

HIGH FIDELITY

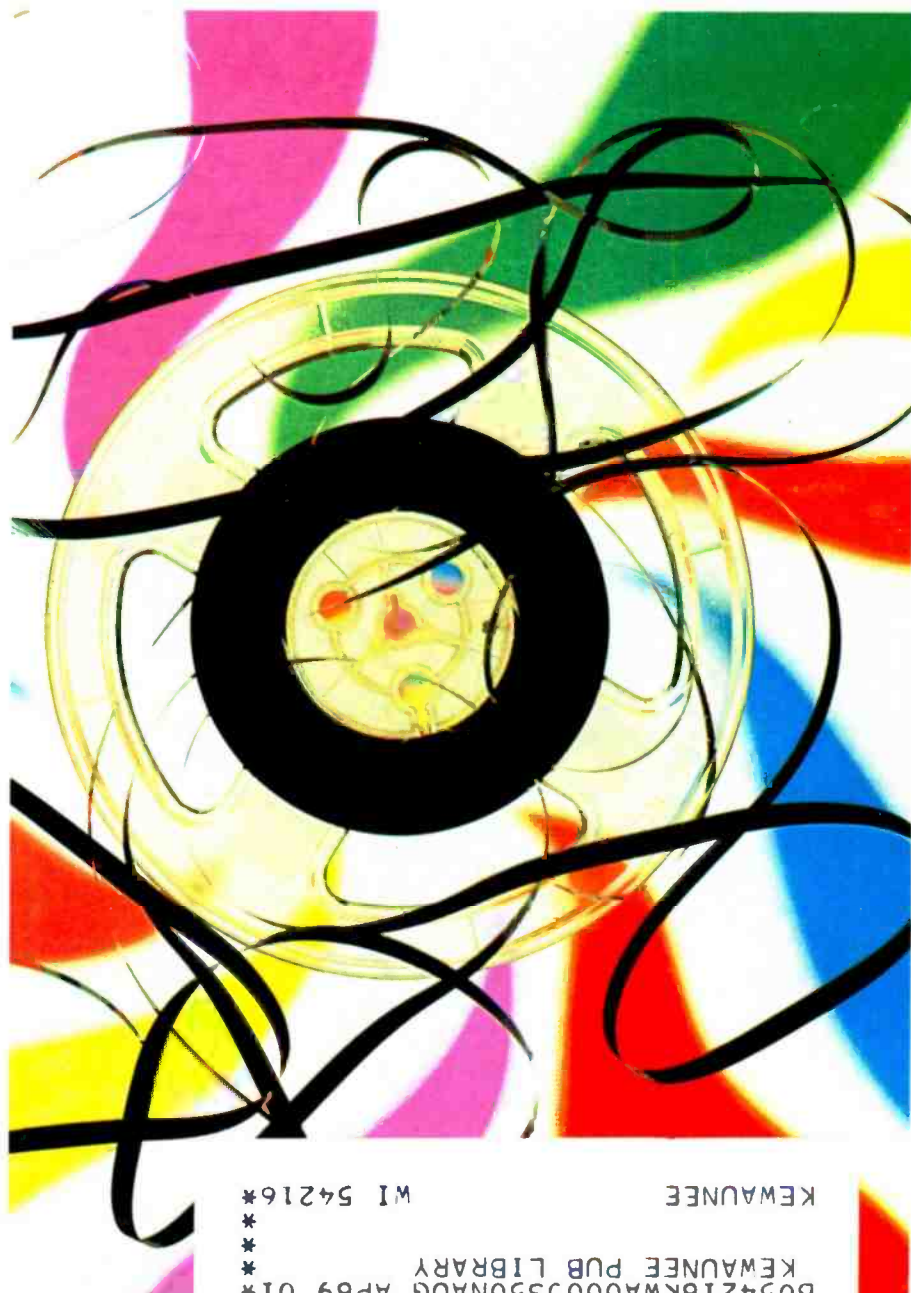
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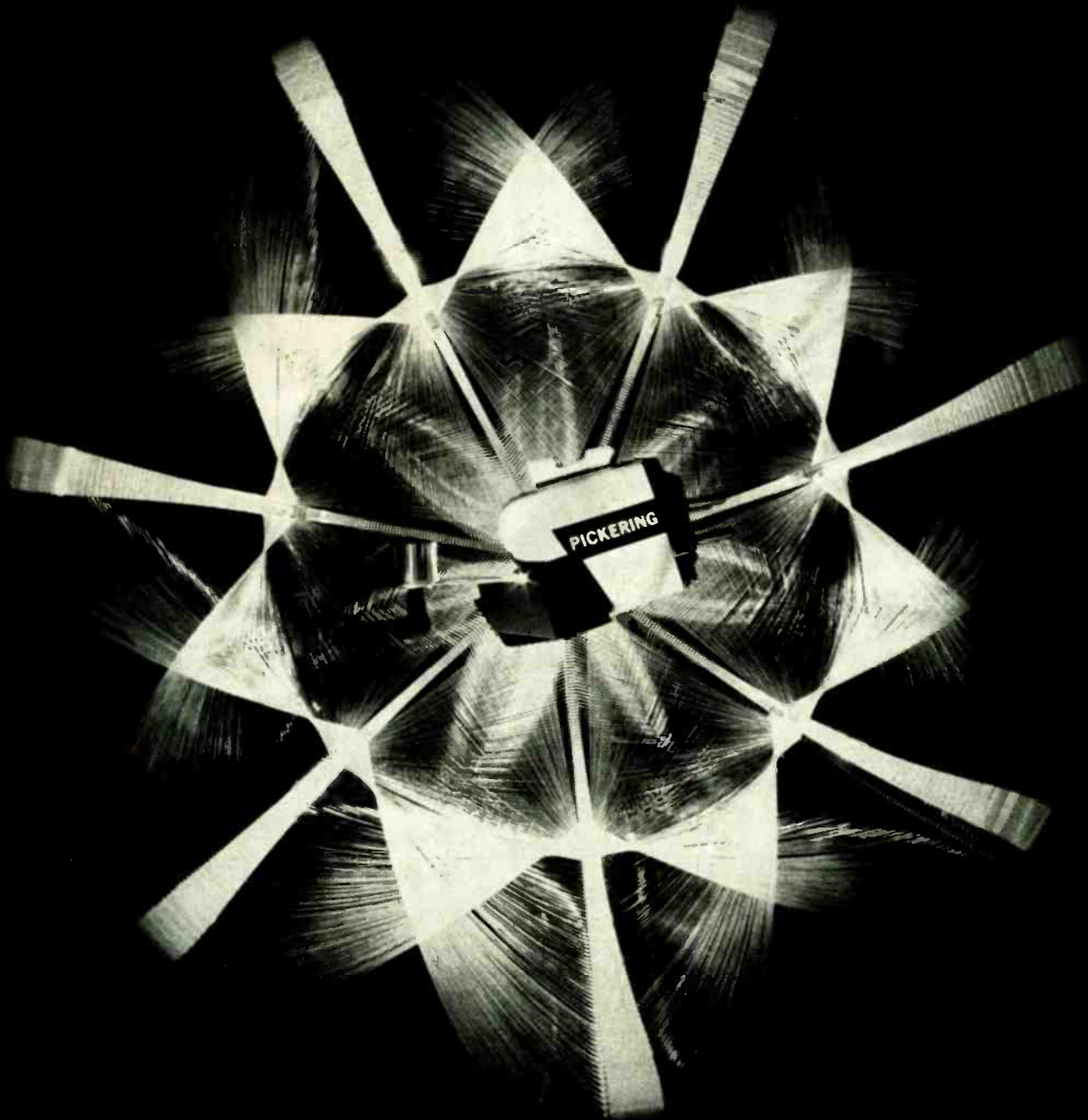
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HIGH FIDELITY

VOL. 18 NO. 8 AUGUST 1968

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Letter from the Editor

DEAR READER:

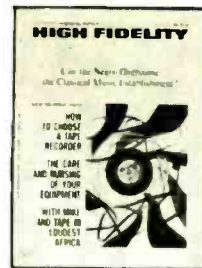
On June 26, 1967, Director Hans Zender of the State Opera House in Bonn, Germany, awaited the noted Korean-born composer Isang Yun's arrival for a rehearsal of his new opera, *The Dream of Liu-Tung*. That evening Yun was expected in Amsterdam to attend a performance of his cantata *Om mani padme hum* at the Concertgebouw. A hotel room had been reserved for him and his wife in Amsterdam. Four days later he was to begin supervising the taping of his *Loyang* at the West German radio station in Cologne. Yun did not cancel any of these important engagements, but he never showed up. Meanwhile, in Kiel, discussions of Yun's projected full-length opera for the city, to be ready in 1969, were being postponed by the composer's unexplained failure to appear there nine days earlier, June 17.

That was the day Yun disappeared from the Europe that had been his home for the past eleven of his forty-nine years, and where he had achieved considerable prominence as the first major Korean composer to make an impact on Western music. Five days later Yun's wife, Suja Yi, also disappeared.

Perhaps nobody will ever know exactly what happened on that June 17, but the German publication *Der Spiegel* pieced it together as follows: Yun received a telephone call at his home in Spandau, on the outskirts of West Berlin; two Korean men wanted his advice about some musical organizations. They declined his invitation to come to his home and asked if he couldn't meet them nearer the center of town. Yun got into his car (it was later found in the Tempelhof Airport parking lot, his garage key, license, and registration under the floor mat) and drove off. From the airport he called his wife to say that he had important discussions to conduct in Bonn, Rome, and Paris, and that the two men had asked him to leave with them immediately. On June 22 Mrs. Yun received a telephone call from the South Korean Embassy in Bonn. Her husband had gone to Paris, which she already "knew," and would she please pack another suit of clothes for him. She might also pack something for herself, as she was invited to accompany him. She said good-by to her seventeen-year-old daughter Djong, who was in the hospital convalescing from an appendectomy, and her thirteen-year-old son, Ugiong, and left them in their grandparents' charge. At noon she flew to Bonn, was picked up by an Embassy car and, at the Embassy, or at least using Embassy stationery, wrote the children that she'd be back in a few days. So much for *Der Spiegel's* detective work. When the Yuns were next heard from they were in a prison in Seoul, Korea, he about to be tried for his life, as a spy.

The Yuns were among seventeen Korean artists, intellectuals, and students kidnaped, coerced, or otherwise rounded up in Germany by twenty agents from the South Korean Central Intelligence Agency who were praised by their chief, General Hyung Wook Kim, as "impeccably unobservable." According to a report in the *New York Times*, some 200 Koreans were similarly rounded up in several countries, including some—and I have since been informed they were students—"spirited away" from the United States.

I leave to the political journals the question of the propriety, if the *Times* is correct (the story was filed from Seoul by Pulitzer-Prize-winner Anthony Lukas), of our ally South Korea "spiriting away" people from American soil. But not only have the American political journals ignored the story; (Continued on page 6)



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Continued from page 4

the American news media too—aside from a very few small items buried in the *Times*, the *New York Post*, the *Boston Globe*, the *San Francisco Chronicle* (the last two inserted by music critics Michael Steinberg and Robert Commanday, respectively), and maybe one or two other local papers—has not even mentioned the fourteen-month-old episode. I do, however, remember the torrent of headlines and storm of protests raised here a few years back when Jesús Galindez, a critic of Trujillo, was “spirited away” from Columbia University by agents of the Dominican Republic. (Still, as readers are constantly reminding me, you don’t buy this magazine for politics.)

At any rate, thirty-four of the abducted Koreans eventually stood trial, and for six, including Yun, the prosecution asked the death penalty. Demonstrations were held throughout West Germany; protests were cabled by the Mayor of West Berlin and other German politicians; Stravinsky, Boulez, Dallapiccola, Stockhausen, Kfenek—over 160 musicians throughout the world—cabled South Korean President Park for clemency. Elliott Carter, with whom Yun studied in Germany on a Ford Foundation project, wrote to Dean Rusk, since Yun had been sponsored by American organizations—not only Ford but the International Institute of Education which, among other activities, administers the Fulbright fellowships and which brought Yun to the U.S. during the summer of 1966. Carter received a reply, from the American Embassy in Bonn, pointing out that the German Foreign Office had stated to the Bundestag that “it would continue to insist that all of the South Koreans who were taken back to South Korea, including Mr. Yun, be returned to the Federal Republic.”

Last December 9 *The Dream of Liu-Tung* received its premiere in Bonn. On the 13th Yun was sentenced to life imprisonment; Mrs. Yun was given a three-year suspended sentence (two Koreans were sentenced to death). Last March, Mrs. Yun returned to Berlin to her children, who were being supported in part by royalty funds from Yun’s German publisher, Bote & Bock. At the same time, Bote & Bock received her husband’s new opera, *The Widow of the Butterfly Tschuang*, which the authorities last October agreed to let him continue working on. (Its premiere has been scheduled for Nuremberg next season, on a double bill with *The Dream of Liu-Tung*, both to be presented under the joint title *Dreams*.) Yun is next planning to work on a quartet for flute, oboe, violin, and cello, commissioned by Mills College in California.

The Koreans’ sentences were appealed, and during a retrial the prosecution again asked Yun’s death; this April the new verdict came down with Yun’s sentence reduced to fifteen years (at the appeal trial two other defendants were condemned to death).

I have in front of me a copy of the five-page “Official Report of the Espionage Activities of Composer I-Sang Yun and Three Others in Germany.” If I omit the unspecified references to “espionage missions” and “espionage training” I find nothing that a Westerner could consider a capital offense. Yun was accused of visiting the North Korean Embassy in East Berlin to find the whereabouts of and “say hello” to an old friend living in the North. He admitted this. “Thus, Yun established contact with a member of the Anti-state Organization”—a South Korean crime. He introduced to a North Korean envoy in Germany

a doctoral candidate who was writing his thesis on the North Korean economy. He was accused of visiting Pyongyang, in the North, for three weeks in 1963. He did so, he said, mainly to see the fourth-century Nangnang tomb, which supplies the background for his new opera, and to visit a conductor friend. (He told his musical associates that he came back from North Korea greatly disappointed with its society.) He was accused of being a Communist. This he emphatically denied.

Now, to be frank, I do not know that Yun is absolutely innocent of “espionage.” He is, after all, guilty under South Korean law of certain crimes. But no specific “espionage” acts, acts that the Western world would consider “espionage,” were proven at the trial. Moreover, when Yun’s sentence was reduced, all the “espionage” charges were dropped; he got the fifteen years for his Pyongyang visit. As I write this, the case is headed for the Seoul Supreme Court, which may reduce it further yet, or even overthrow it. If not, Yun will have one hope left.

And here, dear readers, you can—if you are so minded—play a part.

This month, on August 15, South Korea celebrates Liberation Day. Each year on this day, certain political prisoners are set free. Yun’s hope is a Presidential pardon, which will be possible only if the Seoul Supreme Court has already acted on the case. Then petitions and letters appealing for mercy for Yun may influence General Park. I cannot emphasize too strongly, *and I have it from the closest sources*, that during these last days protests and demonstrations, such as have broken out sporadically in Europe, can kill Yun’s chances. On the assumption that the readers of HIGH FIDELITY would be more interested in helping a sick composer (Yun has been transferred to a Seoul hospital where he is suffering from heart and circulatory troubles and has tuberculosis) than in using his plight to let off potentially dangerous (to Yun) political steam, I have arranged with some of Yun’s noted musical supporters the following procedure:

If you sit down and write a *very nice* and *very polite* letter to General Park, pointing out that Yun’s unique value to South Korea can better be served as a free composer living in Europe than as a political prisoner in Korea, and signed with as many signatures as you can accumulate quickly, HIGH FIDELITY will act as a clearing house and see that the letters get forwarded appropriately. You may send your appeal to:

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* * * *

Next month’s issue contains a special section, prepared by Roland Gelatt, devoted to “The New Music.” An introduction by Lukas Foss will be followed by a comprehensive survey of the avant-garde by David Hamilton. If you haven’t been able to make head, tail, ears, or sense of what the most In composers have been turning out, or on, these days, our September issue may help you. You might discover that, by Krzysztof, you can even enjoy some of it. If not, well, at least you’ll be able to hold your own in the itty-bitty-chat-chat set.

Leonard Marcus



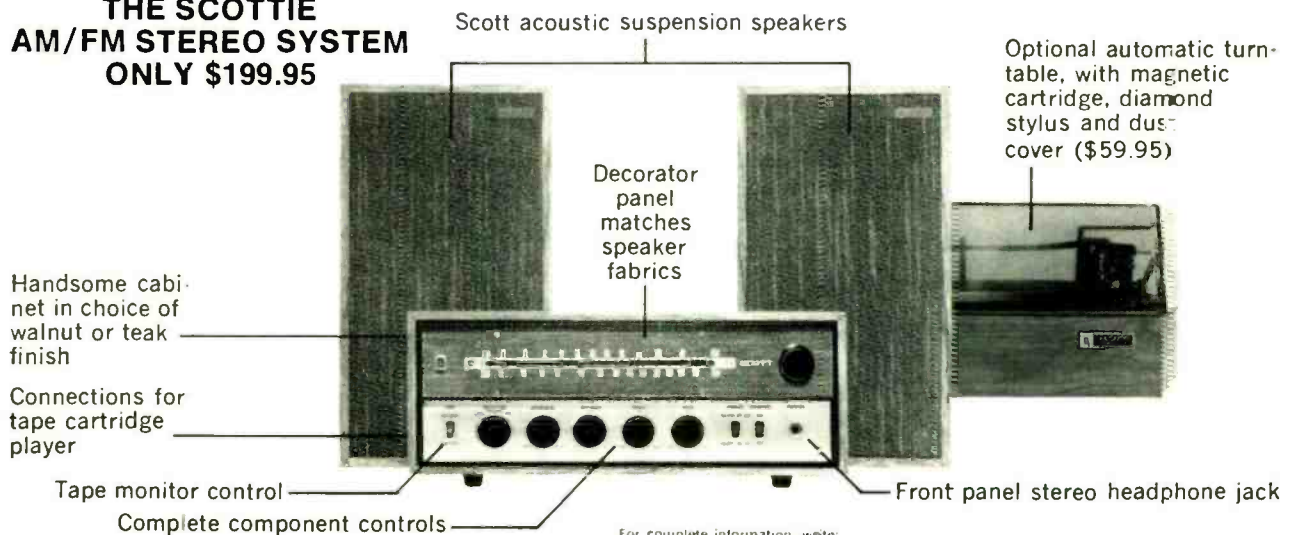
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AUGUST 1968



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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

The End of an Era

I happen to differ with Peter Heyworth's pessimistic conclusions regarding the demise of Western music as we know it ["The Fatal Sixties, June 1968]. I am a composer myself, twenty years younger than Stockhausen, and I compose polytonal music, concertos, and symphonies. Stockhausen does not represent all composers—he has no stylistic authority over me or any other young composer. Diatonic music is still being written at this late date and I would venture to say that in the twenty-first century, diatonic, polytonal, atonal, and electronic music will exist side by side.

The future of music does not rest with Stockhausen, but with the youth of America and Europe, who use their own imagination. Also, I would watch the emerging nations of Africa and Asia for new, refreshing developments in music.

David Karrer
Kenosha, Wisc.

Critical Offenses

Bernard Jacobson stated in his review of Philips' Mozart Requiem that "He [Colin Davis] is already a better conductor than Beecham ever was . . ." [May 1968].

It is entirely possible that I and the two or three other Beecham fans left in the world stand only to play the fool by rising to this conspicuously baited hook. I suspect this because the statement has all the earmarks of a crudely provocative attempt à la Gene Lees to stimulate reader mail by being wilfully and perversely controversial. I suspect this because the statement could be no more than another specimen of the Mammy Yokumish Ah-have-spoken sort of criticism to which Mr. Jacobson has become unconscionably addicted of late. I suspect this because it is the kind of statement I would instantly red-ink as "hopelessly vague—be specific" if it appeared on one of my freshman themes. Most of all I suspect this because the statement is irrelevant, dragged-in, and meaningless.

