-9000 contains eleven silicon transistors in each channel and four silicon rectifiers in the power supply. Two transistors are wired as push-pull outputs and are fed by a driver transformer. One power output transistor in each channel has strapped to its body a heat-sensitive circuit breaker that will

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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 not affiliated with the United States Government 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.

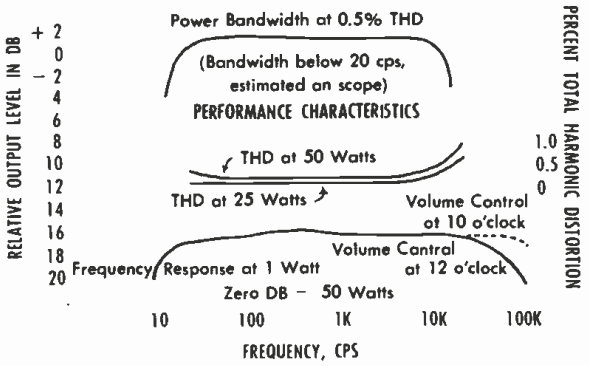
open the AC line voltage to the power transformer in the event that the speakers are accidentally shorted. In addition to this protection, Sherwood cautions the user against short-circuiting the speakers. According to Sherwood the circuit breakers will open when the temperature of the output transistors reaches 210° F. and will close again when the temperature drops to 170° F.

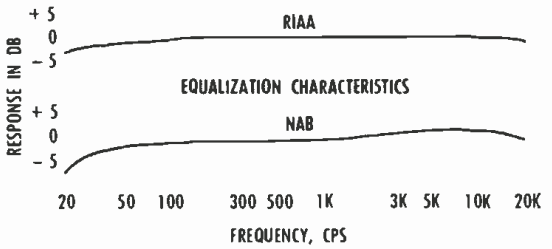
In tests conducted at United States Testing Company, Inc., the S-9000 met its important specifications with ease, providing high power with very low distortion across the audio band. With both channels operating together (the most rigorous test), it shaped up as a very clean 40-watts-per-channel amplifier, with ample reserves for driving the lowest efficiency speakers.

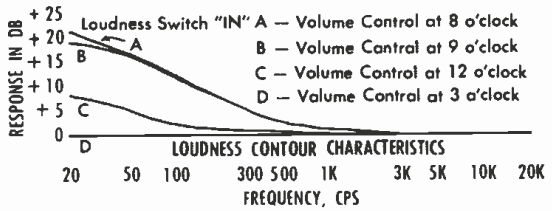
The frequency response of the amplifier was flat to within 1 db out to 35 kc, and down only 3 db at about 9 cps and 70 kc (with the volume control at the 12 o'clock position). While observing the 10-kc square-wave response of the amplifier on an oscilloscope, USTC testers adjusted the volume control until the square wave exhibited optimum high frequency response. At this position (10 o'clock), the response—already excellent—became even more outstanding, and was down only 0.8 db at 100 kc. These measurements are further reflected in the two 10-kc square-wave re-

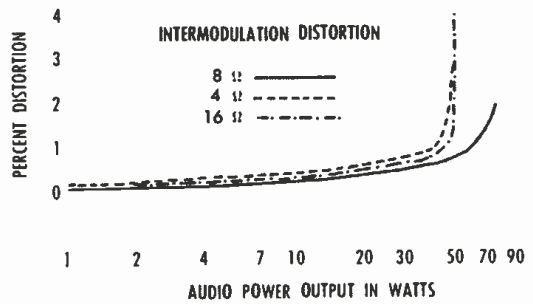
Lab Test Data

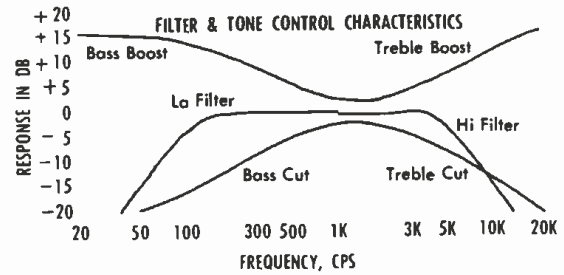
Performance characteristic	Measurement
Power output (at 1 kc into 8-ohm load)	
l ch at clipping	55 watts @ 0.23% THD
l ch for 0.5% THD	63.2 watts
r ch at clipping	43.2 watts @ 0.2% THD
r ch for 0.5% THD	52.5 watts
both chs simultaneously at clipping	
l ch	43.2 watts @ 0.27% THD
r ch	39.6 watts @ 0.21% THD
Power bandwidth for 0.5% THD	12 cps to 16 kc
Harmonic distortion	
50 watts output	less than 0.5% up to 10.5 kc; 1% at 20 kc
25 watts output	less than 0.5% up to 15 kc; 0.75% at 20 kc
IM distortion	
8-ohm load	less than 0.25% up to 10 watts output; 0.5% at 30 watts; 0.8% at 50 watts
16-ohm load	less than 0.26% up to 10 watts output; 0.84% at 40 watts
4-ohm load	less than 0.35% up to 10 watts output; 0.95% at 40 watts
Frequency response, 1-watt output	
Vol control (12 o'clock)	+0.2, –1 db, 17 cps to 35 kc
Vol control (10 o'clock)	–0.8 db at 100 kc
RIAA disc characteristic	+0, –2 db, 25 cps to 20 kc
NAB tape head characteristic	+1, –2 db, 40 cps to 20 kc
Damping factor	40
Sensitivity for full output	phono 2.75 mv; tape head 1.50 mv; aux 350 mv; tuner 350 mv; tape mon 350 mv
S/N ratio	phono 65 db; tape head 58 db; aux 68 db; tuner 68 db; tape mon 68 db

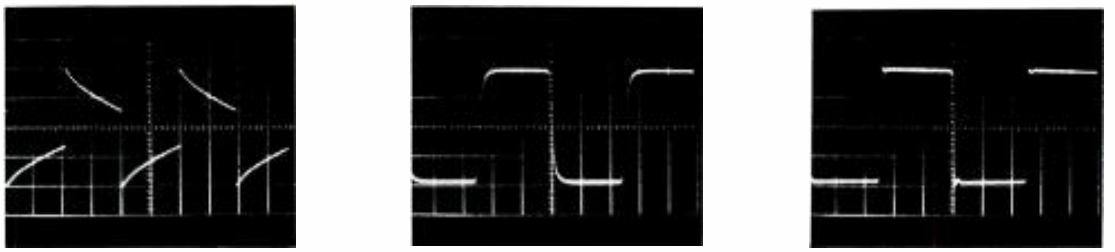












Square-wave response to 50 cps, left; and to 10-kc with volume control at 12 o'clock and at 10 o'clock.

sponse photos corresponding to these two volume control settings. Actually, either one is very good, and indeed above average for a combination amplifier. The 50-cps square-wave photo shows some phase distortion, which is typical of most integrated amplifiers.

Damping factor of the S-9000 was a very favorable 40. Its equalization was quite good for the RIAA (disc) playback position. The NAB equalization characteristic showed some loss below about 40 cps—not very important inasmuch as most tape playback is done through a tape deck's own preamp. Both the scratch and rumble filter circuits were well designed, resulting in good filtering action. Sensitivity at all inputs was suited to today's program sources and the amplifier's signal-to-noise ratio was good—as was its stability.

The IM characteristics of the S-9000 were excellent, and—incidentally—different from those of other transistor amplifiers recently encountered. In most transistor amplifiers, the IM distortion has measured higher at low power levels than at high power levels. In the S-9000, the IM is very low at low power output, rising as the amplifier approaches its maximum power output—which is the pattern, of course, of tube-type amplifiers. In any case, IM distortion—with the amplifier driving 4-, 8-, or 16-ohm loads—was very low.

Well-built, neatly styled, and very easy to listen to, the Sherwood S-9000 is a topflight integrated amplifier, offering in a compact format the kind of performance formerly associated with bulkier separate preamp and power amplifier equipment.

Sonotone Mark IV Cartridge

THE EQUIPMENT: Sonotone Mark IV (9TAF), a ceramic turnover (twin styli) stereo cartridge supplied with two plug-in networks for RIAA equalized preamp inputs. Price: Model 9TAF-D77HCV, with two 0.7-mil diamond styli, $24.25; Model 9TAF-SDHCV, with one 0.7-mil diamond and one 3-mil sapphire (model tested), $20.25. Replacement styli assemblies: dual 0.7-mil diamond, $10; 0.7-mil diamond and 3-mil sapphire, $6.50. Manufacturer: Sonotone Corp., Elmsford, N.Y. 10523.

COMMENT: This latest ceramic from Sonotone is a rugged, low-cost, all-purpose cartridge. It may not be the last word in refined performance vis-à-vis today's best magnetics, but it does offer very good sound and certainly can prove handy for many installations, and especially for the owner of a sizable collection of older records—including 78 rpms—who plays them, as well as his newer discs, fairly often and who doesn't want to bother interchanging heads on his tone arm. An unusual feature of this cartridge is its "Sono-Flex" stylus assembly; quite flexible, yet robust, it lends a comforting degree of compliance to the pickup and at the same time seems virtually impervious to damage inasmuch as it can be bent very much out of playing position and then allowed to spring back to its normal alignment again.

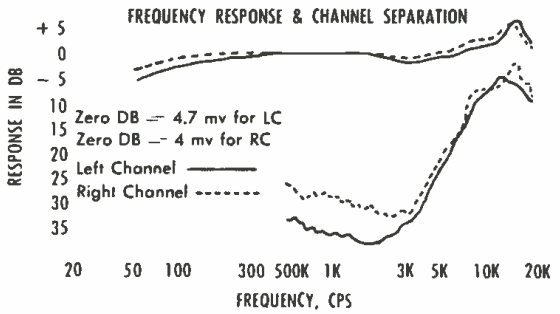
The cartridge is a flip-over type, with provision for two separate styli. The combination of the 0.7-mil tip (for mono and stereo microgroove discs) and the broader 3-mil tip (for 78-rpm discs) would be the logical choice for maximum versatility. Alternately, it may be ordered with two 0.7-mil tips so that the user always has a spare needle on hand (for microgrooves only, of course). The 9TAF is supplied with a pair of plug-in equalizers that convert its output to a signal suitable for connecting into the low-level phono inputs on high fidelity amplifiers. Without the equalizers connected in the line, the signal may feed directly into a high-level input such as the radio-phono jack found on some radio or television receivers. This type of hookup, while it may sacrifice something in the way of accurate equalization, is perfectly safe and it surely could prove a real convenience in some situations.

For installing in a tone arm, the cartridge has the usual mounting centers and a plug-in four-pin connector to which the sleeves found in most tone arm heads will fit readily. Rated compliance of the 9TAF is 15 x 10^{-6} cm/dyne; recommended tracking force, using professional-type arms, is 1.5 to 3 grams; in record changers, 3 to 4 grams. In tests run at United States Testing Company, Inc., the 9TAF was used in a Grado arm, tracking at a

force of 2 grams. In subsequent listening tests, it was installed in several automatic and manual (turntable-arm combination) players.

The output of the 9TAF was measured (referenced to 1 kc, peak recorded velocity of 5 cm/sec) as 4.7 millivolts on the left channel, and 4 millivolts on the right channel. These values, taken at the output of the plug-in equalizers, are well suited for high fidelity preamp inputs. Frequency response held to within ±2.5 db across most of the response range, except for a gradual rolloff in the bass and a characteristic rise at about 15 kc. Channel separation was quite ample for stereo disc playback. Channel balance averaged to within 2 db across the band. Distortion did not start until about the 4-kc point, and remained quite low.

In listening tests, the 9TAF—with its very clean, smooth, and "musical" sound—demonstrated to our satisfaction how far the art of the ceramic cartridge has come to date. Instruments, voice, ensembles all sounded



natural and "well aired." Needle talk was negligible and hum pickup nil. With this kind of performance, versatility, and low cost, the new Sonotone should not be ignored by the stereo record owner seeking a suitable pickup for a budget system of high quality.

Bogen Model B62 Record Player

THE EQUIPMENT: Bogen B62, a variable-speed (from below 16 to above 78 rpm) turntable with integrated arm. Dimensions: 15 by 13 by 3⅓ inches (allow 3 inches clearance under motor board). Price: $69.95. Optional walnut base, $5.25; dust cover, $5.50. Manufactured by Lenco of Switzerland; distributed in the U.S.A. by Bogen Communications Division, Lear Siegler, Inc., P.O. Box 500, Paramus, N.J. 07652.

COMMENT: The B62 is the latest version of a high performing turntable with arm that offers continuously variable speeds from below 16 to above 78 rpm. The speed adjustment control has detent positions for the nominal settings of 16, 33, 45, and 78 rpm; with these stops as a guide and by slight adjustment of the control it is possible to obtain absolute accuracy of speed for any record cut, including some that may spin at slight departures from the standard speeds, such as some older "78s." Precise settings for the three speeds most often used (33, 45, and 78 rpm) are facilitated by a strobe disc that fits onto the platter. It also is possible to vary the pitch of records deliberately, a feature that could be of interest to students of music and professional musicians. The actual range of speeds possible with the B62, according to United States Testing Company, Inc., is from 10 to 85 rpm.

This unusual feature is accomplished by a unique motor and drive system under the platter. The motor, itself a four-pole constant-velocity type, is provided with a conically shaped shaft which contacts a rubber idler wheel. The speed control moves the idler along the tapered shaft to vary the speed of the platter. The tapered shaft lies in the horizontal plane. An idler arm and spring assembly holds the idler wheel in a vertical position, and to one side of the tapered drive shaft. The rim of the idler wheel protrudes through a cutout in the mounting board to come in contact with the underside of the turntable. Inasmuch as the idler wheel makes contact with the drive shaft and the turntable simultaneously only when the power switch lever is placed in the ON position, no flat spots should develop on the idler.

The B62 contains a well-balanced, 11¾-inch-diameter, rubber-padded turntable weighing 8¼ pounds. The tone arm is a metal tubular type with an offset head. A spring-loaded control, mounted at its rear, is used for adjusting tracking force. The arm also contains a micrometer-type gauge used as a logging scale in the event that more than one cartridge is used (the scale does not indicate actual tracking force). The cartridge head is a plug-in type which locks firmly into the front of the tone arm, and seems large enough to accommodate any standard model of cartridge.

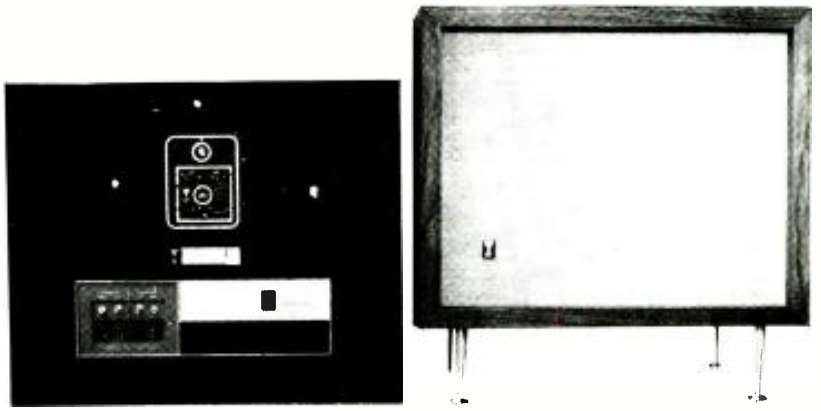
In addition to the speed control, the B62 also has a lever switch that serves as the ON/OFF control and as a device for raising and lowering the tone arm—to minimize record or stylus wear and to permit cuing of records. When this switch is moved to the PLAY position the tone arm rest lowers the arm gently onto the record. Of course the arm must first be positioned over the starting groove of the record. On reaching the end of the record the tone arm may be lifted from the surface of the record by moving the lever to the ON position. Further counterclockwise rotation of the lever will turn the record player off.

Tests of the B62 at USTC, and subsequent listening

tests, were made with a variety of cartridges. Tone arm resonance was extremely low, and was well damped at about 12 cps, which is excellent. The rumble measurement of the B62 was found to vary according to the tension of the shock-absorption springs under the plinth. When relatively "loose," these springs, it was found, resonated at 10 cps, which produced a rumble figure of –20 db, referenced to the NAB standard of 1.4 cm/sec. However, by compressing these springs to a point where the turntable was almost in contact with its wooden base, USTC found that rumble decreased significantly. With the turntable thus mounted, the B62 was used in listening tests over wide-range speakers, and rumble was inaudible. Wow and flutter were both low and insignificant (0.12% and 0.03% respectively). Tone arm bearing friction was very low in both the vertical and lateral planes, and the arm was found to be capable of permitting several late model cartridges to track at the low forces recommended for them.

The Bogen B62, in sum, shapes up as a turntable and arm combination of fine design and high quality performance. It is well suited for any high fidelity installation and, in addition, has the unique feature of its speed control system: absolute accuracy for all record speeds plus the ability to vary speed deliberately as required for special musical needs.

James B. Lansing Energizer-Reproducer

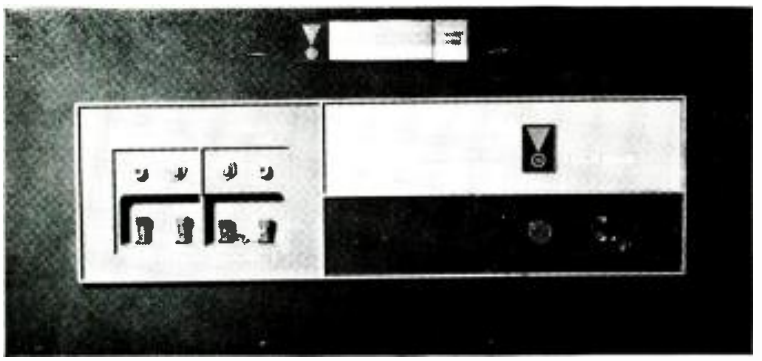


THE EQUIPMENT: The "energizer-reproducer," a combination loudspeaker system integrated with a basic stereo amplifier for driving both the one speaker system and a second system for stereo. Several models are available; tested for this report: E2-38-032WX (the Model 032 speaker system integrated with a Model SE402 stereo amplifier). Dimensions: 23¾ by 19½ by 15¾ inches; optional screw-on legs raise height to 24½ inches. Price: $438; speaker system alone, in enclosure but minus amplifier, $222; drivers and dividing network for installation in one's own enclosure, $123; energizer alone, for adding to existing JBL speaker systems, $216. Manufacturer: James B. Lansing Sound, Inc., 3249 Casitas Ave., Los Angeles, Calif. 90039.

COMMENT: As an option to go with its speaker systems, the James B. Lansing Company is offering a solid-state basic stereo amplifier that fits into the rear panel of one speaker enclosure. The output of one channel of this amplifier, or "energizer" as JBL calls it, drives the speaker system (transducer) in which it is installed; the output of its other channel drives a second, separately housed, speaker for stereo. To use this system, one connects the output signal from an ordinary preamp-control unit to the "A" and "B" input jacks of the energizer at the rear of one speaker cabinet. Each channel has its own level control to help balance the system for stereo. Conceivably, the energizer-reproducer also could be fed with signals direct from a tuner or from a tape playback amplifier. Connections are made via ordinary phono plugs, and a pair of thirty-foot-long cables are supplied with the equipment to allow positioning the speakers at convenient distances from the other equipment. Longer or shorter cables, of course, may be used to suit installation needs. The connection from the other output of the energizer to the second speaker system is made with ordinary "speaker wire" (lamp cord, twin-lead, etc.) and the energizer itself is plugged into an AC outlet, the same as for any amplifier.

The energizer, in a word, replaces the conventional basic amplifier in a stereo system. As supplied, it is somewhat "more" than an amplifier inasmuch as it comes with an equalizer circuit board that electrically integrates it with the particular speaker system used. This circuit board controls the amplifier's damping characteristic with respect to the speaker and also provides for small changes (averaging about 3 db at certain frequencies) in response—the net effect of which is to keep the deepest bass clean and to help "air" the highs. About forty different equalizer boards are available, to suit various JBL speaker systems. In addition, the amplifier itself—without the board or with the board reversed—can be used as a flat-gain basic amplifier providing 35 watts per channel to drive speakers of other manufacture. In the near future, incidentally, JBL is planning to offer this amplifier in a 40-watt-per-channel version for general use, and also may design equalizer boards to custom-tailor its output to other brands of speakers.

Aside from the benefits of such integration in closely matching amplifier to speaker, this approach eliminates the need for installing a major component as part of the stereo system. It also means that a pair of shielded signal cables—rather than two pairs of speaker lines—runs from the program sources and control center to wherever the speakers are located. There are other ancillary advantages, depending on what other equipment one is the owner of. For instance, our preamp has dual sets of signal outputs for each channel. Thus, we were able to feed one set to the JBL system and, simultaneously, feed the other set to a conventional basic amplifier driving its own pair of stereo speakers. Then, by positioning all four speakers relative to each other, and adjusting various level and balance controls, we



Close-up of energizer installed in rear of a JBL speaker enclosure. This unit, plus another speaker system, can serve as stereo setup without the need for a conventional basic amplifier. If added to an existing stereo system, JBL hook-up can enhance the sound spread, or be used for piping stereo to another room.

were able to experiment on our own along the lines of "spatial stereo" described in the article by Leonard Feldman elsewhere in this issue of HIGH FIDELITY. The audible results—thanks to the clean sound of the JBL system as well as to the "surround effect" of the added sound sources—were most gratifying: an audiophile's delight. Of course, the JBL system is offered, in its own right, as a full-fledged, independent, stereo reproducing system, and it was on this basis that it was evaluated for this report.

The speaker system itself, the Model 032, is a two-way system consisting of a Model D-123 extended-range, 12-inch driver, a Model LE-20 tweeter, and a Model LX2 dividing network. These units are installed in a Model C-38 reflex-type enclosure, a well-constructed cabinet finished in dark walnut and with its front grille cloth recessed noticeably behind the front edges to present a striking "framed" visual effect. All terminals at the rear are clearly marked for function and polarity. General construction and workmanship of all parts—including the cabinet, speaker system elements, and the energizer itself—struck us as first-rate, neat, professional-looking, carefully placed, and rock-solid. From the speaker binding posts to the dressing of wires within the enclosure, there is nothing skimpy or casual about the JBL system. It is plainly quality merchandise throughout.

This speaker system was tested, driven by the JBL built-in amplifier; an identical system was tested, driven first by the other channel of this amplifier and then by an external, high-powered solid-state amplifier. The audible results in the three setups were astonishingly similar. At first, the system that housed the energizer (the Model E2-38-032WX) seemed to have a slightly "brighter" sound than the system consisting of speakers alone (the Model D38-032WX). However, by adjusting the dividing network level control on the former to its lowest indicated dividing frequency of 1,500 cps, we were able to obtain very close balance—so close, in fact, that with both cabinets positioned next to each other it was literally impossible to tell from which one the sound was coming during A-B tests.

The useful response of either system was estimated to extend to 30 cps, with a gentle and clean rolloff beginning, apparently, at about 40 cps. Doubling in the bass could not be induced except by driving the system abnormally hard and, at that, was not as pronounced as on many other speakers. Upward from the bass, the response seemed very clean and smooth to beyond audibility, with a slope beginning at perhaps 14 kc. Directivity in the highs was not noticeable until about the 5-kc point, and was not severe. Directivity increased gradually toward 10 kc, but tones above this frequency still could be heard well off-axis of the system. White noise response was moderately smooth, and could be made smoother by reducing the setting of the tweeter level control or by listening somewhat off-axis.

A fairly efficient system, the JBL units could be driven to enormous output volume with relatively low settings of the gain control on the preamp. Reproducing music and voice, the system over-all was thoroughly listenable on all manner of program material and throughout the audible range. Indeed, the JBL speakers —driven by the built-in energizer or by a conventional amplifier—struck us as better than their size and cost might suggest. There was never a hint of boxiness or honking, but rather a sense of well-balanced, full, natural, musical sound that was both "refined" and "solid." No attempt was made to measure the response or distortion of the energizer itself inasmuch as it is offered with, and designed to be an integral part of, the speaker systems. However, on the basis of extended listening tests and comparisons with conventional basic amplifiers, we would say that JBL has succeeded admirably in this "integration" design.

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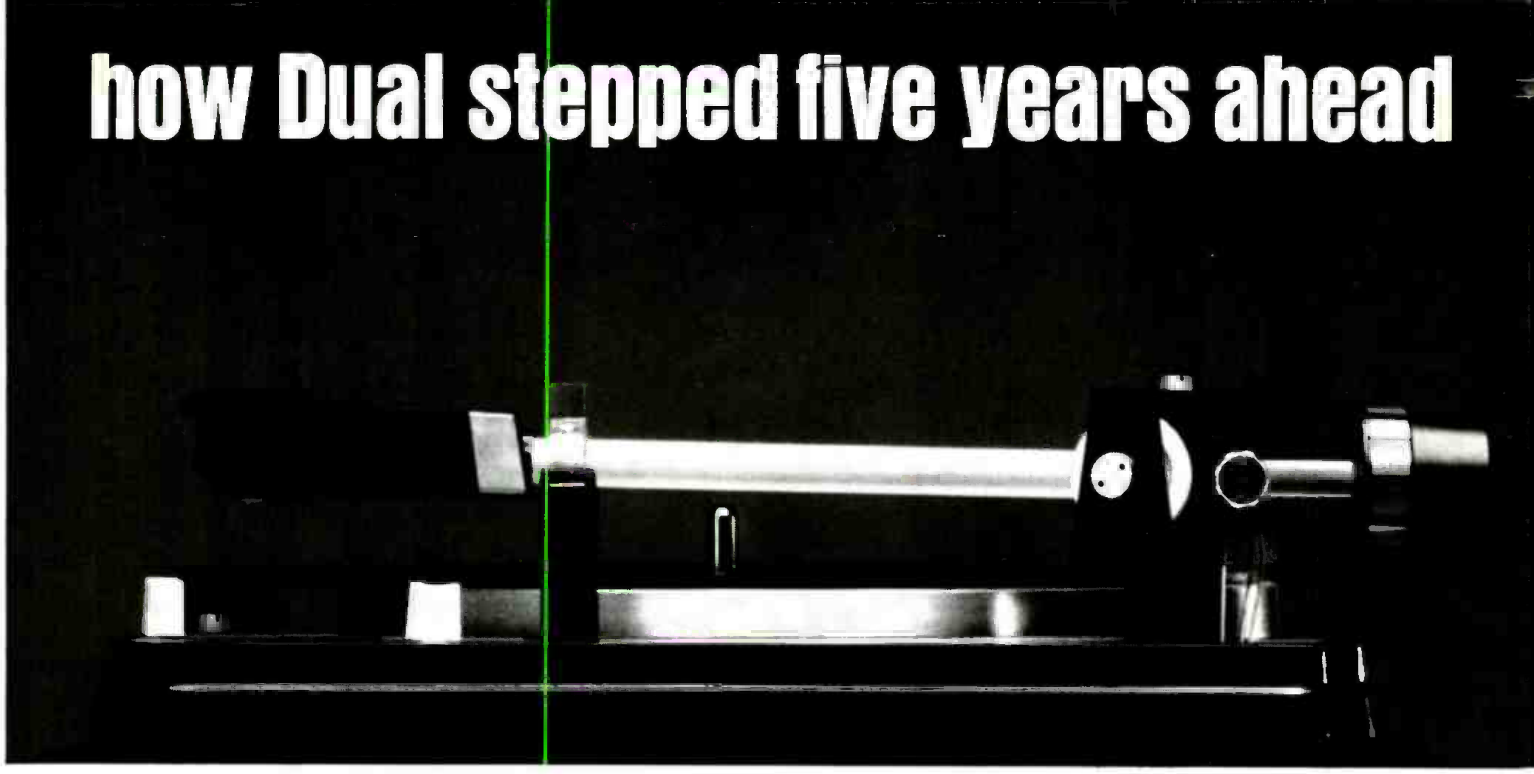

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by Alan Rich

Criticism Disarmed—or The Art of Maggie Teyte

If the word "incomparable" has any meaning at all, it applies with special force to the art of Maggie Teyte. Hers was the singing of a stylist so totally in command of an individual and distinctive philosophy of performance as to render unmistakable every facet of her musical approach.

A stylist operating within the realm of serious music can be somewhat suspect: there are valid reasons for objecting to the bending or breaking of a musical line on the rack of a performer's own personality. Yet the final criterion must be the final product—which in Teyte's case totally disarms criticism. I know of only one other singer for whom this holds true. Elisabeth Schumann; and, indeed, Teyte and Schumann were artists of the same kind, although of course in entirely different repertory. Both had the kind of smallish, supple voices that could be made to float as if totally disembodied, and which, late in the singers' careers, developed the same sort of reediness. Both also shared an imaginative approach to the shape of a phrase, permitting the utmost flexibility without loss of the line. A few instrumental musicians have this too: Casals, Segovia, Reginald Kell. It is a special and dangerous kind of art.

Now the dangerous art of Maggie Teyte has been restored by a pair of discs that are the very stuff of intoxication. From London Records, we are given a coupling of a recital broadcast, made by the BBC in 1937 and never before released commercially, and a reissue of pieces recorded in the early Thirties. From Angel there is half of the HMV album made solely for New York's lamented Gramophone Shop in 1940, along with other HMV performances recorded between 1941 and 1948. One hates to be greedy, but part of the good news about the Angel record is that it is listed as "Volume One."