If Davis is as good as Jacobson has already said he is, why is a wholesale devaluation of Beecham felt necessary to confirm the point? If Jacobson had only said "Davis' Requiem is better than Beecham's," I would have agreed, assuming that his basis of comparison was the rather freakish recording Beecham left of the work. But Mr. Jacobson will have it that Davis' superiority is for always and everywhere, universal and without exception (" . . . than Beecham ever was . . ."). Now I haven't heard all of Davis' recordings or, for that matter, Beecham's; but the Beecham Mozart I

have heard—the *Magic Flute*, the Clarinet Concerto, the *Paris Symphony*—makes me believe that Mr. Jacobson's confidence may still be just a little premature.

Harry Wells McCraw
Hattiesburg, Miss.

In the May 1968 issue, your reviewer Harris Goldsmith refers to an interpretation of the *Eroica* Symphony of Beethoven as "one of those slushy, mushy, Bruno Walter-type readings." This slur upon one of the most important musicians of his time is a disgrace to your publication. Not only was Bruno Walter the best example of the expressive Viennese style, but he was always regarded as a serious, sincere, technically excellent musician.

Certainly, it is a matter of historical accuracy to state that when his three different recordings of this work were issued, they were regarded as among the most interesting and, indeed, among the best of the contemporary recordings available. I can personally testify that Dr. Walter's recordings were characteristic of those performances he led with the New York Philharmonic and Symphony of the Air, which were among the most profound musical experiences available to New York audiences at that time. Finally, Dr. Walter certainly exemplified in his life some of the ideals which Beethoven expressed in his music.

Rolland S. Parker, Ph.D.
New York, N.Y.

McCarthy and Rock

In "If McCarthy Wins, Rock Will Falter" [June 1968], Gene Lees really outdid himself. He's written some inane things before, but this has to be his biggest put-on. He insists that if Eugene McCarthy is elected president, today's youth will suddenly stop rebelling and will look on life as sunshine and roses.

Do you, Mr. Lees, sincerely believe all American teen-agers listen to rock-and-roll because we are rebelling against our parents or society? I am seventeen years old and first started liking rock when I was six. At the time, I didn't feel very rebellious, and my whole world was baseball. I liked it then and have watched it progress to where adults can appreciate a segment of it.

I am happy when my parents admit to the talent of Glenn Campbell or the Association or Simon and Garfunkel or even the Beatles. I am not rebelling. Please, the next time you make one of your generalizations about teen-agers, add a footnote that says: "This generalization does not include Rick Earle of Wauwa-

Continued on page 10

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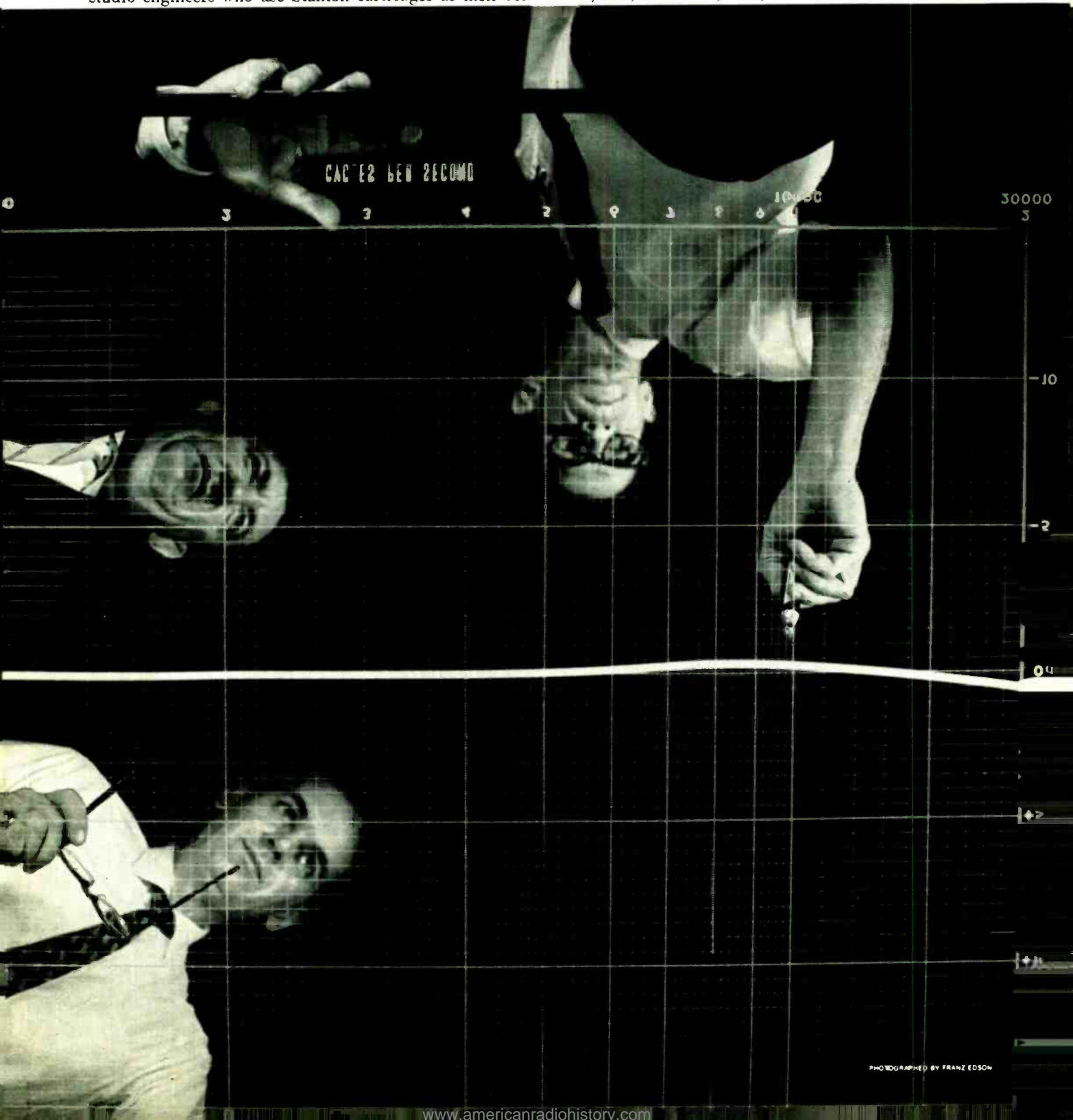
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CIRCLE 4 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

LETTERS

Continued from page 8

tosa, Wisconsin and others like him, who are individuals and refuse to be labeled before first stating their opinions."

Rick Earle

Wauwatosa, Wis.

Mr. Lees's political column in the June issue was unfortunate. The next partisan political editorial to appear in your magazine will call for my immediate cancellation—by telegram.

Michael Jean Markey

Mercer Island, Wash.

Gene Lees was, in my opinion, the definitive and consistent voice in American popular music; a voice for sanity in the midst of greasy kid stuff. No matter his prejudice, his objectivity rivaled his incisive prose for the right phrase on the right note. However, recently I find Mr. Lees beginning to adumbrate his light of musical criticism with his shadowy speculation in other fields. Or is his McCarthy article a put-on? It is by far the poorest thing he has done, joke or otherwise.

A critic's main effort at achieving an aura of authority is in the presence of consistency; the music critic's efforts in this is of greatest effect since much of the criticism of music is based on emotion and not empiricism. I don't get this effect here. If this isn't a put-on, then it is inconsistent and, as a result, jejune.

Leave the satire to *Mad*, which does it much better, and the social and political comments to periodicals written and sold for that purpose. Please have Mr. Lees stick to music comment. If I'm wrong, and everybody's favorite pop critic, Gene Lees, is elected political commentator—hell, who'll care what happens to music then?

Westcott Clinton
Gainesville, Fla.

An Investigation Called For

This is to suggest, in furtherance of the article entitled "The Disreputable Romantics" by Frank Cooper in the January 1968 issue, that some artist and company provide recordings of the music of Cramer, Dussek, Herz, Hummel, Kalkbrenner, Moscheles, and Steibelt as discussed in Harold Schonberg's book *The Great Pianists*. If there are readers to justify the book, might there not be for the music? I hope that the record company's a & r men read your "Letters" column.

R. K. Spaulding
Crescent Mills, Calif.

To the Rescue

The letter from reader Heathcote in your May 1968 issue has prompted me to write this letter in defense of my favorite opera critic, Conrad L. Osborne. To say that Mr. Osborne "never approves

Continued on page 12

HIGH FIDELITY MAGAZINE

The average embarrassed non-technical music-loving layman's clip-and-save INSTANT GUIDE TO RECORDING TAPE



Does that shiny new tape recorder you got for a gift have you buffaloeed? Do you panic at the terms like acetate tapes, Mylar tapes, tempered Mylar tapes, standard-play tapes, longer-recording tapes, double-length tapes, triple-time tapes, low-print tapes, low-noise tapes, and inches-per-second? Here's how to stop trembling and start taping. A complete course in four easy, step-by-step lessons... plus a clearly marked paragraph of advertising from the makers of Audiotape.

Lesson 1. The Basic Question— Acetate or Mylar Base?

When you record something, you are magnetizing microscopic particles of iron oxide. If you don't know what iron oxide is, don't worry. Just bear in mind that the particles have to be attached to something or they will blow away, so they are coated onto plastic tape. This base tape can be either acetate or Mylar. Choice of base does not affect fidelity of sound, so why a choice? To save you money and trouble.

Acetate gives you economy. It's not as rugged as Mylar, but professional recording studios prefer it and use it almost exclusively. You may prefer it too.

Mylar* gives you mileage. It survives for years even in deserts and jungles (if you're taping tribal chants, you'll want Mylar). Mylar tapes also can be made exceedingly thin, which means a reel can hold more feet for a longer, uninterrupted program.

'Tempering' overcomes Mylar's tendency to stretch under stress, and is used for the thinnest, most expensive tapes (the next lesson takes you painlessly through thick and thin). *DuPont's registered trade mark for its polyester film.

Lesson 2. Standard-Play, Longer-Recording, Double-Length, Triple-Time.

Instead of "Play," "Recording," "Length" or "Time," think of "Thickness." Picture a tape-reel 7 inches in diameter. It will hold 1200 feet of standard-recording tape (acetate or Mylar)... 1800 feet of longer-recording tape (considerably thinner acetate or Mylar)... 2400 feet of double-recording tape (still thinner Mylar). Easy, isn't it? Now move on to:

Lesson 3. Which Speed to Record At.

RECORDING TIME PER TRACK: ONE DIRECTION (IN MINUTES)				
TAPE SPEED	1200 FT.	1800 FT.	2400 FT.	3600 FT.
1 7/8	128	192	256	384
3 3/4	64	96	128	192
7 1/2	32	48	64	96
15	16	24	32	48

Your tape recorder probably allows you to record at several different speeds (you, by the way, are a recordist; only your machine is a recorder). What's the reason for this smorgasbord of speeds? The faster the speed, the higher the fidelity; the slower the speed, the more playing time per foot and per dollar.

- 15 ips (inches-per-second). Commercial recording companies use this speed when they tape your favorite performer for later transfer to records. Forget it.
- 7 1/2 ips is what you need for really good hi-fi music at home, and for the clearest reproduction of speech (foreign-language homework, sound-tracks for home movies, cocktail-party capers). An 1800-foot reel will play for 45 minutes—the length of a long-play record.
- 3 3/4 ips is fine for background music and for most speech applications—dictating to your secretary and recording baby's first words. An 1800-foot reel will play for an hour and a half.
- 1 7/8 ips is a businesslike speed without hi-fi frills. Good for taping conferences at the office because it puts a lot of words on a single reel. An 1800-foot reel will play for three hours.
- 15/16 ips is not recommended for anything but continuous monitoring. An 1800-foot reel will play for 6 full hours. Unless you do wire-tapping, you are probably not in the market for 15/16 ips and you're ready to try this:

CIRCLE 42 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

Tricky Test Question.

Q: How do you get longer playing time per reel of tape?

A: You can do it in either of two ways. (1) At slow speed. The tape plays longer but sound fidelity is reduced. (2) On thin tape. You get more footage per reel but it costs proportionately more. (To put it another way, the same recording job can cost you a dime or a dollar, depending on the method you select. If you're clear in that, you've earned your diploma.)

Lesson 4 Post-Graduate Course.

Experienced tape recordists, with ears and equipment that are ultra-sensitive, can sometimes hear "echoes" caused by "print-through." Think of it as a leakage of sound from layer to layer when very thin tape is wound on the reel. When you achieve that kind of expertise, you'll want special "low-print" coatings... as well as "low-noise" coatings which eliminate the barely perceptible tape-hiss that only the most expensive amplifiers can pick up anyway.

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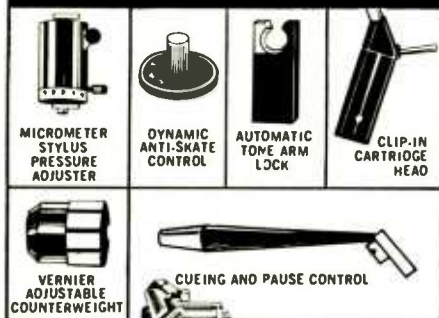


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CIRCLE 8 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

LETTERS

Continued from page 10

of anything" is as ridiculous as it is false. Without even referring to any reviews, I immediately recall the glowing reports Mr. Osborne gave to Karajan's *Die Walküre*, the recent *Parsifal* from Bayreuth, Maazel's *Fidelio*, Bernstein's *Falstaff*, and numerous others, all of which I purchased on his advice and found to be every bit as good as he stated they were. I am sorry only when Mr. Osborne doesn't review certain opera recordings that I anxiously await his verdict on. In this connection I would like to know his opinion of the latest London recording of *Faust* and of the DGG recording of Henze's *Der junge Lord*.

Romeo J. Mannarino
 Brooklyn, N.Y.

After reading the last installment of what appears to be a "We Hate Conrad L. Osborne" series currently appearing in the "Letters" column, I feel duty-bound to come to the defense of the best of today's opera critics. I began reading Mr. Osborne's reviews in *HIGH FIDELITY* at the age of fourteen, and in three short years I have become an ardent fan. Admitting this initial bias, I still find it difficult to see the logic of Mr. Osborne's detractors.

To these malcontents I would suggest picking up any other American music journal and taking a good look at the inane and perfunctory twaddle that passes for operatic criticism today. Perhaps some people enjoy the intellectually stultifying experience of being constantly assured that their favorite diva "sang with great charm" or "projected her character with fiery intensity." For my money, I'll still buy *HIGH FIDELITY* and be continually entertained and educated by Mr. Osborne's precise, thoroughly professional, and technical reviews.

So please don't develop a persecution complex, C.L.O. Your pearls are not being thrown entirely to the swine.

David Kubiak
 Glenview, Ill.

Color Television

I have just finished reading "The Hue and the Try" [May 1968]. My compliments to Norman Eisenberg for an excellent and well-informed article, one of the best on the subject of television I have ever read.

I must agree that for a large part, our commercial television manufacturers have let things slip into a rather sad state of affairs as far as circuit design and performance are concerned. True, a good commercially manufactured color set can be a pleasurable viewing experience—until one has seen one of the "different breed" of color monitors, as Mr. Eisenberg pointed out.

Mr. Eisenberg brings up a point of television receiver manufacturing practice which raises a sore spot with me: that is, DC restoration. A picture *without* DC

restoration might be compared to an audio signal with severe compression and reduced dynamic range; the picture-tube bias tends to follow the *average* video signal strength. With DC restoration, the picture-tube bias, in effect, tends (or should tend) to remain constant, regardless of the average or peak video signal strength. (Technically, DC restoration "clamps" or locks the picture-tube bias, in most cases, to the "back porch" of the received video signal.) I believe that with the improvements in circuit designs presently available with low-cost solid-state circuits, DC restoration could be included in the majority of color (and monochrome) sets produced today, without adding significantly to the cost of the finished product. The results, once the viewer becomes accustomed to the remarkable improvement in picture quality, would be well worth the added few dollars in cost.

Paul E. Miller, Jr.
 The Pentagon
 Washington, D.C.

I would like to second the statements made in "The Hue and the Try." I too have longed for one of the broadcast color TV monitors, having scrounged instruction and service manuals on the RCA and Conrac units. However, until just recently, a TV tuner has not been available to complement the monitor. The Conrac tuner will not handle color. Dynair has just come out with their solid-state TV demodulator model RX-4000A—which has specs that make me drool, but a price tag of over \$2,000. But even these broadcast monitors do not do full justice to the transmitted signals. Their video bandwidth on color programs is limited to 3.5 MHz, although by using comb filters to separate the chrominance and luminance information, one can get the full 4.2 MHz transmitted.

Until a quality color TV set is available, I use an old RCA model CT-100 color set. This model was the first, and in my opinion still the best, commercial color set on the market (1954). Shortly after it was produced, manufacturers started reducing the cost of sets (the CT-100 sold for \$1,000) and consequently leaving out circuitry. Granted, it does have two shortcomings. Its 15-inch picture tube has only a 12-inch diagonal-measure picture. And it's not overly bright: at night with normal room lighting it is all right; but in the daytime, I find that the sun washes out the picture.

I'm putting my hope for the future on integrated circuits. I believe that it will be possible to produce a highly sophisticated quality set at only a slightly greater cost than that required to produce a mediocre set. Meanwhile, I'll draw the drapes and sit up close to my small screen.

Bob G. Mahrenholz
 Tullahoma, Tenn.



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MUSIC MAKERS

BY ROLAND GELATT



At one of the four Cleveland sessions that produced the five concertos: above, Gilels and Szell; at left, the soloist and conductor seated with Paul Myers (of the Columbia team engaged for the occasion) and with Peter Andry (from the London headquarters of EMI) standing directly behind.

GILELS-SZELL BEETHOVEN—FROM EMI BY WAY OF OHIO

WHEN A RED-HAIRED Russian teen-ager walked off with first prize at an international piano competition in Vienna thirty-two years ago, the *New York Times's* roving music correspondent considered the event worth reporting in next morning's paper. "If piano playing of utter magnificence means anything in your life," Herbert F. Peyser cabled, "keep a sharp lookout for Emil Gilels. Up to a few days ago the name meant no more to the general run of musicians in this part of the world than it probably does to any in America who may read these words. But I repeat, watch out for it and fix it in your minds, for sooner or later it is likely to go thundering up and down continents."

It went thundering a lot later than the *Times* reporter could possibly have imagined. Although Emil Gilels won another coveted first prize in Brussels two years after the Vienna contest, World War II and its aftermath the Cold War effectively kept his name out of international circulation for fifteen years. During this time the pianist pursued a career behind the Russian frontier, isolated from the rest of the world almost as completely as if he had been inhabiting another planet. Finally, in 1954, he gave a few concerts in Western Europe, and a year later—following the political thaw engendered by Eisenhower and Khrushchev—Gilels at last made it to America. His Carnegie Hall debut, as

soloist with the Philadelphia Orchestra in the Tchaikovsky B flat minor Piano Concerto, was a remarkable event. I can well remember the warmth with which the packed house greeted this first cultural ambassador from the Soviet Union and the excited pandemonium that broke out after his exuberant, yet delicately poetic performance of the concerto.

Since then Gilels has been a fairly regular visitor to the United States, and over the years has become accepted not merely as a persuasive bearer of Soviet good will but as one of the truly important musical artists of our day. His last visit took place three months ago. This time he gave not a single concert. Instead he went directly to Ohio to record for EMI/Angel the five Beethoven concertos with George Szell and the Cleveland Orchestra.

The project had been long a-borning. Although Angel already has a set of the Beethovens played by Gilels, the recordings are old and the accompaniments not especially distinguished. Accordingly, it was decided more than four years ago that a replacement should be made. Peter Andry, the Australian ex-flutist who directs classical recording for the EMI empire from headquarters in London, originally thought in terms of a European site for the sessions. Unfortunately, nothing seemed to jell. When Gilels was available, Andry's preferred orchestra and conductor were not, and vice versa.

After long months of inconclusive dicker-ing the whole concept seemed about to die of inertia when the pianist revived it with what at first seemed like a totally unrealistic suggestion.

Gilels was passing through London en route to Moscow from the United States, where he had just enjoyed a particularly satisfying collaboration with Szell, performing the Beethoven Third Piano Concerto, and over lunch with Andry he proposed recording the Beethoven set in Cleveland. "I immediately thought of the enormous costs of recording in the United States," Andry relates; "and of course I knew that Szell and the Cleveland were tied to Columbia Records by contract. But the idea intrigued me. We had wanted to initiate an important recording project in America, and this seemed to fill the bill. So I promised Emil I'd see what could be done." Months of negotiations followed—with the Cleveland Orchestra, with the American Federation of Musicians, with Columbia Records, with the Ministry of Culture in Moscow—and eventually all hurdles were cleared for the sessions to start on April 29 this year.

I had attended Gilels' first recording in this country—the Tchaikovsky Piano Concerto with Fritz Reiner and the Chicago Symphony, in Orchestra Hall, December 1955—and the Cleveland ses-

Continued on page 16

recording?



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MUSIC MAKERS

Continued from page 15

sions seemed to offer a good chance to renew acquaintances and compare notes. The contrasts were pretty striking. Thirteen years ago Gilels spoke no English and was closely accompanied by an interpreter-escort from the Russian Embassy. Today he speaks a flawed but usefully communicative English and gets about on his own like any other private citizen. In between recording sessions and the hours set aside for practicing he would find time for long walks through the suburban sections of Cleveland, for shopping expeditions to the "food museum" (his name for the local supermarket), for sampling gefilte fish at a nearby delicatessen, for attentive browsing through record magazines and catalogues. Gilels much enjoys listening to recorded music, and he invariably returns to Moscow with an armful of new discs to play on his imported hi-fi rig (Dual turntable, Fisher amplifier and speakers).

Severance Hall, the Cleveland Orchestra's permanent home, is a small, intimate auditorium charmingly decorated in the "moderne" style of the early Thirties. Although it was acoustically updated about ten years ago by the German expert Heinrich Keilholz, Severance is still a perilous place in which to record, and for its Gilels sessions EMI wisely engaged Columbia's practiced crew, comprised of producer Paul Myers and engineers Buddy Graham and Frank Bruno. Peter Andry was also on hand to scrutinize the proceedings, along with Brown Meggs, over-all manager of Angel Records, and John Coveney, the label's ubiquitous and impeccable artist relations man. Another visiting guest for the duration was Franz Mohr, one of Steinway's top tuners, who came from New York with Gilels' favorite concert grand to maintain the instrument in optimum tune.

At the soloist's request, attention was directed first to the Concerto No. 3. Some years ago in Leningrad, Gilels recorded the five concertos in numerical order. It turned out to be an unhappy experience, and as a consequence he was insistent on not repeating the same numerical pattern in Cleveland. Gilels is a superstitious man, particularly about numbers. For reasons unexplained, the number 11 always upsets his normal sang-froid. Record producers the world over now know better than to announce "Take 11" at a Gilels session. And when it was discovered in Cleveland that his piano bench stood directly opposite seat 11 in the front row, Gilels immediately had the instrument moved a few feet away.

Once a few initial problems were surmounted, mostly having to do with the piano sound vis-à-vis strings, the sessions ran like clockwork. At a recording date the Cleveland players represent the last word in disciplined efficiency. Szell and his men have evolved a working method that admits of no waste time or motion. Their usual practice is to tape two complete takes of each movement without in-

Continued on page 20

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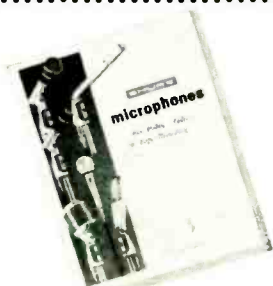
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CIRCLE 11 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

MUSIC MAKERS

Continued from page 16

ruptions, and then to make additional inserts when and where necessary. For these inserts Szell will sometimes pinpoint the place in the score by letter and measure number, but often he will merely whistle the passage he wants. Either way, the orchestra is invariably ready and on the beat. Gilels chimed in splendidly with this approach, ever able to pick up the solo thread in midstream and to repeat whatever was asked of him. He acted, indeed, for all the world like a well-oiled piano-playing machine, except that there was nothing at all machine-like about the music that came from his fingers.

Gilels wears his fifty-one years lightly. The massive shock of red hair that the *Times* first noted in 1936 remains very much in evidence, and on stage he still often betrays a look of boyish innocence. Nevertheless, if you were producing a movie about a celebrated Slavic pianist, you would probably not pick Gilels for the part. Instead you might well decide to cast him for the role of the rugged peasant who drives a tractor on the pianist's estate. Well, that oversimplifies the case. Gilels presents a curious amalgam of saturnine immobility and mercurial animation, of almost ponderous steadfastness and elfin sensitivity. Just when you are about to conclude that he is sunk in stony Russian gloom, a puckish gleam in his eye and a friendly smile offer reassurance that things are not really as bad as they seem. Often during playbacks the pianist would bury his face in his strong, stubby hands, emerging from time to time only to show a look of utter dejection. But all this frowning severity turned out to be no more than an excess of concentration, for at the end of most playbacks Gilels professed himself quite satisfied with what he had heard.

Thanks to Szell's incredibly responsive orchestra and to his close rapport with Gilels (whom he greatly admires as an "uncomplicated" artist without interpretative eccentricities), the five concertos were taped in four long sessions. Peter Andry, witnessing American recording practices for the first time, made no attempt to conceal his amazement at the split-second concentration and facility of the Cleveland forces. "It's wonderful," he marveled, "the way everyone rises to the occasion. Why, in Europe we often will spend three hours on one movement. Here we can do an entire concerto in four hours. Unbelievable!"

Because the five concertos were completed within the space of a few days, Angel believes they will convey a greater unity of purpose and expression than is present in sets recorded piecemeal over a period of months or years. Early in October, when the Gilels-Szell Beethoven album reaches the shops, we'll be able to judge for ourselves.



CIRCLE 53 ON READER-SERVICE CARD →

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CIRCLE 53 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

NOTES

FROM OUR CORRESPONDENTS



LONDON

Brand-New Sutherland Items, And Covent Garden Commemorated

"Sutherland Sings Stravinsky"—one might well envision this catchy blurb advertising a forthcoming Decca/London production. True, the Stravinsky is just one number in an all-Russian collection, but both the soprano and her conductor husband, Richard Bonyngé, are keen to counter any notion that *La Stupenda's* repertory is limited. The Stravinsky work in question is a very early piece (No. 5 in Eric Walter White's catalogue), the Pastorale written in 1907 and dedicated to Nadezhda Rimsky-Korsakov.

Oddly enough, Joan Sutherland included this wordless cantilena in its piano version in the very first recital she ever gave in London at Wigmore Hall. For the recording, however, she understandably preferred the version with wind quartet accompaniment (oboe, English horn, clarinet, and bassoon). Oddly enough too, this Stravinsky was able to bring a moment or two of relaxation into what until then had been some very taxing hours in Kingsway Hall. Just before, she had finished off the cadenza to the Glière Concerto for Coloratura and Orchestra (the main item on the disc) and had put in a good deal of hard work on two Russian songs with Bonyngé at the piano. The record is also to include Glière's Harp Concerto, with Osian Ellis as soloist. Bonyngé leads the London Symphony in both concertos.

Christopher Raeburn, who now regularly supervises Sutherland's sessions, has also been in charge of an unusual Covent Garden enterprise. Commissioned from Decca/London by the Friends of Covent

Garden as a private project to celebrate the twenty-first anniversary of the opera house's reopening after the last war, the two-disc recording could well win general circulation. Everything in the collection has been newly recorded, and special emphasis has been put on British operas given premieres at the Garden. Among the latter, Britten items include the quartet from *Midsummer Night's Dream* and Claggart's aria from *Billy Budd* (sung by Forbes Robinson), and Sir William Walton was persuaded to come over from Ischia to direct a scene from his *Troilus and Cressida*. When EMI recorded scenes from the wonderfully professional Walton piece in 1955, the great disappointment was that the set contained nothing of Pandarus' brilliantly characterized part. For the Covent Garden anthology the original creator of Pandarus, Peter Pears, was on hand, and his duet with Cressida should prove one of the album's high spots. Also in the table of contents: the *Brindisi* from *Otello*, sung by Gobbi; "*Mir ist so wunderbar*" from *Fidelio*, with Sutherland as Leonore; the *Abendlich* from *Rheingold*, with David Ward as soloist and Reginald Goodall conducting; the Trojan March and Dido's Farewell from Berlioz' *Les Troyens*, with Josephine Veasey as soloist and Rafael Kubelik conducting; the Coronation Scene from *Boris Godunov*, with Joseph Rouleau as the Tsar; and—not surprisingly—a scene from Donizetti's *Fille du Régiment* with Sutherland.

Barenboim and Bach. With his EMI commitments ranging ever wider, Daniel Barenboim has been recording the Bach Magnificat with the New Philharmonia Chorus and Orchestra. The sessions went hand in hand with a live performance at the Royal Festival Hall, a normal procedure with EMI, but there was a certain novelty in the place chosen for the sessions—a church right off the beaten track, at Tooting in South London. It proved acoustically excellent both for the soloists—Lucia Popp, Anne Pashley, Janet Baker, Robert Tear, and Thomas Hemsley—and for the rather large chorus (140 strong) and orchestra (strings 14, 12, 10, 8, 6). Even so, preliminary work revealed some problems of balancing. In the trio "*Suscipit Israel*," for example, bringing out each of the three female voices to the right degree in turn proved formidably tricky. Janet Baker, full of Northern common sense, suggested using three microphones instead of two so that "you can bring them all up in turn," but this solution did not suit the engineers. In the end, with the singers regularly coming in to hear each playback, the balances satisfied even Barenboim and his recording manager, Suvi Raj Grubb, returning to work for the first time since a recent illness.

It was Miss Baker too who jibbed—very tactfully—when Barenboim drew

out the final ritardando even beyond the breath span of herself and her colleagues, but generally the remarkable thing about Barenboim's direction was how understanding he was of performers' problems. At every stage and in every detail he was highly explicit. Someone even remarked that already he shows signs of becoming a father-figure among interpreters—if, at all of twenty-five, an unusually young and athletic one.

EDWARD GREENFIELD

VIENNA

Handel—Some Sonatas And a Full-Scale Solomon

George Frideric Handel has been looming large in recent recording sessions going on here. First, Dr. Hans Hickmann of Deutsche Grammophon's Archive Production sent to Vienna a recording team headed by Gerd Ploebusch to tape ten Handel sonatas for violin and continuo in the acoustically splendid hall of the Palais Schönburg. In addition to some of the composer's better-known pieces the collection included the Oboe Sonata, in G minor, which present-day experts believe that Handel had first intended as a violin sonata and also a sonata in D minor now considered to be the original version of what came to be known as the Flute Sonata Op. 1, No. 1, in E minor. The violinist was Eduard Melkus, with cellist August Wenzinger and harpsichordist Eduard Müller coming from Basel to join him.

At about the same time, another Handel project was being realized in the Mozartsaal of the Vienna Konzerthaus. Free-lance producer James Grayson had chosen the hall, now equipped with a recently built organ, for a complete recording of the dramatic oratorio *Solomon*. With the orchestra of the Vienna Volksoper under the baton of Stephen Simon and with the choir of the Vienna Jeunesses Musicales (eighty-strong), the grand effects of Handel's double-chorus passages were given the full stereophonic representation they demand. For the solo parts, English-speaking singers were brought in to ensure the idiomatic authenticity of the original-language recording. John Shirley-Quirk took the role of King Solomon, while soprano Sara Mae Endich was the Queen and Patricia Brooks the visiting Queen of Sheba. Tenor Alexander Young sang Zadok the Priest, and William Wolff took the part of the Levite.

To be released by RCA Victor on three discs, the recording is intended to give a complete idea of the work. It will,

Continued on page 24

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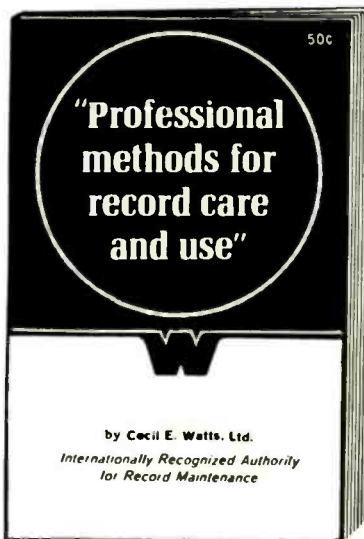
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CIRCLE 23 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

NOTES FROM OUR CORRESPONDENTS

Continued from page 22

for example, include the dramatic sections of the second act (i.e., the "Solomonic judgment") which were severely cut in Sir Thomas Beecham's old recording (the Mmes. Endich and Brooks will double as the two quarreling women here, incidentally). The album, which is expected to reach the shops this fall, will contain notes written by the British Handel authority Winton Dean.

Prussian Tunes, and Polish. Another Archive project, begun here and to be continued in Switzerland at a later date, involved music composed by Frederick the Great and his contemporaries. The recording of Prussian marches in a city that is not much in sympathy with the idea of Prussian glory brought a small outburst of irony from one of the members of the Musica Antiqua, the Viennese ensemble led by René Clemenčič. The somewhat disgruntled performer brought along a horn used by his great-grandfather in blowing retreat at the last battle between Austrian and Prussian troops in the nineteenth century, and asked that he be allowed to "take revenge" by using the instrument for the recording. This, however, was not in keeping with Archive's Urtext policy, and the martial strains will be heard in properly Prussian manner. This military music is intended to establish the historic background for other works on the disc, including Frederick's Concerto for Flute and a Sonata for Flute, played by Hans Martin Linde.

Archive also took advantage of its sojourn here in Vienna this spring to record some Telemann—specifically, works demonstrating the composer's interest in Polish folklore. Included will be a concerto written for a large-size orchestra with solo violin and containing passage; that clearly demonstrate Telemann's "Polish accent." As of this writing, the album title remains undecided; the players are the Capella Academica under the leadership of Eduard Melkus.

KURT BLAUKOPE

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

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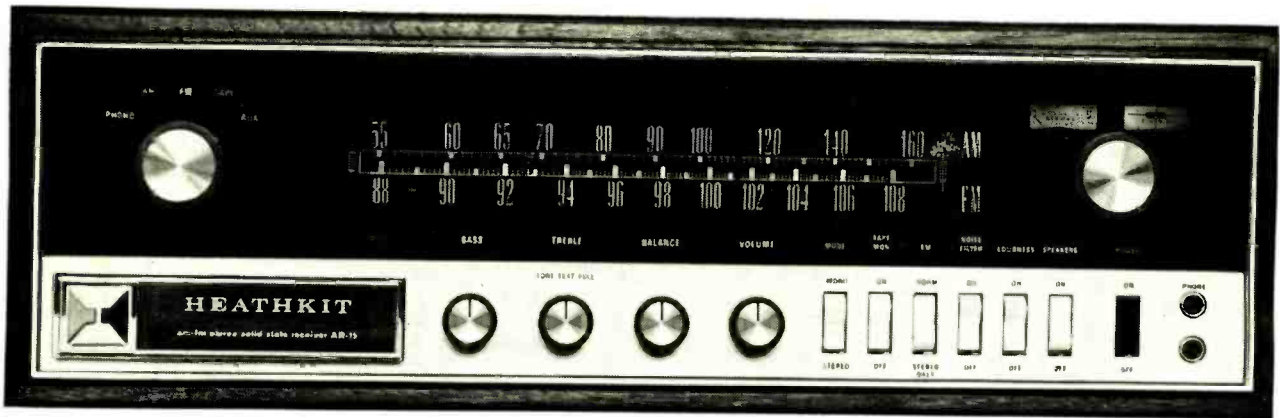


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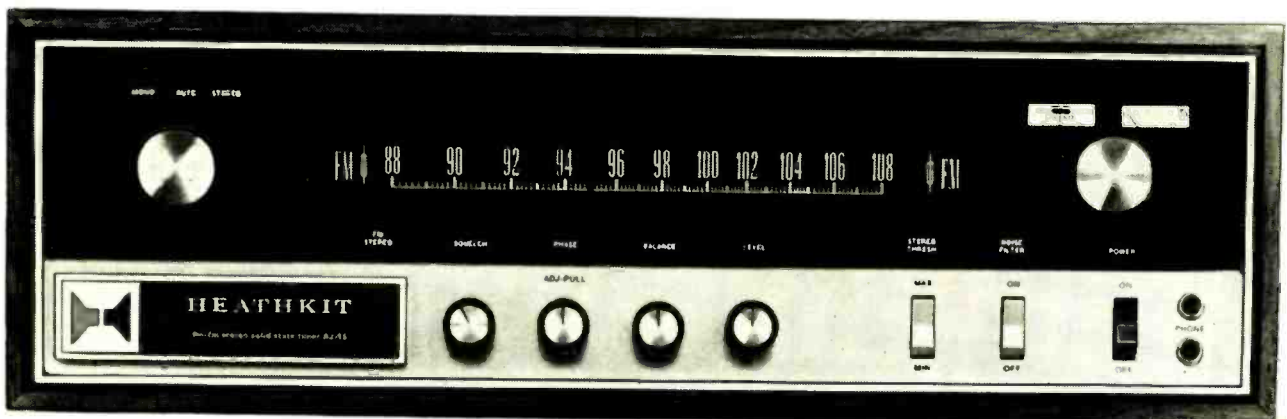
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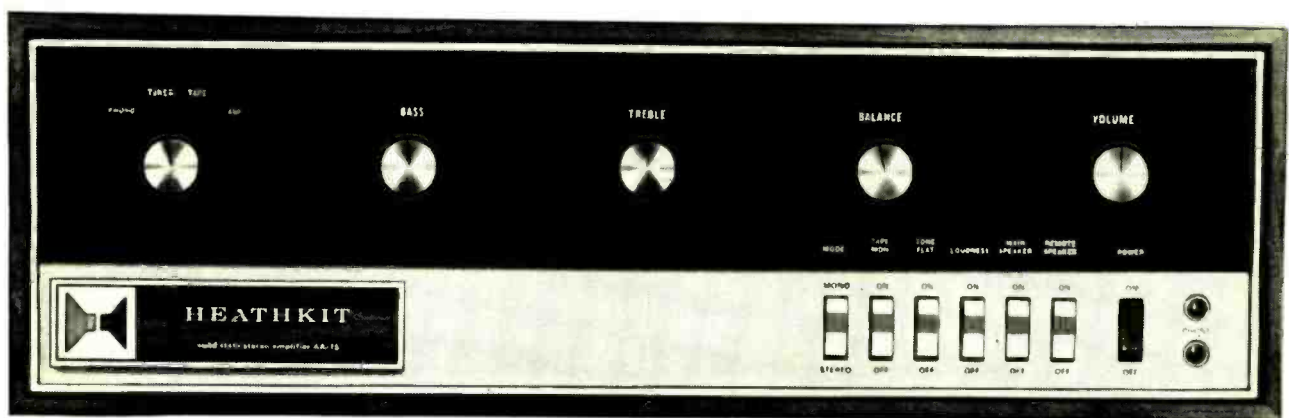
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CIRCLE 28 ON READER-SERVICE CARD



TOO HOT TO HANDLE

I've read your report on the Heathkit AR-15 receiver (December 1967) and I'm sold. What tools do I need to build it?—Myron D. Davis, Chicago, Ill.

If you have to ask what you need to build a kit, we'd guess that you never have built one before. If this is true, we don't advise the AR-15 as your first do-it-yourself project. It's just too much for the beginner at kits. You might, of course, consider the factory-built version of the AR-15. Even at its wired price of \$499.50, it's still a top value as a stereo receiver. However, for the record, to build the AR-15 kit, you'd need a soldering iron (about 40-watt range), long-nose pliers, wire cutter/stripper, regular pliers, a few screw drivers, and a ruler. It also would help to have a No. 6 hex-nut driver, a small bench vise, and a pair of tweezers. You'll want a lot of work space, good lighting, and storage for lots of small parts and hardware.