Teyte's operation was primarily in the area of the French and English repertory, an area in which the flow of verbal language serves in large measure to generate musical shape. This is important in evaluating her work, because it

is a work governed by extraordinarily sensitive response to word value and word coloration. Here is the point of departure from Elisabeth Schumann, whose art, like the music she sang, is primarily lyric. It didn't matter that Teyte's French diction was removed by at least the width of the Channel from the Comédie-Française ideal; what mattered is that she grasped with rare insight the *musique de la langue*. Her rare sorties into German song, some of which are on the BBC recital, were failures not merely because her "TAY-ne" and "NOCK-tigall" show an unfamiliarity with the problems of pronunciation but because the inner pulse of the language did not seize her. (Even so, her singing of *Aufträge*, even in its musical comedy approach, is delicious.)

It is this power to irradiate a word from within that makes Teyte's singing so subtly, and yet so overpoweringly, communicative. When, in the second couplet of *La Périchole*'s *"Tu n'est pas beau,"* she takes the *"brigand"* a seventh below written note, it is to make the word a teasing, sarcastic aside, a caress, a chuck under the chin. It is an effect not in the score, and yet every performance without it sounds naked. That is the dangerous in Teyte. Such license ought to be deplored. One ought to recoil in horror at her singing of Hahn's *Si mes vers . . .* (her favorite encore at recitals) with its swoops, its total disdain for straightforward rhythmic flow, its final sentimental caress like a blown kiss. One cannot, because she had it in her to create a level of beauty no less than equal to the song itself. It is a sort of transfusion of vital essences, and the blood types match.

She had, moreover, the innate humor to raise even the most trivial kind of music to a kind of artistic level. She could take some journeyman's saccharine verses for Dvořák's *Humoresque*, some footling nonsense about a Scottish laddie, and wring the heart with them. She could parody the light style, and still do it honor. "Sweet Mistress Prooooo, how do you dooooo" is one of the most gorgeous essays ever propounded on the inherent inanity of language.

On the whole, the London record honors the lighter side of Teyte's art in its supple, winsome insinuation, and at a time when the voice had a creamy, youthful richness. By 1940, when the Angel record picks up the history, the voice itself had begun to change from clarinet to oboe: brighter, somewhat more in focus, but somewhat smaller in sound. The power to enchant was in no way diminished by the change, however. There is witchcraft in the Berlioz songs, in that ravishing upward floating on *"Ma bien-aimée"* in *L'Absence*, in the harrowing, monotone reading of the last lines of *Le Spectre de la rose*. While a larger, more powerful voice (Régine Crespin's, for example) can encompass these phrases without the register break that Teyte required, this is a minor matter in the face once again of the over-all sense of drama that Teyte infuses into these ravishing songs. By 1946, when she sang Chausson's *Poème de l'amour et de la mer* there were other small vocal insecurities (and a rather insecure supporting orchestra), but the incredible and individual sense of phrase remained, the sense that could translate the fragrance of poetry into its exact musical equivalent.

Shéhérazade was Teyte's last great recording. The old seductress was now sixty, but she had preserved her resources shrewdly. The seduction is therefore complete. Although there are chinks in the orchestra, the singing is without seam. Teyte's is (and always was) the wrong kind of voice for this music—it wants more of languor—but Teyte's is (and was) the kind of artistic impulse making other questions beside the point.

One talks about style, generally in the most general and meaningless terms. Here, on these two records, we have many things: treasurable music, ravishing sounds, words that hypnotize in their very outline. Above all, we have style, on a level where it can almost be grasped in the fingers. There was no one quite like Maggie Teyte; I doubt that there ever will be.

MAGGIE TEYTE: *Recital*

Brahms: *Die Mainacht; An die Nachtigall; Meine Liebe ist grün.* Schumann: *Der Nussbaum; Aufträge.* Quilter: *Now Sleeps the Crimson Petal.* Delius: *Indian Love Song.* Bridge: *E'en as a Lovely Flower.* Peel: *Wander-thirst.* Offenbach: *La Périchole: Tu n'est pas beau.* Messager: *Véronique: Petite dinde; Ma foi, pour venir de Provence.* Fauré: *Après un rêve.* Hahn: *Si mes vers avaient des ailes.* Dvořák: *Christina's Lament; Songs My Mother Taught Me.* Gibson: *Sir Roger de Coverley: Sweet Mistress Prue.* Romberg: *The Student Prince: Deep in My Heart, Dear.* Cuvillier: *Lilac Domino: What Is Done You Never Can Undo.*

Maggie Teyte, soprano; Rita Mackay, piano (in the first ten selections listed above); George Reeves, piano (in the Fauré); piano (in the Hahn and Dvořák); various orchestras (in the Offenbach, Messager, Gibson, Romberg, and Cuvillier) [the first ten selections, previously unreleased, are from a 1937 BBC broadcast; the others are reissued from various English Decca recordings, c. 1933].

• LONDON OL. 5889. LP. $4.98.

MAGGIE TEYTE: *French Songs, Vol 1*

Berlioz: *Les Nuits d'été: No. 1, L'Absence; No. 3, Le Spectre de la rose.* Chausson: *Poème de l'amour et de la mer.* Ravel: *Shéhérazade.* Duparc: *L'Invitation au voyage; Phidylé; Chanson triste.*

Maggie Teyte, soprano; Gerald Moore, piano (in *Chanson triste*); orchestra, Leslie Heward, cond. (in the Berlioz, *L'Invitation au voyage*, and *Phidylé*), Leighton Lucas, cond. (in the Chausson); Royal Opera House Orchestra, Hugo Rignold, cond. (in the Ravel) [from various HMV recordings, 1940-48].

• ANGEL COLH 138. LP. $5.98.

Alfred Brendel

INASMUCH AS 1965 offers nothing to mark it as a Beethoven commemorative year, we can only guess that there's a movement afoot to adopt Lewis Carroll's *Alice in Wonderland* proposal for celebrating "un-birthdays." How else, at least, can one explain the astounding quantity of Beethoven played this season in New York concert halls, and the equally astounding number of recordings of his music already released this year? At any rate the latest additions to the Beethoven piano sonata discography are very welcome—and particularly welcome in their revelation of a continuity between the interpretative ideals of the older and the younger generation of artists.

This is not to say, of course, that no new ideas are being offered. Take Glenn Gould's audacious new disc of the Op. 10 Sonatas, for example. One is immediately struck by the extraordinary vitality and intensity of the readings. The linear motion of each slow movement is transmitted with almost formidable strength and feeling (with charged music making of this sort, it is little wonder that the artist was compelled to involuntary outbursts of song). Where Mr. Gould departs from the norm is in his concept of Beethoven tempo markings. Many musicians, still under the influence of nineteenth-century romanticism, adopt tempos that are generally "comfortable" both to play and to listen to. Such performers invariably dismiss Beethoven's own, much faster, metronome marks as "inaccurate" or "unplayable." Mr. Gould apparently feels differently. He seems to believe (and rightly so, in my opinion) that a proper Beethoven reading should concern itself less with sonority and more with relentless form: *ergo*, the Allegro molto e con brio and Prestissimo of his Op. 10, No. 1, in C minor and the Presto finale of his Op. 10, No. 2, in F. The briskness has an enlivening effect upon the music, which summarily loses

Wilhelm Kempff

Glenn Gould

Daniel Barenboim

by Harris Goldsmith

Beethoven Sonatas, by Divers Hands

the stodgy expansiveness given it by some pianists and becomes tart, incisive, and vibrant.

A similar pattern of reasoning was evidently applied by Mr. Gould to the opening Presto of the D major Sonata, Op. 10, No. 3, but here his intentions are thwarted by a serious miscalculation. I am in wholehearted agreement with his tempo, but the aforementioned sense of *form* is lost here by the artist's lack of any clarifying punctuation. As phrases, paragraphs, and whole sections tumble over each other in a breathless, hysterical fashion, the total result is, to say the least, uncomfortable. There can be even less justification for the desperate scramble heard in the same Sonata's final movement, which the composer merely marked "Allegro." It must be added, however, that Mr. Gould's fingers are up to anything he requires of them.

Admittedly, the list of flaws in the Gould disc appears extensive: in addition to the misjudged tempos in the D major Sonata already cited, there are the extramusical numming, the squeaking piano bench (Columbia's album notes offer a humorous apologia for the latter), and the almost total omission of the near mandatory repeats in these classically oriented essays. Yet these considerations notwithstanding, Mr. Gould practices an inspired kind of music making here. With his extraordinary sense of rhythm and exemplary contrapuntal technique he should be a natural for the *Hammerklavier* . . . provided he can remember to leave room for punctuation.

As a child, Daniel Barenboim played for Wilhelm Furtwängler, from whom he evoked lavish praise. Now, at twenty-two, the gifted young musician has completed his second recorded version of the great *Hammerklavier* (he made his first at the age of sixteen) and seems to be paying musical homage to Furtwängler's memory. In striking contrast to the faster, more objective earlier reading (for Westminster), his new *Hammerklavier* features the ripe romanticism, the occasional theatricality, and the philosophical introspection of a typical late Furtwängler performance. Barenboim's innate musicality is impressive, and he possesses, in addition, a luminous tone expressive of all sorts of dynamic gradations. One can hardly fail to admire playing such as this, even while disagreeing with the basic musical concept. What bothers me about this *Hammerklavier* is its excessive insistence on detail. All too often, the pulse goes soft, phrases drift inertly, and the sensuousness of the writing assumes a dimension out of relation to its true importance. Nor do I like Barenboim's arpeggiation of the Sonata's very last note or, similarly, his fussy distension at the end of the first movement. When this highly talented young pianist learns that a whole is greater than its parts, he will surely give us a truly exemplary *Hammerklavier*. Command's reproduction is superb, by the way, but I wish that the engineers could have gotten the slow movement complete onto Side 2; music of this order of sublimity cries out for continuity.

Wilhelm Kempff, whose earlier mono-only set of the complete Beethoven Sonatas was reissued only a few months ago, seems now engaged in remaking the cycle for stereo. Nos. 8, 14, 23, 29, 30, 31, and 32 have already appeared in new editions, and the present pair of discs adds Nos. 17, 21, 23 (the same version?), 25, 26, and 28 to the list. While his approach is basically the same understated one with which we are familiar, there is perhaps now a greater strength and virility. The new *Tempest* scores over its predecessor in observing the important first-movement repeat, but I still question Kempff's jaunty, semistaccato treatment of left-hand passages and his reluctance to hold the pedal down in the recitatives as Beethoven specified. I have a similar reservation concerning pedaling in the *Waldstein* third movement, and here (as before) the Sonata's opening Allegro con brio is upset by Kempff's rhythmically loose, multitempo treatment of music that should emerge demonic and arrow-straight.

Op. 79, however, is a joy in Kempff's reading (although his earlier, more symmetrical reading was better still), and I find the attention to inner-voice detail impressive in the *Appassionata*. Kempff's new *Les Adieux* is less severe and formal than his older version, and this time he corrects that glaring textual error in the first-movement recapitulation (the wrong chord in the left hand at meas. 118). But for me, the high spot of the new series is Kempff's patrician rendering of the knotty, elusive Op. 101 Sonata. His older recording has long been my favorite for this work, and the new performance virtually duplicates the old. The clipped dotted rhythms in the march, the exquisite part-playing throughout, the delicacy of the fugue, and—above all—the gracious simplicity of the short first movement have all been recaptured. Here is interpretation of the most subtle and rarefied order. DGG's sound is bright, gleaming, and fully representative of Kempff's slightly brittle, salonlike attack.

Alfred Brendel completes his integral recording of the Sonatas with the two Vox boxes noted below, and plays most admirably. The Austrian pianist favors a tradition of Beethoven performance rather similar to Kempff's in its basic lyricism and objectivity. He is a meticulous craftsman, and a sensitive, vivacious (though orthodox) musician. Some of his interpretations lack the ultimate brio, the last degree of slashing momentum, to make them truly memorable. The upward left-hand figurations in the first movement of Op. 14, No. 1 lack revolutionary defiance, for example, while the well-regulated passagework in Op. 22 sounds just a shade placid and characterless. And when one compares Brendel's version of Op. 79 with either of the Kempff recordings, it becomes apparent that Kempff communicates the dynamic

contrasts with more directness, while being both more expansively lyric and more dramatic in the slow movement.

On the other hand, Brendel's nimble delicacy produces exemplary versions of both Op. 27 Sonatas. while the Largo of Op. 10, No. 2 moves with a shadowy plasticity altogether different from Gould's ascetic intensity but every bit as satisfying. Brendel's massive treatment of the *Pathétique* is also impressive: much to his credit. he seems to be one of the few artists who actually bother to count out the silent bars of the first-movement coda precisely. Vox's reproduction is variable, ranging from mellifluous at best to jangly and distorted at worst. I wish that this company would reconsider its policy of coupling albums in automatic sequence. It is disconcerting to have some Sonatas divided between two discs.

In sum, here are achievements all meriting scrutiny and sometimes commanding unstinting praise.

BEETHOVEN: *Sonatas for Piano*

No. 5, in C minor, Op. 10, No. 1; No. 6, in F, Op. 10, No. 2; No. 7, in D, Op. 10, No. 3.

Glenn Gould, piano.
• COLUMBIA ML 6086. LP. $4.98.
• • COLUMBIA MS 6686. SD. $5.98.

No. 1, in F minor, Op. 2, No. 1; No. 2, in A, Op. 2, No. 2; No. 3, in C, Op. 2, No. 3; No. 4, in E flat, Op. 7; No. 8, in C minor ("Pathétique"); No. 12, in A flat, Op. 26; No. 14, in C sharp minor, Op. 27, No. 2 ("Moonlight"); No. 25, in G, Op. 79 (in VBX 420/SVBX 5420). *No. 9, in E, Op. 14, No. 1; No. 10, in G, Op. 14, No. 2; No. 11, in B flat, Op. 22; No. 13, in E flat, Op. 27, No. 1; No. 5, in C minor, Op. 10, No. 1; No. 6, in F, Op. 10, No. 2; No. 7, in D, Op. 10, No. 3; No. 15, in D, Op. 28* (in VBX 419/SVBX 5419).

Alfred Brendel, piano.
• VOX VBX 419/20. Six LP. $9.96 each 3-disc set.
• • VOX SVBX 5419/20. Six SD. $9.96 each 3-disc set.

No. 17, in D minor, Op. 31, No. 2 ("Tempest"); No. 21, in C, Op. 53 ("Waldstein"); No. 23, in F minor, Op. 57 ("Appassionata"); No. 25, in G, Op. 79; No. 26, in E flat, Op. 81a ("Les Adieux"); No. 28, in A, Op. 101.

Wilhelm Kempff, piano.
• DEUTSCHE GRAMMOPHON LPM 18942/43. Two LP. $5.98 each.
• • DEUTSCHE GRAMMOPHON SLPM 138942/43. Two SD. $5.98 each.

No. 29, in B flat, Op. 106 ("Hammerklavier").

Daniel Barenboim, piano.
• COMMAND CC 3311026. LP. $4.98.
• • COMMAND CC 11026 SD. SD. $5.98.

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ALBRECHTSBERGER: *Concertino à cinque strumenti, in E flat*—See Hummel: *Concerto for Trumpet and Orchestra, in E.*

BACH: *Cantata No. 61, Nun komm, der Heiden Heiland*
†Schütz: *The Seven Words on the Cross*

Hugues Cuenod, tenor (in the Bach); Old North Singers, John Fesperman, cond.
• CAMBRIDGE CRM 417. LP. $4.98.
• • CAMBRIDGE CRS 1417. SD. $5.98.

This recording marks the first appearance of the Bach in the domestic catalogues, and it is welcome. Written for the first Sunday in Advent, 1714, it is short but substantial. The opening movement is a chorus based on a chorale but disposed in the form of a French overture—slow, fast, slow. This unusual combination of choral material with instrumental form is entirely successful here. Other highlights are an accompanied recitative for bass, in which all the strings are plucked to represent Christ knocking on the door, a reserved but lovely aria for soprano, and a lively but brief chorale at the end. Hugues Cuenod sings the rather engaging recitative and aria for tenor quite pleasantly, and Sandra Robbins and Richard Leete do the other solo parts well.

The little oratorio by Schütz is a beauty. The Evangelist's part is sung sometimes by an alto. sometimes by a tenor, or soprano, or quartet; Jesus, sung

Cuenod: guest of Old North Singers.

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Walcha: Bach project continued.

by a tenor, is always accompanied by two melody instruments. A high spot here is the simple but poignant setting of the cry *"Eili, eili,"* and richly harmonized five-part choruses introduce and conclude the work. Manuel Madeiros sings the role of Jesus in straightforward but undistinguished fashion. The solo singing on the Lyrichord recording of this work is rather better, but the chorus there is not as steady or as clearly recorded. German texts and English translations are supplied for both works. N.B.

BACH: *Concertos*

For Violin, Oboe, and Strings, in D minor, S. 1060; the same, for Two Harpsichords and Strings, in C minor; for Two Violins and Strings, in D minor, S. 1043.

Otto Büchner, Kurt Guntner, violins; Edgar Shann, oboe; Karl Richter, Hedwig Belgrain, harpsichords; Munich Bach Orchestra, Karl Richter, cond.
• ARCHIVE ARC 3221. LP. $5.98.
• • ARCHIVE ARC 73221. SD. $5.98.

Archive here offers us a chance to compare the two-harpsichord version of S. 1060, which is the only form in which the work has come down to us, with the reconstruction by Max Schneider of the supposed original, for violin and oboe. Although Schneider did a reverent job, tampering as little as possible with Bach's material, I have always preferred the keyboard version of this fine work. It seems to me that if Bach had written the original for violin and oboe, he would have tailored those parts somewhat to the idiosyncrasies of the instruments and not written them so that each could be transferred unchanged to the right-hand part of a harpsichord version.

Both versions are played with finesse as well as gusto, as is the familiar Concerto for Two Violins. The sound is first-rate, the stereo being especially effective in these double concertos, where each solo instrument has its own channel, and particularly in S. 1043, where the orchestral violins are also separated. There is only one serious defect: surprisingly for Archive, which prides itself, usually justifiably, on the authenticity of its performances, no harpsichord is audible in the violin and oboe Concerto or in the one for two violins. As a result, there is sometimes a gaping hole between melody instruments and bass. N.B.

BACH: *Concertos: in A minor, for Four Harpsichords and Strings, S. 1065; in F, for Harpsichord Alone, S. 978*—See Vivaldi: *Concertos, Op. 3.*

BACH: *Concerto for Two Violins and Strings, in D minor, S. 1043; Sonata for Two Violins and Continuo, in C, S. 1037*
†Vivaldi: *Concerto grosso in D minor, Op. 3, No. 11*

Nathan Milstein, Erica Morini, violins; Chamber Orchestra.
• ANGEL 36006. LP. $4.98.
• • ANGEL S 36006. SD. $5.98.

Two distinguished violinists, with the temperament of virtuosos, here turn in vibrant but controlled performances of a type of music with which they are not usually associated. They play with a kind of tone that is, for them, rather cool, though it remains robust and does not have the life refined out of it. The high spots on the disc, it seems to me, are the slow movements of the Bach Concerto and of the Vivaldi, both of which are beautifully sung by the soloists. The orchestral contribution is not as consistently good, the basses in the Bach being at times a bit heavy and plodding. In the Vivaldi an unnamed cellist has important solo passages, which he or she handles well. The Sonata's authenticity has been questioned, but it is a very agreeable work. This performance of it would rank high if it did not employ a piano (played by Betty Fischer); the sound of the piano seems thick and muddy compared to that of the harpsichord in this music. Otherwise the sound on both sides is excellent, especially in the stereo version, where the obvious separation is made. N.B.

BACH: *Preludes and Fugues: in E flat, S. 552; in G, S. 541; in C minor, S. 546; in A minor, S. 543*

Helmut Walcha, organ.
• ARCHIVE ARC 3207. LP. $5.98.
• • ARCHIVE ARC 73207. SD. $5.98.

Walcha continues his giant project of re-recording all of Bach's organ works for Archive, this time playing on the Schnitger organ at Alkmaar. Three of the four compositions presented here are of the monumental type. As usual, Walcha does justice to their majesty in performances that are sober and steady, free from flashy effects, and promising to wear well. He seems to prefer mixtures and reeds here. From the standpoint of registration there is only one place where he miscalculates: in the Prelude of S. 552 there is a passage where the player finishes a phrase with a note in the pedal, then continues with an answering phrase on a manual. Walcha has the pedal coupled with an octave in the range of the manual stop, thus anticipating in the pedal the register of the answer. But this is a small point. All in all, these are solid performances, clearly recorded. N.B.

BACH: *Sinfonias*

Deutsche Bachsolisten, Helmut Winschermann, cond.
• CANTATE 047706. LP. $5.95.
• • CANTATE 057706. SD. $6.95.

This is a glimpse into a relatively little-known aspect of Bach's instrumental writing: the sinfonias that introduce many of the cantatas. There are six of them here (from Cantatas 29, 42, 76, 152, 156, 209) plus an independent sinfonia (S. 1071) that is an early and shorter version of the first *Brandenburg* Concerto. Two of them (Nos. 76 and 152) are chamber compositions. No. 156 is a lovely aria for oboe and strings (it turns up later as the slow movement of the F minor Clavier Concerto). No. 209, as Alfred Dürr says in the notes, sounds like a first movement of a flute concerto—a fine piece. No. 29 is an astounding metamorphosis of the Praeludium from the E major Partita for Unaccompanied Violin into a brilliant piece for obbligato organ, trumpets, timpani, oboes, and strings. All but one of these works are very well performed by Winschermann, who also plays solo oboe and oboe d'amore. In No. 42, however, I think he completely misses the point. He plays this piece fast and loudly, with no finesse at all, and crushes every bit of poetry out of it. Anyone who has heard the old Robert Shaw recording of it will never forget the quiet ecstasy which this beautiful work can have. Good sound here. N.B.

BARTOK: *For Children*

Ditta Pastory-Bartók, piano.
• QUALITON LPX 1153/54. Two LP. $9.96.

During the war years, when Bartók and his second wife, Ditta Pastory-Bartók, were living in this country, she often played her husband's music in concert, and as a duo-piano team they recorded the composer's own arrangement of Nos. 69, 127, and 145 from the *Mikrokosmos* and the Sonata for Two Pianos and Percussion (at one time available on a Vox LP). When Bartók died in 1945, her career on the concert stage and in the recording studio ceased, and she returned to Hungary, where she has since lived in seclusion. Although Bartók's last complete work, the Third Piano Concerto, was composed as a legacy for her, she has never played it in public.

The news that Mme. Bartók is making records again is indeed welcome. The Hungarian firm Qualiton recently coaxed her out of retirement to put the suite *For Children* and the *Mikrokosmos* on

Tchaikovsky: Excerpts from the ballet "Swan Lake." Royal Opera House Orchestra under Jean Morel. The rich melodies and high melodrama of this lush Tchaikovsky score are given an excitingly dramatic performance by this first rate orchestra under the sensitive direction of Jean Morel.

Beethoven: Symphony No. 9. The Boston Symphony under Munch with soloists Leontyne Price, Maureen Forrester, David Poleri and Giorgio Tozzi. This recording of the "Choral" Symphony marks Price's first appearance on the Victrola label. The album also includes 3 Beethoven Overtures.

"The Merry Widow" and Other Wonderful Waltzes by Franz Lehár. The London Proms Symphony Orchestra conducted by Robert Sharples. A spring boucuet of the lilting Viennese waltzes that f owed so freely from Lehár's inspired pen.

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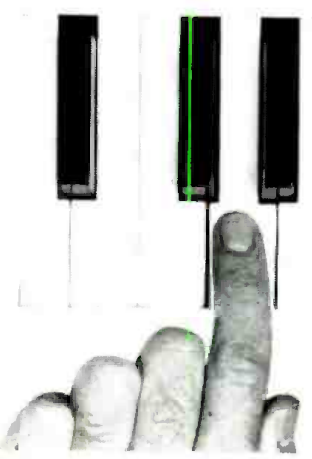

Prokofieff: Piano Concerto No. 3. Gary Graffman, the San Francisco Symphony, Enrique Jorda. Prokofieff's characteristic brilliance makes this a pianist's favorite. Graffman's performance receives fine support from the San Francisco Symphony. Album also includes the "Classical" Symphony.

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discs. And, best of all, from Vienna comes word that conductor Tibor Serly (one of Bartók's closest associates—he completed the final bars of the posthumous Viola Concerto) collaborated with her on a recording of the Third Concerto last summer, and this performance is awaiting commercial release.

The Suite is very difficult to put over as a piece of concert music. It is actually two suites, one composed of forty-two Hungarian folk tunes, one of forty-three Slovakian melodies. To play eighty-five miniature teaching pieces, all constructed in the most elementary fashion, and avoid monotony is an extraordinary feat; to make them sound rich, varied, and hair-raisingly exciting takes a touch of genius. Mme. Bartók has more than a touch—she is clearly revealed here as one of the greatest Bartókians of them all. Hopefully, we will be hearing much more from her in the future. Sonically, the recording is exemplary. A.F.

BEETHOVEN: *Sonatas for Piano*

Glenn Gould, Alfred Brendel, Wilhelm Kempff, Daniel Barenboim, pianos.

For a feature review of various recordings by the performers listed above, see page 59.

BRAHMS: *Sextet for Strings, in B flat, Op. 18; Allegro from the "F.A.E. Sonata"*

Yehudi Menuhin and Robert Masters, violins; Cecil Aronowitz and Ernest Wallfisch, violas; Maurice Gendron and Derek Simpson, cellos (in the Sextet). Hephzibah Menuhin, piano (in the Allegro).
• ANGEL 36234. LP. $4.98.
• • ANGEL S 36234. SD. $5.98.

My predecessor as music critic of *The Chicago Sun-Times*, the late Dr. Felix Borowski, employed with a masterful stroke of lifesmanship the casual reference to such incidents as "one day when I was having lunch with Brahms. . . ." We tend to displace Brahms chronologically. We grasp his classicism and, subconsciously, push him back towards Beethoven, forgetting that he was only sixty-three when he died in 1897 and might easily have lived well into the present century. Furthermore, our image is that of the cigar-smoking patriarch, enthroned at the piano. The youthful Brahms is often lost, the romantic Brahms frequently suppressed—but not, happily, in this recording.

The Sextet, Op. 18, comes from 1859–60, the period of the Serenades Op. 11 and 16 and of the years in which the twenty-seven-year-old composer was still influenced by Schumann, who had called upon him to "give us the highest ideal expression of our time." The Sextet, quite naturally under these circumstances, combines the intensity of Brahms's youthful emotion and energy with obvious influences from such older masters as Haydn, Beethoven, and Schubert, as well as acknowledged aid from a contemporary—Joachim.

It is a work that calls for a well-matched group of string players and sets a test both for their technique and their ardor. In this stereo recording, which I believe to be the Sextet's debut in the multichannel medium, Menuhin is surrounded by congenial colleagues, and the work starts to bloom with the first note. By the time the finale is reached, youthful Brahmsian passion has been set forth with a stylistic authority and sustained warmth of tone which cannot help having the deepest effect.

Menuhin is a good chamber player. There is never a suggestion that he is dominating unduly; he remains a peer among peers and, in Angel's wide-spaced recording, all six voices sing out with firmness, projecting the individuality of the players as entities as well as their common sympathies and purpose. What makes the performance so attractive is its energy, its big soaring phrases, its bravura and expressive force. The slow movement is one of the great things in early Brahms, but the entire score is an absolute delight in the present realization.

The Allegro from the *F.A.E. Sonata* is Brahms's contribution to a work composed jointly with Schumann and Albert Dietrich. Of no great consequence in itself, it nonetheless makes a pleasant filler. R.C.M.

CALDARA: *Il Giuoco del quadriglio and Other Works*

Vocalists; Chorus and Instrumentalists of the Società cameristica di Lugano, Edwin Loehrer, cond.
• EURODISC 70904. LP. $4.98
• • EURODISC S 70905. SD. $5.98.

Antonio Caldara (c. 1670–1736) was for years the associate of J. J. Fux in directing the Imperial musical establishment in Vienna. He was a prolific composer in various media, and, as the present pieces show, a fine one. The style in general is of the fascinating type that turns up first in Italy at the juncture of the baroque with the period to follow. Melody becomes rounder, more regular and songlike, while the accompaniment still regards counterpoint as important and useful.

Il Giuoco del quadriglio, for four sopranos with accompaniment, represents four ladies playing cards, with considerable talk about the king of hearts. The work is called a cantata, but it may have been performed in costume; indeed, as I listened to it, it reminded me in several ways of Samuel Barber's little opera, *A Hand of Bridge*. Each of the ladies has an aria, and all four join in the finale. The arias are all different in character. One of them has an obbligato flute, another a violin, a third two lutes. According to the notes, one of the singers in the premiere in 1734 was the future Empress Maria Theresa. Altogether, a lively and attractive work. Also on the disc are a delightful accompanied madrigal, *Vola il tempo*; an engaging solo cantata for bass and continuo, *Che dite, o miei pensieri?*, nicely sung by James Loomis; and four canons, two of which are in much the same vein as Purcell's catches. The performers are all competent, and the sound is excellent. The Italian texts are provided, with German translations. N.B.

CHOPIN: *Concerto for Piano and Orchestra, No. 1, in E minor, Op. 11*

Emil Gilels, piano; Philadelphia Orchestra, Eugene Ormandy, cond.
• COLUMBIA ML 6112. LP. $4.98.
• • COLUMBIA MS 6712. SD. $5.98.

Although there can be no questioning the immense technical competence of this performance of Chopin's E minor, somehow the reading just doesn't come off. The contributions of both Gilels and the orchestra have a stolid, labored quality. The pianist, who has never been a particularly notable colorist, tries hard here to shade his tone and shape his phrasing, but the angularity and lack of volatility in his work detracts from the poetry of the writing. Compare, for example, his segmented passagework with the mercurial playing of equivalent sections by Rubinstein or Stefan Askenase. Indeed, even the similar no-nonsense approach of Pollini has a note-to-note continuity which the sober Gilels never approximates. I find his disc on the whole superior to the recent Bachauer/Dorati edition for Mercury, but both have the

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In reviewing the actual Vienna production of this "live" recording, the *New York Times* reported that HILDE GUEDEN "poured forth a plenitude of well-controlled tone... PAUL SCHOEFFLER and FRITZ WUNDERLICH were also strong-voiced singers" while JAMES KING gave "a fine performance" and "has Heldentenor potential." Also in this strong cast are RITA STREICH and VERA LITTLE.
The Vienna Symphony is conducted by KARL BOEHM.
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BEETHOVEN: PIANO SONATAS
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LPM 18 943 Stereo SLPM 138 943

HANDEL: MESSIAH
Gundula Janowitz, Marga Hoeffgen, Ernst Haefliger, Franz Crass; Munich Bach Choir & Orchestra/Karl Richter.
Sung in German (3-12" records, boxed, with libretto)

LPM 18 951-3 Stereo SLPM 138 951-3

VERDI: FOUR SACRED PIECES
Chorus & Orchestra of the Florence May Festival; Ettore Gracis, cond. (Leaflet of texts)

LPM 18 962 Stereo SLPM 138 962

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same heaviness and angularities: even their rubatos sound contrived. Moreover, despite the judicious balance of the recorded sound, the Philadelphians produce a bulky, generalized sonority which impresses me as being a bit coarse and unrefined for this lucid music.

The tuttis, incidentally, are uncut—as is more or less standard procedure these days. H.G.

CHOPIN: *Impromptu, No. 2, in F sharp, Op. 36; Waltz, in A flat, Op. 42*—See Schubert: *Sonata for Piano, No. 14, in A minor, Op. 143.*

COPLAND: *Music for the Theater; Concerto for Piano and Orchestra*

Aaron Copland, piano (in the Concerto); New York Philharmonic Orchestra, Leonard Bernstein, cond.
• COLUMBIA ML 6098. LP. $4.98.
• • COLUMBIA MS 6698. SD. $5.98.

This release is part of a series with which Columbia plans to cover all of Copland's major works. *Music for the Theater*, which dates from 1925, is one of his earliest big achievements, and it still holds up. Its echoes of jazz and of Broadway show tunes may be a little dated, but not seriously, and the nostalgia and sentiment of the work are remarkably prophetic. Oliver Smith and Agnes de Mille were to turn that nostalgia and sentiment into description of the wide-open spaces, but this was far in the future when *Music for the Theater* was written.

The Piano Concerto, composed in 1926, does not hold up at all. It comes off this disc as an appalling piece of trash, drivel, and *Kitsch*, interesting only as an example of the jazz-oriented cynicism of its period. I suppose it is worth recording as a historic curiosity; it certainly could not have more authoritative players nor a finer recording. But Bernstein's blandishments and Columbia's fine registration work far more happily with the music on the other side. A.F.

COUPERIN, FRANCOIS: *Sacred Music: Motet for St. Bartholomew; O Jesu amantissime; Venite exultemus Domino; Mirabilia testimonia tua* (excerpts)
†Rameau: *Psalm, In Convertendo*

Edith Selig and Françoise Ogéas, sopranos; Janine Collard, mezzo; Noëlie Pierront, organ; Instrumental Ensemble, Laurence Boulay, cond. (in the Couperin). Annick Simon and Nicole Robin, sopranos; André Meurant, tenor; Michel Roux, bass; Philippe Caillard Vocal Ensemble; J. M. Leclair Instrumental Ensemble, Louis Frémaux, cond. (in the Rameau).
• MUSICAL HERITAGE SOCIETY MHS 562. LP. $2.50.

An often all-too-free association of historical ideas makes for strange musical bedfellows: Bach and Handel, Debussy and Ravel, Couperin and Rameau. This disc (available in mono only) demonstrates the wide stylistic chasm that separates the liturgical music of Rameau from that of Couperin, who belonged to the previous generation of Parisian masters of the late baroque.

The tenor alone brings to Rameau's lyrical declamation that sense of style which is a *sine qua non* of a successful interpretation of such subtle musical ideas. As a close second, the bass is at times impressive, and both men know how to control their vocal color and dynamic. But the sopranos appear to know no level less than forte, and their ideas of phrasing are occasionally pathetic rather than *pathétique*.

In the Couperin, this fault is even more noticeable. The two sopranos (a different pair) for the most part sing on regardless, with never a change of color or dynamic from one item to the next. Lovers of Couperin's music will at one and the same time welcome this disc for the little-known repertory it offers, and glower at it for missing such a splendid chance to do full justice to a great master. As an insult to injury, the Couperin label is stuck onto the Rameau side (at least, it was on my copy) and vice versa. D.S.

GRIEG: *Peer Gynt: Suite No. 1, Op. 46; Suite No. 2, Op. 55; No. 1; No. 4*
†Tchaikovsky: *Nutcracker Suite, Op. 71a*

Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra, Herbert von Karajan, cond.
• LONDON CM 9420. LP. $4.98.
• • LONDON CS 6420. SD. $5.98.

The *Peer Gynt* side might have been called a Suite 1½, for it adds to the popular First (*Morning, Ase's Death, Anitra's Dance, In the Hall of the Mountain King*) two items (*Ingrid's Lament* and *Solvejg's Song*) from the less often represented Second Suite. Anyone seeking idiomatically Norwegian insights into Grieg's familiar little pieces, or fresh approaches either to them or the even more familiar *Nutcracker*, must look elsewhere. Karajan seems intent only on making the orchestra sound good—which indeed it does, although there are far too extreme contrasts between the warm, floating sonics in the more relaxed passages and the grandiose sonorities and vehement emphases of climaxes decidedly out of proportion for the present selections. *Ingrid's Lament*, indeed, is inflated into nothing less than a "sonic spectacular" tone poem! R.D.D.

HANDEL: *Messiah*

Gundula Janowitz, soprano; Marga Höffgen, contralto; Ernst Häfliger, tenor; Franz Crass, bass; Munich Bach Choir and Orchestra, Karl Richter, cond.
• DEUTSCHE GRAMMOPHON LPM 18951/53. Three LP. $17.94.
• • DEUTSCHE GRAMMOPHON SLPM 138951/53. Three SD. $17.94.

This performance is sung in German—and why DGG and its American agents M-G-M should suppose there is a need in this country for a *Messiah* in that language is one of those business mysteries beyond the comprehension of a mere reviewer. One can imagine the snort that would go up in Germany if a company there imported an American *St. Matthew* Passion sung in English.

In any case, this is not one of the top-notch recordings of the work. Karl Richter, well known and admired for his performances of Bach, does not seem to have the same insight into Handel. He does the light, madrigal-like sections, such as "For unto us a Child is born," nicely, but too many of the other choruses are square, without flexibility in the rhythm. Ernst Häfliger does his usual competent job; Franz Crass shakes the heav'ns and the earth tamely; and while Marga Höffgen is somewhat steadier than usual in the slow music allotted to her, the middle section of "But who may abide" is a shambles. The best thing about this set, it seems to me, is the work of soprano Gundula Janowitz. In "Rejoice greatly"—pardon me, *"Erwach, frohlocke"*—she reveals a voice of very attractive timbre despite a slightly metallic tint; she sings the long roulades in one breath without strain and with the accuracy of a fine flutist. I look forward to hearing more of her. The sound is good throughout. N.B.

HANDEL: *Preis der Tonkunst (Look Down, Harmonious Saint)*
†Mozart: *Exsultate, Jubilate, K. 165; Mass in C minor: Laudamus Te, K. 427*
†Schubert: *Salve Regina, in A, D. 676*

Teresa Stich-Randall, soprano; Chamber Orchestra of the Saar, Karl Ristenpart, cond.
• WESTMINSTER XWN 19092. LP. $4.98.
• • WESTMINSTER WST 17092. SD. $4.98.

Teresa Stich-Randall is a magnificent musical artist, and this is the sort of repertory in which she operates with full freedom and imagination. There are certain moments in which one is aware of her slight vocal deficiencies: in the slow movement of the Mozart *Exsultate*, for example, she occasionally lets the tone droop and become rather heavy. But the elegance of her phrasing, the brilliant command of fast-moving coloratura, and —especially in this kind of music— the purity of her musical inclinations outweigh minor shortcomings.

The music itself is interesting. Handel's ode to St. Cecilia (originally in English, and for tenor) is one of his ripest short vocal works. The Schubert *Salve Regina* (the last and most poignant of his several settings of this text) is a radiantly beautiful work (which has not been available on records to my knowledge since the old Mercury disc by Colette Lorand). The Mozart works are familiar, but Stich-Randall's singing of the *"Laudamus Te"* surpasses by far her old performance in the complete Epic recording of the Mass.

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HAYDN: *Quartets for Flute and Strings, Op. 5*

No. 1, in D; No. 2, in G; No. 3, in D; No. 4, in G; No. 5, in D; No. 6, in C.

Jean-Pierre Rampal, flute; Trio à Cordes Français.
• ANGEL 36226. LP. $4.98.
• • ANGEL S 36226. SD. $5.98.

These are quartets from the 1760s—that is, the years when the composer was in his thirties and just beginning his long career in the service of the Esterházy family. Geiringer remarks of the works of this time that "in spite of their indisputable beauties, more promise than real achievement" is shown. It is, of course, in this early period that fakes can be passed most easily, a mature masterpiece being, on the whole, beyond fakery.

The Op. 5, No. 6, for example, is an arrangement of a divertimento and also exists in part as a sonata for violin and keyboard. But I don't want to get too deeply into textual matters. Suffice it to say that all six works are entertainment music rather than chamber music in the most serious sense, and probably all of them exist (or existed) in alternate versions suitable for various occasions. In short, this is good baroque utility music which hundreds of composers were able to turn out by the yard.

If you are looking for the great Haydn, look further. He's not yet ripe in this music (if, indeed, he wrote it all). But what's wrong with baroque entertainment music? Nothing, say I, provided you know what you're getting. What you get here is a performance of grace and style and wit (among other admirable and characteristically French features) from M. Rampal, and string playing in which these same qualities are also in evidence. The recording is very good. R.C.M.

HAYDN: *Sonatas for Piano: No. 20, in C minor; No. 23, in F; No. 50, in C: Fantasy in C*

Paul Badura-Skoda, piano.
• WESTMINSTER XWN 19077. LP. $4.98.
• • WESTMINSTER WST 17077. SD. $4.98.

This civilized sort of music has always been congenial to Badura-Skoda's lyrical, unobtrusive type of pianism, and on this disc he gives some of the best performances I have heard from him in some time. He still has a tendency to chop off the ends of his phrases with clipped objectivity, but that mannerism is far less injurious to Haydn's clean-cut patterns than it would be to Chopin, for example. Furthermore, his brightly incisive tone, his exemplary ornamentation, and the intimate vivacity of his rhythmic accentuation are ideal vehicles for realizing Haydn's quirky humor and crystalline directness. It should also be noted that the pianist has here not only recaptured some of the spontaneity that graced a number of his very first recordings, but now projects it with a new freedom and dynamic scope.

There are Richter editions of the C major and C minor Sonatas, but Badura-Skoda's are fully competitive as performances, and far more realistically reproduced. Indeed the live, but crisp sound of the piano leaves nothing to be desired. H.G.

HUMMEL: *Concerto for Trumpet and Orchestra, in E*
†Albrechtsberger: *Concertino à cinque strumenti, in E flat*
†Molter: *Concerto for Trumpet and Strings, in D*

Armando Ghitalla, trumpet; Boston Chamber Ensemble, Pierre Monteux, cond. (in the Hummel), Harold Farberman, cond. (in the Albrechtsberger and Molter).
• CAMBRIDGE CRM 819. LP. $4.98.
• • CAMBRIDGE CRS 1819. SD. $5.98.

Baroque trumpet connoisseurs (or anyone who remembers with pleasure Armando Ghitalla's costarring role in the first of the Kapp series featuring his Bostonian colleague Roger Voisin) will not be alone in welcoming this highly imaginative program. None of the present works (which exist only in manuscript) has been recorded before. More remarkably still, Johann Nepomuk Hummel (1778–1837) normally is remembered today only by his piano or chamber music. . . . Johann Georg Albrechtsberger (1736–1809) only as a name in reference books (as a teacher of Beethoven) . . . and Johann Melchior Molter (c. 1695–1765) is known scarcely even as a name (I had to go to a German encyclopedia to confirm the notes' claim that he wrote some 169 symphonies and ninety-five concertos). I might add here, by the way, that those notes, mostly by Mary Rasmussen, are remarkable, providing a wealth of detailed information both on the music itself and on the various types of instruments originally called for.

The soloist, who commands admirably taut yet plastically contoured tonal qualities, plays both eloquently and with festive éclat in the more florid passages, such as those in the sparkling finale of the Hummel Concerto. But throughout this work, in particular, he is unduly spotlighted in relation to the orchestra, which is placed in rather distant perspective and seems rather colorless despite the graciousness of Monteux's conducting and some especially attractive solo oboe bits. Ghitalla is also well forward in the other works, but in them (whether by reason of the change in recording locales, from Kresge Auditorium to Jordan Hall, or in conductors, from Monteux to Farberman) the orchestra not only plays with more verve but seems more brightly and less distantly recorded. The music itself is consistently absorbing as well as novel, with—except for a delicious little tune in the Minuetto of the Albrechtsberger quintet—top honors to the surprisingly substantial, satisfactory, individual Molter Concerto. R.D.D.

KODALY: *Háry János: Suite and Two Arias; Dances of Galanta*

Olga Szönyi, soprano (in the Arias); London Symphony Orchestra, Istvan Kertesz, cond.
• LONDON CM 9417. LP. $4.98.
• • LONDON CS 6417. SD. $5.98.

The repertory here is familiar, except for the two arias from *Háry János* which are sung by Miss Szönyi with some amount of quaver. They are both attractive, especially the second, which is a lively folkish piece. There isn't really very much more music in *Háry János* than what is contained in the suite, but these two short pieces are worth having. Kertesz conducts robust, idiomatic performances of both suites, as fine as any on records at the moment. (This is the only stereo *Galanta* Dances at any rate.) The London Symphony plays with fire, and the recording is spectacular. A.R.

MAHLER: *Symphony No. 9, in D minor*

Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra, Sir John Barbirolli, cond.
• ANGEL 3652. Two LP. $9.96.
• • ANGEL S 3652. Two SD. $11.96.

Bruno Walter enjoyed a unique relationship to this music, since he was both a close friend of the composer and the designated musical executor who performed the work in its world premiere in 1912. The Walter set thus has historic import no other can rival. But Walter is dead. The Mahler Ninth, as a concert work, cannot be permitted to die with him. Few living conductors are better able to cope with its manifold difficulties than Sir John, whose Chicago performance of the score, during the Mahler centennial in 1960, is still remembered with profound respect.

Barbirolli's approach to the Mahler Ninth is not Bruno Walter's, and if the Walter is your primary standard of judgment, beware. The differences are most apparent in the "Austrian" material of the middle movements, where it is plain that Walter uses a very strongly inflected (and frequently slower and more deliberate) folkloristic approach, while Barbirolli imposes a less strongly national idiom. In the third movement, Walter seems to have the best of it, but in the second there is room for debate, since both men achieve quite lovely effects,

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No one, however, buys this work for the middle movements. (The third, indeed, is one of the least winning in all the Mahler symphonies, I find.) The great Andante comodo that begins the work and the noble Adagio at its close are Mahler's true testament, and here the conductor achieves what success the performance is to bring.

Sir John deserves more than faint praise. My respect for the Walter set has not dimmed a bit, but this one is another high achievement on its own terms. Walter is slightly more adroit in binding the fabric of the composition into a tight dramatic statement, but how the music soars and sings under Barbirolli! Both men have a profound gift for the treatment of a lyric line, but this does not mean their technique is the same. Walter, in his heart, is always Germanic and sentimental. Barbirolli reverts to *bel canto*.

I have said many times before that the test of a masterpiece is its ability to present interesting new facets in a variety of different performances. Surely it would be unfair to the Mahler Ninth to think that only Bruno Walter could play it well. That is a sign of weakness, not strength. In the long view, therefore, the significant thing about this set is its eloquence as an interpretative alternate to Germanic editions, its extension of the valid interpretative range of the music.

Technically, the Barbirolli and Walter recordings are on a comparable level—which is to say, extremely fine. R.C.M.

MENDELSSOHN: *Concertos for Two Pianos and Orchestra: No. 1, in E; No. 2, in A flat*

Arthur Gold and Robert Fizdale, pianos; Philadelphia Orchestra, Eugene Ormandy, cond.
• COLUMBIA ML 6081. LP. $4.98.
• • COLUMBIA MS 6681. SD. $5.98.

Unlikely as it may seem, here is a second recorded version of these two rarely played Mendelssohn works. If you already own the older (and recently reissued) Vox edition by Orazio Frugoni with Eduard Mrazek and Annarosa Taddei, respectively, you will hardly need to replace it. New purchasers, however, may be advised that the Gold/Fizdale readings are slightly more refined (and more mannered) as well as somewhat more expertly reproduced and accompanied. Then too, there is the factor of stereo, which weighs to the advantage of the newer release. But in fact both renditions are more than adequate. H.G.

MOHAUPT: *Town Piper Music* [Tcherepnin: *Symphony No. 2, Op. 77*

Louisville Orchestra, Robert Whitney, cond.
• LOUISVILLE LOU 645. LP. $7.95 (available on special order only, from 830 S. Fourth St., Louisville, Ky. 40203).

Richard Mohaupt, who died in 1957 at the age of fifty-three, was a German composer with a very special gift for light and entertaining expression. His *Town Piper Music* was composed in 1940, one year after Mohaupt left Germany because he had declined to divorce his non-Aryan wife. The piece is an evocation, in terms of dances and one sentimental song, of "the festive mood of a South German market place on a feast day," and it succeeds completely in its aims. Wind instruments are prominently used but are not exclusively emphasized. This is a work for full symphony orchestra, and it is fully symphonic in its time scale. It does in a lighthearted, pop-concert kind of way what Hindemith does in *Mathis der Maler*: it replies to the Nazis in terms of the old-German spirit on the part of one whom the Nazis had banished.

The notes say this music was "inspired by the famous mural of Albrecht Dürer entitled *Nürnberger Stadtpfeifer*, which depicts a group of medieval musicians performing from a balcony." No such painting is mentioned in Erwin Panofsky's exhaustive book on Dürer, and the stodgy little cut published in Louisville's notes is most un-Düreresque. Somebody is badly mixed up.

Tcherepnin's Second Symphony was written during the last war, and according to the composer it reflects the tensions and aspirations of the war years. Its slow movement is an elegy for the composer's father who was also, in his time, a composer of considerable note. The work is broad, noble, tuneful, unproblematical, and not very strong in style, to judge from this performance. The recording in both cases is only passable. A.F.

MOLTER: *Concerto for Trumpet and Strings, in D*—See Hummel: *Concerto for Trumpet and Orchestra, in E.*

MONTEVERDI: *Il Ritorno d'Ulisse in Patria*

Maureen Lehane (s), Penelope; Margarethe Bence (s), Ericlea; Antonia Fahberg (s), Minerva; Polyna Savridi (s), Giunone; Gerald English (t), Ulisse; William Whitesides (t), Telemaco; Bernhard Michaelis (t), Giove and Iro; Reinhold Bartel (t), Pisandro; André Peysang (t), Anfinomo; Helmut Kretschmar (t), Eumete; Edward Wollitz (b), Nettuno and Antinoo; Santini Chamber Orchestra, Rudolf Ewerhart, cond.
• Vox DLBX 211. Three LP. $15.00.
• • Vox STDLBX 5211. Three SD. $15.00.

This series of extracts from Monteverdi's *Ulisse* provides a welcome addition to the flourishing discography of this composer's operas, and shows convincingly that those who found the work inferior to *Orfeo* and *Poppea* may have to reconsider their judgment. There is such a wealth of fine music here that one can hardly believe the doubting attitude of an earlier generation of Monteverdi

Richard Mohaupt, 1904-57.

scholars, who seriously wondered whether he could have written such a work.

The musical score does indeed differ considerably from the libretto as supplied by Giacomo Badoaro, but this Venetian gentleman-writer admitted that he often had to change things to suit the composer—a situation not unknown to subsequent operatic eras. Anyone who knows a few of Monteverdi's madrigals, canzonette, duets, and solo songs will find many vivid reminiscences of these as he listens to the unfolding of the drama; and at the close he will surely agree that only one man could have penned such music at such a time.

The time is usually said to be 1641, the place Venice (Teatro San Cassiano); but recent research has shown that operas then, as now, were sometimes tried out in the provinces before opening in town. For the vigorously mercantile Venetian, fat and learned Bologna was indeed a province, and so it happened that *Ulisse* was first performed at that city in 1640. It was only in the following year that a revamped version came to Venice, presumably with some of the original cast.

My colleague Conrad L. Osborne discussed some of the problems of presenting a Monteverdi opera on records in his review of Angel's *Poppea* [February 1965]. The skeleton score and the hourglass once again come to the fore in *Ulisse*: and Ewerhart has once again leaned towards extreme caution in realizing the music, and downright bravado in cutting it. Seven roles and several choruses are missing, but the fifty-five per cent of the work that remains will be felt by many to offer an adequate survey of the story and a fascinating sample of the septuagenarian composer's melodic powers.

These typically Monteverdian melodies—whether arias, duets, or that expressive kind of arioso-recitative lending flexibility to what was later destined to become a rapid *recto tono* patter—are generally well projected by a highly competent cast. In Gerald English and Maureen Lehane, the director has a Ulysses and Penelope upon whom he can rely at all times for a full-bodied

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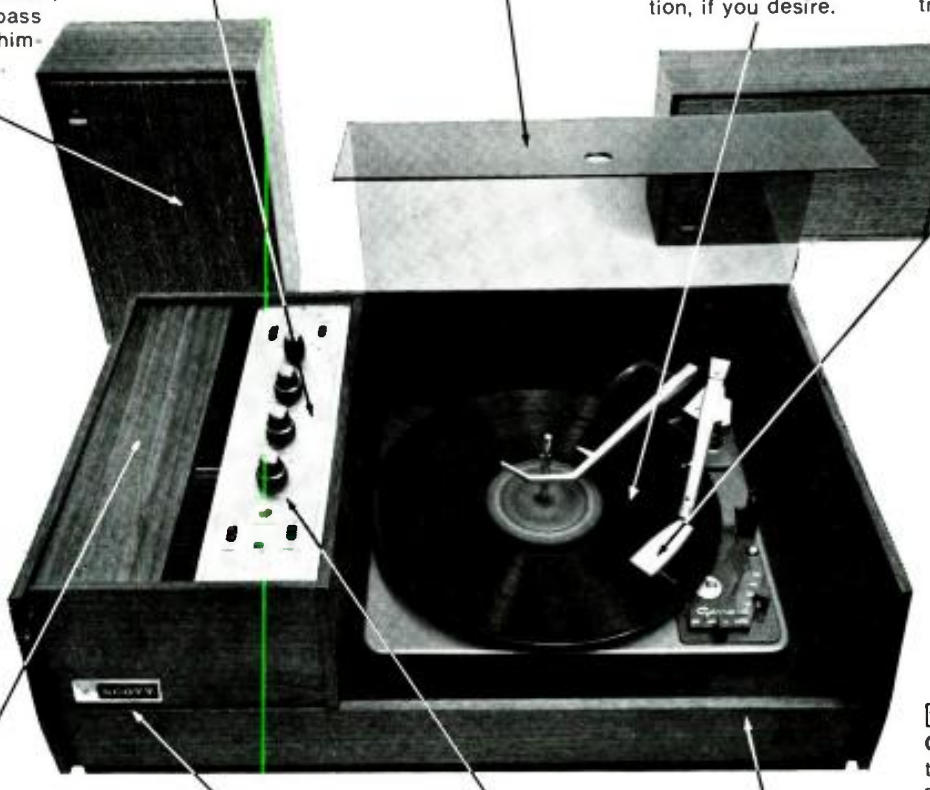

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interpretation of these important leading roles: and this means not merely good singing and fine characterization, but an ability to color phrases according to their implicit emotional content, and to graft on to the bare bones of cadential figuration such ornamentation as Monteverdi's contemporaries would have used with persuasive elegance. An undisputed master of this art, Gerald English seems to have inspired other members of the cast to emulate his joyous spontaneity; but even Maureen Lehane falls short of his standard in performing the *trillo*, which should always begin slowly as regards its beat, and gradually accelerate until the final note is reached.

Bernhard Michaelis achieves the near impossible by singing two roles of utterly different caliber and content—those of a lofty god and a lowly clod. As Jupiter (Giove) he uses his powerful tenor voice with telling effect, and as Iro, the gluttonous stutterer, he magically reshapes his timbre to encompass a comical earthly role. Eduard Wollitz, a splendid bass with well-focused intonation, also takes two parts, that of Neptune, portrayed as a pompous but amiable sea god, and that of Antinoo, one of Penelope's three suitors. The other two suitors are Pisandro, nicely sung in true courtier fashion by Reinhold Bartel, and Anfinomo, whose perilously high tessitura holds no terrors for André Peysang, an almost countertenorish voice blending well in the numerous ensembles for this trio.

Critics of *Ulisse* may well complain of a lack of ensembles, necessary elements of contrast in an opera so reliant on monody. Apart from the trio of courtiers, there is only a brief passage in Act III exploiting four-part vocal harmony, when heavenly and maritime choirs answer each other and then combine in a short eight-part ensemble. The assembled soloists sing these pages very beautifully, but without the impressive body of sound which could have come from a proper chorus. Although Ewerhart omits an earlier chorus of Phaecians, in fairness to him it should be pointed out that the score lists many choral sections but gives no actual music for them. Obviously they were rehearsed and performed on stage, either *a cappella* or with their own local continuo, so there would be no need for this music to be copied into the continuo part for the pit orchestra, which is all that survives.

The supporting singers face bravely up to their by no means easy task, and they are nobly assisted by a variegated group of continuo players—two harpsichords, regal, lute, archlute, positive organ, cello, bass, harp, and viola da gamba. The small string orchestra proves less satisfactory than these in its frequent ritornels, for the tone is rather sickly and supersweet, instead of being crisply baroque and well defined. Some of the instrumental pieces would have gained from a change of color, for it is well known that Monteverdi liked cornets and trombones to portray the sea gods, and thus differentiate between the celestial harmony of strings and the more down-to-earth sounds of wind instruments.

The story of Ulysses' home-coming depends mainly on the crucial element of recognition, so dear to the Greeks, and it is only at the very end of the opera that the faithful Penelope gives in to the pleadings of Telemachus and accepts Ulysses as her long lost husband. She emerges as a stubbornly patient figure in whom there can be very little development of character, though her scene with the three courtiers and Ulysses, all of whom are bent on stringing the bow, reveals her as a woman who places justice and fairness above all things, even chastity. Fortunately for her, the unlikely bearded oldster succeeds with the bow where the younger men failed, and from this point on the dénouement is a foregone conclusion.

Although one must regret the huge losses (some of which contain finer music than the sections actually included), one can have nothing but gratitude for such an essay as this. A hitherto almost unknown work has been given an opportunity to justify itself in the canon of Monteverdi's dramatic music, and the realization seems stylish and conscientious, even though academic. The accompanying booklet contains the text as recorded (there are some small differences between the printed and sung Italian), with English and French translations, mostly of good quality. In the English version, "*calamite*" suffers the usual mistranslation "dangers"; in fact it means "magnets," since Penelope is referring to her indecision, like that of a knife-blade between two magnets, each pulling against the other. By way of introducing the opera, Marc Pincherle writes a short account of its history and characters. The stereo recording is very good, but placing of the voices reflects a private rather than a public performance.
D.S.

MOZART: *Exsultate, Jubilate, K. 165; Mass in C minor: Landamus Te, K. 427*—See Handel: *Preis der Tonkunst (Look Down, Harmonious Saint).*

MOZART: *Quartets for Piano and Strings: No. 1, in G minor, K. 478; No. 2, in E flat, K. 493*

Mieczyslaw Horszowski, piano; Members of Budapest String Quartet.
• COLUMBIA ML 6083. LP. $4.98.
• • COLUMBIA MS 6683. SD. $5.98.

The two Piano Quartets of Mozart are products of his maturity, having been written about the same time as *The Marriage of Figaro*. Inasmuch as they have long been regarded as occupying a high place in his chamber music, it is surprising that the list of available recordings is thin. Indeed, Schwann at the moment lists only one other disc containing both works, a London mono version with Curzon and the Amadeus Quartet which was rather well received when it first appeared here twelve years ago. I know, and treasure, a Columbia recording by Szell and the Budapesters now no longer available, as well as the Angel reissue of the G minor Quartet (with the Piano Quintet) in the marvelous performance by Schnabel with members of the Pro Arte Quartet.

As all this indicates, the time was ripe for an up-to-date stereo recording of a first-class performance of both works, and that is what Columbia offers in the present set. Mieczyslaw Horszowski has long been known for his sensitive and penetrating playing of Mozart; he is in excellent form here, as are his colleagues. Aside from a moment or two in the first movement of the G minor Quartet when the forward drive is slightly held up, these are fine performances in every respect, although the Schnabel G minor remains, for me, unsurpassed. The sound of the recording is intimate, as close to that of four players in a living room as I've heard on records.
N.B.

PAGANINI: *Concerto for Violin and Orchestra, No. 2, in B minor, Op. 7 ("La Campanella")*
†Saint-Saëns: *Concerto for Violin and Orchestra, No. 1, in A, Op. 20*

Ruggiero Ricci, violin; Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra, Max Rudolf, cond.
• DECCA DL 10106. LP. $4.98.
• • DECCA DL 710106. SD. $5.98.