In view of the changeover from separate stereo and mono records to stereo records which manufacturers claim can be played "on any mono phonograph with a modern lightweight pickup without damage to the modulated groove" (or to the diamond stylus?), I am trying to determine whether stereo records and/or the new "compatible" records can be played safely on my present equipment. Although my equipment is modern, it is not exactly new; I'm using a General Electric magnetic cartridge with a 1-mil diamond stylus which tracks at six grams pressure, but can be reduced to four grams. However, I realize that some of the new equipment does track at one gram or less, and this may be what the record manufacturers have in mind but do not specify lest they discourage sales. Your advice will be most welcome and appreciated.—R. B. Leavitt, Brooklyn, N. Y.

We doubt that your mono equipment, as described in your letter, can play stereo records for very long without causing them some damage. The 1-mil stylus probably will either skip out of the groove at some portion or—if it is forced to stay in the groove because of inordinately high tracking pressure—it probably will cause some groove

deterioration. You might try writing to GE and to the record companies making the claim—it would be interesting to learn what they have to say.

I recently had an experience, probably not unique, but one that I must relate. I took my tube receiver to a factory-authorized service station for repairs, although it was past the warranty period. Work was done on the set, but it continued to operate improperly. Subsequently I returned the unit twice, telling them that the repairs were unsatisfactory. When I retrieved the receiver the last time, I was told that nothing was wrong and perhaps all I needed was a better antenna. Finally, I took my receiver to the factory, where it was realigned—something the service station supposedly had done. I contacted the manager of the service station and when I suggested that a credit was in order, the gentleman in charge refused; if the equipment didn't function correctly, he said, I should bring it back.

After such treatment these people have certainly lost my future business and that of my friends.—Lawrence Alexander, New York, N. Y. Judging from other reports and letters received here, your experience is not unique. It is interesting—and hopeful—to note that the real repair on the set had to be handled at the factory. This does point up the fact that manufacturers of high fidelity products do repair them. But we find it dismal that competent service in the field, where it counts to the average consumer, is still hard to obtain.

I am under the impression that the higher the impedance, the more efficient the speaker and hence the less power required for the speaker; e.g., 16-ohm impedance speakers would require less power than a 4-ohm impedance AR 3 speaker system. I would appreciate clarification on these points.—C. F. Thumm, Jr., TLC, U.S. Army. There is no necessary relationship between speaker impedance and efficiency. For instance, the Bozak systems are rated for 8 ohms and the Hegemans for 16 ohms. Yet both are

low-efficiency speaker systems and, like the AR 3 or AR 3A, are recommended for use with amplifiers that supply at least 20 watts per channel.

Should I start using Scotch low-noise tape (or one of the other brands) on my Ampex F44, purchased four years ago? I have been using 111 tape.—Harris Woods, Jr., Denver, Colo.

Like most high-quality recorders made until fairly recently, the Ampex F44 was factory-adjusted for optimum response at 7½-ips speed with reference to Scotch 111 tape, which itself has long been regarded as the "standard" tape. Using one of the newer low-noise tapes (of any brand) on such a machine at 7½ ips may yield a bit more high-end response but probably along with a slight increase in high frequency distortion. On the other hand, the low-noise tape used at the slower speeds (3¾ and 1⅞ ips) will improve the high frequencies more audibly and with less chance of increasing the distortion at the same time.

Can I upgrade my six-year-old Glaser-Steers GS-77T changer by getting a newer type of cartridge like the Grado BCR or the Shure M 44-5? I need a new stylus anyway.—Joseph O'Neill, Cincinnati, Ohio.

We don't recommend it. Lab tests indicate that the GS-77T needs 3 grams or more stylus pressure. The cartridges you mention perform best below that pressure.

How can I apply the bi-amplification idea you wrote about in your April issue to my AR-3 speaker system?—Robert Taylor, Lincolnton, N.C.

You can't, and indeed you shouldn't. A sealed, acoustic suspension system such as the AR is designed to perform best "as is." The multi-amplification technique really applies to speaker systems in which the individual elements (woofer, tweeter, and so on) are designed for use interchangeably with other suitable elements and which, consequently, are typically "loaded" to the listening room by enclosure systems other than air suspension. AR, in fact, advises against multi-amplification for its speaker systems. If in doubt about any particular speaker, query its manufacturer.

What's so important about the fact that on some new high-priced record changers the spindle used for single-play rotates with the record?—Alfred Bersky, St. Louis, Mo.

Simply this: if the spindle does not rotate with the record it may, after several playings, enlarge the center hole of the record. This condition then can produce a slight eccentricity of rotation which you will hear as wow, a slow annoying wavering of musical pitch.

Make the intelligent switch to the newest idea in tape recording. The TDC33.

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proved stereophonic separation throughout the entire audio range.

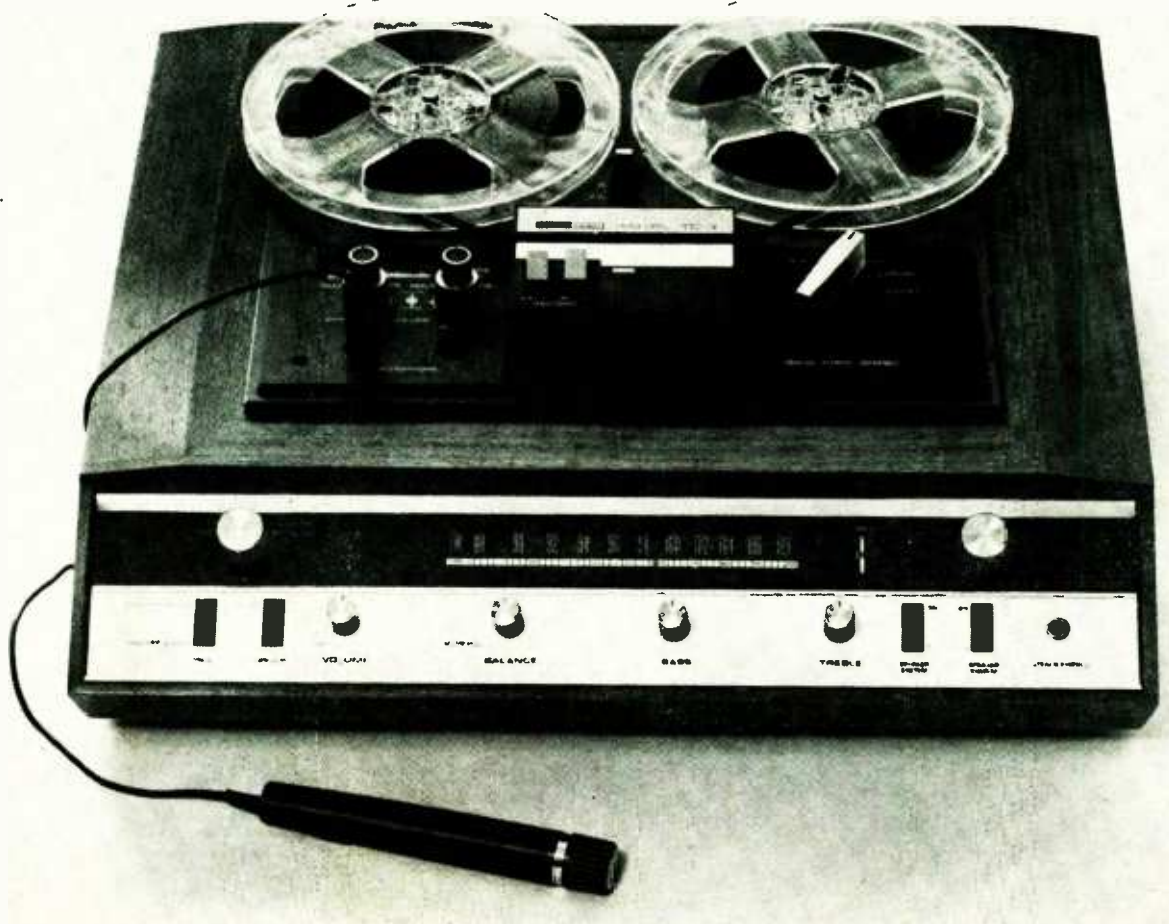
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CIRCLE 27 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

BY ROBERT ANGUS

VIDEO TOPICS

NEWELL COLOR VTR ON THE WAY

WHAT'S NEW IN VIDEO since our last report? We've gotten our first look at a color VTR in the \$1,000-\$1,500 price range; two new low-cost video recorders (black-and-white) have been brought out; and you can now buy a closed-circuit TV camera for as low as \$214.

To take the biggest news first, Arvin Industries has taken the wraps off the Newell "home" video tape recorder —though Arvin admits that the machine won't be on the market until late next year, at the earliest. Unlike most other low-cost recorders, this one uses a stationary head capable of recording up to ten tracks on a reel of half-inch video tape at a speed of 160 inches per second. The tape comes in a self-threading cartridge which looks something like an oversized (10-inch diameter) reel of recording tape. An automatic reversing mechanism changes tape direction at each end of the tape, and the recording head shifts automatically to the next track. What this means to the home recordist is that, allowing for an interruption of about one second every six minutes during recording and playback, the machine can record up to an hour on a fully loaded cartridge. (Another advantage of the Newell system is that it's possible to duplicate pre-recorded video tapes at high speed, just like audio tapes.) Arvin expects to price the recorder from \$1,000 to \$1,500, exclusive of camera and color monitor. The color we saw demonstrated was acceptable if not exactly "high fidelity." Arvin is recommending the use of DuPont's new Crolyn video tapes for best results.

For about the same money (\$1,485 to be exact), you can buy the Apeco black-and-white Tele-Tape system, which includes a camera, helical scan recorder, and monitor. Manufactured by Shibaden Corporation, the Apeco recorder uses half-inch video tape at a speed of 7½ ips. The recorder tapes pictures and sound separately, making it possible to change the sound track at any time. According to the company, tapes made on any Apeco recorder can be played back on any other Apeco (and on many other Shibaden machines as well).

A remote control is the newest feature to be incorporated into Concord VTRs. The new Model VTR-700 features a hand-size remote control panel which allows the user to play, record, start, stop, or rewind from virtually anywhere in the room. Thus the user can record himself conveniently without having to jump in and out of the picture to operate the recorder. The machine itself is a helical scan unit which records on half-inch video tapes at a speed of 12 ips. Concord says that tapes made on the Model 700 can be played on any other of its video recorders. Pictures and sound are recorded simultaneously.

Until recently, if you wanted a video camera either for use with a video recorder or as part of a closed-circuit television system, you had to spend at least \$300. Now there's a camera for \$214, and it's possible that others may break the \$300 barrier by the end of the year. The bargain camera is Olson Electronics' No. TV 132, a unit measuring 9½ by 5¾ by 3¾ inches with a claimed resolution of 500 lines and an output level of 1.5 volts peak-to-peak video. The camera connects conveniently to the antenna terminals of a conventional television set for closed-circuit use or can be plugged into your video tape recorder.

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8. Sony TC-8 Stereo 8-Track Cartridge Recorder.
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10. Sony 800 ServoControl AC/DC 3-Speed Executive Portable.
11. Sony 104-A Dual-Track Portable.
12. Sony 864 ServoControl 4-Track AC/DC Portable.
13. Sony 100 Easy-Matic AC/DC CassetteCorder.
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18. Sony 666-D Three Motor Auto-Reverse Stereo Tape Deck.
19. Sony 155 Stereo Tape Playback Deck.
20. Sony 530 Complete Stereo Music System.
21. Sony 355 Three-Head Stereo Tape Deck.
22. Sony 560 Auto-Reverse Complete Stereo Music System.

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CIRCLE 59 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

HIGH FIDELITY MAGAZINE



CBS INTRODUCES ULTRA LONG-PLAY DISC AND LOW-COST PLAYER

The 8 $\frac{1}{3}$ -rpm disc—first described in HF two years ago ("The Prospects In Audio," April 1966)—is now ready for the market. Developed by Dr. Peter Goldmark of CBS Laboratories, the record is only seven inches in diameter yet contains up to four hours of sound. Actually, Dr. Goldmark comments, the new speed isn't intended for music—it's designed for the recording of books and magazines for the blind. It's estimated that there are three to four million Americans who might benefit from a full-length novel or textbook that could be inscribed on as few as three discs.

Dr. Goldmark describes the records as covering the frequency range up to about 6,000 Hz—not really satisfactory for music reproduction but adequate for the spoken word. It is this restricted frequency range, he explains, that permits the cutting of microgrooves closer together than on the ordinary commercial disc and thus the increased playing time. Dr. Goldmark adds further that these records can be pressed much more economically than talking books can be duplicated on tape. At the moment, Columbia Records has no plans to take advantage of the new format; according to a company spokesman, "CBS Laboratories will press the records for a publisher who might be interested."

For playing the disc, Dr. Goldmark has developed a portable phonograph which, he says, may cost no more than \$25. Designed to eliminate the possibility of scratching records accidentally, the player has an arm



Player for 8 $\frac{1}{3}$ -rpm discs runs on batteries; has built-in speaker and scratch-proof arm and pickup.

that can be repositioned either manually or with a control knob. When a user exerts pressure on the top of the arm, the needle retracts automatically within the cartridge. Because the cartridge tracks at no more than three grams, there is said to be little danger of record damage if someone bumps the machine accidentally while it's playing.

The miniature phonograph is suitable for use almost anywhere, including the seat of a car. Powered by six 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ -volt "D" batteries, it measures 4 by 8 $\frac{3}{8}$ inches. A unique feature is the lid, which acts something like a bookmark: if you close the lid while a record is playing, the machine stops and the needle stays in the groove, resuming play when you reopen the lid.

CASSETTE VS. ENDLESS-LOOP IN BATTLE OF THE DASH

At one time, the battle for supremacy of under-the-dashboard tape systems was waged by proponents of two endless-loop cartridge systems, loosely identified as four-track and eight-track. The battle is still on—but the Philips twin-hub cassette has replaced the four-track endless-loop cartridge as a major contender.

On the basis of the products shown at a recent exposition of the Automotive Accessories Manufacturers of America, apparently eight-track is the current favorite. These models outnumbered the new four-track models, the cassette auto recorders and/or players, and the car players that can handle either four- or eight-track cartridges.

Many auto supply dealers point out two major handicaps to the use of cassettes in cars: you have to turn them over every fifteen minutes or so; and unlike the endless-loop types, they don't pop out of the player at the touch of a button. To meet these drawbacks,

several cassette car-player makers have new models that do eject cassettes at the touch of a button, and one—Aiwa—has an automatic cassette changer.

At the same time, Cadillac became the last of the American car manufacturers to offer an eight-track player either as an optional extra or for installation by dealers; and Ford denied published reports that its 1969 models would include cassette players. Whatever the merits of cassettes or four-track, it seems that Detroit still is lined up solidly behind "Stereo 8."

NEW JAPANESE FIRMS IN HI-FI MARKET

Most people know that in recent years Japanese manufacturers have been turning out some top-quality components. The newest firm to enter the high end of the American audio field, Victor Company of Japan, plans to introduce an all-silicon preamp and a matching stereo power amplifier, each priced at \$599.95. In addition to these de luxe items, the Victor line—to be sold in the United States under the JVC label—will also

Continued on page 34

A new Angel Record is the sum of the creative efforts of many individuals. Orchestra, soloists and engineers must be scheduled many months in advance, and are frequently brought together over great distances to make the recording. Engineering at the recording session and during the transfer from tape to disc requires great care and precision. Each stage of the process, and the way in which it is carried out, influences the musical values in the recording finally released.



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Suggested retail prices of AR components shown: AR amplifier, \$225; AR turntable, \$78; AR-3a speaker systems, \$225-\$250, depending on cabinet finish.

**ACOUSTIC RESEARCH, INC., 24 Thorndike St., Cambridge, Mass. 02141
CIRCLE 1 ON READER-SERVICE CARD**

NEWS & VIEWS

Continued from page 32

include a low-priced FM/AM stereo tuner and matching 44-watt complete amplifier, for \$89.95 each, and a 66-watt FM/AM stereo receiver at \$199.95. Rounding out the JVC component line are three bookshelf speaker systems: a two-way (3½-inch tweeter and 10-inch woofer) model priced at \$69.95; and two less ambitious models, costing \$39.95 and \$19.95 respectively.

The next big tape innovation from Japan is expected to be a player that not only changes cassettes automatically but reverses itself and plays both tracks of each cassette before changing. The Staar system has been licensed to no fewer than eleven Japanese manufacturers, with more expected to join the list as the year rolls on.

Actually, the Staar changer is not a Japanese invention but the brain child of Dr. Theo Staar of Belgium. Developed originally to make cassettes more practical for automobile use by obviating the need to flip over the cassette at the end of each track, the tape reverses direction and a second record/playback head takes over the playback function automatically. As the changer finishes playing the second track in each cassette, it ejects the cassette and a new one falls into place. According to experts who have seen the system in operation, the number of cassettes that can be stacked is limited only by the physical shape taken up by the changer itself—though the first home models will be limited to no more than ten. The first Staar changer has already made an appearance in the United States under the Aiwa banner. Distributed by Selectron Corporation, the Aiwa auto recorder sells for \$119.95.

CIRCLE 144 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

PROPOSES FM IN ALL SETS

A bill to require all radio receivers to be capable of FM reception has been introduced in Congress by Rep. Alvin E. O'Konski (R.-Wis.). Rep. Konski, a former owner of FM stations, believes that the medium would gain greater public acceptance if tuner and receiver manufacturers were required to include FM on AM models, as TV manufacturers are required to include both VHF and UHF channels on new TV sets. According to the Electronic Industries Association, better than one third of all home radios, tuners, and receivers sold in the U.S. last year were capable of receiving FM.

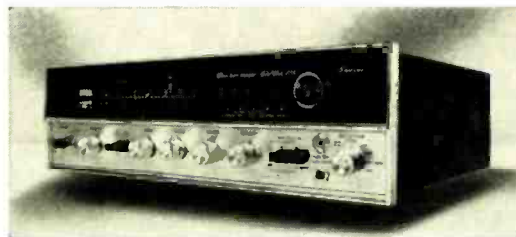
ELPA FILLING IN FOR REVOX

When Elpa Marketing Industries, Inc. announced a few months ago that it was no longer importing the Revox tape recorder from Switzerland, Revox owners began wondering who would fix their machines in case of trouble. Elpa president E. L. Childs offers assurance that his company will continue to service Revox machines until the Swiss manufacturer sets up its own sales and service facilities in the United States, expected to be later this year.

Elpa warranties on Revox recorders will be honored until they expire, Mr. Childs says. In addition, factory-authorized service stations will make minor repairs on out-of-warranty recorders at their normal rates. For serious repairs, Childs recommends shipping the recorder back to Elpa (Atlantic & Thorens Ave., New Hyde Park, N.Y. 11040), where his company will make the necessary adjustments at commercial service rates. But get a shipping authorization first.

CIRCLE 145 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

EQUIPMENT *in the* NEWS



ANOTHER ONE FROM SANSUI

Recently unveiled by Sansui is the model 5000 AM/stereo FM receiver, boasting 75 watts per channel of continuous power. The FM section, rated at a sensitivity of 1.8 microvolts, utilizes FETs and four integrated circuits. Its features include a multiplex separation control, a switch that blocks out mono reception so that only stereo broadcasts come through, 300- or 75-ohm antenna inputs, and a blackout dial. The amplifier has selectable outputs for three pairs of stereo speakers, monitoring facilities for two stereo tape recorders, front-panel tape and headphone jacks, and a damping factor control. The model 5000 is priced at \$449.95.

CIRCLE 146 ON READER-SERVICE CARD



THREE-HEAD TAPE DECK FROM ROBERTS

Add Roberts Electronics' Model 450 to the growing number of three-head tape decks priced at about \$200. The 450, according to the manufacturer, is a solid-state two-speed (3¾ and 7½ ips) tape deck mounted in a grained wood cabinet. It can be operated either horizontally or vertically. Features include separate record and play heads, which permit sound-with-sound recording or off-the-tape monitoring; built-in tape cleaner, equalization switch, three-digit counter, two VU meters, pause control, automatic stop, and tape or source monitor. Also included is a padded dust cover.