The Menuhin Fistoulari version of the Paganini B minor Concerto has long vanished from the catalogue, and the only competitive edition currently available is by Ricci himself (a London performance conducted by Collins, coupled with the more popular Paganini D major Concerto). As for the Saint-Saëns, Ricci has apparently rescued this work, every bit as attractive a virtuoso piece as the much played Third, from oblivion. He plays most beautifully in both works, displaying a silvery, lustrous tone and a lean, assertive, bravura style. He is also fortunate in the microphone placement devised by the Decca engineers. For once the pickup is sufficiently distant to eliminate all traces of the mechanical noises of bow on strings and fingers on fingerboard. The added resonance also allows the sonority of the solo violin to project with telling impact, and the reproduction in general is ravishingly clear and detailed.

Another plus for this release is the beautifully regulated accompaniments conducted by Max Rudolf. As an aggregation, the fine Cincinnati orchestra produces a punctilious, beautifully lithe sound strongly reminiscent of another Ohio orchestra, the Cleveland. In fact, the orchestral playing is so fine as almost to steal the soloist's thunder.
H.G.

PERGOLESI: *Concerto for Flute and Strings, No. 1, in G*—See Vivaldi: *Concerto for Flute and Strings, in A minor, P. 77.*

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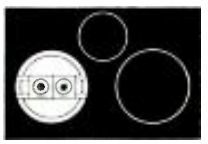

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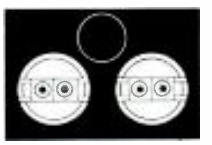

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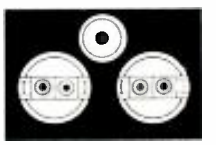

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PERGOLESI: *La Sèrva padrona*

Mariella Adani (s), Serpina; Leonardo Monreale (bs), Uberto; Orchestra of the Teatro Nuovo (Milan), Ettore Gracis, cond.
• NONESUCH H 1043. LP. $2.50.
• • NONESUCH H 71043. SD. $2.50.

On paper, this does not seem a very promising arrangement—a soprano who generally essays such roles as Musetta in Italian houses, and a bass noted mainly as a comprimario. But in fact, both Mariella Adani and Leonardo Monreale are much better than competent in this music. The soprano tends to thin out at the top, but she phrases in such a way as to deëmphasize this drawback, and renders everything with point and style. Monreale is vocally pleasing (a flexible, slightly woolly light bass) and stylistically irreproachable. Both singers have an appreciation of the importance of rhythmic values in their arias.

The orchestral work is perfectly adequate. Gracis inclines sometimes towards slow tempos (*"Stizzoso, mio stizzoso,"* for example, is quite deliberate), and toward premature ritardandos (as at the conclusion of *"Sono imbrogliato io gia"*), but obviously knows what he's about—these things are matters of taste. In sum, a decidedly respectable, enjoyable performance, and a bargain at the Nonesuch price. C.L.O.

PROKOFIEV: *Symphony No. 3, in C minor, Op. 44; Le Pas d'acier, Op. 41: Suite*

Utah Symphony Orchestra, Maurice Abravanel, cond.
• VANGUARD VRS 1122. LP. $4.98.
• • VANGUARD VSD 71122. SD. $5.98.

Prokofiev's Third Symphony dates from 1928, and it uses for most of its material themes and long passages drawn from the opera *The Flaming Angel*, which had been completed the previous year. Performances of both works are extremely rare; the opera is exceptionally difficult to stage and to sing, and the symphony has been eclipsed by the fame of later works.

The Opus 44 does not deserve its obscurity. In its first recorded performance it turns out to be a fascinating, dazzling, and immensely spirited orchestral showpiece. It begins compellingly, with the music that depicts Renata's first hysterical scene in the opera, and there is really no letdown in this spirit of hard, icy frenzy throughout the course of the work. I find the third movement, a diabolical scherzo, a little below the level of the other three sections, but on the whole the music is decidedly worth the while of any conductor looking to expand his repertory.

A similar iciness pervades the mechanistic ballet *Le Pas d'acier*, which is dedicated to "the poetry of the machine" and which includes a scene in a factory with dancers imitating pistons and flywheels. It is not so strong a score as the Symphony, but its external brilliance has some attraction.

Abravanel drives his orchestra hard, and gets taut, brilliant playing. He excels in this kind of nervous, coloristic music, and the results are a full credit to him, to the orchestra, and to Prokofiev. A.R.

PUCCINI: *Tosca*

Maria Callas (s), Floria Tosca; David Sellar (boy s), A Shepherd; Carlo Bergonzi (t), Mario Cavaradossi; Renato Ercolani (t), Spoletta; Tito Gobbi (b), Baron Scarpia; Giorgio Tadeo (bs), Sacristan; Leonardo Monreale (bs), Angelotti and A Jailer; Ugo Trama (bs), Sciarrone; Choeurs du Théâtre Nationale de l'Opéra de Paris; Orchestre de la Société des Concerts du Conservatoire de Paris, Georges Prêtre, cond.
• ANGEL 3655. Two LP. $9.98.
• • ANGEL S 3655. Two SD. $11.98.

Four years ago, when HIGH FIDELITY selected forty "Great Recordings of the Decade" to celebrate its tenth anniversary, the Callas/Di Stefano/Gobbi/De Sabata *Tosca* was among the twelve opera sets chosen. Even today, that performance might claim an identical place, for it found the three principals in top form and in roles almost ideally suited to their talents, under one of the greatest of all opera conductors.

More than eleven years separate that recording from what can loosely be thought of as its stereo remake—Callas and Gobbi as Tosca and Scarpia again, in one of the most celebrated operatic partnerships of recent years. Eleven years is not much in the scheme of things, as they say; but in terms of a singer's career, it is a largish fraction. The latest Angel *Tosca* has important new elements: the up-to-date sound, the Cavaradossi (Carlo Bergonzi in his most impressive recorded performance to date), the conductor (Georges Prêtre). Yet granting the significance of these elements, most collectors will still want to know—how do the soprano and the baritone stack up against their old selves?

Before I try to answer that, let me observe that, quite apart from the Callas Gobbi combination, this is an impressive performance. Coming off what I felt to be a disappointing *Carmen*, Prêtre has pulled together the most persuasive reading of this score since De Sabata's (I do not except Von Karajan's). It has impetus and color, and it rides with the principals. While it pauses for emphases (Tosca's *"soli, soletti"* in Act I, for instance, which almost stands still; or the deliberate, underplayed procession of the firing squad in the last act), it never loses its motion. The introduction to Act III is gorgeous (granted that the writing is almost foolproof), with drawn-out holds at the tops of phrases in the strings' statement of *"E lucevan"* which may offend some austere-minded listeners but which I happen to like.

Bergonzi is really splendid. We have to grant at the outset that his voice simply doesn't have the heft or ring for the most thrilling of climaxes: still it is hard to imagine anyone singing the role with more care, with more stunningly beautiful legato phrasing, with a better sense of proportion or closer attention to detail. Although the idea of rendering the final *"sei tu"* in *"Recondita armonia"* in a caressed pianissimo may seem obvious enough, in fact it is seldom done, and even more seldom as effectively as Bergonzi does it here. Everything he sings to or with Tosca is filled with warmth and tenderness, from the opening of the Act I duet through a fine *"O dolci mani,"* and phrases are carried over, controlled, and shaded in a way that seems to have vanished from the operatic stage. The most obvious example is the lead-in to *"Occhio all'amor soave"* in Act I, which seems to go on forever on a single breath, always focused and pliant. There is, of course, rough competition on records—Gigli and Bjoerling head the list—but Bergonzi need not hang his head, even in this company.

The important small roles are well taken too, with an especially fine piece of work from Giorgio Tadeo as the Sacristan—while honestly funny, not simply a buffo caricature: he is always right with the dead serious dramatic situation of Act I, and he is always singing, not burbling.

Gobbi has held up remarkably well. His voice has been used in what might gently be called uninhibited fashion, and certainly shows signs of wear—his very first line (*"Un tal baccano in chiesa"*) is just a yell, and nearly everything above E flat (which is not much in this role) is unbeautiful. Vocal mellowness and suavity, though, were never this singer's strength, and even at present this is almost the perfect Scarpia voice. It is tough, dark, snarling, rock-steady, with splendidly clear enunciation and plenty of volume. And his expertise in the role is incredible, the balance between dramatic shading and restraint. His present Scarpia is not really so well sung as his earlier version, and at places he is becoming too broad and mechanical—the evil laugh (he has a very good one) is effective once or twice, but not a half dozen times in Act II. It is still an extremely strong, precise characterization, and a decided asset to the recording.

I wonder what we would say of Mme. Callas' Tosca were we to hear it from an untried young singer? Even if the question is of course irrelevant, it's hard not to reflect on the subject. I had not supposed that La Callas could ever be termed A Bad Tosca, any more than I had thought that Orson Welles could be A Dull Lear—and he was. We can "yes, but" about this performance for several thousand of these nicely set column inches, but nothing will alter the fact that large hunks of it are so badly sung as to make any other consideration immaterial. Yes, there are interesting moments of dramatic projection—the sharp little hesitation on *"Aspetta, aspetta"* as she regards the face of L'Attavanti in Act I, for example. And there are spots where she pulls herself together for some reasonably acceptable vocalism: the *"Vissi d'arte"* is not at all bad, except for the climax, and portions of the duets in Acts I and

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III sound like the work of a major singer.

But that is hardly enough. Act II is nearly all painful to hear—I mean one literally doesn't want to listen to it; and even when things are going fairly well, one is conscious that there is no reserve, no real freedom or ease. The tone is constricted, harsh, unsteady, pale. The frequent excursions above A are without exception terrible to hear. In short, we have here all the familiar Callas faults, magnified to such proportions as to negate whatever else she may bring to the role. Dramatically, her Tosca is not so interesting as formerly—she has broadened and exaggerated many effects, and has in general vulgarized her concept—but that is not the problem. On the joint evidence of this Tosca and her recent Carmen, one must certainly conclude that the mezzo range is the practicable one for her at present, barring a major change in her technique.

Unless one is buying particularly for the Tosca, this recording is still worth investigation, since nearly everything else about it is so fine. That's a switch. C.L.O.

RAMEAU: *Psalm, In Convertendo*—See Couperin, François: *Sacred Music.*

RAVEL: *Bolero; La Valse; Ma Mère l'Oye*

London Symphony Orchestra, Pierre Monteux, cond.
• PHILIPS PHM 500059. LP. $4.98.
• • PHILIPS PHS 900059. SD. $5.98.

Surely not the last of the late Maestro's posthumous releases, this is a particularly welcome addition to a discography far too scant relative to the great length of Monteux's career and his exceptional reputation as an exponent of twentieth-century compositions and as a true "musician's musician." The program includes only one work he recorded previously: this *Valse* is his third on discs (the others were made in France in the early Thirties and in San Francisco in 1941) and it is undoubtedly the most sensuously lyrical of them all. More surprising is the fact that he never recorded before, as far as I've been able to check, either the *Bolero* or (except for a single movement) *Ma Mère l'Oye*. One doubts that the former is his favorite Ravel: it is played rather objectively, with perhaps too tense control for full effectiveness, yet this performance well may be admired by listeners antipathetic to the *Bolero*, if only for its delicately soft yet buoyant opening and restrained windup. *Ma Mère l'Oye*, however, must have been a favorite of the conductor. Playing the complete ballet score rather than the more often heard suite, he captures to perfection the music's touchingly childlike simplicity—a simplicity somehow magically achieved by the most sophisticated and subtle mastery of impressionistic tonal coloring.

The recording itself, while sonically attractive and indeed notable for its fine low-level passages (and silent surfaces of the stereo edition at least), scarcely matches the *Bolero* and *La Valse* performances in distinction, especially in comparison with such technically outstanding recent versions as those by Ansermet for London. The *Mother-Goose* music, which rises to a fortissimo only at its very end, comes off far more effectively (again in stereo, which is of course the only medium for scores of this kind); yet even it is not quite as translucent and airy as the Cluytens version (also complete) for Angel.

But where interpretations are concerned, comparisons are pointless as well as odious: even in his old age (and he would have been ninety last April 4), "Papa" Monteux was *the* incomparable spokesman for French music. None of his innumerable admirers can afford to miss these characteristic examples of —and now precious memorials to—his unique artistic personality. R.D.D.

SAINT-SAENS: *Concerto for Violin and Orchestra, No. 1, in A, Op. 20* —See Paganini: *Concerto for Violin and Orchestra, No. 2, in B minor, Op. 7 ("La Campanella").*

SCHUBERT: *Salve Regina, in A, D. 676*—See Handel: *Preis der Tonkunst (Look Down, Harmonious Saint).*

SCHUBERT: *Sonata for Piano, No. 14, in A minor, Op. 143*
†Chopin: *Impromptu, No. 2, in F sharp, Op. 36; Waltz, in A flat, Op. 42*

Lincoln Mayorga, piano.
• SHEFFIELD M 1. LP. $4.98.

One of the pleasanter aspects of being a critic is the chance he has, on occasion, of welcoming an unheralded new talent. My introduction to Lincoln Mayorga, whose obscurity remains faithfully unviolated by the scant program notes accompanying this record, is a case in point. To judge from the performances here, I would say that Mayorga's outlook on music is fundamentally analytical. Without in any way disturbing the rhythmic continuity of the Sonata, the pianist scrupulously clarifies the work, pointing up all structural and harmonic features with superb authority. He gives the "little A minor" a thoroughly big interpretation, replete with explosive drama and impressive sweep. His handling of the finale is particularly impressive: the pulse is firmer than usual, the touch slightly detached, the contrapuntal clarity unusually clear. I also commend the way Mayorga gets a bronzelike, assertive sonority from his instrument without ever pounding.

The lovely F sharp Chopin Impromptu unfolds with faultless logic and equilibrium, while the big A flat Waltz is given a strong, accurate, and slightly individualistic rendition with some very provocative rubatos in its middle section. I, for one, much look forward to hearing more of Mayorga's work.

Two further noteworthy details concerning this release are the use of a Japanese Yamaha piano, and a new compound called "Polymax" for the production of the disc itself. The Yamaha instrument as recorded here has a bright, incisive quality well suited to the artist's style; the playing surfaces of the record are magnificently quiet. H.G.

SCHUETZ: *The Seven Words on the Cross*—See Bach: *Cantata No. 61, Nun komm, der Heiden Heiland.*

SCHUMANN: *Symphony No. 2, in C, Op. 61; Genoveva: Overture*

Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra, Rafael Kubelik, cond.
• DEUTSCHE GRAMMOPHON 18955. LP. $5.98.
• • DEUTSCHE GRAMMOPHON 138955. SD. $5.98.

Kubelik's performance of the Schumann Second is something of a disappointment, especially after his recent excellent recording of the First and Fourth. Here, however, he seems unable to impart to the music the momentum it badly needs. The Second is an extremely difficult work to bring off, because for all its bustle it does not always move of itself. Kubelik's tempos are reasonable, and he does well to hold in check the brimming sentimentality of the slow movement, but the result is a performance that falls into unconnected episodes. The murky *Genovera* Overture fares better, but neither performance has the clarity and strength of Bernstein's recent Columbia recordings. A.R.

STRAUSS, RICHARD: *Daphne*

Hilde Gueden (s), Daphne; Rita Streich (s), First Maiden; Erika Mechera (s), Second Maiden; Vera Little (c), Gaea; James King (t), Apollo; Fritz Wunderlich (t), Leukippos; Kurt Equiluz (t), Second Shepherd; Hans Braun (b), First Shepherd; Paul Schoeffler (bs), Peneios; Harald Pröglhöf (bs), Third Shepherd; Ludwig Welter (bs), Fourth Shepherd; Vienna State Opera Chorus, Vienna Symphony Orchestra, Karl Böhm, cond.
• DEUTSCHE GRAMMOPHON LPM 18956/57. Two LP. $11.96.
• • DEUTSCHE GRAMMOPHON SLPM 138956/57. Two SD. $11.96.

With this first commercial presentation of *Daphne*, we come close to a complete recorded library of the important Strauss operas—when, and if, we get *Schweigsame Frau*, and perhaps *Aegyptische Helena* and *Intermezzo*, we will indeed have it.

I would hope that *Daphne* can be listened to on its own terms, for whatever is in it, rather than as a piece of evidence in the "late Strauss" argument. I'm not confident of such a state of affairs, though—when I listen to *Daphne*, I find myself placing it here, a notch above *Arabella*, or there, one rung below *Ariadne*. A silly business. I have

never been passionately enough involved in this matter either to reject the late Strauss operas as trashy imitations (on the one hand) or to embrace them as profound elaborations of the earlier works (on the other). *Arabella* is not so good an opera as *Rosenkavalier*, partly because it is not as direct and simple dramatically but mostly because it just doesn't hit the same level of lyric inspiration. And *Daphne* is not up to *Ariadne* either, for the same reasons. But *Arabella* is still a most enjoyable and playable opera; it tries a little too hard, but so do a lot of other very popular stage works. And *Daphne*, while it strikes me as a curious piece of dramatic construction, contains a plenitude of beautiful and expressive music, plus an atmosphere of striking individuality, easily distinguishable from Strauss's other operas.

Josef Gregor's libretto strikes me as a failure in the same sense that so many Italian and French romantic librettos are failures. That is, it takes perfectly strong dramatic material and hashes it up, befouling character relationships and compromising the meanings which are the piece's very *raison d'être*. It imposes the additional burden of substituting poetic—or, more precisely, literary—images for theatrical ones. The most obvious example is the opera's climactic piece of action, the transformation of the maiden Daphne into a tree. That is a wonderful thing to read about, but it is a rather touchy thing to solve in theatrical terms.

But the libretto also has some of the strengths of all those nineteenth-century reductions to the absurd. For example, it supplies the composer with many and extended opportunities for the sort of writing he does best, the sort that can persuade us that Leukippos, who does not figure in the myth and who does not justify himself in the libretto, belongs in the opera. He belongs, if for no other reason, in order to sing the three lines of his death (p. 147 of the vocal score) —music which would justify almost any senseless progression of events. It is a libretto, in other words, which works for Dr. Strauss, just as Barbier and Carré's worked for Gounod, or Cammarano's for Verdi—and that is the most important function of an opera book.

Strauss has responded to this with some of his most lovable music. This is not alone in the opera's closing pages, which are truly magical, but at many points along its one-act (nearly two-hour) course. The very opening, a pastoral evocation which is almost a *ranz des vaches*, is charming and atmospheric, and as early as Daphne's address to the tree (*"O wie gerne bleib ich bei dir, mein lieber Baum, in der Kindheit Tagen gepflanzt und so mein Bruder,"* etc.—p. 26 of the vocal score) we have Strauss in his warmest, most fragrant vein. All through the score are scattered passages of genuinely imaginative nature painting—a wonderful violin whisper for the wind, a haunting triplet figure associated with the tree, and so on, used in the most delicate, unforced fashion. Apollo's music is rather generalized (most of it could be exchanged with that of Bacchus without an audible change in viewpoint), but it is handsome and effective—provided the tenor in question can cope with the difficult tessitura. And all the music associated with the Dionysian feast is colorful and evocative, as well as pace-changing. The only weakness (at least it seems this way after a couple of hearings) is that words and music, between them, do not succeed in making the characters terribly immediate. But a good stage performance would be the necessary basis for judgment on that score.

This performance, recorded live at the Theater an der Wien at the opening of the 1964 Vienna Festival, is superb on nearly every count. Hilde Gueden's voice has never sounded freer or rounder; there is not an unbeautiful moment. She also seems to have purified her style, eliminating the Viennese scoop, and the low register sounds more in line with the rest of her voice than it formerly was. She is, in short, wonderful, a splendid match for the soaring, lingering line Strauss has given his heroine. No less impressive is Fritz Wunderlich, whose clear, warm lyric tenor sails through the music of Leukippos (including the top C) with pliancy and an easy ring, not to mention dead-center pitch.

James King, the American tenor who sings Apollo, shows good stuff—a clear, ringing tenor of considerable heft. As in

his Erik on DGG's recent disc of *Fliegende Holländer* excerpts, he tends to be a bit foursquare in his treatment of notes and text, but that does not matter quite so much here. The only bothersome thing in his singing of the Apollo is a tendency for the top to squeeze off into an almost pinched sound, perfectly listenable but not exactly comfortable-sounding. Nonetheless, nearly all of it sounds good, and it must be kept in mind that the role is unusually demanding in the sense that it calls for much sustained singing in the upper regions. Paul Schoeffler, in his late sixties, brings amazing presence and resonance to the relatively thankless role of Peneios; E natural extends him, but he brings great authority and steadiness to his music. Vera Little shows a fine voice in the part of Gaea, Daphne's mother. The music calls for a genuine deep contralto, which Miss Little isn't—but then, neither is anyone else nowadays. Rita Streich and Erika Mechera are splendid as the two maidens, and when we see such names as Kurt Equiluz and Harald Pröglhöf, we know that we are among the knowledgeable veterans of the Staatsoper.

I am a fan of Karl Böhm's way with Strauss—warm and expansive enough, never cloying or "profound." The texture is always like crystal, but never becomes brittle or tinselly. Here he is in charge of a score which he led at its premiere, and it is hard to imagine it being done better. There are four piddling cuts, all sanctioned by Strauss, seemingly simply to make things a bit easier for the singers.

The sound is excellent—almost no disturbance from the audience—and again I must note that live performance recording nearly always seems to come together in a way hardly ever achieved by the studio product. The accompanying booklet contains an essay on the Theater an der Wien by Erik Werba, a piece by Franz Trenner on the Daphne myth in opera, and additional pieces by Willi Schuh and Dr. Böhm, as well as a little essay by Rudolf Hartmann on Apollo as a figure of light, in which such phrases as "strange figures of light," "earthly light of the torches," "tempest and lightning," "the heavens are illumined briefly," etc., etc., are set annoyingly into italics. Yes, yes, I think we get it, Apollo, Light, Check.

An outstanding release, both for the work and for the performance. C.L.O.

TARTINI: *Concertos for Flute and Strings: in G; in F*—See Vivaldi: *Concerto for Flute and Strings, in A minor, P. 77.*

TCHAIKOVSKY: *Nutcracker Suite, Op. 71a*—See Grieg: *Peer Gynt: Suite No. 1, Op. 46; Suite No. 2, Op. 55: No. 1; No. 4.*

TCHEREPNIN: *Symphony No. 2, Op. 77*—See Mohaupt: *Town Piper Music.*

TELEMANN: *The Passion of Jesus According to Mark*

Agnes Giebel, soprano; Ira Malaniuk, contralto; Theo Altmeyer, tenor; Heinz Rehfuss (b), Evangelist; Horst Günter (b), Jesus; Choeur des Jeunes (Lausanne); Pro Arte Orchestra (Munich), Kurt Redel, cond.

• PHILIPS PHM 2530. Two LP. $7.96.
• • PHILIPS PHS 2930. Two SD. $9.96.

Telemann has always occupied a not inconspicuous place in the musical history of his time and country. He was, after all, the first choice of the Leipzig authorities for the job that they eventually, and not very enthusiastically, gave to Bach. Moreover it has long been known that he was an enormously prolific composer in all sorts of media. But it is only in recent years that consistent attempts have been made to study his output as a whole and to publish representative works regularly.

The present work, one of forty-four Passions which Telemann is said to have composed, is not published yet but was put together by Kurt Redel from manuscript material. It is in some ways similar to the Passions of Bach. The story of the Crucifixion is told by an Evangelist (here a baritone). Jesus and other characters in the sacred drama are represented by solo singers. Contemplative or commentative arias are sung by others, and the chorus frequently reflects on the action in chorales. In other ways there are important differences. There are no monumental opening choruses here, no heartbreaking final lullabies. Except for a few brief ejaculations, the chorus sings only chorales in simple, chordal settings, and its single fairly extended number that is not a chorale is also chordal. The style of the arias and accompanied recitatives is sometimes closer to preclassic opera than to baroque church music (the Passion was written in 1759). The tenor arioso *"Welch ein vermischt Geschrei"* could have come out of Gluck, and the soprano aria *"Still wie ein Lamm"* actually starts with a melody that closely resembles one from Gluck's *Alceste*. There is a good deal of tone painting. Some of the arias are rather dramatic, and some have emotional impact. On the whole, though this Passion is not in the same class with the giant masterpieces of the Leipzig cantor, it can very well yield enjoyment of a less intense sort.

Heinz Rehfuss is quite satisfactory as the Evangelist. Horst Günter is less so in the role of Jesus, owing to an occasional lack of accuracy. The former is accompanied by a harpsichord, the latter usually by sustained tones on an organ. We are not told whether this contrast is the composer's idea or the conductor's. Theo Altmeyer sings cleanly and rather expressively. Agnes Giebel's singing is pleasing and steady; Ira Malaniuk's is neither. Both ladies sound a bit distant. The chorus performs its not very demanding task well, and the sound is both clear and lifelike. The German text is provided and an English synopsis is also included. N.B.

VERDI: *Rigoletto* (excerpts)

Elizabeth Harwood (s), Gilda; Maureen Guy (ms), Maddalena; Donald Smith (t), The Duke; Peter Glossop (b), Rigoletto; Donald McIntyre (bs), Monterone; Sadler's Wells Orchestra, James Lockhart, cond.
• CAPITOL P 8606. LP. $3.98.
• • CAPITOL SP 8606. SD. $4.98.

VERDI: *La Traviata* (excerpts)

Ava June (s), Violetta; John Wakefield (t), Alfredo; Neil Easton (b), Germont; Chorus and Orchestra of Sadler's Wells, John Matheson, cond.
• CAPITOL P 8616. LP. $3.98.
• • CAPITOL SP 8616. SD. $4.98.

Two more opera-in-English highlights albums from the Sadler's Wells, with roughly the attractions and drawbacks of their predecessors. The *Rigoletto* is much the better of the present two, having competent work in all three leading roles. Peter Glossop, the most imposing singer in this series to date, is not quite up to the form he showed on the *Trovatore* disc; although the voice is an authentic Verdi baritone, it sounds somewhat nasalized and equivocal as to intonation here, rather as if the singer were recovering from a cold. Still, Glossop offers firm, authoritative singing. Donald Smith has a tenor of some warmth which is constricted, but still negotiable, in the upper range. He demonstrates an excellent grasp of style and a sensitivity to dynamic shading—a very acceptable Duke so long as one is not judging by international "star" standards. Elizabeth Harwood is a little hard-pressed and colorless as Gilda, but gets through it all decently enough. Lockhart inclines toward overslow tempos.

The *Traviata* release has little to offer. While Ava June's voice sounds like a promising *spinto* when she sings out on a fairly straight line, she hasn't the dash for Act I or the emotional depth for the remainder of the opera. John Wakefield is a thoroughly professional but innocuous Alfredo, and Neil Easton a tremulous, lightweight Germont, though not an unmusical one. Matheson's leadership is acceptable, not illuminating, coming down rather hard at the obvious points of emphasis.

In general, I would observe this about the series: producing Verdi and Puccini in English must prove itself, so far as Americans are concerned—which means demonstrating that the impact of dramatic immediacy is worth the undeniable aesthetic losses concomitant with translation. That, in turn, ought to mean: 1) completeness, since even intelligently grouped excerpts don't add up to much dramatcially: 2) translations of extraordinary urgency (those of Dent, used here, are more singable and often "righter" in sound than, say, the "snappy," but hopelessly square, vulgate of the Martins: but they are also fuddy-duddy-sounding to us, like almost anything of Grandpa's time, and carry no honest emotional message); and 3) performances of international caliber that will stand up to the original-language competition. Until we have such a presentation, the case for translated opera on records will not have been made.

If you're interested, though, the purchase of a disc in this low-priced series is not a bad investment: I would suggest the *Trovatore* or the *Rigoletto*. For seekers after charming oddments, the *Traviata* disc has a singer named Tom Swift, though which bit role benefits from his inventiveness is not indicated. C.L.O.

VIVALDI: *Concerto for Flute and Strings, in A minor, P. 77*
†Pergolesi: *Concerto for Flute and Strings, No. 1, in G*
†Tartini: *Concertos for Flute and Strings in G; in F*

Jean-Pierre Rampal, flute; Saar Radio Chamber Orchestra, Karl Ristenpart, cond.
• EPIC LC 3893. LP. $4.98.
• • EPIC BC 1293. SD. $5.98.

There is no law which says that one must listen to these four concertos at a sitting, and my advice is to take them independently, relying for enticement on Rampal's art rather than composers' venturesomeness—which here is scarce. All of the music is perfectly palatable, of course, but it doesn't reveal the creators in more than passing moments of individuality. Our pleasure lies mainly in hearing Rampal skip lightly down the scope of a sequential figure or round out the corner of a phrase with a gesture of love. And we have ample time to enjoy his art—none of these composers felt any qualms at working his soloist to capacity. Ristenpart's contribution is disciplined and well shaped (a bit more heavily accented in the Pergolesi, for instance, than Münchinger's, in the Rampal performance on London). S.F.

VIVALDI: *Concertos, Op. 3: No. 10, in B minor, for Four Violins and Strings; No. 3, in G, for Violin and Strings*
†Bach: *Concertos: in A minor, for Four Harpsichords and Strings, S. 1065; in F, for Harpsichord Alone, S. 978*

Angelo Stefanato, Cesare Ferreresi, Bruno Salvi, Margherita Ceradini, violins; Luigi F. Tagliavini, Bruno Canino, Antonio Ballista, Claudio Abbado, harpsichords; Angelicum Orchestra (Milan), Alberto Zedda, cond.
• HARMONIA MUNDI HM 30664. LP. $5.98.

An excellent opportunity to study Bach as a transcriber of Vivaldi. The quadruple concerto for harpsichords is of course Bach's version of Vivaldi's original for four violins, and S. 978 is a transcription for solo harpsichord of Vivaldi's Op. 3, No. 3. Bach follows his model faithfully, on the whole, adding counterpoints and a few embellishments and once or twice tightening up

the structure. There are, to be sure, some things that even Bach couldn't do: for example, the mysterious progression in the Largo of the quadruple concerto, where Vivaldi has each of the soloists bowing differently, doesn't come off as well on harpsichords. The Vivaldi works are played with spirit and good tone. Alberto Zedda takes the outer movements of S. 1065 considerably more slowly than their originals, probably to assure accurate ensemble for the keyboards. It seems to me that he slows up too much; the first movement particularly sounds like an exercise. The solo concertos are nicely played—the Vivaldi by Salvi, the Bach by Tagliavini. N.B.

VIVALDI: *Concerto grosso in D minor, Op. 3, No. 11*—See Bach: *Concerto for Two Violins and Strings, in D minor, S. 1043; Sonata for Two Violins and Continuo, in C, S. 1037.*

VIVALDI: *La fida ninfa*

Carmen Repetto (s), Morasto; Mafalda Masini (s), Elpina; Rena Gary Falachi (s), Licori; Vittoria Calma (c), Osmino and Giunone; Antonio Constantino (t), Narete; Alfredo Giacomotti (bs), Oralto and Eolo; Chamber Orchestra, Members of the Opera, Milan, Raffaello Monterosso, cond.
• Vox DL BX 210. Three LP. $15.
• • Vox STDL BX 5210. Three SD. $15.

Antonio Vivaldi wrote thirty-eight operas, in addition to his oratorios, cantatas, and other vocal music. He must have spent nearly as much attention and time on his writing for the voice as on his writing for strings, though clearly he did not influence the development of operatic form to anywhere near the same extent. *La fida ninfa* is the only Vivaldi opera currently in the domestic catalogue, though the oratorio *Juditha Triumphans* is available.

Whenever I review a baroque opera, I find myself approaching it gingerly. It is impossible to deny the musicological interest of a work like this, and impossible not to be glad that an example of Vivaldi's operatic writing is available in a carefully prepared performance. Further, I know that many listeners may well find the piece an absorbing experience. So I must confess my own bias: unless I am in search of something specific, I do not enjoy recordings of this stuff—acres and acres of *secco* recitative bordering copses of diligent-sounding arias, all pegged on some incredible plot of no psychological interest whatever, peopled by characters ill-defined in text and music. One can say that this is a snobbish twentieth-century point of view, but that is just it—here am I, and there is it, and my interest (above average, I imagine) in historico-cultural matters will carry me only so far, not far enough actually to want to hear the thing more than two or three times.

The plot of *La fida ninfa* is one of those involved affairs concerning lovers separated in youth by the fortunes of war (or, in this case, piracy) and enough extra couples and Funny Coincidences to confuse everything to the extent of allowing everyone a variety of arias. It goes on and on, and then it ends.

Of the many arias, there are perhaps six or seven that have real character. In fact, to listen to any of them individually is a pleasant, charming experience, but to have to hear them in order, minus the important visual aspects of production, produces a state of *déja entendu*. From a scholarly standpoint, one can, of course, note that here Vivaldi uses an uncharacteristic resolution, there a piece of instrumentation or harmonization that must have been unprecedented. The performance's conductor, Raffaello Monterosso, has pointed to some of these instances in his informative liner essay. But such characteristics do not necessarily make for fascinating listening for those of us who are not musicologically inclined, or are not writing theses.

One can have only admiration for the painstaking preparation of the performance. Mr. Monterosso is clearly performing a labor of love, of which the actual conducting must have been a small part. Things are rather too "down" for my taste, but certainly well proportioned and cleanly executed. Among the singers, I particularly enjoyed the clear, relaxed lyric soprano of Rena Gary Falachi, and the round bass of Alfredo Giacomotti, though his arias make severe technical demands which he sometimes solves only in an approximate fashion. The others are all professional enough as vocalists, but all short of the technical expertise that would enable them to carry things off with some real brio and sense of reserve. It seems to me a mistake to cast a bright, light soprano in the castrato role of Morasto, and a somewhat heavier, more mature-sounding one in the female part of Elpina.

It would make no economic sense to assemble, say, Sutherland, Stich-Randall, Berganza, Rössl-Majdan, Simoneau, and Flagello for such an undertaking; yet, short of this sort of casting, what chance has such a work of springing to true life?

The sound is very satisfactory, and libretto and notes are provided. C.L.O.

WAGNER: *Orchestral Excerpts*

Der fliegende Holländer: Overture; Lohengrin: Prelude; Die Meistersinger: Suite from Act III; Tristan und Isolde: Prelude and Love-Death.

Hallé Orchestra, Sir John Barbirolli, cond.
• VANGUARD SRV 149. LP. $1.98.
• • VANGUARD SRV 149SD. SD. $1.98.

The day is well past when a low-priced label suggests anything marginal about the merchandise. There are about two dozen collections of Wagner's operatic prefaces in the present catalogue, but this one belongs near the head of the class. Klemperer and Walter have an edge on Sir John, but the latter is a man

with a good ear for the richness and complexity of Wagnerian orchestration and a fine way with a big tune. (His *Meistersinger* suite, incidentally, departs from convention to include the greatest of the third-act tunes, the chorale "*Wach' auf!*") Anyone building a record library on a budget ought to consider this prime material, both for its sound and its sympathies. R.C.M.

Recitals & Miscellany

JUSSI BJOERLING: "*Jussi Bjoerling in Concert*"

Wagner: *Lohengrin: In fernem Land.* Tchaikovsky: *Eugene Onegin: Lenski's Aria.* Puccini: *Manon Lescaut: Donna non vidi mai.* Sibelius: *Säv, Säv, Susa; Svarta Rosor.* Alfvén: *Skogen Sover; Jag Längtar Dig.* Rangström: *Tristans Död.* Nordqvist: *Till Havs.* Schubert: *An die Leier; Was ist Sylvia?* Sjögren: *I Drömmen Du Ar Mig Nära.* Peterson-Berger: *Jungfrun under Lind.* Rachmaninoff: *In the Silence of the Night.* R. Strauss: *Zueignung.*

Jussi Bjoerling, tenor; Frederick Schauwecker, piano (in the Schubert, Sjögren, Peterson-Berger, Rachmaninoff, and Strauss); Gothenburg Symphony Orchestra, Nils Grevillius, cond. (in the Wagner, Tchaikovsky, Puccini, Sibelius, and Alfvén); Stockholm Philharmonic Orchestra, Stig Westerberg, cond. (in the Rangström and Nordqvist).
• RCA VICTOR LM 2784. LP. $4.98.

The first side of this record (the selections accompanied by Grevillius) were recorded at a concert in Gothenburg on August 5, 1960. One month and four days later, Bjoerling was dead at fifty-three. To hear the quality of his voice and artistic impulse at that time is to realize with even greater pain the tragedy of his untimely death.

The *Lohengrin* excerpt is incredible. One thinks immediately of a young Melchior, in the ring and purity of Bjoerling's tones. Here is a genuine lyric Wagnerian *tenor*, not a reconverted baritone. Bjoerling planned to add Lohengrin to his repertory, but did not live to achieve this goal; on this record we have the one foretaste of unrealized glory.

The entire content of this disc is taken from concert recordings between 1957 and 1960, all extremely well recorded and none less than magnificently sung. The poignance of Lenski's aria (sung, like the Lohengrin, in Swedish, and also a role Bjoerling never assumed in the opera house) is little short of harrowing, and the Swedish songs (of variable quality, to be sure) are done with infectious fervor. Because his lyric sense was innate and all-embracing, Bjoerling was also a uniquely satisfying exponent of the German song repertory.

This, then, is a cherishable and tantalizing reminiscence of his art. It is also a vocal experience best described as thrilling. A.R.

RAFAEL PUYANA: "*Baroque Masterpieces for the Harpsichord*"

Rafael Puyana, harpsichord.
• MERCURY MG 50411. LP. $4.98.
• • MERCURY SR 90411. SD. $5.98.

There are several big works here: C. P. E. Bach's *Folies d'Espagne*, J. C. F. Fischer's Passacaglia in D minor, Louis Couperin's Pavanne in F sharp minor, and Rameau's Gavotte and Variations. Interspersed among them are short, contrasting pieces by Telemann, D. Scarlatti, Chambonnières, Dieupart, and François Couperin. In the Bach, Puyana's frequent changes of registration make the work effective on the harpsichord, although it was probably intended for the clavichord or piano. In all the pieces but one Puyana's command of style and imaginative use of his instrument are thoroughly convincing. It is only in the impressive variations by Louis Couperin that the register changes seem a bit fussy at times. This work, by the way, together with the few others by its composer on records, indicates that he deserves to be better known. Perhaps the most impressive of all, in the grandeur and variety of its invention and in the splendor of the performance, is the great set of variations by Rameau. All told, a fine collection of unhackneyed works, well performed and recorded. N.B.

BENNO RABINOF: "*Gypsy Violin Classics*"

Albéniz: *Tango* (arr. Kreisler). Brahms: *Hungarian Dance, No. 20, in E minor.* Dvořák: *Slavonic Dance, No 1, in G minor* (arr. Kreisler?). Falla: *Jota* (arr. Kochanski). Granados: *Spanish Dance, No. 5* (arr. Kreisler). Kreisler: La *Gitana; Zigeunercaprice.* Sarasate: *Introduction and Tarantella, Op. 43; Zigeunerweisen, Op. 20.*

Benno Rabinof, violin; Sylvia Rabinof, piano.
• DECCA DL 10101. LP. $4.98.
• • DECCA DL 710101. SD. $5.98.

Rabinof's interpretative style here falls midway between the severe objectivity and intense propulsion of Milstein/Heifetz and the luxuriant emotional freedom of Elman—the polarities established by the best-known exponents of the Auer school of violinism, of which Rabinof is also a member. He tends to be

warmer and more intimate than the former players, but rhythmically far more controlled than the latter. While he is never guilty of abusing a rubato or carrying a portamento to absurd heights (or depths), conversely he softens the astringency of his attack to avoid the tonal harshness and overprojection for which Heifetz has sometimes been faulted. In the main, Rabinof's pulsating, glossy tone and his spectacular velocity definitely bear the Auer label, long a distinguished trademark in the annals of violin playing. He gives an impressive and satisfying account of himself in this collection.

Some of the arrangements and their identification on the record jacket are dubious. There is, for example, no Dvořák *Slavonic Dance* "No 1, in G minor" as listed, and a bit of detective work reveals that what Rabinof plays is a combination of Op. 46, No. 2, in E minor, and Op. 72, No. 1, in B major. The fingerprints are apparently Fritz Kreisler's (judging from those spiced-up, non-Dvořákian double stops and the fact that Kreisler himself made a recording of this synthesis).

The sound is well balanced, and serves to display Rabinof's smallish tone to good advantage. H.G.

SVIATOSLAV RICHTER: *Piano Recital*

Chopin: *Scherzo, No. 4, in E, Op. 54.* Prokofiev: *Cinderella: Gavotte; Visions fugitives: Nos. 6, 8, 9, 15, 18.* Rachmaninoff: *Preludes: in F sharp minor, Op. 23, No. 1; in A, Op. 32, No. 9; in B minor, Op. 32, No. 10.* Ravel: *La Vallée des cloches; Jeux d'eau.*

Sviatoslav Richter, piano.
• RCA VICTOR LM 2611. LP. $4.98.
• • RCA VICTOR LSC 2611. SD. $5.98.

While this recording offers selections from Richter's final two concerts of his first United States tour (in Carnegie Hall, New York, Dec. 26, 1960 and at Newark's Mosque Theatre, Dec. 28, 1960), there is very little duplication of repertoire with the Columbia sets of five New York recitals given in October of the same year: only the three Rachmaninoff Preludes and the *Cinderella* Gavotte appear under both labels (though future Columbia releases may contain items now given us by Victor, including the Chopin E major Scherzo, played in New York on October 30).

I, for one, hope that the Columbia-recorded Chopin piece does eventually see the light of day, for memory proclaims it to have been a far more convincing reading than the one now appearing on the Victor disc. We all know that Richter can be maddeningly uneven, and while the earlier performance of the Scherzo had an elegant, constantly proportioned line, this one engages in all sorts of distressing fluctuations of tempo. Richter seems to be toying around with the music here, as if to say he was bored with it. The cantabile sections are taken slowly and are pulled out of shape; the filigree, on the other hand, goes at about twice the speed and with brisk objectivity. The piece becomes a debate rather than the harmonious dialogue it should be. Needless to say, as an exhibit of technical playing, the performance is exemplary—but it is also Richter at his most unconvincing.

Nor does the performance of Ravel's *Jeux d'eau* live up to expectations. I am certainly in basic agreement with Richter's premise that the work should move along at a brisk con moto speed, but as he gives it, the sense of motion turns into precipitate haste and the impressionistic content simply vanishes. The water we have here is neatly frozen into ice cubes, and there is little playfulness in their prosaic clatter. *La Vallée des cloches*, on the other hand, is conveyed with superb insight and proportion. So, too, are the three brooding Rachmaninoff Preludes, which are a bit more relaxed and slowly paced than in the Columbia performances.

The high spot of the collection comes with Richter's playing of Prokofiev. The Gavotte bounces along with ironic symmetry, while the *Visions* conjures up completely the bizarre and humorous aspects inherent in the writing. As Gieseking was to the Debussy Preludes, Richter is to Prokofiev: other players may be more dramatic in a given piece, but for lyricism and *totality* of design there is nobody to approach them.

Unlike some prior Richter "live" recital discs, this one is completely suave in its engineering aspects. There is little distinction between mono and stereo, however. H.G.

RODRIGO RIERA: *"A Recital of Sixteenth- and Seventeenth-Century Guitar Music"*

Weiss: *Prelude and Gigue.* Ribayaz: *Two Spanish Dances.* Milan: *Fantasia del Quattro Tono; Fantasia de Consoncias y Redobles.* Narvaez: *Canción de Emperador; Baxa de Contrapunto.* Frescobaldi: *Aria con Variazioni.* Domenico Scarlatti: *Sonata in B minor.* Carcassi: *Two Etudes.* Dowland: *Melancholy Galliard.* Rameau: *Minuet from "Platée."* Villa Lobos: *Choros No. 1.* Riera: *Canción; Prelude Criollo Homenaje a Para Raul Borges.*

Rodrigo Riera, guitar.
• MUSICAL HERITAGE MHS 565. LP. $2.50.
• • MUSICAL HERITAGE MHS 565. SD. $2.50.

Rodrigo Riera, a pupil of Segovia, has obviously come close to learning most of what can be taught about his instrument. But what seems missing here is an inexorable rhythmic sense, an instinct for emphasis, a solid-geometry feeling for musical foreground and distance—all, I suppose, unteachable. This is by no means a poor recital: Riera conveys an easy grace in the Frescobaldi, and is at his best in the lullabylike Carcassi first Etude, involving some nice gradations of color. But the recording is of interest primarily for its repertoire, not for its performer. S.F.

RONALD TURINI: *Piano Recital*

Hindemith: *Sonata for Piano, No. 2, in G.* Liszt: *Sonetto del Petrarca No. 104; Hungarian Rhapsody, No. 12, in C sharp minor.* Schumann: *Sonata for Piano, in G minor, Op. 22.* Scriabin: *Etude, in C sharp minor, Op. 42, No. 5.*

Ronald Turini, piano.
• RCA VICTOR LM 2779. LP. $4.98.
• • RCA VICTOR LSC 2779. SD. $5.98.

The first recording by the thirty-year-old, Canadian-born, Horowitz-tutored Ronald Turini shows him to be a talent of the first magnitude. His musical operation seems to be guided by one factor—clarity: all of the readings on this disc display clarity of texture, clarity of structure, clarity of emotion.

The latter-named characteristic is particularly valuable, for it enables the pianist to convey both the lyricism and dramatic elements of a composition without overloading the balance too highly in one direction or the other. Take his Liszt *Sonetto del Petrarca*, for example. He avoids the blatancy and lurid sentimentality of the "standard" virtuoso reading, but never becomes pretentiously "*penseroso*" or theological, either. Nor does the interpretation of the Hindemith Sonata belong to the cerebral, percussive IBM tradition so often encountered. Turini's severe, highly organized sense of rhythm and accentuation binds the sometimes loose ends of the Schumann Sonata handsomely; and the rendition of that work scores further by utilizing the original presto passionato finale, to my mind a more convincing conclusion to the usually played alternate. In the Scriabin, the deliberate swaying pace of Turini's reading offers an illuminating contrast to the clipped, intense, one-to-a-bar Richter traversal. Despite the non-coloristic "dry-point engraver's" spareness of Turini's work, it is emphatically noted that his playing always has point and is never dry.

The performance has been given beautiful, lifelike recording in a moderately close studio style. H.G.

SHIRLEY VERRETT: *Recital of Spanish Songs*

Falla: *Seven Popular Spanish Songs.* Nin: *Minué Cantado; Paño Murciano; Montañesa; Corazón que en Prisión.* Granados: *La Maja Dolorosa (No. 1); El Mirar de la Maja.* Obradors: *Del Cabello más Sutil; El Vito.* Montsalvatge: *Canción de Cuna para Dormir a un Negrito.* Turina: *Farruca.*

Shirley Verrett, mezzo; Charles Wadsworth, piano.
• RCA VICTOR LM 2776. LP. $4.98.
• • RCA VICTOR LSC 2776. SD. $5.98.

The high quality (and even higher promise) manifest at Shirley Verrett's New York debut recital last season is handsomely upheld by this, her first major solo record. She has chosen a flavorsome program of superb Spanish songs, and wallops the living daylights out of most of them in a series of tingling and throbbing performances.

Some may possibly object to her gutsy manner, her tendency to plunge into a deep and raucous chest tone at the slightest urging. I do not, because it fits the repertory here perfectly. She has mastered this kind of singing to the point where it is no longer mere trickery (as it sometimes is with Leontyne Price, for example). To find a rendition of the Falla *Polo* comparable to this one, you have to go all the way back to Conchita Supervia, and the comparison does Miss Verrett no harm.

There is also a soft, velvety side to her singing which is often ravishing. I wish she hadn't done the Montsalvatge Lullaby, only because that song belongs completely to Victoria de los Angeles and no competition is possible. Otherwise, this is a vibrant and exciting recital, with no small amount of credit due to the extremely vivid work of Charles Wadsworth at the piano. A.R.

Reissues

BEETHOVEN: *Symphony No. 7, in A, Op. 92; Egmont Overture, Op. 84*

London Philharmonic Promenade Orchestra, Sir Adrian Boult, cond. [from Vanguard VRS 1015/VSD 2005, 1957].
• VANGUARD EVERYMAN SRV 147. LP. $1.98.
• • VANGUARD EVERYMAN SRV 147SD. SD. $1.98.

Boult's handling of the Symphony is solid, musical, unspectacular. It could be deemed "old-fashioned" in that the conductor eschews the current tendency to stress dynamism and to race the music off its feet. This Seventh is far removed from the metallic efficiency, slickly suave tonal coloration, and hammer-blow resilience of the typical modern, sports-car-attuned *chef d'orchestre*, but if you listen carefully enough (and without prejudice) I think you will agree that it is not in the least dull. Indeed, I find it actually refreshing to come across a conductor these days who still realizes that proper attention to note values, clear articulation, judicious phrasing of melodies, and generally precise maintenance of a rhythmic pulse often can aerate a composition more successfully than mere flash and speed. Certainly one would have to look wide and far before finding more lucid or rhythmically accurate statements of the first, third, and

fourth movements than the ones Sir Adrian gives here. Toscanini had this sort of control in his New York Philharmonic days (and of course his deleted Seventh from that time remains exceptional, a true nonpareil), but not even the Maestro maintained such a technical grasp on this music to the end of his career, as his occasionally rushed NBC remake of 1951 indicates.

Boult's handling of the second movement does present a problem. There is one group of conductors who take great relish in pointing out the fact that Beethoven marked this section to go at an "Allegretto" speed, and thus they so lead it—with a vengeance! Less publicized is the fact that the composer was distraught over the possibility of his "Allegretto" indication being misconstrued and had intended to supplement the instruction with the words "quasi andante." Toscanini, in accordance, adopted a more measured pace and he was followed in this by an army of imitators. Unfortunately, few of them had Toscanini's lightness of hand and superb sense of tonal balance: where he realized perfectly the piquant connotations of "Allegretto quasi andante," they lost the subtle implications and turned the movement into a funeral procession. (Recently a few conductors, Karajan and Szell to name two, have tried—unsuccessfully—to weld the basic premises of both schools of thought by adopting a faster speed for the beginning section and a slower pace for the *majore* episode at each of its appearances.) Sir Adrian, alas, is given to the funereal tramp and I strongly suspect that many would-be subscribers to his otherwise impeccable views on this music are going to be deterred because of the excessive stateliness of this second movement. The sound too is a mite dead and constricted: it tends to highlight the conservative, very British qualities of the rendition.

The *Egmont* is forthright, vigorous, musicianly. Here, as in the Symphony, it will be altogether too easy to underestimate Sir Adrian's quite unusual insight into Beethoven's universe. H.G.

MOORE: *The Devil and Daniel Webster*

James de Groat, speaker (A Fiddler); Doris Young (s), Mary Stone; Frederick Weidner (t), Mr. Scratch; Lawrence Winters (b), Daniel Webster; Joe Blankenship (bs), Jabez Stone; Festival Ensemble and Orchestra, Armando Aliberti, cond. [from Westminster OPW 11032 WST 14050, 1959].
• DESTO D 450, LP, $4.98.
• • DESTO DST 6450, SD, $5.98.

Douglas Moore's one-act opera on Stephen Vincent Benet's folk fable is a work of charm, craftsmanship, and great high spirits. Its rescue from the limbo to which it had been consigned during one of the Westminster changes of management is one of a series of continuing good deeds on the part of Desto. The performance is thoroughly delightful and the recording, excellent in its time, is still bright and vivid. A highly recommended reissue. A.R.

MOZART: *Serenades: No. 10, in B flat, K. 361* (A); *No. 13, in G, K. 525 ("Eine kleine Nachtmusik")* (B)

Eastman Wind Ensemble, Frederick Fennell, cond. (in K. 361); London Symphony Orchestra, Antal Dorati, cond. [(A) from Mercury MG 50176, 1958; (B) from Mercury MG 50121, 1956].
• MERCURY MG 50412, LP, $4.98.
• • MERCURY SR 90412, SD, $5.98.

This is one of Mercury's "Great Music of the Classic Era" series, reissues in which somewhat more music is put onto each side than is normally placed there. Thus, this version of the B flat Serenade occupied a whole record by itself when it first came out. Except for a pair of nasal oboes and some dawdling in the first movement, the performance is commendable. The *Kleine Nachtmusik* recording is a couple of years older and does not rank very high among the many excellent performances available. Among its drawbacks are a heaviness in the tuttis and lagging basses in the Romanze and the finale. N.B.

ROZSA: *Concerto for Violin and Orchestra* (A)
†Benjamin: *Romantic Fantasy for Violin, Viola, and Orchestra* (B)

Jascha Heifetz, violin, Dallas Symphony Orchestra, Walter Hendl, cond. (in the Rózsa); William Primrose, viola, RCA Victor Symphony Orchestra, Izler Solomon, cond. (in the Benjamin) [(A) from RCA Victor LM 2027, 1956; (B) from RCA Victor LM 2149, 1957].
• RCA VICTOR LM 2767, LP, $4.98.
• • RCA VICTOR LSC 2767, SD, $5.98.

The Rózsa is a well-constructed work in the kind of synthetically contemporary format one encounters so often today. There is plenty of brilliant virtuoso writing for the solo instrument, and alternate chrome and velvet in the orchestration to throw it into as high relief as possible. There are all sorts of thrusting barbs from the brass while a prevalent lushness permeates the string sonorities. Heifetz makes the most of the possibilities offered him: he is completely suited to music such as this.

The Benjamin work has comparable sensuous appeal, but in contrast to the Rózsa it is more idyllic, leisurely, old-fashioned. It sounds like Bruch's *Scottish Fantasia* considerably modernized if not exactly brought up to date. Heifetz's creamy richness of tone is enlivened with a slightly acerbic edge which handsomely brings to the fore all the underlying Prokofiev undertones in the writing. Primrose is an admirable partner, and the large French horn part is excellently done by Joseph Eger.

Good sound in both scores, with plenty of mass and solidity to offset the bril-

liance. Unless I am mistaken, the stereo versions of both pieces are here appearing for the first time on disc. H.G.

EDMOND CLEMENT: *Recital*

Boieldieu: *La Dame blanche: Ah, quel plaisir.* Rossini: *Barbiere di Siviglia: Ecco ridente.* Meyerbeer: *Robert le Diable: Duo Bouffe.* Gounod: *Roméo et Juliette: Ange adorable: Ah, lève-toi soleil.* Lalo: *Le Roi d'Ys: Aubade.* Bizet: *Pêcheurs de perles: Au fond du temple saint.* Massenet: *Manon: Le rêve: Ah! fuyez, douce image. Werther: Pourquoi me réveiller.* Boito: *Mefistofele: Lontano, lontano.* Godard: *Dante: Nous allons partir.* Weckerlin: *Bergère légère.* Passard: *L'Adieu matinal.* Lulli: *Au clair de la lune.*

Geraldine Farrar, soprano (in *"Ange adorable," "Lontano, lontano,"* and *Au clair de la lune*); Edmond Clément, tenor; Marcel Journet, bass (in the *Duo Bouffe* and *"Au fond du temple saint"*); piano; orchestras [from various originals].
• Rococo R40. LP. $5.98.

During the heyday of French opera in New York—the time during the early 1900s, when the French repertory had a status equal to that of the German or Italian at the Metropolitan and at Hammerstein's Manhattan Opera Company—a whole raftful of notable French singers were on hand as a nucleus around which to build performances. Of all these singers, none was more representative of the best in French style and sensibility than Edmond Clément.

From the vocal standpoint, he was not as lavishly endowed as many of his contemporaries: accounts refer to his voice as "smallish" and "white," and his records tend to bear this out. His tenor is neither sumptuous nor liquid, and his technique does not always assure steadiness or security above the staff. But in terms of stylistic finish in the French romantic school, he is in a class of his own. The second side of this release shows him at his best: a perfectly turned *Le rêve*, the most magical of all recordings of the *Pearl Fishers* duet, a languishing *"Lontano, lontano,"* an utterly charming version of *Bergère légère* (a repellent preciosity in most hands), and the justly famous, absolutely captivating *Au clair de la lune*, in partnership with Farrar.

The first side is not quite so rewarding, though it boasts the exhilarating song from *Dame blanche* and the very sensitive performance of *"Ange adorable,"* again with Farrar. The cavatina from *Il Barbiere* simply hasn't enough freedom or expertise in the coloratura, and the scene from *Robert le Diable* is interminable and insufferable—Meyerbeer at his imposing worst. *"Ah, lève-toi soleil"* is superbly planned, extremely evocative as an idea of the piece, but for me, at least, there is too much wiry, uncomfortable tone; certainly the ascents to B flat for *"Ah, parais!"* do not make very enjoyable listening.

But vocal lushness is not the essence of Clément's art; this recital ought to be required listening for all aspiring tenors, and perhaps for some who are no longer aspiring. Another virtue of the selection is the invariable strength of Clément's coartists, Journet and Farrar. C.L.O.

NAZARENO DE ANGELIS: *Recital*

Boito: *Mefistofele: Ave Signor; Ecco il mondo.* Halévy: *La Juive: Si la rigueur.* Rossini: *Barbiere di Siviglia: La calunnia.* Verdi: *Don Carlo: Ella giammai m'amò.* Meyerbeer: *Robert le Diable: Suore che riposate.* Gounod: *Faust: Serenade.* Weber: *Der Freischütz: Viva Bacco.*

Nazareno de Angelis, bass; orchestra, Lorenzo Molajoli, cond. [from various originals].
• Odeon QC 5036. 10-in LP. $4.98.

Nazareno de Angelis is best known nowadays as the Mefistofele of the wonderful old Columbia recording of Boito's opera, currently available as an import. His long career (it began in 1903 and continued through the Thirties) embraced a tremendous variety of roles, from Bellini to Wagner, and included creation of several, the most prominent being that of Archibaldo in Montemezzi's *L'Amore dei tre Re.*

His voice was true bass, extremely powerful and flexible, black in color. It was not an especially beautiful instrument; the tone was inclined to spread and to depart from pitch, usually on the sharp side. But it was imposing, and free enough to be capable of a firm legato and considerable dynamic variety. To go with this instrument, De Angelis had (at least on records) a vivid, larger-than-life theatrical personality, and some of the same fine contempt for the law's letter that marked Chaliapin and Bohnen, to both of whom he bore a distinct family resemblance.

Not everything on this record is "good singing" by the highest vocal or musical standards, but it is all alive, and some of it is tremendous fun. This *"La calunnia"* is even hammier—and funnier, in its bad old way—than Chaliapin's, and is capped by an eye-popping high A flat. And Caspar's drinking song is rolled out in wonderful fashion, with accurate runs and ringing top Gs. Both the *Mefistofele* excerpts are near-classic (I, at least, have never heard anyone approach them), and the *Faust* Serenade is, within its big, Italian framework, extremely well done. The other excerpts are not quite on this level, and the *Don Carlo* aria is filled with little effects and distortions that borrow on the perverse. But none of it, I guarantee, is dull. The sound is reasonable enough for the vintage; everything is sung in Italian. C.L.O.

MAGGIE TEYTE: *Recitals*

Maggie Teyte, soprano; pianists and orchestras [mainly from various English Decca and HMV recordings, 1933–48].

For a feature review of two albums of Maggie Teyte recordings, see page 57.

The Greatest Musical Excitement of the 60's

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Discotheque vol. 2

DANCE . . . DANCE . . . DANCE

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The greatest revolution in musical entertainment since World War II has been the development of the discotheque. And the greatest revolution in the field of discotheque was the appearance of Enoch Light's record, *Discotheque . . . Dance . . . Dance . . . Dance* (Command 873).