CIRCLE 147 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

Continued on page 38

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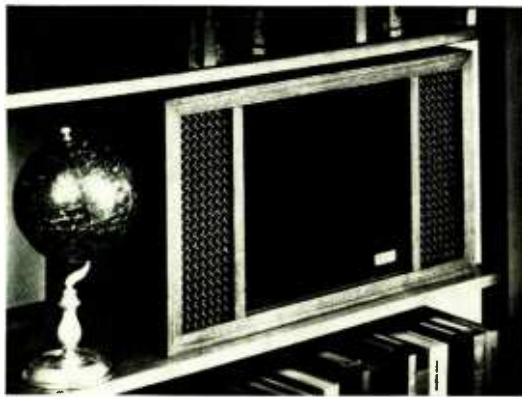


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CIRCLE 52 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

Continued from page 34

FIVE NEW SPEAKERS FROM JENSEN

There are five new Jensen loudspeaker systems, ranging from the four-speaker three-way bookshelf model (TF-3B) to the PR-400A, a three-speaker three-way custom console. The former, available in lustrous walnut for \$122, or in unfinished walnut for \$109, includes a duct-loaded woofer, two direct radiator midrange reproducers, and a dome tweeter. Power rating is 25 watts. The TF-44 is a five-speaker slim-line model (8¾ inches deep) containing woofer, direct radiator midrange unit, twin direct radiator tweeters, and a dome ultratweeter. In oiled walnut, the unit is \$142; unfinished, it sells for \$122. Power handling capacity is 25 watts. The PR-300A is a high-boy/low-boy system containing a 12-inch woofer, midrange, and ultratweeter in a Mediterranean-styled walnut cabinet. Selling for \$237, it has midrange and high frequency controls mounted on the rear of the cabinet. Another bookshelf model, the PR-200A, also features Mediterranean styling in its walnut cabinet. It contains a woofer and direct radiating dome midrange and separate tweeter. Power rating is 35 watts, and the PR-200A is available for \$189. The PR-400A, at \$335, is a console containing a 15-inch woofer, midrange and ultratweeter, with crossover points at 1,000 and 5,000 Hz. Available in hand-rubbed walnut, the system has a power handling capacity of 40 watts.

CIRCLE 148 ON READER-SERVICE CARD



ADC RECEIVER HAS PUSH-BUTTONS

The ADC 1000 solid-state receiver features five push-buttons for tuning in five preselected (by the owner) FM stations. The set also may be manually tuned across the band. Its amplifier section is rated for 100 watts (music power) output. A full complement of controls and signal input and output facilities is included. List price: \$379.95.

CIRCLE 149 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

NEW UNIT RECORDS 4- AND 8-TRACK

For cartridge owners who want to record their own, Kinematix has announced a unit that records and plays back both four- and eight-track endless-loop cartridges. The KX 4-8 is similar in size to a conventional cartridge player (6¾ inches by 9½ inches by 3½ inches), sells for \$149.95, and features a VU-type recording meter. Although it's not the first four- or eight-track recorder (Muntz Stereopak has announced a four-track model, while Roberts Electronics has announced reel-to-reel tape recorders with auxiliary eight-track recording capability), it is the first machine to accommodate both types of cartridge.

CIRCLE 150 ON READER-SERVICE CARD



ADC OFFERS NEW ELLIPTICAL PICKUP

An optimum tracking force of 1½ grams is recommended for the newest Audio Dynamics Corporation stereo cartridge, the ADC 550/E. The \$49.50 pickup features an elliptical diamond tip with a lateral radius of 0.7 mils and a contact radius of 0.3 mils, and has a tracking force range of ¾ gram to 2½ grams. According to the manufacturer, the induced magnet pickup has a vertical tracking angle of 15 degrees, a compliance of 28×10^{-6} cm/dyne, a frequency response of 10-20,000 Hz, ± 3 dB and channel separation of 20 dB from 50-8,000 Hz. Sensitivity is rated at 5 mv at 5.5 cm/sec recorded velocity.

CIRCLE 151 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

JBL ANNOUNCES THREE SPEAKERS

Three new models from James B. Lansing Sound include the high-style Caprice system in rosewood; the L88 Nova, a compact model in oiled walnut; and the LE12C composite transducer. Based on JBL's cube patio speakers, the Caprice consists of two cubes mounted side by side on a tiltable, rotatable pedestal. One chrome-faced cube contains a JBL LE8T 8-inch full-range loudspeaker, while the other contains a JBL PR8 passive radiator. Price: \$174. The Nova houses a 12-inch woofer, 3-inch edge-wound copper voice coil and 6-pound magnetic assembly, and an LE20-1 high frequency transducer; at \$180, the system includes a precision frequency-dividing network. The LE12C is a 12-inch woofer surrounding a phased piston-type direct radiator, plus a JBL frequency-dividing network mounted directly on the speaker frame; selling for \$108, it is designed for use in any cabinet of 2.5 cubic feet or greater interior volume.

CIRCLE 152 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

Our competition builds some pretty good stereo receivers.

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Let's not kid around. At 700 bucks plus tax, a Marantz Model 18 Receiver isn't for everyone.

But, if you'd like to own the best solid-state stereo-
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CIRCLE 37 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

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CIRCLE 32 ON READER SERVICE CARD



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CIRCLE 32 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

By Herbert Russcol

CAN THE NEGRO OVERCOME THE CLASSICAL MUSIC ESTABLISHMENT

LAST APRIL, a single shot by an assassin sent a shock wave across America. With the death of Martin Luther King, the race issue took on a new urgency. For the first time many whites became deeply aware of how racist we really are—including those who scoffed at the Presidential Commission's description of us as "a nation of white racists." Men of good will felt not only grief, but guilt.

The music world too must bear its share of guilt. With the exception of a few stars like Andre Watts and Leontyne Price

—and, of course, the field of jazz and popular entertainment—music has been a whites-only stronghold. True, there's been plenty of lip service paid to equal opportunity for Negroes in concert music ("The doors are wide open today" was the pious phrase I heard again and again, when I was preparing this article) but the fact is that discrimination—covert or open—still operates against the hiring of Negroes for symphonic ensembles.

Among the most prestigious orchestras in the United States there is one Negro in the New York Philharmonic, one with the Cleveland Orchestra, and three with the Pittsburgh Symphony. Stokowski's American Symphony Orchestra has eight. That's it, dear music lovers. The rest of your most vaunted symphony orchestras might as well be located in South Africa.

Why? "An unfortunate shortage of qualified Negro players," I was told by a number of managers. "We have scoured the country," states Howard Harrington, manager of the Detroit Symphony. Peter Pastreich of the St. Louis Symphony says, "We're dying to get our hands on a Negro." Apparently the Boston Symphony is too—at least it has asked Benjamin Steinberg, director of the Negro-training Symphony of the New World (thirty-eight of its ninety players are colored), to be on the lookout for a Negro percussionist.

In one sense, of course, a shortage does exist—

Mr. Russcol, whose "The Festival Fad" ran last month, has been a member of several major American symphony orchestras. He made a startling personal discovery, while researching the present article, during an interview with conductor Joseph Eger: the latter replaced him as second French horn with the Israel Philharmonic in 1950.



until recently orchestras did not even deny being white-only, and even men-only. "It takes fifteen years to develop a classical musician," says recently appointed New Jersey Symphony conductor Henry Lewis, the first Negro permanent director of a major American orchestra: "how many young Negroes saw a future in classical music fifteen years ago?" Leonard Bernstein also seizes on this point: "The problem is getting the Negro musician trained. And there is an enormous prerequisite to this. First, the greatest good would

come from removing from Negro musicians' psyches the stigma which makes them turn away from serious study. This is a social, not a musical problem." And the Ford Foundation's Douglas G. Pugh, author of a study on the Negro musician, adds, "The chance to play with a major orchestra depends on what kind of experience players get in the minor league." (The Ford Foundation, by the way, withholds its considerable orchestral grants from any ensembles that have discriminatory hiring practices.) But the situation in the minor league was, until recently, dismal. A typical comment came from the Cincinnati Symphony: "No Negro player has ever applied here."

Now, there are a few Negroes who appear intermittently, at least, and managers seem to be bidding for them. Milwaukee lost its sole Negro, the first horn player, to Denver, which also has two black bassists. Buffalo has had a Negro cellist and bassist, but is all-white now; Louisville lost its Negro cellist to graduate school; Kansas City lost its sole Negro. But Indiana hired its first Negro, a violinist, last season; Washington's National Symphony now has a Negro harpist; and Nashville—which has had a colored bassist for several years—added a Negro contrabassoonist and a violinist last season. Even Birmingham, Alabama, has five Negroes; Richmond, Virginia, seven ("St. Louis tried to sneak one away from us," said a staffer, referring to contrabassoonist George Ross, "but he decided to stay."); and North Carolina has had a Negro timpanist for two seasons. If the Minneapolis Symphony must content itself with an Indian, he, in the words of one apologetic administrator, at least "is sometimes mistaken for a Negro." However, Minneapolis manager Richard

Cisek has been asked by a major foundation to "explore possible means of remedying" the general lack of Negro representation in American symphonies.

The theory of an "unfortunate shortage of Negro players" is emphatically denied by some sources close to the scene. Benjamin Steinberg, for instance, says, "It's hard to believe, when we can put thirty-eight Negroes on stage—and look at their credentials, listen to them play—that more Negroes shouldn't be playing in the smaller orchestras."

Conductor Joseph Eger, who organized the Harlem Music Project, takes a similar position: "There's nothing easier than listening to a Negro in a half-hour audition, and then saying he wasn't good enough. Who can prove otherwise?"

Conductors officially deny any prejudice on their part ("Only artistry matters," says Eugene Ormandy), but off the record some of them will admit that there is still race bias, if generally of a covert nature. "Sure Lenny Bernstein can have one, and I hear he's eager to find another," I was told. "But he's Bernstein. If I did that, I'd be looking for another podium next year." Another conductor exposed his feelings, also very much not for quotation, about the headaches of dealing with Negroes who have been hired. "Those Negroes who make it are often neurotic, and hard to get along with. They have chips on their shoulders, and God help you if they think they're being persecuted." He spoke of another orchestra, where, he claimed, conductor X "suffered" from the truculence of his Negro musician. "Can X fire him? Hell no. There would be an outcry of white racism, and they'd probably burn down the orchestra's hall."

One manager spoke frankly of the day-to-day problems he anticipated if he hired a Negro member. Tours through the South would probably be out, he thought, or tortuous. "Of course, we don't have a no-Negro policy. But Mr. X on the board, who gave \$75,000 last year, will sign over his dough to a hospital if we take Negroes."

These comments all came from the North; the South obviously has a much better record.

What do Negro musicians have to say about the paucity of Negroes auditioning for symphony positions? "Twenty years ago," says violinist Sanford Allen, the sole Negro in the New York Philharmonic, "Negro children did not see Negroes in major symphony orchestras. As a result, there was little incentive to study symphonic instruments, since there was no visible outlet for any talents thus developed." Mr. Allen adds, "The first time I tried out for the Philharmonic, Mr. Bernstein told me to get a couple of years' experience in a smaller orchestra. That's a laugh. At that time, even the help-wanted ads in Washington, D.C., were segregated. And move with my family to Louisville, Kentucky? I was better off scrounging for work around New York."

But he did try once. "Some years ago I was rejected by a Midwestern orchestra, ostensibly for musical reasons—which I found acceptable. But I was then led into a private office where the additional and, I felt, wholly irrelevant statement was made that

the fact that I was a Negro had nothing whatever to do with my not being hired."

Consider also the case of Negro flutist Harold Jones, who, after auditioning successfully before the conductor of the St. Louis Symphony and settling on a salary with that orchestra's manager, was asked to appear for an extra audition before a "select group of musicians" in order to prove, one of his colleagues said, "that he was a good enough Negro to get the job." Jones refused to comply. In fairness, it must be stated that manager Pastreich insists that Jones's experience was a "regrettable, complete misunderstanding"—which it very well may have been.

LET'S TAKE A little trip. Lincoln Center, a stone's throw from Harlem, is a lovely sight at eight in the evening. The fountain splashes before the handsome white buildings, and next door is the rising splendor of the new \$20,000,000 home of the Juilliard School of Music. Men and women with an air of affluence and well-being stroll about. Inside, the musicians are wearing tails and white ties, a symbol of dedication to the art of music. It's all very pleasant.

Crouching north and east of Lincoln Center are a million Negroes. Hardly a white man dares walk alone here at night, and out-of-town visitors looking for Philharmonic Hall who get off at the wrong subway stop find themselves in a terrifying world.

But at Lincoln Center you are not aware of the swarming nearby ghetto of Harlem. Negroes—over fifteen per cent of New York's population—rarely go to concerts. It's easy at Lincoln Center to be persuaded that all's well with the world, even for Negroes. After all, as we know, the Philharmonic has one Negro violinist now; at the Met this season, Grace Bumbry sang *Carmen* and Martina Arroyo, another Negro, sang *Elsa* in *Lohengrin*, the first of her race ever to do so. Things are changing. What more do they want?

Plenty.

No one could deny the talent is there. As Martin Luther King put it, "You let us into baseball, we send in Jackie Robinson. You let us into opera, we send in Leontyne Price." Benjamin Steinberg says flatly, "Harlem is seething with musical talent." In fact the only significant American contribution to music has been Negro spirituals, Negro blues, Negro jazz—and there are more than 20,000,000 Negroes in this country. They want in. Sanford Allen points out: "It's more than six years since I was hired. Where are the others? Only a small percentage of the symphony orchestras in this country are integrated, and the causes are being eradicated at an agonizingly slow pace. I'm still the only black in the 'Big Three' orchestras."

George Szell, during the Fifties, auditioned Negro cellist Donald White and decided to hire him. The musicians themselves objected—not, you understand, because they were bigots, but because White, being black, could not become a member of their segregated union. Szell insisted, with the result that not only did

At right, Dean Dixon, who "kicked himself out" of the U. S. to make a career abroad; he's now General Director of the Frankfurt Opera. Far right, Henry Lewis, conductor of the New Jersey Symphony. Below, Sanford Allen, sole Negro in the New York Philharmonic and co-founder of the Harlem Music Project; this photo, with pupils and project director Joseph Eger, was taken about two years ago, when hopes for the undertaking were high.



White get the job (he's still there), but the union was forced to integrate. (An interesting footnote to the Szell episode: Negroes themselves sometimes resist integration in music. At about the same time as the Cleveland incident, conductor Eger, then working on the West Coast, tried to amalgamate the segregated Los Angeles Musicians Union. He was fought tooth and nail by the officials of the Negro local. He won.)

Henry Lewis is one musician who takes a rather mellow, even optimistic view. "The orchestras today are bending over backwards to get Negro players. In fact, if a Negro oboist and a white oboist audition for the same opening, the Negro has an edge on the job—things being as they are. More and more Negroes must audition for symphony jobs. The more Negroes who show up, the harder it will be for managers to find excuses to say 'No.'"

Lewis is very proud of what he has accomplished, and he has every right to be. At sixteen he was the youngest member of the Los Angeles Philharmonic, playing double bass. (A salute to Maestro Alfred Wallenstein here—this was back in 1948.) "My parents beat me up when I said I wanted to be a symphony musician," Lewis recalls. "'Whitey won't let you,' they told me. 'Forget it.' I had to leave home. It was an uphill struggle all the way, and I made it on my own. Of course, it takes guts—but it takes guts for a white man to make it in concert music, too. You've got to be utterly determined. But I never had a chip on my shoulder, and I don't now."

Lewis' words would hearten those whites who be-

lieve in the bootstrap theory, who think the trouble with Negroes is that they never help themselves to rise out of their ghettos, as did earlier minority groups. Since Lewis' engagement, three more Negro conductors are in the news, on a more modest scale. George Frazier has been announced as guest conductor for the Beethoven Ninth with the Detroit Symphony, and George Byrd has been selected as one of the assistant conductors of the American Ballet Theatre. Byrd has been conducting in Europe for the last fifteen years (nothing was open for him here), came back for a visit, and heard about the opening entirely by chance. "The one sure thing is that I have a job now that I certainly would not have gotten in 1951," he observes dryly.

Then this May came the vastly encouraging news that the all-white Dallas Symphony (it once had a black violist, but he left for Europe) had appointed Negro Paul Freeman as an associate conductor. "Race did not feature in this decision," says music director Donald Johanos. "Dr. Freeman [he has a Ph.D from the Eastman School of Music, 1963] was picked after a six-month survey of twenty-four candidates." Freeman's first conducting position was in a Rochester, New York, synagogue as head of Rochester's Hillel Little Symphony. "I also led a ladies' chorus that sang Hebrew music," he told me, "although I didn't speak Hebrew myself." As for his present appointment, he commented, "Dallas has made great strides in recent years . . . the social climate has changed in Texas."

He got his first big break on the national scene

when he won a second prize in last year's Dimitri Mitropoulos conducting competition. As a result he has been invited to conduct a performance of *Tristan und Isolde* this month at Spoleto. Two months after he won his prize he substituted for the late André Cluytens in three subscription concerts with the San Francisco Symphony. Since then he has led the orchestras of Atlanta, New Orleans, Oklahoma City, Minneapolis, and Baltimore.

Has Paul Freeman faced discrimination in his own career? "On the contrary. I showed up at a time when everyone was anxious to help. I got a Fulbright, and in Europe the State Department did everything it could to assist me in getting engagements. But I'd like to point out, you get one break because of your color—after that, you're on your own."

From this rather sunny uplift we turn to Europe, where a remarkable colony of "Afro-American musicians" live and work. They have only a horselaugh for the cheery notion that "it's all changing." Negro artists are scattered in Rome, Paris, Zurich—and all over Germany's music centers. Why Germany? Another fine irony: Hitler slaughtered most of the Jewish musicians, there are thus plenty of openings, and they are being filled by another "inferior race," the Negroes.

The most noted of these expatriates is the conductor Dean Dixon, now General Director of the Frankfurt Opera. Dixon's name is revered by every Negro child who loves concert music. He left America for good in 1948, fed up with all the obstacles he ran into as a Negro musician. The doors were closed to him then for a permanent post, and are probably still closed. Even in Europe, Dixon had to overcome what he calls "prejudice against a black man in tails leading a hundred white musicians through a symphony." Would he come back to America today? According to Ernest Dunbar's *The Black Expatriates—A Study of American Negroes in Exile* (Dutton, \$5.00), Dixon's attitude is "No no no no no. I kicked myself out of America, and even if I didn't nobody was interested in helping me. Because helping a Negro in my field, a field which requires a certain intellectual background, which requires a leadership ability, goes against what America says we Negroes don't possess."

But on the other hand, you talk to Negro musicians in New York, and hear, "Baloney. Dean was a hot-head. Sure he's talented, but he'd have a tough time if he were as white as Lenny Bernstein. Everett Lee was ahead of his time. The girls? [Negro divas, in particular, have been successful abroad.] They love being in Europe. Being Negro enhances being a woman over there. The white boys fall over them. There's no stigma, they're glamorous. And some of them really don't sing well enough to make it in New York—over there they are exotic, which attracts audiences. And some of those European managers enjoy hiring Negroes—it proves how liberal they are and they can knock America by doing it."

Dixon was permanent conductor of the Göteborg Symphony in Sweden before his recent Frankfurt appointment. Everett Lee is another Negro con-

ductor who settled successfully in Sweden after an abject time in America; he now heads the Norrköpings Symphony there. Twenty years ago, Lee tried to form an interracial "Cosmopolitan Little Symphony" in New York. It was to be a training orchestra for talented Negro musicians, who otherwise had no place to get orchestra experience. (This is what Benjamin Steinberg and Joseph Eger are doing today.) "I pleaded with Negroes who were overcome with defeatism," said Lee in a *New York Times* interview. "I pleaded with them to come in with me and keep practicing for that Big Day. It was no use. They were all too skeptical, the odds were too long. Some of them went into jazz, some of them are washing cars today." Lee even had trouble getting a place to rehearse—in Harlem. "I found an organization in Harlem that had a hall where we could rehearse. First they let us in, then they refused, saying, 'You told us this was an all-Negro orchestra.'"

MARTIN LUTHER KING used to say "Learn Baby Learn" is far better than "Burn Baby Burn." The key to helping the Negro is to train him. In Detroit, Ford pulls hard-core Negroes off the streets of the ghettos, waives all written tests, and puts them to work in factories. In New York, crash programs prepare Negro teachers to become high school principals. The same approach could be used in the music profession. You only have to start earlier.

Henry Lewis believes that education is all-important and that the crucial age is fourteen to sixteen. "That's when the Negro boy drops out to support himself, or to help his family. That's the age when he drops his big dream about being a concert musician." "We must be made to feel that we are wanted, that there is a chance," says Sanford Allen.

What is being done to help the talented young Negro get a scholarship to a music school, or lessons with a good teacher? Very little, on an organized scale, from what I could find out. The Ford Foundation, I was told, has no program of music education for Negroes. The Juilliard School replied that there was no special program of aid, and they had "no idea how many Negroes attended Juilliard"—which in any case would have been illegal for them to know, since New York State prohibits such institutions from keeping records by race. The New England Conservatory of Music stated that they had no program to aid Negroes, were aware of none in Boston, and that they "estimated"—racially classified records would be illegal in Massachusetts too—that they had some thirty Negroes enrolled out of more than five hundred students.

I have heard of no special training venture on the West Coast either, but the Chicago Symphony Orchestra does maintain a first-rate training orchestra, which has several Negroes enrolled. This admirable scheme seems to be unique in America, sponsored and run by the Chicago orchestra itself, with

its own endowment program. St. Louis has a bustling community orchestra, and is doing much to teach Negroes, with aid from "Title Three" Federal funds.

In Harlem, singer Dorothy Maynor directs a School of the Arts "from the age of three, until the artist is ready to walk out onto a concert stage." Special attention is devoted to string players; famous violin teacher Ivan Galamian organized their instruction program. The remarkable Japanese Suzuki method is used, and Shinichi Suzuki himself donated a scholarship to the project. Miss Maynor is very happy and very excited about her school, which has received help from the New York State Council of the Arts and from "good friends."

The case of the Harlem Music Project, started by Joseph Eger and Sanford Allen, is less cheerful. It is appalling.

Eger and Allen wanted to do something on an ambitious scale. Their project was designed to provide a community orchestra for Harlem (with white players as well), a training orchestra for young players, with special emphasis on string training for young kids.

"Fifty years ago the ghettos of Russia provided the great pool of violinists," Eger says. "Jews there were denied most work opportunities, music was one of the few fields open to them. Today the Negro ghettos in America can and will provide our gifted violinists. We have 1,400 orchestras crying for string players in America, and for the Negro this is a golden opportunity." He continues, "But we're not doing *them* a favor, we *need* them in our orchestras."

Eger put in two years, serving without pay, on the Harlem Project. He gave up recording dates when he had a rehearsal, made endless trips to Washington, collected enthusiastic letters from Governor Rockefeller's office and Mayor Lindsay's. He had an impressive board of directors: Bernstein, Lillian Hellman, all the right names. But he didn't get money. To be accurate, he received \$1,000, then another \$5,000, and that was it.

"With all the millions being poured frantically into Harlem, we didn't get proper funding," Eger says. "The politicians only want to help projects that keep the lid on. Teaching Negroes to play the violin didn't seem to fit this category." Eger was also faced with the cynicism of teen-age toughs when he came around and offered to teach them to play musical instruments: "Whitey just wants us to keep quiet, not to raise hell—now he hands us a fiddle."

According to Eger, the Juilliard School of Music and Columbia's Teachers' College, both neighbors of Harlem, declined to help, although every individual teacher he approached to teach in Harlem accepted. "They were all wonderful. Not one said, 'How much will I be paid?'" Eger also speaks of the glowing rewards of the concerts given by his orchestra, when he used Negro soloists such as Allen; Negro fathers would lead their neatly dressed children backstage after a concert and ask, "How can my boy learn to play the violin?"

Today, Joseph Eger has to leave the project. He's just been signed by the Sol Hurok office, and has to think of his own career. No one, black or white, has offered to replace him in leading the Harlem Music Project.

The experience of Benjamin Steinberg's Symphony of the New World is more heartening. Steinberg was a first violinist with the NBC Symphony under Toscanini. He is another musician who has plunged time and energy into helping Negroes in music. ("I'm not a white liberal," he says, "I'm a white radical.") Well-known white players such as Mike Gussakoff, Harry Glickman, Bernard Portnoi teach and sit on the first chairs—for token payment. Steinberg got \$25,000 from the National Foundation of the Arts, \$5,000 from the Martha Baird Rockefeller Foundation. "We need more," he says. "A lot more."

The secret of Steinberg's success seems to be twofold. He was astute enough to engage a Negro personnel manager; the second reason, as stated by a Negro social worker is, "We do love him. This is the only organization I support that is headed by a white man."

The Symphony of the New World he considers "a farm team" to train young players for professional orchestras. "I have some very gifted musicians. And come up to Harlem with me, listen in at public schools, where a well-meaning music supervisor is trying to teach violin, trombone, glee club, and clarinet, sometimes all together. You see a young child, just the way he moves his right hand on the fiddle, you know there is a born violinist there."

Steinberg has already placed a few of his players in professional orchestras. Among this year's supply are Syracuse's solo cellist, Baltimore's associate first trumpet, and both the solo violist and solo flutist of the American Symphony Orchestra. He has new problems these days. Some of his players now resent playing with whites, want black music power, an all-black orchestra. "I'll help them get started," Steinberg says. "I'll be happy to."

Solid music-training programs and financial help for talented Negroes are needed throughout the country. Dorothy Maynor needs aid, Steinberg's Orchestra of the New World needs more friends, Eger's Harlem Music Project is still waiting for someone to take over. Negro youngsters have to be encouraged to participate in—have even to be made aware of—such projects. And more projects are needed. It's easy enough to say, "Where are the foundations, the educators?" But the conservatories, orchestras, philanthropies are doing little or nothing to get these kids onto a serious-music track. Neither is the government. Any accomplishment seems to lie in the activities of concerned individuals of good will. If we as Americans are too selfish of our time, energy, and money to help young Negroes, at least we as serious music lovers should be selfish *enough* to help tap the musical resources of the black community. We *do* need them more than they need us.

By I. L. Grozny

HOW
TO
CHOOSE
A

TAPE RECORDER

THE PERFECT TAPE RECORDER, like the perfect woman, is an unattainable goal. Tape, to continue the simile, plays an infinite number of roles, which make different and often mutually exclusive demands. Nonetheless, you can find a tape machine that comes near to being ideal for you.

To begin with, decide on the basic type: recorder, deck, or transport. A complete tape system has many parts: a transport to move the tape from one reel to the other; heads to erase old signals and to record and play back new ones; recording electronics to feed the proper signals to the recording heads; playback electronics to preamplify and equalize the signal from the playback head; power amplifiers to further amplify this signal; and speakers.

But you may find that you do not need a complete tape system. If your sole interest is in playing prerecorded tapes and if your audio system's preamplifier, amplifier, or receiver has a tape head input, then a transport and playback head without electronics (such as the Viking 807) will serve your purpose. But if your system lacks a tape head input, or if the input's impedance and equalization don't match the playback head of the transport you had in mind, or if your system doesn't have separate playback equalization for 7½- and 3¾-ips (inches per second) tape speeds, you will need a transport with its own playback electronics. You can buy such a setup either as a playback-only deck (Sony's 155, for example) or as a separate transport and playback preamplifier (Viking).

The difference in cost between a playback-only machine and one that can also record is not very great, however; and the variety of uses you will find for the latter (including taping music off the air) will probably recommend its purchase.

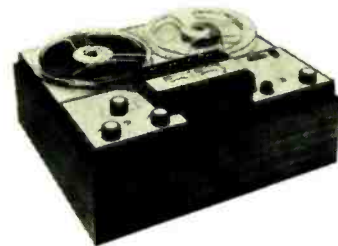
Mr. Grozny, a free-lance writer whose specialty is tape recording, has turned a portion of his home into a recording studio where he also functions as a part-time custom recording engineer. His previous article in these pages, "Studio Tricks for Amateur Tapesters," ran last May.

If you don't already have an amplifier and speaker system or if you'll often be playing your tapes where you can't count on finding one, you'll want a complete recorder. Such a machine usually costs up to \$100 more than an equivalent deck, thanks to its built-in amplifier and speakers. The sound of these appendages is, naturally, no match for what you'd hear from the equivalent deck playing through a quality component system. Nonetheless, many recorders have fairly respectable amplifiers (5 to 10 watts per channel) and speakers that sound reasonably good. You could actually make such a recorder the nucleus of a modest sound system, adding a receiver or a tuner (and perhaps a turntable, if yours is one of the few recorders with a phono input) and using, with either setup, the tape recorder's own amplifier and speakers. One Ampex recorder, in fact, comes with a built-in receiver. Even for the owner of a full-fledged stereo system, a complete tape recorder is handy in case your main amplifier is in the repair shop or you're reinstalling your system.

Battery-powered portables, obviously, are a necessity if you'll be recording or listening outdoors or in other places where plugging into power lines is difficult or impossible.

But these machines have their limitations: good speed regulation and fidelity of sound come fairly high-priced in a battery portable. With one or two exceptions (such as the Concertone 770), portables won't accept standard seven-inch reels—which rules out playback of commercially recorded tapes as well as most of those your friends make. Limited reel capacity also means limited recording time, unless you use thinner tape (with more chance of stretch or print-through) or record at lower speeds (with correspondingly lower fidelity).

Most of the better miniature ultra-portables don't accept open reels at all but use twin-hub cassettes. Cassettes are a cinch to reload quickly, even in high winds or under other adverse conditions. They're compact, convenient, and offer very good fidelity



Left, Concord 776-D has automatic reverse for recording and playback; center, Telefunken Magnetophon 203, two-speed deck, one monitor speaker; right, Martel's Uher 7000D two-speed deck.

for speech (though only fair for music). What's more, the hundreds of commercially recorded albums available on cassettes let you take your favorite music with you anywhere, and there are also AC-operated stereo versions for home use.

If you have a continuous-loop cartridge tape player in your car, consider one for your home too. You'll thus get double duty from your cartridges. You can even record your own cartridges at home, with Sony's cartridge deck or Roberts' combination reel-to-reel and cartridge recorder. But because of their limited fidelity and the inconvenience of a system without rewind (and usually without fast-forward) the cartridge systems should be considered by the serious tape enthusiast as supplements, not alternates, to his main tape recorder.

Heads, Motors, Speeds—How Many?

Tape recorder heads perform three functions: erase, record, and play. Many good recorders have only two heads; one for erase, and one doing double duty for recording and playback. While the double-duty record/playback head is a compromise design, a good one can furnish nearly as good fidelity as separate record and playback heads designed for a specific function. But the combination head limits the versatility of a recorder. For instance, if you add independent record and playback electronics to the three independent heads, you can monitor the quality of a recording as you make it: that is, since the just-recorded signal passes the playback head an instant after leaving the record head, you can listen to the output from the playback head and know at once if something is wrong.

Since there's a time delay between the recording and playback, you can feed the playback signal back into the record circuit to make an echo. On some recorders, this takes external patchcords. On others (like the Dynaco B & O, Knightkit, Uher 8000, and some Teac models) all you do is flick a switch.

Some recorders have a fourth head which serves as the reverse-mode unit on reverse-play machines. Occasionally, a fourth head appears on a quarter-track deck as a perfectionist embellishment for playing older half-track tapes.

Mechanically, a tape recorder performs three basic jobs: rotating the capstan (a narrow-diameter spindle near the head assembly that engages the tape between itself and an idler wheel); rotating the feed reel; rotating the take-up reel. On some recorders one motor does all three jobs. Others have two motors, usually one for the capstan and another for both reels (though sometimes the capstan motor drives the take-up reel, with a separate motor for rewinding only). And the more "professional" recorders have three separate motors—one each for the capstan and the two reels.

Three motors are more reliable than the shifting linkages that transfer power from a single motor to two or more sections of the tape transport. And

three-motor machines can wind and rewind tape much faster than single- or double-motored ones.

These advantages mean a lot in studio operation. Under home conditions, the difference in reliability may not show up—but the difference in weight and cost assuredly will. Moreover, the faster the tape is wound, the less likely it is to wind evenly.

One feature, though, that only three-motor decks can sport is all-solenoid operation: that is, the mechanical functions are controlled by relays rather than by direct mechanical linkage. Without this you can't have full remote control. Again, this is a feature of more interest to the pro. But it is convenient to set the remote control at your listening chair or next to the turntable when you're dubbing from records. Teac, Panasonic, Concertone, Crown, and Sony are among the makes that offer it.

As with heads and motors, the more speeds offered, the more expensive the unit. Two speeds are basic: 7½ ips for high fidelity recording and playback, and 3¾ ips for moderately high fidelity. Commercially recorded tapes are now on the market in both speeds, although most of the serious repertoire is available only at 7½ ips. Speeds of 1⅞ or 15/16 ips should be used for speech only; it's virtually impossible to edit such very slow tapes (the sounds are crammed too closely together), but they do permit very long recordings and great tape economy. While an extra-high speed of 15 ips will make tape editing easier, it will double your tape costs without giving you appreciably greater fidelity than you'd get at 7½ ips. But with *two* 15-ips machines, you can dub your 7½-ips tapes in half the normal time, 3¾ tapes four times faster than usual (though the dubs will not have as flat a response as the original).

Automated Conveniences

Automatic reverse is a feature of growing—and deserved—popularity. Until its advent, you had to get out of your chair halfway through each four-track tape you played (equivalent, usually, to the playing time of one LP side), interchange the full reel on the right with the empty one on the left, rethread the recorder, and start it up again to hear the rest of the program. Machines with automatic reverse stop automatically at the end of the first side, then reverse direction and switch to a second playback head to play the second pair of stereo tracks. If you listen a lot to four-track tapes, you'll find this a great convenience.

Some machines have an automatic level control, which eliminates the need to watch a VU meter or adjust gain, whether you are taping a shout or a whisper. Generally, this feature is found on portables; since they're mostly used for taping speech, automatic gain control is a great advantage. If the subject moves about, or if several sources at different distances from the microphone are to be heard, an automatic circuit can do a good job of leveling out the signal.



Left, Dynaco Beocord 2000, three-speed complete recorder with built-in mixer panel; center, low-cost Allied TD-1030 three-speed deck; right, Norelco L962, cassette tape plus FM/AM radio.



Roberts 770X, left, is complete four-speed recorder; center, Harman-Kardon TDC-33 is two-speed deck fitted over stereo receiver; right, Lafayette RK-920, two-speed automatic reverse deck.

But it also does a far better job of leveling out music than any composer, conductor, or listener worth his salt would tolerate—the music's dynamic range gets too compressed, and shading and expression disappear. So, if you want to use a machine with automatic control for taping music as well as speech, try to find one that lets you switch the automation off so that you can control the level manually.

A recorder may come with some built-in trick effects, such as echo or sound-on-sound, and if so, that's all to the good. Before you let the presence or absence of these extras sway you from one recorder to another, however, ask yourself if you'll really use them. Perhaps you will. But in about a decade of recording, including some semiprofessional and theatrical work, I've used sound-on-sound only once (to give a demonstration of sound-on-sound techniques) and used echo only a dozen or so times. And in both cases, I used machines that did not have either of these features built in.

What these machines *did* have was separate microphone and line inputs, with separate level controls that permitted mixing. With this feature, plus a patchcord or two, you can do sound-on-sound, echo (if your machine has a third-head monitor), and many other effects, such as voice-over-music for slide-show and home-movie soundtracks or for livening up tape letters. (For a rundown of these techniques, see my article "Studio Tricks for Amateur Tapesters" in last May's issue.)

Dynaco's B & O recorder even has three pairs of inputs for yet more flexibility in mixing program

sources. One of these handles low-impedance microphones, enabling you to use long mike cables without picking up hum or losing highs. But though it's handy to have all your features and facilities built into the machine, remember that you can add such extras as mixers and impedance-matching transformers to almost any tape recorder if you need them.

Virtually all recorders have an end-of-tape stop switch. Some also have stop switches that can be activated by a transparent spot on the tape (you rub the oxide off with cleaning fluid) or by a stick-on strip of metal foil. With these you can stop the tape automatically at any preselected point—again, a convenience that you may or may not need.

If you frequently play selections from the middle of your tapes, consider a machine with audible search, a feature that lets you hear the chatter of the tape during fast-forward and rewind, to locate the approximate section of the tape you want to hear. Some models from Bell & Howell, Heathkit, Magnecord, and Panasonic have a control that momentarily retracts the automatic tape lifters for high-speed cueing. The Dynaco B & O simply runs the tape close to, but not in contact with, the playback head during fast-winding modes. Norelco's latest reel-to-reel recorder lets you dial the location of the selection you're after and get automatic cueing: the machine winds to the preselected spot, then stops.

Specifications and Sound

Important as the features described above may be, your primary concern will probably be the sound



Magnecord 1020 two-speed deck is available factory-built or in kit form from Heath Co. as Model AD-16.



Among many new tape products from Sony/Superscope is this TC-8 unit for recording 8-track cartridges.



From Teac comes the Model A-4020, two speeds, automatic reverse for record and playback, speakers.



Tandberg 64X is a three-speed deck with built-in mixer controls, special bias head for extended response.

quality of the recorder you select. And while published specs alone won't tell you whether you should buy a given machine, a glance at the specs will help you decide which machines are worth a closer look and listen.

Frequency response is the most quoted specification for tape recorders, as it is for virtually every other high fidelity component except tuners. As is true of all high fidelity spec sheets, it's not enough to specify frequency limits, such as "30 to 18,000 Hz (cycles per second)." You must also specify, in decibels, how much the level varies within those limits (e.g., " ± 3 dB"). Unless the specification sheet states otherwise, you can usually assume that a single frequency response measurement was made at the recorder's highest speed and (in the case of a recorder with power amplifiers) through the preamplifier output only.

At $7\frac{1}{2}$ ips, response of 50 to 15,000 Hz ± 4 dB is pretty good; 30 to 18,000 Hz ± 3 dB would be quite good; and 30 to 20,000 Hz ± 2 dB would be exceptional. At $3\frac{3}{4}$ ips, an upper limit of 10,000 or 12,000 Hz would be good; 15,000, excellent; and anything beyond that, unbelievable at the present state of the art.

Inasmuch as most tape noise is high-frequency hiss, the more extended the frequency response, the better the signal-to-noise ratio should be. This is why some lower-priced recorders have less extended frequency response than they could have: the high-frequency limitation acts as a built-in filter to strain out the more objectionable noise. (By the same token, it's possible to boost the high-end response to a more salable figure, even though the signal-to-noise ratio suffers; if a machine is described as having exceptional frequency response for its cost, especially if the signal-to-noise ratio isn't specified, listen carefully for hiss before you buy it.)

As with frequency response, signal-to-noise ratio worsens at lower tape speeds. At $7\frac{1}{2}$ ips, 45 dB is good, 50 dB quite good, and 55 dB excellent; at $3\frac{3}{4}$ ips, equivalent figures would be on the order of 40, 45, and 50 dB, but at lower speeds, the ratio should still be on the order of 38 to 40 dB or better in a good machine.

While distortion is rarely specified for tape recorders, it is frequently about 3 per cent at maximum recording level, about 2 per cent below that. Better recorders often set their record indications to show "0" when distortion is only 1 per cent—but spec sheets rarely note this.

Wow and flutter are probably the most annoying tape machine problem. Flutter is a rapid variation in tape speed which can make music (especially slow piano music) sound as if it's bubbling up from underwater; wow is a slower variation that makes an orchestra sound as though it's heaving up and down upon a ground swell. Both are stated in percentages (usually one figure for both combined), and the lower the figure, the better: 0.15 per cent

is fairly good at 7½ ips, anything better than 0.10 per cent is very good; 0.25 per cent to 0.2 per cent may be tolerable at lower speeds. But if you can hear it at all, there's too much wow and flutter for serious musical work.