A discotheque was originally — and still is — a night club with a high fidelity stereo system, a collection of records focused on the strong, pulsing beat required for dancing the Frug, the Hully Gully, the Watusi, the Swim, the Jerk and all the rest of the steady stream of fascinating new steps, plus a disc jockey (known as a *disquaire* in deference to the French origins of the discotheque) whose special skill is in programming the records so that the music never stops and the dancers never want to leave the floor.

The common denominator of the discotheque is, as one historian of the field has put it, "darkness, a small dance floor and the beat." With the rapid spread and success of the discotheque idea, these three elements can now be found in a variety of settings from the elegance and fine appointments of such New York magnets for the international jet set as Shepheard's and L'Interdit to more casual and informal clubs for the less internationally or jet-oriented sets.

A night club, however, is not the only place where darkness and a small dance floor can be found. These two elements can be located practically anywhere that one wants to look for them — at home or at any local gathering place. The only thing lacking to turn such a place into an authentic discotheque is the beat.

The beat is not as easy to come by as you might think. To get it, a professional discotheque invests in a huge record library and hires a skilled and experienced disquaire to search out and select the music that will create just the right tone and continuity to make the discotheque a success.

Without the *right music* and without the knowledgeable use of that music, you have no discotheque. You might as well listen to an ordinary juke box.

And that is where Enoch Light revolutionized the revolutionary discotheque. For the very first time, he put on one record, *Discotheque . . . Dance . . . Dance . . . Dance*, the authentic discotheque rhythms played in the *authentic* discotheque styles and with the *authentic* discotheque continuity. He produced this record with the same thoroughness, the same painstaking care for detail and perfection that he has applied in the past to his production of the precedent-setting *Persuasive Percussion* series of discs and to the production of Command's universally acclaimed classical recordings by William Steinberg and the Pittsburgh Symphony.

To bring the authoritative discotheque style to records, Light and his staff made an analytical study of the elements that distinguished the most successful discotheques. All of these were assembled for use in the arrangements that Lew Davies wrote and for establishing the continuity of the recording. A special kind of orchestra was organized by Light to play discotheque music — an orchestra that was entirely different from any of the famous groups he had led in the past. It was built specifically to bring out the driving excitement of discotheque music. The ruggedly beating heart of the band is a rhythm section of three guitars, two percussionists, bass and organ, augmented by an eight man brass section (four trumpets and four trombones) and a pair of saxophones doubling woodwinds.

On Command's first discotheque disc Light enlisted the expert services of Killer Joe Piro (according to the New York *Times*, he is "by appointment, dancing master to the jet set") as adviser in helping to select the correct tunes to be used. On top of this thorough-going authenticity, Light added Command's famous recording techniques, underscoring the emphasis that the best discotheques place on fine sound reproduction.

The result of all this detailed planning and care was Enoch Light's *Discotheque . . . Dance . . . Dance . . . Dance*. This was the discotheque record that swept the country, taking authentic discotheque music out of the discotheque and bringing it solidly into the home or any place where anyone of any age wanted to dance . . . dance . . . dance.

This second volume of *Discotheque . . . Dance . . . Dance . . . Dance* adds to the glories of that first disc by concentrating on contemporary hit tunes that have been written specifically in the mode of the discotheque dances. They have been composed for the modern beat, not adapted to it.

Thirteen tunes were in the first *Discotheque . . . Dance . . . Dance . . . Dance* so Light, who can be superstitious about a superstitious number when it contributes to as successful a record as that was, has again chosen a program of thirteen tunes, every one of which has been a top rider on the popularity charts (there is one exception — an original Bossa Nova, a new tune by Enoch Light and Lew Davies which makes its debut in this album).

The rest are songs which were made into hits by the Beatles, Manfred Mann, the Dave Clark Five, the Supremes, the Searchers, Petula Clark and other groups who give today's music its special fascination.

And this collection includes the newest and most unusual of all the contemporary dances, La Bostela — bright and glittering Spanish-tinged music that builds up to a deliberate let-down. It originated, so the legend says, when Honoré Bostel, a large, non-dancing member of the staff of the French magazine, *Paris-Match*, tripped and fell in a discotheque. Suddenly the new thing to do was to fall down. Hence La Bostela in which dancers stamp around, clap hands, beat heels, snap fingers and act as much like Spanish gypsy dancers as possible until, as the mood of the music suddenly changes, each dancer leans against his partner's back and, braced in this fashion, sinks slowly to the floor.

In this album, Enoch Light gives this exciting music a unique and stimulating discotheque flavor, so that you can enjoy the pleasures of an *authentic* discotheque right in your own home.

SELECTIONS: Downtown • I Feel Fine • The Girl from Ipanema • Love Potion #9 • Sha-La-La • Too Many Fish in the Sea • Come See About Me • Any Way You Want It • An original Bossa Nova • Eight Days a Week • Goldfinger • The Jerk • La Bostela •

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"The Original Sound of the Twenties." *Columbia C3L 35, $11.98 (Three LP).*

THE OLDER record companies are finally awakening to the fact that their vaults contain important aural documents that provide an illuminating commentary on the social history of our times. The persistence of jazz fans has resulted in the reissue of old jazz discs in increasing numbers, but pop recordings from the '20s and '30s—the popular dance bands, singers, vaudeville and night club and show business personalities—have been allowed to gather dust. RCA Victor took some hesitant steps in this direction several years ago with the release of a delightful disc called *Old Curiosity Shop*—including contributions from John Barrymore, Sophie Tucker, De Wolfe Hopper, Nora Bayes, and others. Another promising sign was Victor's "X" label series, which managed in its brief life to reissue Russ Columbo, young Bing Crosby, Helen Morgan, Ethel Merman, Eddy Duchin, the Happiness Boys, and Cole Porter (singing and playing piano). Now Columbia has gotten into the act with a really remarkable compilation from the pre-Depression decade.

Depending on the listener's age, Columbia's three-disc set *The Original Sound of the Twenties* can be a shower of nostalgia or simply a revelation. In either case, it is a fascinating cross section of that decade's popular recordings. One LP side is devoted to pianists and includes a 1922 version of *Kitten on the Keys* by Frank Banta and Jack Austin; a George Gershwin solo (stolid and steadfast but valid as a curiosity); Ruhe Bloom (playing his own *Soliloquy* in the epitome of the style usually thought of as Gershwin jazz); not to mention Artie Shutt, Roy Bargy, Earl Hines, and Lee Sims, who is accompanied by a weird, cellolike tromhone.

Another side concentrates on the Paul Whiteman organization—the huge band of the late Twenties that huffed and puffed yet produced the thinnest of tinkles, particularly when it went so far afield as *Tiger Rag*. (It is heard to much better effect in the concert setting for the first movement of Gershwin's Concerto in F.) Bing Crosby is a prominent part of this entourage in two delightful numbers with the Rhythm Boys and as a robust soloist in *Great Day*.

One full disc has been set aside for female vocalists. In the Twenties the girls really sang, belting out their lyrics without leaving much to the imagination. Blossom Seeley projects immense zest, even on

A la recherche du temps perdu: ***Blossom Seeley, Ted Lewis, Ruth Etting.***

a 1924 acoustical recording of *Lazy*; Sophie Tucker's precise, highly stylized delivery is heard on *My Pet* and a previously unreleased but very nearly definitive version of *Some of These Days*; Ethel Waters is completely assured and thoroughly outgoing on *Black and Blue* and *Am I Blue*; and the superb timing of Bessie Smith underlines the lusty brashness of *I've Got What It Takes*. There were more intimate singers, too—the poignance of Helen Morgan singing *Bill*, the wistfully sensuous Ruth Etting (*What Wouldn't I Do for That Man*), the fresh and easy manner of Lee Morse (and Her Blue Grass Boys) on *Old Man Sunshine*, and the casual styling of Frances Williams with the delightful *Sunny Disposish* (another previously unreleased performance).

Male singers are given only a single side to themselves—and, in general, they show less authority than the women. These recordings are interesting not so much for the singers as for their surroundings. *Ain't Misbehavin'* by Segar Ellis and His Orchestra—in which Ellis does the vocal—opens with the powerful and familiar trumpet of Louis Armstrong and is laced throughout with provocative instrumental work. And no wonder—Ellis' orchestra consists (in addition to Armstrong) of Tommy and Jimmy Dorsey, Joe Venuti, Eddie Lang, Artie Schutt, and drummer Stan King. Buddy Rogers, then at the height of his career as the All-American Boy, is represented by a recording on which he supposedly shows his versatility by playing trombone and trumpet as well as singing. Spoken exhortations imply that Rogers is playing but the solos are in reality the work of Tommy Dorsey and Bob Efros. Rudy Vallee (recording for Harmony at the time under the pseudonym of Frank Mater) sings a high-voiced version of *Outside*, giving his little band a chance to show how lively it could be when it had something more to do than to back him on a ballad. And for straight period flavor, there is Irving Kaufman with a full treatment of that granddaddy of all South Sea atmospheric evocations, *Pagan Love Song*.

The remaining LP side covers instrumental groups—the orchestras of Ted Lewis, Cass Hagan, Louis Armstrong, Duke Ellington, Frankie Trumbauer, and others. From the panorama of popular music in the late Twenties (almost all the discs are from the postacoustical era), the album's producers, Frank Driggs and Larry Carr, have made a lively and discerning selection. The dance bands of the day might have been given better representation—Whiteman was scarcely typical—but otherwise it cuts a broad swath through a musical period that holds up remarkably well after four decades. J.S.W.

Carol Ventura: "Carol!" Prestige 7358, $4.98 (LP); S 7358, $4.98 (SD).

Why a singer of Miss Ventura's obvious superiority should be singing in the lounge of a bowling alley in West Orange, New Jersey, is a complete mystery—but according to Gene Lees' liner notes, she was appearing there at the time of this recording. Her singing has the warm, open spontaneity of a friendly puppy, and yet she has a strong reserve of perception and skill. More than most popular singers, she conveys a keen understanding of the lyrics and she paces herself accordingly. She is as convincing in a brash and busy version of *Bye Bye* as she is with a very deliberately spun-out rendition of *When the World Was Young*. Miss Ventura is particularly to be congratulated for her choice of good, off-the-beaten-track tunes—*Everybody Says Don't* from Stephen Sondheim's Broadway *flop d'estime*, *Anyone Can Whistle*, a gay French waltz called *Think of Me*, the original melodic twists of *Say No More*. She is not always able to sustain the more expansive passages but the effort of singing in a bowling alley may be the cause of this failing. Benny Golson has provided her with very sympathetic and helpful arrangements.

Edith Piaf: "The Unknown Edith Piaf." Philips 217, $4.98 (LP).

There is nothing strange or unexpected about the Edith Piaf on this disc—the "unknown" in the title merely refers to the recordings themselves, which have never before been issued in the United States and evidently were recorded quite some time ago. Still, regardless of recording qualities, any previously unavailable Piaf recordings are to be treasured. These are songs in the major Piaf vein—tales of sadness and frustration, told with a marvelous inflection that imbues even a lilting waltz with an aura of despair. Most of these selections contain relatively little melodic charm to beguile the listener—it is the story and the delivery that fascinate, and for this reason the disc will be savored more by the indoctrinated Piaf follower than by the neophyte. Happily, the book-fold liner includes the complete French texts and a full English translation.

Ella Fitzgerald: "Ella at Juan-Les Pins." Verve 4065, $4.98 (LP); 6-4065, $4.98 (SD).

Although this recording was made during the fifth Festival of Jazz in Antibes, it can be classified as "jazz" only by its association with the Festival. There are jazz inflections in everything Miss Fitzgerald does, but she remains primarily a superb performer of popular songs. Her mastery of this idiom—evident in her gentle, swinging, casual stylings—has never been presented on disc to better advantage. She was obviously in unusually fine fettle on the night of the performance and circumstances must have been ideal—except for the presence of some competing crickets to whom she ad libs a song (a fascinating documentation of the improvisatory talent she uses in her scat singing). The program is typically Fitzgeraldian—mostly solid standards such as *Summertime* and *They Can't Take That Away from Me*, plus a surprise change of pace on *How High the Moon* (a song she has been doing as a fast scat number for twenty years and which is here performed in its original ballad form). The accompaniment by a quartet (including Roy Eldridge on trumpet and Tommy Flanagan on piano) could scarcely be better.

"The Sound of Music." Film sound track with Julie Andrews, Christopher Plummer. RCA Victor LOCD 2005, $5.98 (LP); LSOD 2005, $6.98 (SD).

In the five years since *The Sound of Music* arrived on Broadway, the songs in the Rodgers and Hammerstein score have taken on separate lives of their own. The title song and *My Favorite Things* are now standards, *Do-Re-Mi* is fast becoming a children's classic, and even *Climb Ev'ry Mountain* has found its inspirational place. But hearing them once more in context with the Trapp family story, the individual merits of these songs again become buried in their saccharine surroundings. The film version is drawn deeper into undiluted Disney-like blandness by the elimination of *How Can Love Survive* and *No Way To Stop It*. These slightly caustic songs helped cut through the syrup in the stage version. *An Ordinary Couple* has also disappeared—no loss—and so has the charmingly folkish instrumental, *Ländler*. To replace them Rodgers has written (words and music) two new songs—*Something Good*, a warm, gentle love song beautifully sung by Julie Andrews, and a routine bit of plot statement, *I Have Confidence in Me*. Miss Andrews is a more frolicsome Maria than Mary Martin was in the original Broadway cast recording. She conveys all of Miss Martin's authority but projects the role with a lighter, less obviously calculated touch. Christopher Plummer, as the Captain, is in the now established tradition of the nonsinging leading man who does a creditable

amateur job with a song. Peggy Wood sings *Climb Ev'ry Mountain* in a lighter but no less uncertain manner than Patricia Neway, whose rendition was overly constricted and pontifical in the stage version. Even with the deletions, additions, and a different cast, the score of *The Sound of Music* continues to be much more palatable in its individual parts than as a whole.

"Cinderella." Lesley Ann Warren, Stuart Damon, Celeste Holm, and TV cast. Columbia OL 6330, $4.98 (LP); OS 2730, $5.98 (SD).

Rodgers and Hammerstein's *Cinderella* was first presented on television in 1957. The book was rewritten by Joseph Schrank for the 1965 TV revival but the score has remained substantially the same. There is one new song—a lovely one called *Loneliness of Evening*, originally written by Rodgers and Hammerstein for *South Pacific*. Except for the title role, this new recording of *Cinderella* is generally superior to the 1957 version. Lesley Ann Warren, the present Cinderella, captures the character's childlike quality more completely than Julie Andrews did in the 1957 version. But Miss Andrews brought a very winning personality, a superb stage presence, and a lovely voice to her performance, while Miss Warren is only an adequate singer who is woefully inept with dialogue. Over-all, this is very minor Rodgers and Hammerstein. Before the score was beefed up by the addition of *Loneliness of Evening*, it had only one song of consequence, *Do I Love You Because You're Beautiful*. Stuart Damon and Miss Warren are given most of the singing opportunities, but Celeste Holm as the Fairy Godmother and Barbara Ruick and Pat Carroll as the stepsisters make the most of their brief appearances.

H. B. Barnum: "Golden Boy." Capitol 2278, $3.98 (LP); S 2278, $4.98 (SD).

Barnum, who has made several discs for RCA Victor as a singer, appears on this disc as an arranger and conductor, presenting himself with considerably more distinction than he did as a vocalist. His arrangements of twelve of Charles Strouse's tunes for the Broadway musical *Golden Boy* are brimming with interesting ideas purveyed over a consistently inviting beat. He uses deep, dark trombone ensembles and bass trombone solos, a loose-string guitar, a tightly muted trumpet, a piccolo-xylophone duet, and a variety of other devices including strings that shimmer with a sparkling glitter on *Night Song* and surge with warmth on *Lorna's Here*. There is a joy in these performances that one rarely finds in an album limited to the score of a current show. And there is vitality too—a surprise around every corner and an imagination at work in every number. Barnum has performed quite a trick in making a routine score like *Golden Boy* sound so consistently provocative.

Lou Rawls: "Nobody But Lou." Capitol 2273, $3.98 (LP); S 2273, $4.98 (SD).

One of the most persistent dangers facing a singer of popular ballads is the pos-

sibility that a heavy, leaden listlessness will eventually descend on the performance, stifling the singer's interpretative ideas. In the case of this disc, Lou Rawls has been provided with accompaniments (arranged and conducted by Benny Carter) so strongly rhythmic that Rawls is rarely in danger of languishing. Beyond this, Rawls himself is equipped with a strong, lithe voice and a built-in rhythmic sense that can even give a lift to his program's more stolid passages. The songs he has chosen are often familiar—*Whispering Grass, Into Each Life Some Rain Must Fall,* and *Gee, Baby, Ain't I Good to You*—but much of the material is fresh and, if not always rewarding, Rawls and Carter manage to give it a bright sheen.

Damita Jo: "This Is Damita Jo." Epic 24131, $3.98 (LP); 26131, $4.98 (SD). For many years the visual and vocal focal point of Steve Gibson's Red Caps, Damita Jo is only now making her solo recording debut. It is a revealing and wide-ranging introduction, for she has a big but flexible voice capable of encompassing a broad variety of singing styles. Essentially she seems to be a singer who likes to punch her points home, and this she does with great rhythmic zest on *I'll Get Along Somehow* and the rollicking *Silver Dollar*—and even on the ballad *Happiness Is a Thing Called Joe,* which she builds from an easy beginning to a walloping climax. She can also sustain the gentle mood of *If You Are But a Dream* (there's an unexpected choice for a contemporary pop singer), turn *Alice Blue Gown* into an engaging jazz waltz, or rip through *Love Is Here To Stay* with a tongue-twisting scat performance that could make Ella Fitzgerald look to her laurels in this field. On song after song, she finds new (and successful) ways to approach her material. Such inventive originality, in combination with her inherent talent, suggests that this could be just the beginning for an interesting singing personality.

"Black Nativity." Marion Williams and the Stars of Faith, Princess Stewart, Prof. Alex Bradford, and the Bradford Singers. Vee Jay 8503, $4.98 (LP); S 8503, $4.98 (SD).
The songs from Langston Hughes's "gospel song-play" have been brought together on this disc by the original cast. The performances are moving, exciting, and—particularly in the case of *Sweet Little Jesus Boy*—unusually beautiful. One of the fascinating aspects of the collection lies in hearing such a familiar hymn as *Oh, Come All Ye Faithful* done with overtones of gospel technique. A soloist (presumably Alex Bradford) first sings it slowly and deliberately with the characteristics of a gospel singer: an occasional break in the voice and the hummed extension of lines. Then the choir gradually injects more of the emotional qualities of gospel song. It is unfortunate that these interesting performances have been encumbered with an ill-advised production. A hushed and pretentious voice of doom intrudes now and then to tell us how wonderful the

production is and how much the audience appreciates it. Not only is this distracting but it provides absolutely no useful information about the performance or the performers. Similarly, the liner notes, while listing the three principal singers and groups, give no explanation of their function nor do they even identify the singers of the individual songs. The inept presentation of this album cannot destroy the performances themselves but it scarcely contributes to a listener's enjoyment.

Petula Clark: "Downtown." Warner Brothers 1590, $3.98 (LP); S 1590, $4.98 (SD).

Petula Clark may very well represent a bridge between the rock 'n' roll world and a more established musical ambience. Although she is a teen-age favorite (her recording of *Downtown*, which is on this disc, has recently been at the top of the teen-age charts), she is in her mid-thirties and brings to her singing a background and breadth that clearly separate her from the standard rock 'n' roll performer. On some songs, she sings in the contemporary teen-age manner with a heavy beat and twangy guitar (although she usually does without the monotonous triplets). But she also sings (and sings well) in a more traditional manner. Even when singing a good standard song such as *You Belong to Me*, however, she retains a suggestion of the current beat. By doing this she is providing a bridge over which the young big-beat fans can move to slightly higher ground while permitting an older listener some appreciation of contemporary pop music.

Johnny Hartman: "The Voice That Is!" Impulse 74, $4.98 (LP); S 74, $5.98 (SD).

Hartman has spent a good many years working his way out of a pseudo-Billy Eckstine ballad style. On this disc his mellow baritone is projected with an ingratiating smoothness and ease, banishing almost all of the stiffness that once hampered his performances. There is still an occasional suggestion, however, that he is more intent on listening to his voice than in considering the meaning of his lyrics. His program has been astutely chosen, both for song value and as a complement to his special vocal qualities. He has been less fortunate with a number of his accompaniments, for half his songs are backed by an oddly assorted seven-piece group (English horn or flute, marimba, two guitars, bass, drums, Latin percussion)—a handy combination for producing a *misterioso* atmosphere on Henry Mancini's *A Slow Hot Wind*, but clumpily intrusive on Bart Howard's *Let Me Love You* and *Joey*.

Mitzie Welch and Richard Hoh: "Gather Ye Rosebuds." Golden Crest 31010, $4.98 (LP); S 31010, $4.98 (SD).

An idea with amusing potential has been only partially realized on this disc. Jim Wise has set to music a variety of familiar verses, mostly love poems by Robert Herrick. Christina Rossetti, William Blake, John Dryden, Sir John Suckling, Emily Dickinson, and several others (the set is subtitled *Songs To Study English 101 By*). The music is in a contemporary popular vein and quite often with tongue firmly in cheek. The high point of the set is reached in Henry Wadsworth Longfellow's *Psalm of Life* ("Tell me not in mournful numbers/ Life is but an empty dream"), improbably yet delightfully interpreted as a tango and sung by Mitzie Welch with an imaginative sense of the ridiculous. As long as Miss Welch, a perceptive comedienne and an able singer, is left to her own devices, the songs come off quite well. However, her vocal partner, Richard Hoh, has none of her comic capabilities; he is a decidedly formal and starchy performer and those songs in which he takes part fall very flat.

Vikki Carr: "Discovery, Vol. 2." Liberty 3383, $3.98 (LP); 7383, $4.98 (SD).

Miss Carr is a capable singer who functions best in low gear. When she opens up to build into a belting climax, she loses her basic individuality and becomes just another loud singer. But she does compensate with a good deal of warmth and zest on at least three numbers: a Spanish song, *Cuando caliente el sol;* the bouncingly inviting Coleman-Leigh song *When in Rome;* and a well-developed treatment of the verse of *My Melancholy Baby*. The most effective aspect of this record, however, is the contribution of Bob Florence, who wrote the arrangements and conducts a big, buoyant band that manages to make up for Miss Carr's lapses by simply overwhelming her and running off on a delightful path of its own. This may not be the most desirable quality in an accompanying band but in this case it works out splendidly.

Astrud Gilberto: "The Astrud Gilberto Album." Verve 8608, $4.98 (LP); 6-8608, $5.98 (SD).

One of the strangest success stories of the past year has been that of Astrud Gilberto, wife of the Brazilian guitarist, singer, composer, and bossa nova pioneer, João Gilberto. When her husband was unable to perform with the Stan Getz Quartet at the Café Au Go Go in New York, Mrs. Gilberto went on in his place. From this beginning, she continued to appear with the Getz group, singing *The Girl from Ipanema* in a small monotone voice that was suitable to both the tenor of the song and to her doll-like, dead-pan appearance. Since both she and the song were a great hit, she naturally had to extend her repertoire. But even on new songs, her singing style remains just as introverted and limited as it has been from the start. It is quite an achievement to make a popular success of expressionless monotony, but Mrs. Gilberto does it so well that she now has been given an entire album to herself. Despite valiant efforts on the part of arranger-conductor Marty Paich, the disc is a generally pale and colorless affair as Mrs. Gilberto continues to underplay her songs. There are occasional suggestions of a little opening up but not enough to offset the withdrawn, almost neurotic feeling of her singing. JOHN S. WILSON

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CIRCLE 22 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

Cannonball Adderley: "Fiddler on the Roof." Capitol 2216, $3.98 (LP); S 2216 $4.98 (SD).

Jazz musicians have been much inspired by the keening drone of Eastern music in recent years. It was probably inevitable, then, that some of the songs from the score of *Fiddler on the Roof* (dealing as it does with a devoutly orthodox Jewish enclave in Czarist Russia) would become material for jazz interpretations. Adderley has found two pieces which his group translate into very valid jazz terms—the title song and *Matchmaker*, both played in a strong, swinging fashion that sparkles with excitement. Unfortunately, none of the other six tunes chosen from *Fiddler* come off in jazz terms, although Adderley, on the alto saxophone, and his flutist, Charles Lloyd, give attractive presentations of *Cafyalach* and *Now I Have Everything*.

Stan Getz: "Greatest Hits." Prestige 7337, $4.98 (LP).

Three recording sessions from 1949 and 1950 are represented in this collection of Stan Getz quartet performances. The first, held in June, 1949, set the newly formed New Jazz label winging with three beautifully flowing, gently swinging performances of standards—*Indian Summer*, *Zing Went the Strings of My Heart* (disguised as *Long Island Sound*), and *When Your Lover Has Gone* (under the pseudonym of *Mar Cia*)—and a bright bit of lickety-split romping, *Crazy Chords*, by Getz, Al Haig (piano), Tommy Potter (bass), and Roy Haynes (drums). Both Getz and Haig play with great zest even in the low-keyed surroundings of the standards. At this time Getz was apparently changing from the open, full-bodied attack still evident on these pieces to the cooler, more withdrawn style that characterizes the pieces from the two 1950 sessions. His playing is heavier and breathier here (some of this is due to the manner of recording), but the essential Lester Young foundation on which he developed is still evident. Haig's enlivening presence on the first 1950 session makes it preferable to the second, which is relatively pedestrian. For the 1949 session alone, however, this is a valuable jazz disc.

Clancy Hayes with the Original Salty Dogs: "Oh, By Jingo!" Delmark 210, $4.98 (LP); 9210, $5.98 (SD).

For admirers of traditional jazz, this disc is a joy. Not so much for Clancy Hayes's singing—although his easygoing and rhythmic treatment of such vintage pop tunes as *Rose of Washington Square*, *Wise Guy*, and *Tin Roof Blues* is pleasant enough—as much as for the Original Salty Dogs. This seven-piece band had a solid ensemble attack that is rarely heard nowadays. The group was propelled by a remarkably light-footed rhythm section—Johnny Cooper (piano), Mike Walbridge (tuba), Wayne Jones (drums)—and the front line of two cornets (Lew Green and Jim Dapogny), trombone (Jim Snyder), and clarinet (Kim Cusack) was a wonderfully exuberant unit. They did not display any strong individual soloistic qualities but since there are relatively few outright solo spots on the disc this is no great drawback. The Dogs have only three numbers on their own (one is a gorgeously solid rendition of *King Chanticleer*), but they are given generous space on Hayes's selections and add immeasurably to his performances.

Living Jazz: "The Girl from Ipanema and Other Hits." RCA Camden CAL 848, $1.98 (LP); CAS 848, $2.98 (SD).

This delightful set of quietly sinuous jazz performances is cloaked in anonymity. The only name mentioned on the liner is Phil Bodner, an able woodwind man but not generally known as a jazz-oriented musician. He is listed as arranger, conductor, and saxophonist, but he is heard on flute and piccolo as well. His group includes trumpet, trombone, guitar, organ, bass, and drums. These unidentified musicians are obviously top men who make a cohesive, fluent group, turning out light and airy performances full of imaginative touches. The program includes four bossa novas and it is from this Brazilian music that the set draws its over-all tone. While the bossa novas are quite satisfactory, the group is at its best on other pieces—*Willow Weep for Me*, *Bluesette*, *Little Tracy*, *Soft Winds*, *Lullaby of Birdland*—to which the gently persuasive rhythmic qualities of the bossa nova have been transferred. Bodner's arrangements are beautiful little gems of quiet joy, carried out by his group with exceptional taste.

Junior Mance: "Straight Ahead!" Capitol 2218, $3.98 (LP); S 2218, $4.98 (SD).

The idea of setting Mance, a pianist with a crisply rhythmic style, in a big band setting consisting of trumpets, trombones, and rhythm, produced excellent results on an earlier disc, *Get Ready, Set, Jump!*, and has been repeated here with equal success. Bob Bain, musical director for the disc and author of some of the arrangements, has surrounded Mance with rich and resonant brass settings through which his piano swings freely and easily. The fare runs a gamut from a sumptuously slinky *Lil Darlin'* to an airy, swinging treatment of *Stompin' at the Savoy*. Best of all, the disc is unpretentious and avoids the shattering clatter that mar recordings by most studio big bands.

Toshiko Mariano and Her Big Band: "Jazz in Japan." Vee Jay 2505, $4.98 (LP); S 2505, $4.98 (SD).

This is a big band with an American rhythm section (Toshiko Mariano, Paul Chambers, Jimmy Cobb) but otherwise made up of Japanese musicians. A studio group in this country rarely gives us better big-band playing. With strongly written arrangements by her husband, saxophonist Charlie Mariano, Mrs. Mariano has produced performances that have great power, body, and drive, enlivened by the work of several astoundingly good Japanese soloists. A pair of sextet performances and a trio number spotlight Mrs. Mariano's fluent but rather impersonal piano style, while one of her Japanese sidemen, Sleepy Matsumoto, reveals an authoritative and relatively individual use of the soprano saxophone.

Thelonious Monk: "Monk." Columbia CL 2291, $3.98 (LP); CS 9091, $4.98 (SD).

To those who have found Thelonious Monk and his quartet too elusive in the past, this disc may provide a helpful introduction. The opening selection, *Liza*, is one of the most readily accessible pieces the group has ever recorded. Monk's piano is very direct and thor-

oughly swinging while tenor saxophonist Charlie Rouse plays with much more overt exuberance than usual. After this start the set moves gradually into the deeper regions of Monkland—an *April in Paris* almost as openly melodic and rhythmic as *Liza* to selections revealing the more adamant Monk. Through it all Monk plays with warmth and enthusiasm, but Rouse, after responding brightly to the atmosphere of the first two selections, retires to a relatively stolid role.