Other Considerations

Decide before buying where you're going to keep your recorder. If you'll be taking it from the closet only sporadically, a portable case will make more sense than a scratchable if good-looking walnut base. As for installation, make certain the machine can be used in the position you want: most recorders work whether installed vertically or horizontally, but some are recommended for use in one position or the other.

Try out all the controls before you buy. Either lever or push-button controls are satisfactory, although you may find you have a definite preference for one type. The push buttons that activate solenoids (relays), found as a rule on the costliest decks, have some advantages. They permit very easy and fast control, and they also permit some degree of "fast buttoning": that is, very rapid forward and reverse tape movement to locate passages for editing or replay. Whatever type of controls you choose, they should work smoothly and positively; you should never be in doubt as to whether or not you've moved a switch or lever fully into position. And the arrangement of controls should be convenient for you. (Are you, for instance, left-handed? With some machines, that makes a difference.)

Check how smoothly tape is wound onto the reel, especially in fast-forward or rewind. Try going from one motion mode to another—it's possible to break a tape but it rarely happens with a good machine.

If you choose a battery portable, make sure the controls are accessible when it's hanging from your shoulder. And with any machine that you'll be carrying from place to place a lot, it's important that the carrying handle be comfortable and the machine well balanced.

If you're going to do much tape editing (and you should), be certain either that the heads are easily accessible or that there's some convenient reference point (such as a squared-off edge on the tape head cover) where you can mark the tape for splicing.

Make sure the tape counter's easy to read. Digital types should have at least three digits (four is better). A push-button reset that lets you make a reference point on the tape without stopping it is better than the thumb-wheel type. Clock-type counters are easier to read from a distance than digital types, especially when fast-forwarding.

All this advice won't help you find that non-existent perfect tape recorder but it should help you find a machine that *seems* perfect to you—which is, realistically speaking, the best you can do.



Ampex 1450 deck features automatic reverse for play-back and self-threading take-up reel under cover.



Viking 433 is three-speed, three-head deck with built-in mixing facilities, headphone monitor, multi-track.



ReVox G-36 Mark III takes reels up to 10½-inch diameter; two-speed deck, one built-in amplifier-speaker.



New from Wollensak is the 4200 cassette system, shown with remote control mike and its various accessories.



Photographs by Louise and Herbert Keppler

CAN THE INTRANSIGENT tape recordist accustomed to using a cardioid microphone and a three-headed, 7½-inches-per-second machine with a frequency range of 40 to 16,000 Hz \pm 2 dB also learn to put up with—nay, even grow to love—a lowly cartridge tape recorder?

In darkest, loudest Africa he can indeed—perhaps not for recording the Nairobi Philharmonic performing Mahler but certainly for capturing a host of other sounds. Today's small portable recorders using the Philips-Norelco cartridges are not to be relegated merely to the birthday-party-and-baby's-first-words circuit. Given half a chance, good ones (by which I mean those costing upwards of \$50) will amaze you with their abilities—at home or in jungle.

Originally, I myself had no intention of giving them half a chance (or any chance at all), but circumstances beyond my recording control forced me into the arms of a cassette recorder. Like most Americans, when I travel I am overburdened with baggage—clothes I may or may not need, cameras and lenses I may or may not use—leaving no hand free for a tape recorder. But sounds fascinate me, and in my travels I have heard a vast assortment of wonderful things. Unfortunately, many of them are only memories, because I was too lazy, or inefficient, or both to have a tape recorder with me. I missed, for instance, the Trinidadian calypso singer who serenaded my seven-year-old daughter when we stopped our taxi in the mountains high above Port of Spain. Though I have his likeness in color and in black and white, the song he concocted about my little girl is lost forever. I remember too the eerie jingle of a thousand bicycle bells sounding in what seemed a single continuous ring while the prayers of the Hindu faithful rose over the bells and bedlam of Agra, India, at night. But I have no recording.

If my primary concern on any trip had been recording, I would have missed little—there is on the market a small group of really first-class reel-to-reel portables—but my journeys had other purposes too. The most sophisticated tape equipment is not taken

on planes lightly, and its operation calls for tender care. Can the ordinary tourist have his trip, pictures, and sound without losing his mind?

It never occurred to me that one could until I acquired a small cassette recorder two years ago. It began a very humdrum existence recording family life. It traveled with me as a conversation recorder and note taker. I had been impressed with the sample music tape which came with it, but that of course was prerecorded. My first glimmer of the machine's unexpected potentialities appeared in my own backyard wherein great discoveries are made. We hadn't managed to lure a veery close enough to hear his song adequately. Just for fun, I turned on the recorder, and was almost immediately able to play back a startlingly exact reproduction of the bird's call—and this—with an inexpensive omnidirectional microphone and a 1⅞-ips tape speed. In quick succession, jays and thrushes were added to the tape and I learned that the little machine would tolerate a maximum volume recording level well, provided the microphone was held with no motion and there was no breeze. On my next trip to Tobago, in the West Indies, the cassette recorder went with me.

It never captured the entire range of a steel band adequately: the peculiar sweet metal character of the oil drums and the electronic derring-do of the electric guitars outwitted my little recorder's 100- to 6,000-Hz brains. But individual calypso singers with their guitars could be recorded with surprising fidelity. The night noises of Tobago were a special delight, and perhaps I have the authoritative sonic documentation of two species of Tobagonian frogs. I learned that the single volume control was forgiving of too much volume. If the subject was not less than ten feet away and wasn't playing a trumpet (not usual among frogs), it seemed impossible to overload the recorder no matter what the volume control level indicator

Herbert Keppler, Editorial Director & Publisher of Modern Photography, loves to travel, camera in hand, to exotic places. This leaves him one hand free for his other favorite pastime, taping the sounds that he sights.

WITH MIKE AND TAPE IN LOUDEST AFRICA

By Herbert Keppler

said. Tape cassettes could be interchanged on the run within ten seconds. A good set of alkaline energizers lasted for about forty hours (but you must take into account the endless times you replay the tapes for interested onlookers, which really causes the main battery drain). The controls were simple, there was no fumbling for changing and threading reels, I had only a feather-light three pounds on my shoulder, and the tiny bulk (4¼ by 7⅞ by 2¼ inches) never got in the way.

I had a few complaints of course. For my particular unit, the older Carry-Corder 150, controls are not located for easy portable use: if they were grouped on the edge of the recorder where you could see them as you carry the unit (like some newer cassette recorders and many of the reel-to-reel portables), life would be simpler. And a digital foot counter would be a blessing. My main worry: running out of tape without realizing it. Looking through the glass panel at the enclosed tape reels is not convenient. But when I returned home and fed the tape signal from the portable into my regular high fidelity system, listeners simply refused to believe that a cassette recorder was the responsible instrument.

THE CASSETTE MACHINE'S big challenge came when my wife and I made a trip to East Africa. While you can purchase excellent recordings of lions roaring, hippos grunting, birds singing, they aren't *your* lions, hippos, and birds. They belong to the man who made the recording. And who knows what else you alone might hear and record?

Anyone who has traveled to East Africa remembers the fine, choking red dust without fondness. It seeps into everything—unless everything is wrapped carefully in plastic bags. We took along many of these protective coverings for our camera equipment, and one, fastened with a rubber band, neatly sealed in our "audio gear."

The recorder never failed us, although admittedly we or the animals sometimes failed it. Ever try to track down a pride of roaring lions at 4 a.m., with each of your companions having a different idea of where they might actually be? And Leo doesn't continue roaring to keep you posted, either, although we have the gnawing sounds of lions on a kill at ten feet. Also hippo snuffles and grunts, the bleating of a great herd of wildebeest in migration, the laughter of hyenas, the East African English of our guide Dennis Ker (of Ker, Downey, and Selby Safaris), the soft Swahili of the Kenya, Tanzania, and Uganda park rangers, the snorting jumble of the Toyota four-wheel-drive land cruiser . . . all these things furnished us with an irreplaceable sound montage of our adventures.

Not everything was managed without trial and error. On one occasion, in Kenya, we saw a vast sea of flamingo on Lake Nakuru, but as we tried to capture their cawing call and flapping wings we ran into the obstructive effects of a strong wind. It whipped over the microphone no matter how we

tried to hide it or cover it with handkerchiefs, and it wreaked decided havoc with the sound. We finally solved the problem sufficiently for a recording success, by rolling the car window part way up and holding the microphone inside the car just under the edge of the glass. The glass cut the wind while allowing sufficient flamingo-ese to drift over the microphone head. This trick once learned, we frequently succeeded in defeating the wind.

While I have all of this adequately on tape, it isn't on tape the way I should like it—and my own miserliness is to blame. I took with me ten pristine blank cassettes, each of which could handle one hour (thirty minutes on each side) of recording. Now with all that fresh tape you would think I would not risk using an old tape—but I had brought along one old cartridge on which I had recorded my children at home. Why not simply record over them? I now know why you shouldn't. Despite all efforts to stop recordings on a dime and to begin again at precisely the same spot after listening to what you've recorded, man and recorder are not perfect. As often as not, after listening to our last take we would overrun just a hair when we started the next take; consequently, a short spurt of what had been originally recorded on the tape would burst through the African air between separate takes. To hear three seconds of my six-year-old son's voice sandwiched between the cries of the silver-checked hornbill and the red-eyed dove was rather startling to say the least. In transferring sound from the cassette to the final master tape later, we could, of course, edit out the nonavian messages. However, the job taught me never again to reuse tape in short passages unless I had previously erased all sound beforehand.

I also developed the mistaken habit of stopping the recorder whenever I assumed no further caw, grunt, roar, or yelp would be forthcoming. I was wrong as often as I was right, and thereby missed many sounds. It took some time before I realized that I could let the recorder run. If the voices were soundless, I could rewind to my initial spot; if voices were intermittent, I could edit out the soundless passages later.

Keeping track of just what animal or bird we had recorded on what spot of the tape was among our more taxing efforts. Since we had to keep relatively still, particularly for bird calls, we couldn't ask our guide to recite the name of the caller immediately after we had recorded it. Instead, we had to badger him in the evening to listen to what we had taped during the day and then try to relate it to the rather primitive footage indicator on the cassette itself—another reason why a digital counter would have been a blessing.

Taping under African field conditions produced some fascinating problems. Usually we were incarcerated in our vehicle, holding microphones out windows, top hatches, or, when windy, below the glass level of the windows. Lions and game wardens look with displeasure upon tourists disembarking to get closer to a kill; the tourist can suddenly find that



Partly closed car window shields mike from wind while permitting wanted sounds to be captured.

he is it. Recording from a car (provided you have the basic foresight to turn off the engine to avoid noise) is not difficult, but it offers enough surprises to keep you on your toes. For some time we couldn't identify the gentle swish we heard at the beginning of every recording we made shortly after stopping the Toyota land cruiser. Finally we discovered that we were recording the sounds of the gasoline sloshing about in the tank before it settled down. Thenceforth no recording began until we heard the familiar slosh subside.

Keeping all hands quiet (and I do mean hands) while recording was another problem. The sound of a guide scratching his head may be fascinating (something like sandpaper against wood), but it doesn't mix well with the voices of animals. The shifting of weight over creaky car springs may afford another fascinating sonic study, but a cassette machine can't do it justice—particularly when the main target is a grunting hippo. Keeping quiet was particularly difficult since we were shooting pictures at the same time we were attempting to record. We solved this problem by setting the tape recorder level, pushing the record button in, and then handing our guide the remote control part of our Norelco microphone (which can be separated from the main mike). He could then stop and start the recorder from his seat up front no matter where we had placed the microphone itself. Actually, our ingenuity worked too well. The guide became so fascinated with the remote control that we had a hard time wresting the control from him.

As it turned out, the cassette recorder developed some uses we hadn't at all foreseen for it. One day we came across another group of tourists, observing a pride of lions who looked abnormally peaceful to us but who nevertheless were emitting great roars.

When we approached closer we found that the carload of watchers had a tape recorder with them and were trying to get some action from the animals by playing back at them some prerecorded lion roars. Since you're not allowed to throw items or make loud banging noises to attract game in the national preserves and parks, many guides have resorted to turning a lion or leopard's head with a tape recording. Sometimes it works. We too began to use our own tapes on the cassette to attract animals so that we could photograph them and persuade them to release a sound or two. Sometimes it worked and then again sometimes. . . .

The cassette recorder also became my wife's private Swahili tutor. Unlike her partner, she's very adept at languages and soon resolved to bring back as much Swahili as she could in the brief three weeks we were to be in Africa. She would ask a guide to repeat her English sentence in Swahili, then she would repeat his translation as best she could. During the evenings she would play back the guide's Swahili and her attempts at it, to see how close she was to the original and how she might improve. And now we have a taped refresher course right here at home for Louise to use whenever she feels her Swahili is slipping.

We learned that it never paid to leave the tape recorder at the base camp on the expectation that there would be nothing to record that day. It was precisely when we were recorderless that hippos would burst into what seemed to be glorious song, or we would come across a chattering band of Masai warriors with their herds of tinkling-belled cattle. Leaving the recorder behind was *always* an error. Unlike a camera, which can be precious little good in the dark, the tape recorder knows no limitations. There was never a time when it could not have performed—except when we had forgotten to take it or it had slipped its pulley.

I knew there was one last important piece of information I had to impart. There is little I found that could go wrong with a cassette recorder except for pulley problems. In using a number of units I have found that the pulleys driving the main capstan and the two reel spindles slip off the wheels. Suddenly the recorder won't take up or won't rewind. With many models taking off the back cover is a very simple matter, and rethreading the pulley takes only a few moments. But before you go off on an expedition, better take a look at the innards of your machine and see how the pulleys are supposed to operate so that you'll know when something goes wrong just what it might be. Needless to say, if you have a portable cassette recorder which is constitutionally against such simple disassembly, desist.

And so, from being thought a master of none, my cassette recorder has evolved into a jack-of-all-trades with remarkable ability in most. The usual stillness of my backyard is often broken now with lion roars, African bird calls, land cruiser motors roaring and rocketing along dirt roads in Kenya. It gets the neighbors sometimes, but I love it.



By Robert Angus

First Aid for Your Tape Recorder

IF THERE'S ONE THING any tape recorder owner hates, it's a trip to the repair shop. Because most servicemen don't pick up or deliver, you yourself are reduced to loading twenty-two pounds of electronics into the family chariot, finding a place to park downtown on a busy Saturday, lugging the recorder into the service agency, and standing still while the serviceman tells you it will be at least four weeks before you see it again. On the wall is a sign informing you that, unless you're lucky enough to have a warranty on your recorder, the cost will be \$12.50 an hour for labor, with a minimum charge of \$7.50. If the machine needs a complete overhaul, the tab will come to \$29.50—but that's only if it doesn't need any new parts. They're extra.

Small wonder, then, that most tape hobbyists try to keep their recorders out of repair shops as long as possible, trying first aid before calling on the services of a professional. Fine—but it's important to know how much you *can* do yourself.

One of the first things you should determine is whether your recorder is covered by a manufacturer's warranty and, if so, what its provisions are. Generally, warranties cover the first ninety days of ownership and provide for free parts and/or labor during that period. In most cases, both labor and parts are supplied if the defect is the manufacturer's fault; if, for example, you find that the motor shaft is bent when you receive the machine, the manufacturer will replace it free. But if you drop your recorder, and thus damage it, some manufacturers will supply the labor only (you must pay for the parts) while others assume no responsibility at all.

Virtually all warranties contain a provision limiting the manufacturer's liability in the case of unauthorized repairs. Manufacturers claim that someone who doesn't know what he's doing can cause additional damage by "repairing" a minor fault incorrectly. Generally speaking, if your recorder is covered by a warranty, you're better off having the repair station service it no matter how minor the ailment seems to be.

Whether your machine is in or out of warranty, however, you can take some steps to postpone or reduce repair bills. None of these affects your warranty, and they can assure you of better-sounding recordings.

1. Read your instruction book carefully. Service agencies report that as many as forty per cent of the recorders sent to them—particularly those newly purchased—have nothing whatever wrong with them. The natural inclination on the part of most people who have acquired a new machine is to plug the unit in and get sound as quickly as

Associate Editor Angus has been tape recording around the world for over ten years.

possible. As a result, many users, including those who have had experience with other makes of recorders, tend to overlook essential steps. For example, one manufacturer may caution purchasers of its models to change speeds only when the motor is running. On the other hand, another manufacturer recommends that you change speeds only when the motor is off. A tape enthusiast, weaned on the one brand, can very easily damage the other brand by simply "doing what comes naturally."

Tape machines also vary in how they provide connections for recording and playback. One manufacturer instructs you to use left-channel inputs for all mono recordings; you record on the other tracks by switching at the head. Another requires not only that you switch tracks, but that you also change to the right inputs for recording on these tracks. Failure to observe the instructions may mean no recording on these inner tracks and accidental erasure of material already recorded. Whatever your general familiarity with tape recorders, a little study of the instruction book can save you trips to the repair shop by alerting you to the particular idiosyncracies of each model.

2. Keep your recorder clean and your heads demagnetized. Service agencies blame dirt as the largest single source of trouble in ailing recorders.

The first order of business is to select the right cleaner. There are on the market a number of commercial preparations suitable for use on most recorders; but before you buy any, check your instruction manual to see if it recommends a particular type or cautions against certain cleaning agents. Commercial preparations often contain xylene, which works well on most machines, although it can attack the plastic parts often found on some machines. For them, denatured alcohol generally is recommended. On other types of recorders, however, denatured alcohol can gum up the heads and is not recommended for general use.

To apply the cleaner, most commercial suppliers include a brush. Actually, it's wiser to use a Q-tip—a cotton swab on a stick, sold by drugstores. The cotton tip absorbs the cleaner, can fit more conveniently than a brush into inaccessible areas, and is less likely to scratch recorder heads.

Any area that comes in contact with the tape should be cleaned—tape guides, tape heads, capstan, and rubber idler wheel. Swab gently but firmly until all the visible areas look clean. Once you've removed the oxide buildup and any adhesive from tape splices, you may wish to roll the swab gently inside the head assembly to pick up any stray clumps of dust and dirt. How often? It depends on how much you use your recorder. Professionals often clean their recorders every hour or two, but the average home user should be able to get by with a once-a-week cleaning. Don't underestimate the importance of clean tape heads. They can make the difference between clear sound and distortion. Clean capstans and tape guides often help smooth the passage of tape across the deck, which, if impeded by dirt, can become so erratic that you'd think the machine had a major mechanical defect.

The need for head demagnetization, or degaussing, has been unduly stressed by writers on tape recording. Though magnetization may build up on the record head, acting as an eraser for high frequencies, there are far fewer heads magnetized than so-called experts would have you believe. Nevertheless, an ounce of prevention is still worth a pound of cure. Assuming you have cleaned the tape heads and still feel that your recorder isn't giving you all the high frequencies it once did or that your prerecorded tapes don't sound as bright as they should, you can suspect the heads need demagnetization. To do the job, you'll need a steady hand and a head demagnetizer (\$2.00 to \$6.50)—a gadget consisting of two pole pieces which you place on the head and move gently over the entire surface. To avoid scratching the head, the better demagnetizers come with protective plastic sleeves. If yours doesn't, you can make one by fastening a piece of cellophane tape across the pole pieces. Before using the demagnetizer, make sure your recorder is turned off and there is no tape in the head assembly. Before magnetized heads do any serious damage, they warn you by increasing the amount of hiss you hear on your tapes. When you hear a hiss buildup, it's time to demagnetize.

3. Learn how to isolate the source of trouble. Such common complaints as hum in one channel or a failure of one channel to record off the air or from records frequently can be traced to a faulty patch cord rather than to the recorder itself. It's much easier and cheaper to buy a new patch cord (or to repair the defective one yourself) than to take the recorder in for servicing. Again, when one channel cops out during recording or playback, the trouble often is outside the recorder itself. To find out, reverse the leads at the recorder. If the defect hops from one channel to the other, the trouble is not in your recorder but in your cables or other components. If your recorder's left

channel refuses to record off the air, does it also refuse to record from a microphone? Does it refuse to play back the left channel of a prerecorded tape?