Gerry Mulligan: "Butterfly with Hiccups." Limelight 86004, $4.98 (LP); S 86004, $5.98 (SD).

This very characteristic Gerry Mulligan set is among the first releases from Mercury's new jazz label, Limelight. A quartet (Mulligan, Bob Brookmeyer, Bill Crow, Dave Bailey) and a sextet (the above plus Art Farmer and Jim Hall) give performances that are full of the suave charm that both Mulligan and Brookmeyer create so effortlessly. They include two standards—*You'd Be So Nice To Come Home To* and *Old Devil Moon*—and a group of Mulligan originals including his familiar *Line for Lyons*. From their many years of playing together, these musicians have achieved a unity of expression that can be matched in contemporary jazz only by the Modern Jazz Quartet. They are perfect on Mulligan's engagingly melodic compositions—and Mulligan should get extra marks for composing the tune which gives the set its name. On the other hand, Limelight deserves several raps for putting the liner notes (totally uninformative) on a weird mess of paper cutouts inside a fancy book-fold liner, making it as difficult as possible to gather any facts about the record.

New York Jazz Sextet: "Group Therapy." Scepter 526, $4.98 (LP); Scepter Records, 254 W. 54th St., New York, N. Y.

This sextet is an all-star group—Art Farmer (flugelhorn), Tom McIntosh (trombone), James Moody (tenor saxophone and flute), Tommy Flanagan (piano), Richard Davis (bass), and Albert Heath (drums). All the front-line men are exceptionally able soloists (Farmer and Moody play particularly well in their solo spots), and they also have a strongly developed ensemble sense. This, with the help of excellent material, raises the set several notches above the level of the average jazz disc. A fast piece called *Another Look* provides Farmer with an opportunity to play a delightfully light, driving solo over the strong rhythmic support of Davis' sturdy bass playing. At an opposite extreme, Farmer, who sometimes gets in a rut at slow tempos, develops a slow solo in *Dim After Day* that is both darkly moody and light in texture. *Giant Steps* (on which Patti Brown and Reggie Workman replace Flanagan and Davis) includes a sensitive and very appropriate bit of vocalese by Marie Volpe. Altogether, the disc is a welcome departure from the routine jazz session.

Clark Terry—Bob Brookmeyer Quintet: "Tonight." Mainstream 56043, $3.98 (LP); 6043, $4.98 (SD).

One of the mysteries of the jazz recording world has been why the Clark Terry and Bob Brookmeyer Quintet, regular performers at the Half Note in New York for several years, has been studiously ignored by record companies, while discs by hastily thrown together groups continue to be made with great frequency. This oversight has been corrected by Mainstream, resulting in a set of delightful jazz performances. Along with the well-known skills of the two leaders, the group includes Roger Kellaway, the most invigorating jazz pianist to have appeared in years, and the excellent team of Bill Crow on bass and Dave Bailey on drums. Terry, playing both flugelhorn and trumpet, is superb throughout the disc, prodding the faster numbers with his nimble, dancing lines and occasionally soaring off on gorgeous flights of sound with his rich open tone. Brookmeyer does not have quite the air-borne freedom of Terry, but he builds his solos carefully and persistently out of rugged little pieces that soon have a powerful cumulative effect. Terry and Brookmeyer (and presumably Kellaway) are, like Jelly Roll Morton, devoted proponents of breaks. They use them all through the disc and in all kinds of circumstances, sometimes with unexpected and fascinating results. The program includes six pleasant originals by the two leaders and Kellaway, a strangely affecting piece by Gary McFarland, selections from the Monk and Parker repertoires, and a catchy riff by Herbie Hancock. Everything, swingers and ballads, is played with a sense of joyous involvement as refreshing as the very individual skills of each musician.

"Town Hall Concert, Vol. 2." Mainstream 56018, $3.98 (LP); 6018, $4.98 (SD).

Part of this concert, held at Town Hall, New York, in 1945, has already been released on Mainstream 56004/6004, but several excellent pieces have been saved for this second volume. At the top of the bill is a magnificent example of Stuff Smith's ruggedly slashing use of the violin in a trio performance of *Bugle Call Rag*, a masterpiece of scraping, swinging bowing. On a totally different level is Red Norvo's gently swinging development of *Ghost of a Chance*. Here, with an excellent rhythm section headed by Teddy Wilson, Norvo plays the xylophone with remarkably sensitive skill. Wilson also has a couple of satisfying solo pieces—an easy, loping *Where or When* and a driving *I Know That You Know*. Gene Krupa's Trio (with Charlie Ventura, tenor saxophone, and George Walthers, piano) are in two selections, one of which is a broadly conceived potpourri of attacks on *Body and Soul* that might have been more effective if Krupa's drums had not been overrecorded.

JOHN S. WILSON

FOLK MUSIC

Manitas de Plata. "Flamenco Guitar." Classics Record Library RL 8643, $9.95 (Three LP); SRL 8643, $11.95 (Three SD); CRLS 8643, $11.95 (Three 45-rpm SD). (Available from the Book-of-the-Month Club, 345 Hudson St., New York, N. Y. 10014.)

We live in the golden age of guitar playing, both classical and flamenco. The brightest lights of the traditional guitar include Sabicas, Montoya, and Juan Serrano. To rival them, this splendid album introduces still another guitarist of phenomenal virtuosity—Ricardo Ballardo, called *Manitas de Plata*, or Little Silver Hands. A Spanish gypsy long resident in Arles, Manitas has enjoyed substantial fame in Southern France but, until now, has steadfastly refused to be recorded. Happily, this comprehensive, three-disc album—framed in startlingly lucid sound—succeeds in presenting the full range of his art. By turns, Manitas plays with savagery and bite, with classical purity and brooding Arab grief. In his hands, his magnificent instrument seems a plastic thing that serves the artistic vision of a man who has driven it to the farthest limit of its capabilities.

Flamenco's most profound expression is *cante jondo*, or deep song—an art form swathed in mystery. Is it Moorish, Hebrew, Gypsy? Does it partake of all or none of these influences? Scholars dispute and will continue to do so. In the lyric chords of Manitas you can read what you will, but no matter the racial genesis, flamenco—as the Spanish saying goes—was born from "the entrails of love." You can hear this quality in all its stark drama in Manitas's somber *Soleares*, all solitude and loneliness. Or you can find it in his finely etched *Granadinas* that mourn for something lost and gone.

Flamenco can also be a confused Catherine wheel of emotions: *Sevillanas*, named for Andalusia's great city, have the airy dexterity of Moorish architecture; *Alegrías*—the Moors once called them *Leilas*—sparkle with gaiety. But in the flamenco cosmos, tragedy is inescapable, and that is, I think, the genius of Manitas de Plata. His flashing fingers always finally shape a tragic statement—even in the silver laughter of the *Bulerías*.

This album does not purport to be an anthology of flamenco. Rather it is the vivid record of one man's dazzling musical gifts. Therefore, I question most seriously the inclusion of the hothouse *Saeta* by José Reyes. Traditionally, a *saeta*—meaning arrow—is an extemporaneous *jondo* sung by an onlooker during Seville's Holy Week procession. This is flamenco in its purest modern form, but wrenched from its context and placed on a recording the *saeta* becomes dismally artificial: it simply shouldn't be here. Nor, for that matter, should the thick-throated *cantaores* who provide the intermittent vocalises. They are just not in the league of Manitas de Plata. Minor cavils aside, I commend this significant album to anyone who is interested in the scintillant past of Spain.

Ravi Shankar and Alla Rakha: "Râgas and Tâlas." World-Pacific 1431, $4.98 (LP); S-1431, $4.98 (SD).

Through the courts of *rajs* and temple ceremonials, Indian traditional music traces back to ancient sacred chants of the Vedas. In an oversimplified sense, the râga is a melodic form that projects a particular mood or emotion; the tâla is the rhythm scheme. Both are very complex, very supple, and admit of extensive improvisation within very rigid frameworks. Their interplay, so beautifully realized on this excellent recording, is not susceptible of ready analysis by the Western ear. But if you forget about musical theory and simply absorb the color and atmosphere of this performance, you are likely to find your emotions engaged in this very old and very visceral music. Ravi Shankar, undisputed king of India's most popular instrument, the stringed sitar, plays with his customary dazzling skill. Alla Rakha on the tabla, or paired drums, provides the sensual, intricate rhythms. Transparent reproduction.

Old Sturbridge Singers: "The New England Harmony." Folkways FA 2377, $5.95 (LP); FA 32377, $5.95 (SD).

A magnificent evocation of the haunting choral music of early New England. Singing masters of the Revolutionary era, cut off from the evolution of European musical ideas, perfected a lean, primitive system of choral harmony. Strongly religious in tone (indeed, orientated to the Old rather than the New Testament), their compositions resounded from meetinghouse-churches from Maine to Virginia. Here is rough hewn religion and rough hewn music, but in an amalgam that reflects the early American spirit as faithfully as a mirror. The singers of Old Sturbridge Village—a kind of New England counterpart of Colonial Williamsburg—not only perform with the ring of authenticity, but bring sympathy and admiration to the anthems and fuguing tunes. *Chester* by the great William Billings breathes revolutionary fervor, and his lovely Christmas carol *Judea* can stand with any Christmas song out of Europe. This is a splendid album, one that cannot be overpraised. An exemplary 32-page booklet illuminates the music, the period of its origin, and the men and traditions that shaped it.

Yves Bouvard: "Listen to the Little French Band." General Music Publishing Co. GMP 5004, $3.98 (LP); GMS 15004, $4.98 (SD).

Ironically, the release of this record barely antedated the decision to close the last of Paris' resident circus troupes. Even in the final redoubt of live entertainment, flesh and blood can't compete with the brassiest, crassiest circus of them all—television. Overnight, therefore, this gem of an album becomes a kind of *réchaud aux temps perdus*. The little band under Maestro Bouvard plays with brave *élan*, and—in cleanly delineated stereo—offers us staples of the big top that can still evoke clowns and acrobats and lovely equestriennes.

Don Cossack Chorus: "On the River Don." Decca DL 10105, $4.98 (LP); DL 710105, $5.98 (SD).

Ageless and indefatigable, Serge Jaroff leads his Cossack chorale on another sentimental journey through Russian folk song. The group imparts an organ-like resonance to its material that sometimes infuses would-be comedy items—such as the ballad about the village vodka swiller on this disc—with an unfortunate solemnity. As ever, the Cossacks are best in songs of soldiering and their treatment of *Borodino*—memorializing a Russian victory over Napoleon—blazes with national pride. The most arresting selection, however, is the Japanese song *Sakura*. Although the chorus sings it in Japanese, their singing style tranforms it into something quintessentially Russian; it sounds, in fact, almost as though it came from the Orthodox liturgy.

The White Sisters of Our Lady of Africa: "Suzanna." Aardvark 1347 A, $3.98 (LP); 1347 B, $4.98 (SD). (Available from Aardvark Enterprises, Inc., 30 Rockefeller Center, New York, N. Y. 10020.)

An unpretentious but beguiling album that presents a rhythmically intoxicating anthology of traditional music mostly of Central African origin. The White Sisters, whose order has labored in Africa for almost a century, have gathered these folk tunes themselves. They sing them to their own accompaniment of drums and gourds, and their high, sweet voices—so un-African despite the authenticity of the dialects they employ—lend a certain piquancy to the proceedings. All of the individual tribal songs possess instant appeal, but the most exciting offering on the disc is a chanted mass from Rwanda, a tiny land east of the Congo set amid the legendary Mountains of the Moon. Good, although the sound is slightly thick. Recommended.

O. B. BRUMMEL

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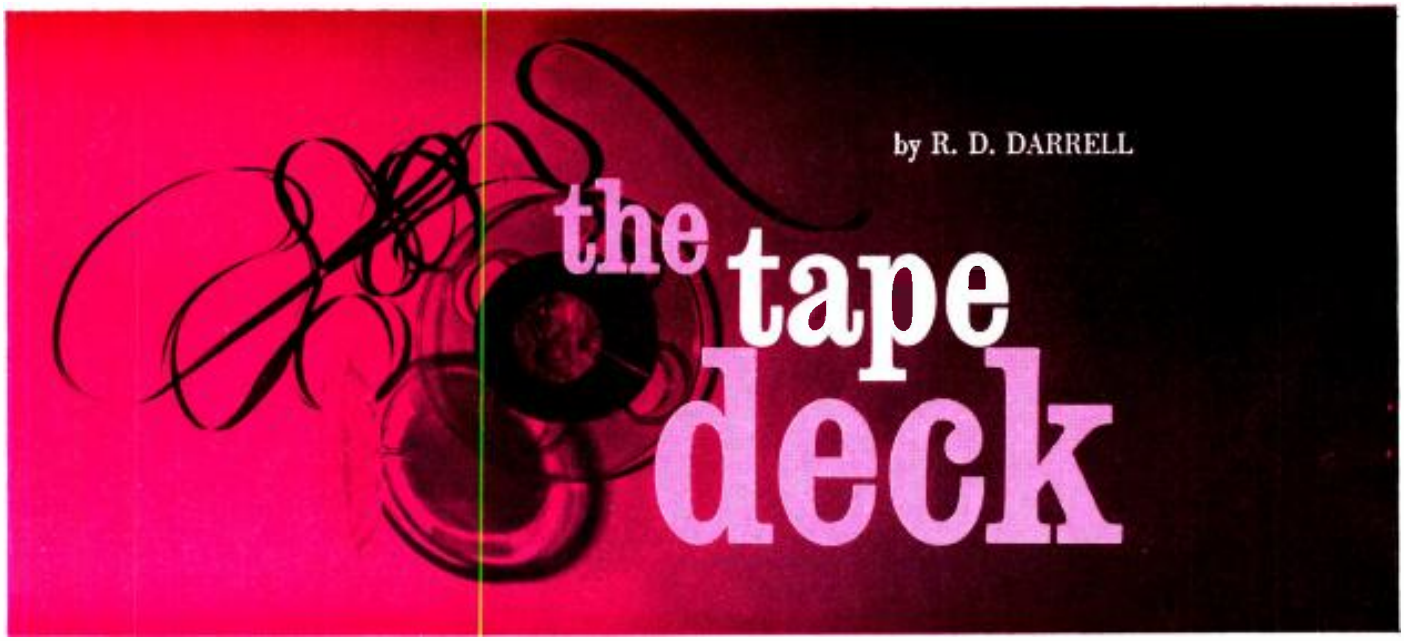


by R. D. DARRELL

the tape deck

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

BEETHOVEN: *Symphonies: No. 1, in C, Op. 21; No. 2, in D, Op. 36*

Cleveland Orchestra, George Szell, cond.
• • EPIC EC 843. 58 min. $7.95.

Anyone hearing the miracle of matched musicianship and engineering that is Szell's Beethoven Second must concur in the lavish praise already given the disc edition. In the present flawlessly processed taping it gives me such an exhilarating lift that I forget all about my usual preference for a repetition of the first movement's exposition section; and I tend to forget too my previous pleasure in the Ansermet London and Krips Concertapes versions. They are fine editions; Szell's is a masterpiece.

The endearing little First Symphony is played with no less taut assurance and vitality, tonally colored with just as discriminating an artist's hand, and here the first-movement exposition *is* repeated. Yet something of this work's naïve humor seems to escape Szell, and I thus have to rank this interpretation a shade below Ansermet's most recent reading for London, even though the Clevelanders' playing and the Epic engineers' authentic sonics are, if anything, even more distinguished than those of the Suisse Romande and the London technicians.

BEETHOVEN: *Symphony No. 6, in F, Op. 68 ("Pastoral")*
†Haydn: *Symphonies: No. 94, in G ("Surprise"); No. 100, in G ("Military")*

Philharmonia Hungarica (in the Haydn No. 94), London Symphony Orchestra (in the other works), Antal Dorati, cond.
• • MERCURY STP 90415 (double play). 86 min. $11.95.

Dorati's is one of the crispest, lightest, most businesslike *Pastorals* in both performance and transparent recording that I've ever heard. It's as if Beethoven had just under three quarters of an hour to spare for a country jaunt—and did not dawdle along the way. Well, that's a refreshing change from the usual romanticized treatment, but I doubt that it will satisfy as many listeners as do the generally favored Walter or Reiner versions.

In general, Dorati's characteristically extroverted approach is better suited to the Haydn symphonies. Yet even in a *Surprise* notable for its appealing floating sonics, many listeners will prefer the heart-warming involvement of Monteux in his RCA Victor taping of March 1961. (The even earlier Krips version for London is too heavy for my taste.) And in the *Military*, where Dorati seems most at home, the merits of his performance are handicapped by recording obviously not of the latest vintage: while clean-cut and by no means ineffective, it does scant justice to the demands of the notorious Turkish music passages. The Scherchen/Westminster reel version remains the most spectacular one; for me, Wöldike's for Vanguard is the most nearly ideal.

BERNSTEIN: *Fancy Free; Candide: Overture; On the Town: Three Dance Episodes; Prelude, Fugue, and Riffs*

Benny Goodman, clarinet, Columbia Jazz Combo (in the *Prelude, Fugue, and Riffs*); New York Philharmonic, Leonard Bernstein, cond. (in the other works).
• • COLUMBIA MQ 698. 46 min. $7.95.

The brash ballet pieces have been done many times before (on discs at least), but no other version has enjoyed such incandescently vivid yet never too close recording, and no other conductor has ever led the *Fancy Free* ballet and *On the Town* dances with as relishable succiness as the composer himself. These pieces are such great fun that in comparison the fine Overture to *Candide* seems inflated and slapdash here. (Happily, there's a more satisfactory taping by Louis Lane in his Epic "Pop Concert U.S.A.") And the jazz work—commissioned, but never performed, by Woody Herman—is disappointing both in its failure to exploit Benny Goodman's best talents and in its lack of any marked distinction except perhaps momentarily in the perky Fugue section. But never mind these letdowns: we have the rambunctious gusto of the ballet music.

BRITTEN: *Matinées musicales; Soirées musicales*
†Respighi: *Rossiniana*

Vienna State Opera Orchestra, Robert Zeller, cond.
• • WESTMINSTER WTC 172. 52 min. $7.95.

I've never been able to understand why record manufacturers haven't more often exploited the literally irresistible appeal that certain exceptionally tuneful musical divertissements can exert on listeners of almost every taste, but perhaps especially on those of relatively un-jelled tastes. The present Britten Suites are a case in point. The ten Rossini pieces chosen by the British composer and given deftly ingenious settings are a consistent delight both to one's ears and one's toes. Respighi's orchestrations of other little pieces by Rossini are a bit more mannered, sometimes even precious, in style, but they too are attractively atmospheric (perhaps particularly the *Capri e Taormina*) and colorful.

While conductor Robert Zeller (whom some of us met for the first time in the Westminster coupling of the Delius and Barber violin concertos) may not catch the full iridescent glitter of these jewels, his readings are distinctively individual and invariably marked by a highly danceable beat. Happily, the recording is gleamingly bright, and the warm acoustical ambience of Vienna's Mozartsaal enhances still further a musical program which should thoroughly delight all but the dourest tape collectors.

Continued on next page

THE TAPE DECK

Continued from preceding page

DEBUSSY: *Pelléas et Mélisande*

Erna Spoorenberg (s), Mélisande; Camille Maurane (t), Pelléas; George London (b), Golaud; et al.; Chorus of the Grand Théâtre (Geneva); Orchestre de la Suisse Romande, Ernest Ansermet, cond.
• • LONDON LOR 90091. Two reels: approx. 57 and 95 min. $21.95.

The first in stereo—and of course the first on tape—this *Pelléas* is only the fourth recorded version we have ever had. Yet, contrary to public misapprehension, the criterion for acceptance of this music is not so much a considerable degree of sophisticated musical experience as it is a complete willingness to abdicate entirely all notions of what music or drama *should* be, and simply abandon oneself to Debussy's wholly unique magic. Now such a surrender is made easier than it has ever been by the stereo enhancements of Ansermet's enchanting realization of the incredibly subtle orchestral score.

This is not to decry the contributions of the singing-actors, who (despite non-Gallic backgrounds in some cases) effectively preserve the quintessential "Frenchness" of the work. Erna Spoorenberg may seem a somewhat pallid Mélisande (at least to anyone who remembers Mary Garden or Maggie Teyte in the role), but she sings exquisitely. Camille Maurane is perhaps a bit nondescript at first, but this lends all the more conviction to the passion he demonstrates later. And while George London may neglect certain aspects of an ideal Golaud characterization, he is quite magnificent in realizing the others. The rest of the cast are uniformly skilled—indeed Rosine Brédy's Yniold is more truly a not-so-bright kid than an actual youngster ever could be on the stage.

Yet the prime exponents of the sorceries here are, on the one hand, Ansermet and his orchestral players with their matchless sense of color nuance, and, on the other hand, the London/Decca engineers who have balanced and blended orchestra and voices so flawlessly throughout. So, whether you're already a *Pelléas* connoisseur or whether you are a dubious newcomer to this singular masterpiece (whose only flaw is perhaps that of too nearly total perfection), you cannot fail to be mesmerized by the sheer sonic radiance that glows in this truly miraculous taping.

MOZART: *Masses: No. 16, in C, K. 317 ("Coronation"); No. 10, in C, K. 220 ("Sparrow")*

Vienna Choir Boys; Vienna Chorus; Vienna Cathedral Orchestra, Ferdinand Grossmann, cond.
• • PHILIPS PTC 900057. 42 min. $7.95.

Except for the nineteenth and last, the great Requiem, Mozart's Masses have been so badly neglected on tape since the two-track era (with its Vox *Coronation* and Livingston *Missa brevis* in F, K. 192) that it's frustrating not to be able to welcome more enthusiastically the present coupling of the relatively familiar *Coronation* and far too seldom heard little *Sparrow*. Alas, apart from the appeal of some charmingly *semplice* anonymous boy singers (and of course the inexhaustible inventiveness of the very young composer of these works) the performances here are too often either methodical or overemphatic. Then too the chorus is somewhat overbalanced by the orchestra (though whether the lack of any considerable tonal body to the choral parts is the responsibility of the performers or the engineers is hard to determine). No doubt every Mozartean will want this reel *faute de mieux*, but I hope that it soon can be superseded by a much better one.

RAVEL: *Bolero; La Valse*
†Dukas: *L'Apprenti sorcier*
†Honegger: *Pacific 231*

Orchestre de la Suisse Romande, Ernest Ansermet, cond.
• • LONDON LCL 80151. 45 min. $7.95.

The enchanting tonal qualities of the performances as well as the recordings, to which I gave such high praise in my last month's review of the disc edition [see "The Sonic Showcase," p. 113], are no less evident in the present taping. Possibly a few extremely high frequency *ffs* aren't quite as keen-edged, but in other respects the stereoism here is if anything even richer and more expansive. And it is of course this aural appeal that is the program's prime attraction. Yet, passing over the first 4-track tape appearance of Honegger's *Pacific 231* as a no longer viable novelty, one finds the performance of the Dukas scherzo an engagingly poetic one and the *Bolero* and *Valse* ranking near if not at the very top of the list of the most graciously restrained and eloquent ones on tape. Certainly *La Valse* has moments of sheer iridescent magic here, and the *Bolero* must be esteemed particularly for its truly *pp* hushed beginning, its subtly individual solo passages, and Ansermet's firm refusal either to rush the tempo or to anticipate (or for that matter to inflate) the final climax.

SCARLATTI, DOMENICO: *Sonatas (12)*

Vladimir Horowitz, piano.
• • COLUMBIA MQ 697. 46 min. $7.95.

Is it possible that each new Horowitz recital can be better than the previous well-nigh perfect one? In the present case, I can't even temper my wholehearted admiration with qualifications based on the choice of instrument for the music at hand. I'm not such a purist

Continued on page 100

Some plain talk from Kodak about tape:

Print-through and sound brilliance

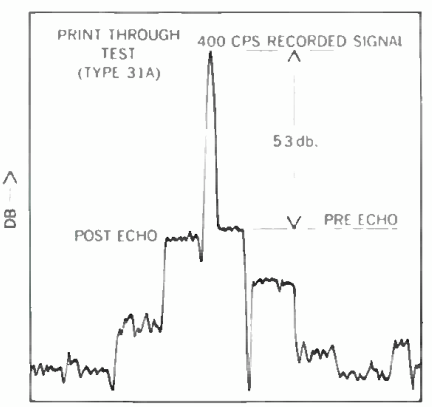
Kodak TRADEMARK

Put a magnet near a piece of iron and the iron will in turn become magnetized. That's print-through. With sound recording tape, it's simply the transfer of magnetism radiating from the recorded signal to adjacent layers on the wound roll. Print-through shows up on playback as a series of pre- and post-echoes.

All agreed. Print-through is a problem. There are some steps you can take to minimize it. You can control the environment in which you keep your tapes, for example. Store them at moderate temperatures and at no more than 50% relative humidity. Also store them "tails out" and periodically take them out for "exercising" by winding and rewinding them. What fun! If worse comes to worse, you can even interleave the layers with a non-magnetic material such as paper. Any volunteers? A better way, however, is to start with a tape that doesn't print much to begin with . . . which leads to low output problems *if* you don't make the oxide coating substantially more efficient.

And this is Kodak's solution. It's not simple, but it works, and it works well! It starts with the selection of the iron oxide. In order to achieve low print-through, the oxide needles must have the proper crystalline structure. Kodak's oxide needles have that structure . . . offering the highest potential of any oxide currently available. But oxide alone doesn't make a low-print tape.

Milling the oxide ingredients, for example, is very critical. If you mill for too long a time, the needles will be broken up and print-through will be drastically increased. Too short, and the dispersion will be lumpy. But other factors in the milling process are equally important. Like the speed at which the ball mill turns. It can't be rotated too fast, otherwise the needles will be broken up, and broken needles, you know, exhibit horrible print-through behavior. If you rotate the mill too slowly, the oxide and other ingredients will not be blended uniformly. Other factors such as temperature and the composition and viscosity of the in-



gredients must also be critically controlled. One more thing. You've got to make sure all the needles end up the same size (.1 x .8 microns) if print-through is to be kept down.

A very important contributor to low print-through is the binder that holds the oxide particles in suspension. The *chemical composition* of a binder contributes nothing magnetically to the print-through ratio. What a binder *should* do is completely coat each individual oxide needle, thus preventing the particles from making electrical contact. And that is just what our "R-type" binder does. The final step is to take this superb brew and coat it on the base. The coating mustn't be too thick, for print-through increases . . . or too thin, for then output suffers. For best results, extreme uniformity is the word. Here's where our film-making experience really pays off.

Print-through tests are a million laughs. We record a series of tone bursts . . . saturation, of course. We then cook the tape for 4 hours at 65°C. and then measure the amplitude of the loudest pre- or post-echo. The spread between the basic signal and the print-through is called the signal-to-print-through ratio. The higher the number, the better the results. Most of the general-purpose tapes you'll find have a ratio of 46-50 db. Low-print tapes average about 52 db. You can see from the graph that our general-purpose tape tests out at 53 db., so it functions as both a general-purpose tape and a low-print tape —and at no extra cost. High-output tapes with their thicker coatings have pretty awful print-through ratios—generally below 46 db. Kodak's high-output tape (Type 34A) has something special here, too. A ratio of 49 db—equal to most general-purpose tapes.

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THE TAPE DECK

Continued from page 98

as to insist that Scarlatti always must be played on the harpsichord for which he wrote originally—at least as long as a substituted piano is played without romanticized "expression" and inflations. I hope we'll have some Scarlatti harpsichord tapes before too long, but meanwhile we can rejoice here in what is not only flawlessly controlled pianism but pianism perfectly matched to the demands of the music itself. Horowitz gave us a few samples of his Scarlattian insights over a year and a half ago, in his second Columbia recital reel, but the full program here turns out to be even better than one might have predicted from those samples.

In no small part this is the result of the fresh and well-varied choice of Scarlatti repertoire, among which perhaps only the galloping "hunt" Sonata in D, Longo 465, is likely to be familiar to nonspecialist listeners. All the others are so good that it seems almost unfair to single out for special mention the strikingly original L. 164, in D; the bravura L. 391, in A (in which Horowitz seems to delight in teetering on the very brink of slapdashness); the exhilarating lilting L. 22, in E minor; and the haunting L. 118 and evocative L. 187, both in F minor. Although there are a few slight preëchoes in the tape processing, there are also beautifully silent surfaces.

VIVALDI: *Concertos for Various Instruments (5)*

I Solisti di Zagreb, Antonio Janigro, cond.
• • VANGUARD VTC 1697, 53 min. $7.95.

For once we're given a baroque program—all Vivaldian at that—which is likely to appeal to the general listener even more than to the specialist. The latter might be a trifle unhappy about several minor points here: the inclusion of at least one work (the snappy Concerto for Two Mandolins, P. 133) which has been taped before; the failure of Dr. Joseph Braunstein's otherwise highly informative notes to identify all the selections by their Pincherle or other standard numbers; and Janigro's refusal to make any special efforts to follow historical traditions in his performances. As for the last-named factor, it may be to the good, for—traditional or not—these performances are gloriously vital: occasionally a bit too expressive for purists but always radiating gusto. And the accusation of uniformity, if not indeed monotony, of style often leveled against Vivaldi is magnificently denied by this program's astonishing variety both in the instrumental timbres themselves and in the strictly musical textures and ideas.

Perhaps exceptionally novel is the Concerto for Flute and Bassoon (subtitled *La Notte*, but not the same work as a previously recorded concerto for solo bassoon that bears the same name) with its prophetic foreshadowings of the Beethoven Fourth Piano Concerto's slow movement. And scarcely less remarkable is the robustly cheerful and sonorous concerto for solo violin with double string choirs and dual harpsichords. *Per la SS. Assunzione di Maria Vergine*, the last movement of which is historically notable for one of the earliest examples of a written-out bravura cadenza. The recording is Vanguard's characteristically bold and open best, notable for exceptionally precise channel differentiations but in the processing plagued by rather more preëchoes than are easily tolerable nowadays.

"Adieu, Little Sparrow." Edith Piaf. Philips PTC 608, 43 min., $7.95.
"I Don't Want To Be Hurt Anymore." Nat "King" Cole; Orchestra and Chorus, Ralph Carmichael, cond. Capitol ZT 2118, 30 min., $7.98.

In one case by intention, in the other by chance, these releases memorialize two of those extraordinary musical personalities who won fabulous popularity during their lifetimes and whose fame we can expect to be perpetuated through their recordings.

The Piaf program (released in disc form just a year ago) is—to judge by the obviously faded recording qualities—taken from sessions held several years before the singer's death in 1963. But with the outmoded sonics we are given vintage Piaf: the voice and individuality come through loud, clear, and potent in a wide variety of some of her finest musical vehicles: *De l'autre côté de la rue, Le Disque usé, L'Accordéoniste, L'Etranger*, etc. The original monophony has been "electronically rechanneled for stereo," without accomplishing anything in the way of stereo effect but without doing any damage either.

At this writing, it is too soon for a formal record memorial for Mr. Cole to have been issued. In the meantime that purpose must be filled by the recently issued 3¾-ips taping of "The Nat 'King' Cole Story" (Capitol Y3W 1613) and "I Don't Want To Be Hurt Anymore," the latest of his 7.5-ips reel series. This happens to be largely devoted to tear-jerker songs in current vogue—which as a rule must seem intolerably mawkish to nonadolescents—yet the velvet voice and engaging personality of the King of torchsingers endow even such materials with real distinction and enable at least some of them (*Was That the Human Thing To Do?, Go If You're Going, Only Yesterday*, for example) to transcend their innate commercial sentimentalism.

"Beloved Choruses," Vol. 2. Mormon Tabernacle Choir; Philadelphia Orchestra; Eugene Ormandy, cond. Columbia MQ 700, 41 min., $7.95.

Since Vol. 1 of this particular series (there are several others featuring the same combination of artists) was originally a 2-track taping of 1959 vintage, reissued on four tracks in July 1963, the present sequel is inevitably more impressive technically. However, the program materials are much the same, and

so are the earnest if scarcely distinguished performances. In addition to another excerpt from Leroy Robertson's *Book of Mormon*, there are choral arrangements of the Handel *Largo* and Bach-Gounod *Ave Maria*, as well as excerpts from Beethoven's *Christus* and Brahms's *German* Requiem, plus Schubert's 23rd Psalm, Pergolesi's *Glory to God in the Highest*, Franck's 150th Psalm, and Grieg's *Discovery*—the last two with organ accompaniments only. All are sung in English, but the enclosed texts leaflet is a necessary remedy for the chorus' faulty enunciation.

"Broadway Marches." Fennell Symphonic Winds, Frederick Fennell, cond. Mercury STC 90390, 33 min., $7.95.

Listening to these undeniably brash and not very well-disciplined performances on tape, I am convinced anew that my December "Sonic Showcase" tribute to the Krance arrangements was quite justified. Even knowing now what to expect, I got more of a kick out of them than ever, and especially out of the frequently interpolated classical and other thematic tags. This sort of thing can verge on preciousness, but not so in the present high-spirited examples, particularly the really inspired quotes from *Don Juan* in *Stout-Hearted Men*, from *Till Eulenspiegel* in *Consider Yourself*, and from *Tannhäuser* in *76 Trombones*. But the over-all scorings, not neglecting occasional solo bits for the usually submerged tuba, are consistently invigorating; and while the performances still sound rather coarse (at least by earlier Fennell band standards), the recording makes a better impression on tape than on stereo disc, thanks to an apparent increase in tonal body, probably resulting from a spectrum balance that does better justice to the mid and low frequencies.

"The Definitive Jazz Scene." Vol. 1. Various orchestras. Impulse IFC 311, 42 min., $7.95.

Despite the pretentious title and the particular anthology-nature of this program's contents (ten hitherto unreleased tracks left over from ten different orchestras' recording sessions), the best performances here are so extremely good that it's hard to understand how they ever got left out of earlier releases. These are Ellington's *Solitude* and Shelly Manne's *Avalon*, both starring Coleman Hawkins in flabbergastingly versatile displays; Ben Webster's eloquently lyrical *Single Petal of a Rose*; and John Coltrane's easy-rocking, bagpipey *Big Nick*. I just can't dig at all Charlie Mingus' largely unintelligible recitations and his band's now-lugubrious now-raucous playing in *Freedom*, but the other selections are all reasonably good. The recording throughout is robust, open, and very markedly stereoistic.

"Malamondo." Sound track recording. Epic EN 629, 48 min., $7.95.

I don't imagine that many viewers of *Mondo Cane*'s no less sensationalized sequel paid particular attention to the sound track, and I must admit that much of the score itself is synthetically contrived and/or musically pointless. And a further handicap for technical purists is a whisper of reverse-channel spill-over between the first two selections(a flaw becoming notably rare these days). Despite all this, some of composer Ennio Morricone's sound-fancies are extraordinarily fascinating: listen, for example, to the sections entitled *The First Time*, *Black on White*, *Velvet Muscles*, *S.O.S.*, and *The Malamondo Bark*. There's nothing to please tender ears or convention-obsessed minds, but some kind of wild and often original talent is writhing around here.

"Three-Penny Opera." Recording from the sound track of the film. Samuel Matlovsky, cond. RCA Victor FTO 5027, 45 min., $8.95.

I've never liked Weill's *Dreigroschenoper* nearly as well in the late Marc Blitzstein's fantastically popular English adaptation as in the original; and in any case the music in either version is so closely associated in my mind with Lotte Lenya in the role of Jenny that any performance without her is likely to be hopeless as far as I'm concerned. In fact the present performance (not excluding its bright but decidedly thin-toned recording with excessively close miking of the soloists) only left me wondering whether I was more repelled or bored.

"Westward Ho!" Roland Shaw and His Orchestra. London LPL 74045, 34 min., $7.95.

Programmatically, this is a poor man's "Pops Roundup" in its choice of popular "western" themes for big-band elaboration, even though Shaw is no Fiedler and his band no Boston Pops Orchestra. Nevertheless, the rousing Phase-4 stereoism is prodigious, and many of the Shaw scorings are ingeniously effective. I liked best the atmospheric *Big Country* and catchy *She'll Be Comin' Round the Mountain When She Comes*, but all the others come off well. Among many noteworthy solo contributions those by an anonymous tuba player are outstanding even for a month when first-rate tuba-ists seem to pop up all over.

"World Favorite Romantic Concertos." Ivan Davis, piano; Andre Kostelanetz and His Orchestra. Columbia MQ 663, 50 min., $7.95.

Except for the inevitable Addinsell *Warsaw* Concerto and the totally unexpected Gottschalk *Grande Tarantelle*, the fare is chicken-in-parts: bleeding hunks of the Gershwin, Grieg, Tchaikovsky First, and Rachmaninoff Second concertos, plus the last part of the *Rhapsody in Blue* and a chunk (the 18th Variation, natch!) from the Rachmaninoff *Rhapsody on a Theme of Paganini*. Davis plays straightforwardly enough, but the conductor really milks everything for its last drop of possible schmaltz. Those who like this sort of thing will just luv it; others will be embarrassed by the lowest common denominator of musical taste it represents.

THE UBIQUITOUS FLUTIST

Continued from page 37

baroque on discs and in concert halls. Moreover, he has helped to create the demand he answers: he has dug up many forgotten works, and has been the prime mover in two very successful chamber groups—the French Wind Quintet and the Paris Baroque Ensemble (in both he has had noteworthy assistance from oboist Pierre Pierlot, and in the second from harpsichordist Robert Veyron-Lacroix).

His affection for the eighteenth century is not confined to its music. "Back then," he says, "people had scope for their imagination, and used it. Now it seems to me sometimes that we cannot imagine anything. We know everything."

But Rampal has little patience with some of the costume-drama elements in the current baroque vogue, and sees no more reason to play Bach on a wooden flute with one key than to play Beethoven on an 1810 piano: "Let's admit it—much of the charm of ancient instruments is visual. They are usually out of tune and usually played badly." This attitude does not, of course, rule out such pleasures as the harpsichord; his point is that the Boehm flute is essentially an old instrument—so vastly improved that one would be foolish not to employ it.

Since roughly ninety per cent of his recordings are of eighteenth-century works, he may be in danger of being typecast as a revivalist. He should not be. He has calculated that nowadays about forty per cent of his live programs are devoted to twentieth-century music. Pierre Boulez, both as composer and as conductor, is one of his heroes. The first "public" performance by the French Wind Quintet included Schoenberg's thick, tough composition for such a group (the concert, which was part of a clandestine radio broadcast, took place in a Paris *cave* at 4 o'clock one morning in 1944, and one wonders what the Nazi monitor, if he heard it, thought the Resistance was up to). Some of the most spectacular of Rampalian technical feats occur in interpretations of pieces by André Jolivet and Jean Rivier.

As he explores the possibilities in his instrument, he regrets more and more the shortage of first-rate nineteenth-century material. How marvelous it would be to have, for example, the flute equivalents of the great Romantic violin concertos. Transcriptions? "You know," he says, "how the critics would react, and in most cases they would be right. I may, however, find the courage to do something with one of Brahms's sonatas for clarinet and piano. Since he himself arranged it so that a viola could replace the clarinet, I feel I have a good precedent."

A SOFT SOUND IN THE U.S.S.R.

Continued from page 43

obscure setting of the Lamentations of Jeremiah by the early Elizabethan composer Robert White—were always singled out for particular praise. Music that touched on the depths of sorrow and despair and, on the other hand, pieces that exuded gaiety and jolliness were the best received. The subtler works, those that hovered between joy and sadness, aroused less response.

In the Soviet Union, we were told, there is nothing of the stage-door hounding of "celebrities" which elsewhere makes a travesty of serious artistic endeavor. But it was disheartening to find that people who were eager to see our instruments and talk to the performers after the concerts were forbidden to do so. Our protests fell on deaf ears but a few of our musicians managed to meet and exchange ideas with Russians in spite of this artificial barrier. Some of our visitors met us outside the hall bearing simple gifts of flowers and drawings, and on one occasion a student appeared with an old music manuscript for our inspection. I recall too the episode when a shy young man tentatively approached us with one of our own recordings and a rather touching request that we inscribe it (how he had managed to acquire this rarity in Russia I do not know—he kept his secret). The enthusiasm for the repertoire, the eagerness to discuss and to learn, was heart-warming. We wished, indeed, that we could have had further contact with music students such as the one we had in Tbilisi. I feel that the entire visit would have been buch more meaningful both for us and for the Russians had a formal series of appearances—concerts, workshops, lectures—been arranged at conservatories and perhaps universities.

Yet I do not think there is any doubt that the Pro Musica's tour provided its hosts with a successful introduction, at least opening up vistas on a new world of music. We met, in fact, a few people in the Soviet Union who, in spite of the tremendous difficulties under which they work, are already exploring this repertoire. In Moscow only recently—since our visit—a concert of early music was given under the direction of André Volkonsky, apparently with such success that it had to be repeated; and in Leningrad also work is going on. To judge from these intimations and the responsiveness of the ordinary music lover to our own concerts, it is perhaps not too much to say that an awareness of the significance and beauty of early Western music will now begin to enrich the musical life of the Russian people as it has our own.

Continued from page 40

had become larger and that the acoustics had suddenly become more live. The reaction was especially sharp when, after being adjusted to proper levels, the rear speakers were suddenly switched off and on in repeated A-B tests.

The initial success of this experiment encouraged me to go further—using five sound sources. Since my amplifier was equipped with a "third" or "center" channel speaker connection, I decided to add this center channel but to position the associated loudspeaker system directly behind the listener, rather than between the two prime speaker sources. The electrical hookup (as well as an alternative method for use with amplifiers that lack a third-channel output) is shown in the second diagram. Again, levels were gradually increased to all three "reinforcing" speakers until each listener reported hearing a change in the total effect. Level from the rear center speaker was somewhat greater than that from the left-rear and right-rear units. This time, the effect was much more pronounced. The walls of the room "seemed to fall away" and there was an illusion of greatly increased listening area. Of the many types of program material tried, the most successful was symphonic music. Intimate vocal recordings and small instrumental groups, however, seemed out of place in this "expanded hall." The listening setup in this experiment was so gratifying that it was maintained for about two weeks, so that we could savor it fully before proceeding to the last experiment.

It should be pointed out that while the "primary" pair of speakers in the arrangement were fairly high quality units, the speaker systems used in all "rear" channels were fairly inexpensive bookshelf types, mounted approximately midway between floor and ceiling. They had little or no output below about seventy cycles or so, but their high-frequency response was quite ample (each system incorporated a separate high-frequency tweeter). It should also be added that the so-called "separation" effects of the stereophonic material were neither enhanced nor degraded—despite the fact that considerable left-plus-right signal was being fed to the rear, center channel. Our conclusion, therefore, was that perhaps the greatest measure of improvement was being afforded by the rear, center channel and this led to the final series of tests.

The final experiment consisted of simply removing the rear-left and rear-right speakers, thus making for a "repositioned" center channel system. Surprisingly, stereo separation now became degraded. However, a slight reduction in sound level of the rear, center channel reëstablished proper separation while maintaining the other beneficial effects of reverberation and increased realism. It is this redistributed "three-channel" system which remains in my living room today.

Aside from leaving my listening room with this modified installation, the weeks of listening tests have taught me anew that if the ultimate objective of stereophonic high fidelity in the home is the re-creation of a living musical experience, then much remains to be learned. To the degree that listening to reproduced music *can* be made to approach the richly rewarding live experience, experimentation must proceed—on the part of the laymen as well as professional audio engineers and designers. Combinations of "sound reinforcing" arrangements are endless, and well within the abilities of the average high fidelity owner. The accompanying diagrams can guide one in making these experimental hookups, but in the long run reliance on one's own ears is perhaps the best guide of all. Of one thing I am reasonably certain: whatever enhanced stereo setup is chosen, the listener will experience a virtual rediscovery of the joy of stereo sound.

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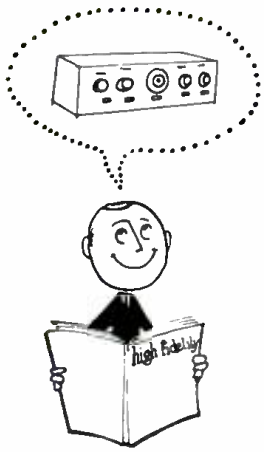

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61	62	63	64	65	66	67	68	69	70	71	72	73	74	75
76	77	78	79	80	81	82	83	84	85	86	87	88	89	90
91	92	93	94	95	96	97	98	99	100	101	102	103	104	105
106	107	108	109	110	111	112	113	114	115	116	117	118	119	120
121	122	123	124	125	126	127	128	129	130	131	132	133	134	135
136	137	138	139	140	141	142	143	144	145	146	147	148	149	150

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46	47	48	49	50	51	52	53	54	55	56	57	58	59	60
61	62	63	64	65	66	67	68	69	70	71	72	73	74	75
76	77	78	79	80	81	82	83	84	85	86	87	88	89	90
91	92	93	94	95	96	97	98	99	100	101	102	103	104	105
106	107	108	109	110	111	112	113	114	115	116	117	118	119	120
121	122	123	124	125	126	127	128	129	130	131	132	133	134	135
136	137	138	139	140	141	142	143	144	145	146	147	148	149	150

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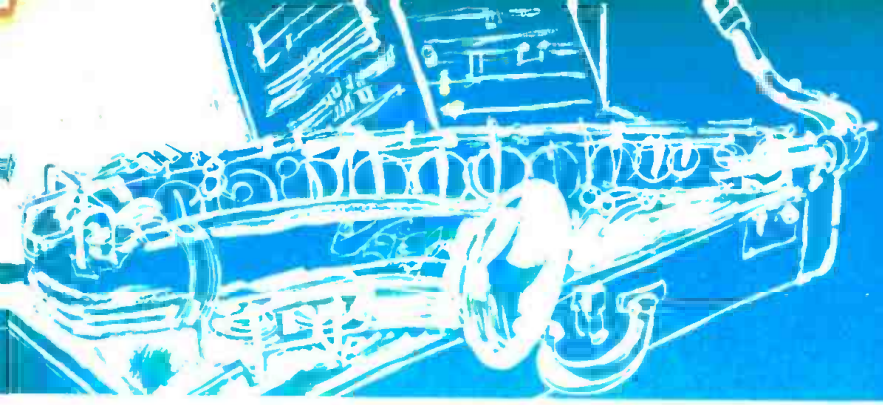

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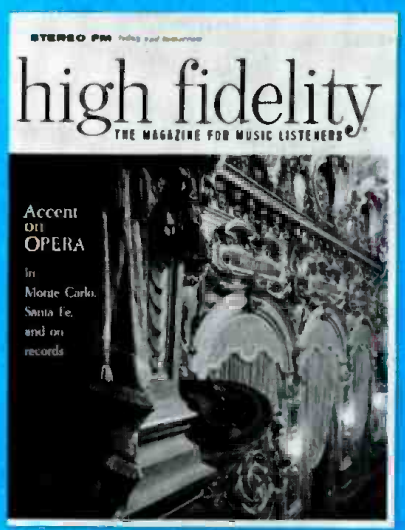

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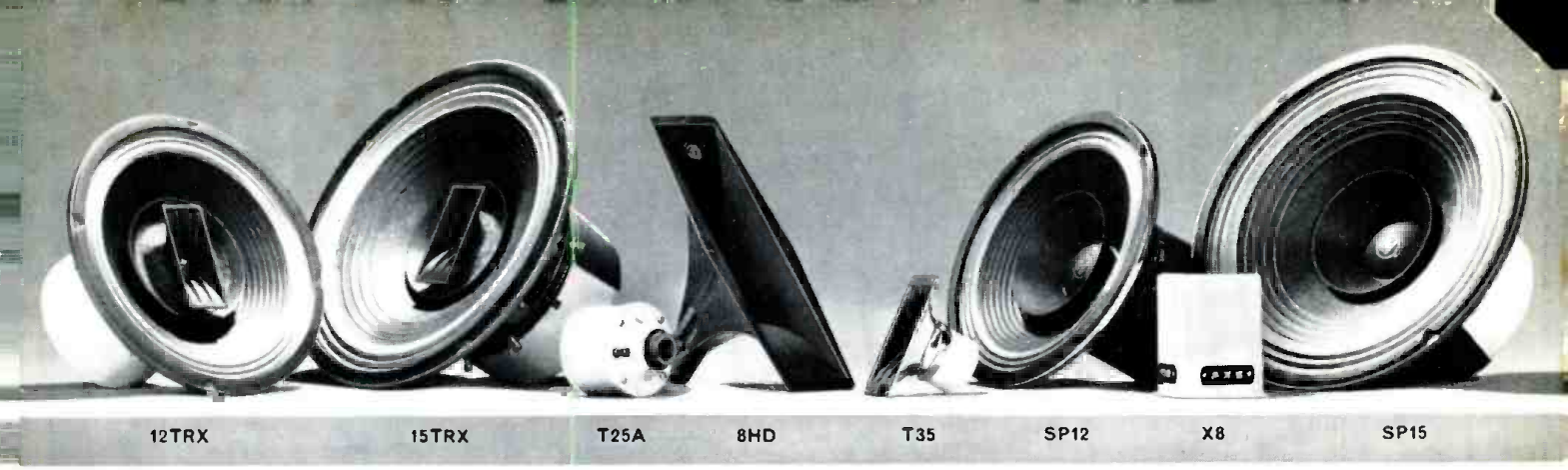


A Return to the Fundamental Concept of High Fidelity: SOUND OF UNCOMPROMISING QUALITY!

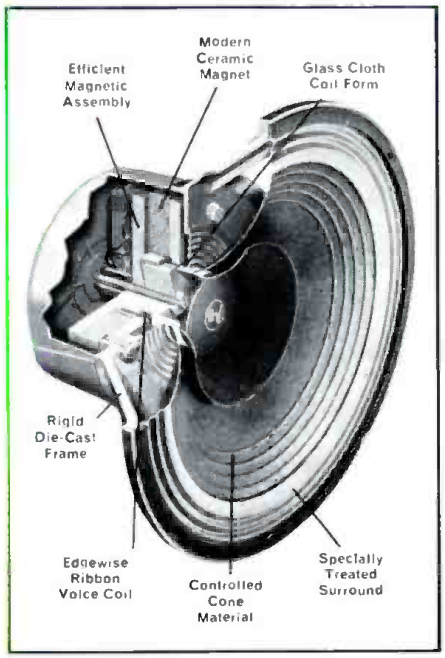
Before you make the final choice of speakers for your high fidelity system, take a moment to review your goals. What comes first—size, cost, or performance? If performance is of prime importance, then you owe it to yourself to look at—and listen to—Electro-Voice Deluxe component speakers. Granted, they are not the smallest or the least expensive speakers you can buy, but their design is predicated on the need for quality reproduction above all other considerations.

Your ear is the final arbiter of speaker system quality, but it may help you to know what's behind the unequalled popularity of E-V in the component speaker field. It begins with the finest engineering laboratory in the industry, finest not only in equipment, but also in the size of its staff and in its creative approach to electro-acoustics.

The basic design for E-V Deluxe components was laid down over a decade ago, and, despite numerous detail improvements, this approach is just as valid today. It begins on a firm foundation: the rigid die-cast frame that provides a stable basis on which this precision instrument can be assembled. It is this frame that assures that each E-V Deluxe speaker will forever maintain its high standard of performance by maintaining perfect alignment of all moving parts.

Added to this is a magnetic assembly of generous proportions that provides the "muscle" needed for effortless reproduction of every range at every sound level. In the case of the SP15, for example, four pounds, ten ounces of modern ceramic magnet (mounted in an efficient magnetic assembly weighing even more) provides the force needed for perfect damping of the 15-inch cone.

Within the gap of this magnetic system rides the unique E-V machine-wound



edgewise-ribbon voice coil. This unusual structure adds up to 18% more sensitivity than conventional designs. Production tolerances on this coil and gap are held to ±.001 inch! The voice coil is wound on a form of polyester-impregnated glass cloth, chosen because it will not fatigue like aluminum and will not dry out (or pick up excess moisture) like paper. In addition, the entire voice coil assembly can be made unusually light and rigid for extended high frequency response.

In like manner, the cone material for E-V Deluxe components is chosen carefully, and every specification rigidly maintained with a battery of quality control tests from raw material to finished speaker. A specially-treated "surround" supports the moving system accurately for predictably low resonance, year after year, without danger of eventual fatigue. There's no breaking-in or breaking down!

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Now listen—not to the speaker, but to the music—as you put an E-V Deluxe component speaker through its paces. Note that bass notes are neither mushy nor missing. They are heard full strength, yet in proper perspective, because of the optimum damping inherent in the E-V heavy-magnet design.

And whether listening to 12-inch or 15-inch, full-range or three-way models, you'll hear mid-range and high frequency response exactly matched to outstanding bass characteristics. In short, the sound of every E-V Deluxe component speaker is uniquely musical in character.

The full potential of E-V Deluxe component speakers can be realized within remarkably small enclosure dimensions due to their low-resonance design. With ingenuity almost any wall or closet can become a likely spot to mount an E-V Deluxe speaker. Unused space such as a stairwell can be converted to an ideal enclosure. Or you may create custom cabinetry that makes a unique contribution to your decor while housing these remarkable instruments. The point is, the choice is up to you.

With E-V Deluxe component speakers you can fit superlative sound to available space, while still observing reasonable budget limits. For example, a full-range speaker such as the 12-inch SP12 can be the initial investment in a system that eventually includes a T25A/8HD mid-range assembly, and a T35 very-high-frequency driver. Thus the cost can range from $72.50 up to $254.70, as you prefer—and every cent goes for pure performance!

Write today for your free Electro-Voice high fidelity catalog and list of the E-V audio specialists nearest you. They will be happy to show you how E-V Deluxe component speakers fulfill the fundamental concept of high fidelity with sound of uncompromising quality!

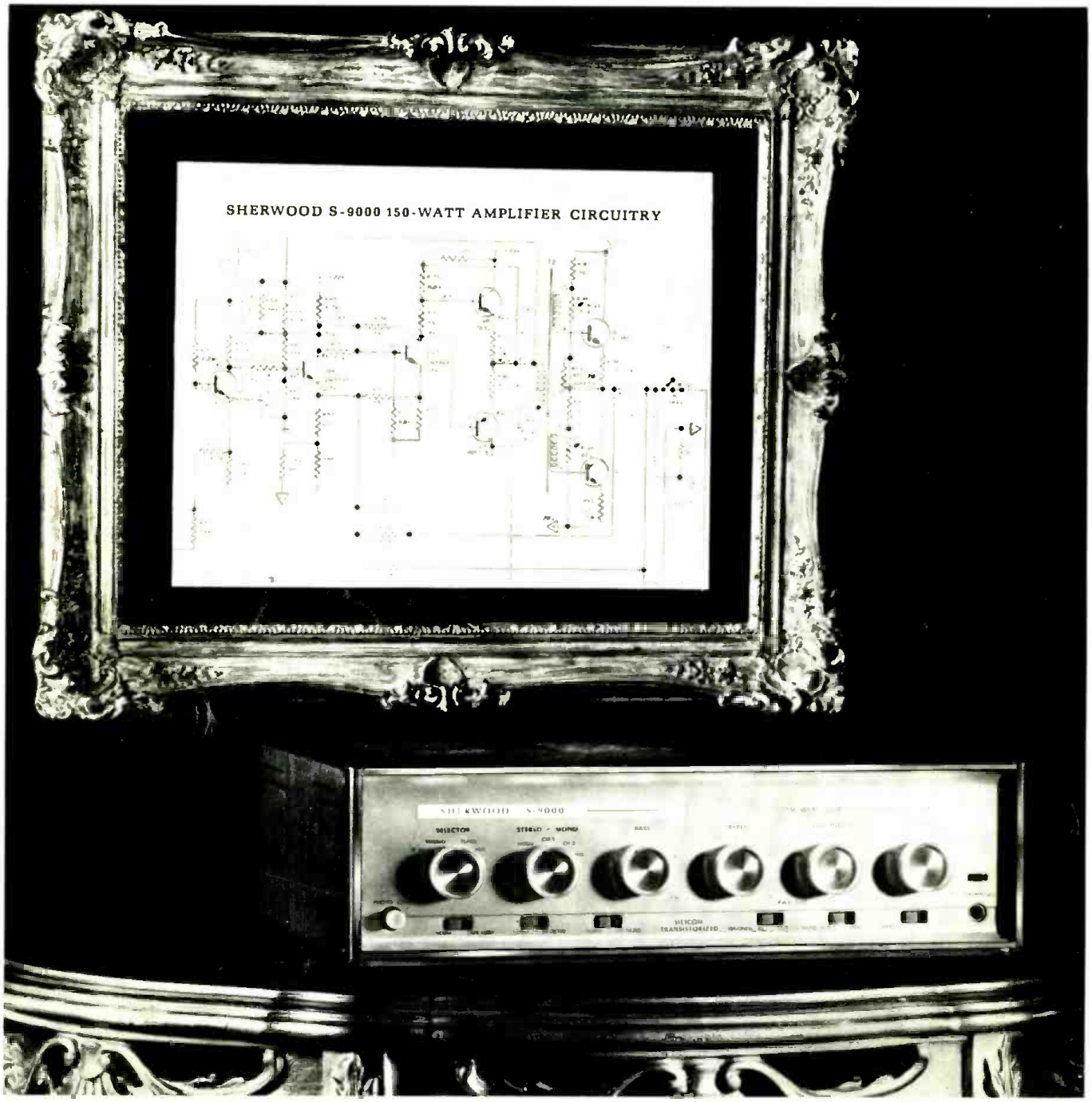
ELECTRO-VOICE, INC.

Dept. 554H, Buchanan, Michigan 49107

Electro-Voice®

SETTING NEW STANDARDS IN SOUND

"Compare these S-9000 specs." Power output for both channels is 150 watts at ¾% I.M. distortion. Continuous sine-wave power output (two channels) is 100 watts at ¼% distortion. Power band-width: 12-25,000 cps. at 1% distortion. Hum and noise: Phono –70db, Tuner –80db. Sensitivity: Phono 1.8mv, Tuner 0.25v. Other Sherwood all-Silicon Solid-State amplifiers are the S-9900, 90-watts music power @ $249.50 and the S-9500, 50 watts music power @ $197.50.



Sherwood S-9000 Solid-State 150-watt amplifier $329.50

How dare we say Sherwood is the best?

The dictionary defines *"dare"* as "to challenge one to pass a test." The Sherwood S-9000 *ALL-SILICON* Solid-State 150-watt combination preamp-amplifier consistently passes tests against any competitors' products. These tests can involve either the accuracy of its 150-watt power rating, the design of its Baxendall type controls, the reliability and coolness of its All-Silicon circuitry, its lack of distortion (rated at less than ¼%), the flatness of frequency response (±½db), the elimination of hum and noise (–80db), or the sensitivity of its phono preamplifier (1.8mv). ■ How dare we say Sherwood is the best? We can because comparative specifications, together with the experts' opinions and listening tests confirm again-and-again that *Sherwood is the best!*

Dept. 5 H

Sherwood Electronic Laboratories, Inc., 4300 North California Ave., Chicago, Illinois 60618

Sherwood

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