By trial and error, recording and playing back, you can determine whether one or both channels are affected, whether the problem occurs in recording as well as playback. Even if the process reveals that the trouble is in fact inside the recorder, you've saved the serviceman a lot of time if you can tell him the possibilities you've eliminated which he would otherwise have to explore. If nothing else, your efforts should result in a smaller repair bill.

These three rules can't eliminate all of your repair problems. But they can make less frequent your trips to the repair shop and can substantially lower your bills. They require no technical knowledge and are heartily endorsed by every manufacturer.

Now, let's get down to some specifics involving the inside of the recorder itself. As we've noted earlier, if your machine still is covered by a guarantee, you'd be well advised to stop reading here. Home first aid for internal afflictions is definitely not recommended by recorder manufacturers. If, however, you own an older machine, or if you have some technical experience, or if there's no repair shop nearby, you may want to consider some of the following solutions to problems.

HEADS

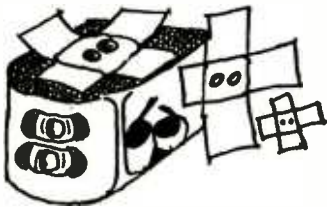
A common complaint with older recorders is a loss of high frequencies. If you've eliminated dirty and/or magnetized heads as a cause, there are other possibilities: a misaligned head; too much bias current into the record head, worn or damaged heads. These defects are listed here not in descending order of probability but in ascending order of difficulty for the average person to deal with. Even head alignment can be very tricky, and the rule must be: if in doubt, stay out.

A head out of alignment is one whose gap doesn't meet the tape at a 90-degree angle. For best results, all heads—playback, record, and erase—should meet the tape at an exact right angle. Most alignment troubles occur with the record and/or playback heads, rather than with the erase head. To find out which (if yours is a three-head machine), play a commercially recorded tape, or at least one that you know sounds good on another machine. If the sound is good on your machine, then any trouble you've been having with your own recordings must be in the record head. If the sound lacks brilliance, the playback head on your machine is the culprit.

Most heads can be shifted by small screw adjustments. But the adjustment is critical. For about \$5.00 you can buy a test tape containing a series of tones recorded on a precisely aligned head. To adjust your playback head, play the test tape and slowly turn the screws until you get the loudest possible tone. If your recorder's VU meter indicates playback as well as record level, note where the needle swings with each adjustment, pick the maximum, and stop. To adjust the record head of a three-head machine, you'll need a second recorder, which you know to be in perfect alignment. Play the test tape on it as you record on the machine you're aligning. Monitor the tape with the playback head and adjust for peak monitor output.

Most recorders contain an internal adjustment for bias control. To do the job, you need a screw driver with an insulated handle, a spare recorder, a test tape, and a sensitive ear. A desirable substitute for the latter is a VTVM (vacuum tube voltmeter). The first step is to locate the bias trim screws (the recorder service manual should identify them for you). There is one screw for each channel. If your recorder is a three-head unit, you'll have an easier time than if it has a combined record-playback head. For either type, the procedure is much the same. You play the alignment tape on a spare recorder and copy it on the recorder you're adjusting. If yours is a three-head model, monitor the copy from the tape as it's being recorded—by VTVM, if you have one, or by ear. You simply turn the bias-adjustment screw very carefully until you get maximum volume or a peak meter reading. The procedure is the same with a two-head machine, except that you must play back the copy to estimate its level, make very careful adjustments by guess, rerecord, and then try to determine by playing the new version whether it was louder or softer than your previous effort. You repeat the procedure until your ears and memory tell you which position produced the loudest recording. With a VTVM, on the other hand, you can indicate with a grease pencil where the needle peaks on each playback to get an accurate setting.

Head replacement is complicated by the fact that it involves mechanical and rewiring chores that precede realignment and bias adjustments. In any event, the former jobs are facilitated these days by the large number of replacement kits available. But determin-



ing whether a head needs replacement at all may prove beyond the scope of most amateurs. One telltale sign of bad wear would be scratches on the head; another would be dismal performance even after careful cleaning, degaussing, bias and alignment adjustments.

The method of fastening the head varies among recorder models, and complete instructions should come with the replacement kit. Before you disconnect anything, make sure that the kit is an exact replacement for both the make and model you own. Virtually every American-made and most popular foreign models have replacement heads available these days. Most heads in new machines have shoes which slip over pins on the head, somewhat like a phono cartridge. Remove these (noting which shoe goes to which pin) and unbolt the head. Before you remove the head itself, you're likely to have a handful of washers, springs, nuts, and bolts. Make sure you don't lose any; you'll need them to install the new head. When your new head is in place, clean it, degauss it, and align it—following the procedure outlined above.

CONNECTIONS

If your recorder develops a pronounced resonant peak at some high frequency, the trouble may lie in a dirty volume control or a badly soldered amplifier connection. Check and clean the volume contacts first, using a commercial cleaner or a Q-tip. If that doesn't do the trick, you'll have to search for a broken connection in the amplifier circuit, and then repair it with a soldering iron.

SPEAKERS

If your recorder refuses to produce sound from prerecorded tapes and you've eliminated such possibilities as the recorder's speakers being shut off, check the leads to the loudspeakers for breaks. If the leads prove firm, the trouble may be an unsoldered connection in the amplifier or some other amplifier fault which will involve servicing. If the recorder's own speakers produce poor sound but you can get normal quality by piping the sound through your component system, it may be time to replace the speakers. With most built-ins replacement is a relatively simple job, consisting of unbolting the old speaker, removing the wires from the speaker terminals (the connection may be soldered, made with a screw terminal, or with clips), and removing the speaker. In shopping for a replacement, try to get one exactly the same size and impedance (if in doubt, take the old one to the store with you). Bolt the new speaker into place and connect the wires to the proper terminals.

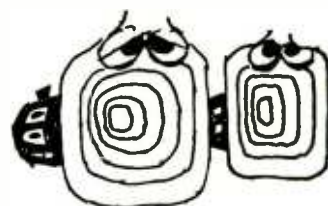
METERS

Defective recording meters can cause no end of trouble. One symptom may be the need to turn the gain all the way up when making a recording in order to get a flicker on the meter—and then to find that you've overloaded the signal on the tape. If in doubt, tap the meter gently during recording. If the needle jumps, you may need a new meter. If you're handy with a soldering iron, you may be able to make the replacement yourself. Make sure that you get an exact replacement, preferably from a radio parts supplier who handles your particular recorder, before you begin.

MOTORS

Motors eventually wear out or break down. If your recorder's motor begins running erratically, slowing down, getting hot, or refusing to run altogether, you might want to examine it for a bent shaft or motor cooling fan, for dirty brushes (in the case of battery-operated portables in particular), for a disconnected or shorted lead to the motor, or for a break in the motor winding. Replacing a motor requires some do-it-yourself experience (and again a steady hand), but it represents a significant saving in service bills. Before replacing, however, check other possible causes for motor malfunctioning: a braking system which operates even during normal play or a warped tape reel which scrapes on the deck can put enough strain on a motor to slow it down, make it heat up, or cause speed variations; and motor leads do become frayed. Once those possibilities are ruled out and it is clear that the motor itself is defunct, look for a new one that is an exact replacement for the original.

Unless you're an electronic technician with a houseful of test equipment, your recorder will need professional servicing eventually. But the man with some technical know-how can do some things for himself by following the procedures we've suggested—and any owner at all can keep his machine operating in topnotch condition longer, and thus keep his repair bills fewer and smaller, by observing the three basic rules we outlined earlier.



By Norman Eisenberg



A REPORT ON THE BOSE 901 SPEAKER SYSTEM

SURROUND and CONQUER

DESPITE THE PREVALENCE of look-alikes and sound-alikes in audio, every now and then the maverick spirit asserts itself and produces something that turns out to be as good from a performance standpoint as it is interesting from a design standpoint. So it is with the new Bose 901 speaker system, which—while an obvious departure from the familiar two-cubic-foot-walnut-box approach to speaker design—strikes us as one of the best sound reproducers we have ever heard.

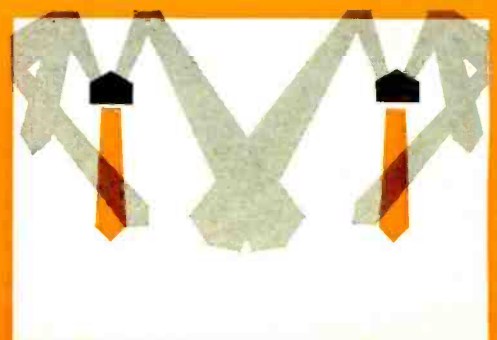
Basically, the Bose 901 is a speaker system whose acoustic response is influenced by the electrical response of an equalizer unit inserted in the amplification chain. One equalizer serves to control two stereo channels. Each speaker system itself consists of nine specially designed four-inch drivers installed in a five-sided enclosure so that one driver faces into the listening room while the other eight radiate against a wall or other surface behind the enclosure. The nine speakers in each enclosure are identical, and no crossover network is used.

A question that immediately comes to mind is: can several small speakers match the bass performance of one large woofer? Let's see. It is apparent that the Bose system is based on certain specific design concepts, not all of which are completely accepted in audio circles. To wit: a relatively high

amount of reflected sound, vis-à-vis direct radiated sound, is very desirable in playback; what one hears out of the speaker system is more important than what can be measured going into the system (the acoustic response should be flat even though the electrical signal itself is not); in creating a wide-range, high-quality speaker system the woofer-tweeter-with-crossover-network approach can be successfully ignored if suitable design steps are taken in the use of several identical drivers; nonparallel sides for an enclosure are more desirable than parallel sides; a speaker system ought to incorporate provisions—instead of or in addition to those normally found on an amplifier—for specific forms and degrees of tonal compensation related to input program material, speaker system characteristics, and loading to the acoustics of the listening room.

If all this sounds complex, it is. Briefly, here's how it works: the spatial presentation of sonic information, particularly germane to stereo, is accomplished by deliberately introducing a high ratio (eight-to-one, approximately) of indirect-to-direct sound. The sound reflecting off the walls blends with the sound from the lone driver in front to enhance the ambience and spatiality of the reproduction. At the same time the total area of speaker diaphragms improves the radiation resistance of the

The Bose speaker system uses sound coming off the walls to help create superior stereo out front. First diagram shows normal amount of left and right channel sound with center mix. Next, angling speakers inward throws more sound to sides, emphasizes separation. Last sketch shows how more mix and less separation result when speakers are toed outward.



system in loading or transferring sound into the listening area. At low frequencies all nine speakers respond in phase to move fairly large amounts of air, thus radiating bass power. At high frequencies the small diaphragm of each speaker naturally behaves like a tweeter. Differences in individual resonances are overcome by the close internal coupling of the drivers, with the result that the response of the total array becomes fairly smooth, as compared to the characteristic response of any single driver.

To extend the range of this smooth response and also to shape it to suit both program material and room acoustics, Bose employs an "active equalizer," a solid-state device that boosts the very low and very high ends of the spectrum. By using its controls, you can vary the degree of boost at either end (twenty frequency contours are available), but some lift always remains effective. The equalizer comes before the power amplification section of whatever equipment you're using; its connections permit you to patch it into a separate preamp and power amp, into an integrated amplifier, or into a receiver. Electronically speaking, the equalizer is a fairly sophisticated device—one of its functions, for instance, is to compensate for the acoustical character of the grille cloth over the speaker enclosure.

If this sounds like electronic hocus-pocus, consider that it is really no more so than the equalization (i.e., frequency gimmicking) used on records and tapes, which is compensated for by reciprocal circuits in every modern amplifier and receiver. Analysis of the Bose approach and—more important—many hours of listening to the system certainly justify and validate it in my opinion. Indeed, after comparing its various frequency contours, playing a number of recordings, I'd go so far as to say that you can use the Bose equalizer as a "trimmer" adjustment to further refine the existing RIAA characteristic during playback, thereby cleaning up both the very low and high ends of the audible response of many recordings. It also helps the tonal balance of FM broadcasts and of prerecorded tapes (though the latter generally strike me as better balanced to begin with) played through your system.

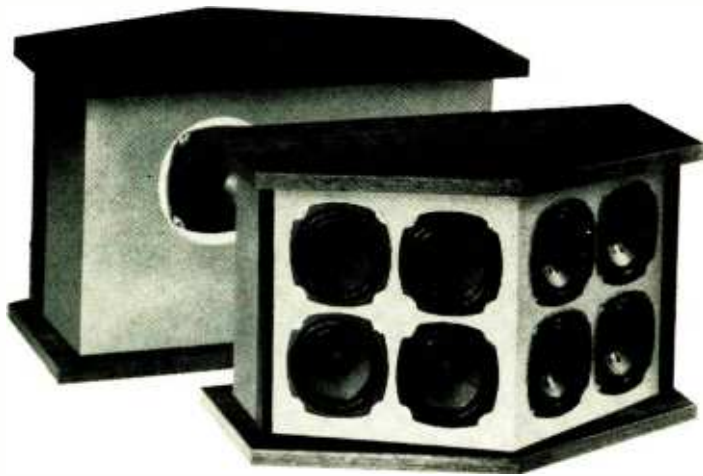
Because the equalization comes before the power amplifier, it can make demands of the latter that may exceed its capabilities. For this reason the Bose 901 is not recommended for use with puny amplifiers unless you're willing to settle for less than the full response capabilities of the system. Amplifiers

(or amplifier sections of receivers) that can deliver at least 20 watts RMS power per channel into an 8-ohm load are recommended. At the same time, the power-handling ability of the combined nine drivers is prodigious, and permits using amplifiers that can deliver over 100 watts RMS per channel.

AWARE THAT MY verdict is in part subjective (and allowing too for the protean nature of the audio field, in which some future development may cause me to modify this opinion), I will say that as of now the Bose 901 strikes me as the best-sounding speaker system in its size and price class I have yet auditioned. Indeed, it rivals many systems built to larger dimensions and/or costing considerably more. In its midrange and highs—for clarity, full range, wide dispersion, open and natural sound—it is unsurpassed by anything I've heard. In its bass it is easily a match for the best of the air-suspension systems, and is outperformed only by the costliest and biggest of the top giants and horn systems. You actually have to think in terms of systems about double its cost, or more, to find speakers that surpass it at the low end—and then, they do so only by a few notes around the 20 Hz to 25 Hz region, or by what may be called an almost "subsonic feel" that is perceptible only on some program material. As for stereo spread and depth, no pair of speaker systems I've yet installed managed to create a more convincing and pleasing panorama of sound without the aid of center-fill or surround speakers to augment the presentation.

I did not attempt to push the 901 to its theoretical limit of 270 watts power-handling capacity (this figure is based on a 30-watt rating for each of the nine drivers in one enclosure), but I did run it from a 50-watt-per-channel amp. At louder than normal levels and with the equalizer contour set to deliver flat response, I found that the bass line held up firmly and cleanly to 40 Hz. Then—with some slight doubling that was considerably less than on most speaker systems and which did not increase as frequency was lowered—it continued strongly and with remarkable linearity to 26 Hz. By reducing the input level just slightly, to a more normal listening level, I found the 901 responded down to 23 Hz. The middles and highs were exceptionally smooth, clean, and strong, showing virtually no directional effects. A 10-kHz tone could be heard in another room; 13 kHz was audible fairly well off axis;





Behind the grille cloth, each reproducer in Bose 901 system has eight speakers on its angled rear panels, one on the front panel. Equalizer has controls for shaping contour of response, plus tape monitor substitute if patched into amplifier or receiver tape jacks.



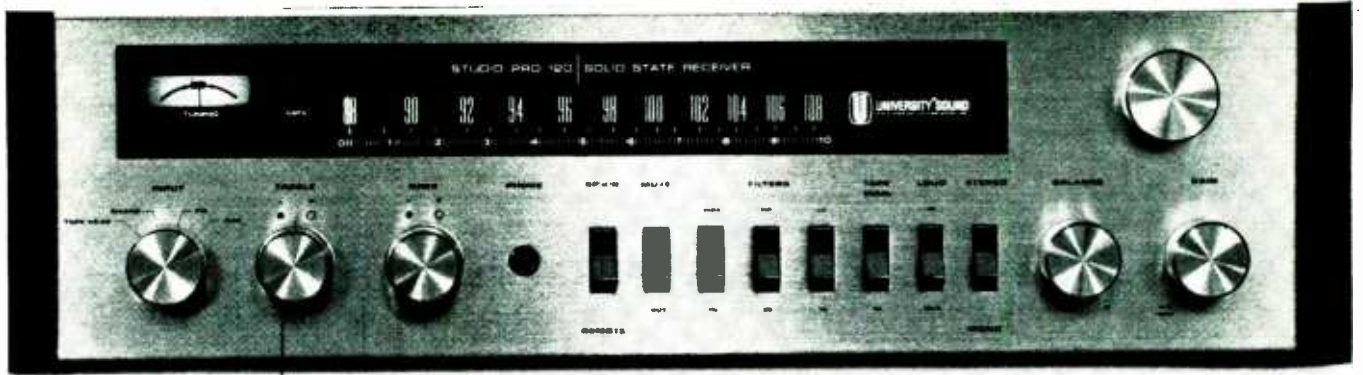
14 kHz was audible closer on axis; and from here the response sloped off towards inaudibility. White noise response was exceptionally smooth and well distributed throughout the listening area.

To test the equalizer and Bose's claim that the 901 system responds with alacrity to differences in program sources, I played the same recordings with different pickups, and different recordings with the same pickup. Details of this extended listening occupied several of us for days; what it comes to is this: the equalizer not only serves generally to contour the amplifier response with respect to the 901 speakers, but it can (indeed, should, for the most accurate playback) also be used to vary this contour—subtly, but to critical ears effectively—at both the extreme high and low ends of a system's total response. In this way all the elements involved (program source, amplifier, room acoustics) can be brought into suitable or integrated acoustic focus. In this sense, the 901 system is the closest approach to the concept of "sound conditioning" of a listening room yet encountered in a commercially available, competitively priced product. And it is all the more commendable for its ease in use: the equalizer is a small walnut box that you can install next to or on top of your main control panel, whether it's part of a separate amplifier or a stereo receiver. After some experiment you will find the best positions for its controls for various recordings and/or different cartridges used in playing those recordings. For instance, using the Ortofon to play some Columbia records of the New York Philharmonic under Bernstein, I found it more agreeable to cut back on the high end a few steps; with the Shure V-15 II I cut back only one step. For Vanguard's recent Dolbyized releases I cut back one step with the Ortofon, but ran the system flat for the Shure. In discussing these adjustments with the manufacturer I was told that the exact degree of adjustment is bound to vary in different listening rooms but that the general pattern I had hit on seemed valid: recordings and pickups—even those that may be termed high quality—do vary in acoustic tone, and Bose's aim is to provide the keen-eared listener with a means (if he opts to use it) of compensating for those variations.

Yet another area of compensation—this one primarily with regard to individual room acoustics and relative location of the speakers—is offered by the 901 system. The accompanying diagrams illustrate this point, and again the effects represented are definitely audible. If you toe the speakers *inward*, more sound will come from the sides of the room; this effect increases the apparent stereo spread and may be desirable if the speakers have to be located fairly close to each other, say about three feet apart. If you toe the speakers *outward*, less sound will come from the sides and there will be more of a center-fill effect—useful if the speakers are installed very far apart, say about fifteen feet from each other. In any location, you must leave about a foot of space behind the speaker and any amount of space at its side in order to allow the "bounce-and-reflect" effect to develop. Correctly installed along these lines, the pair of 901 systems provides full stereo from just about any listening position in the room. Combined with the sense of front-to-rear depth they project, the sound never seems to be emanating from boxes; rather you feel that the sound is "just there," and fairly well spread about you too. The acoustic perspective thus provided comes surprisingly close to simulating the sort of ambience you normally would get only by using "surround" and center-fill speakers in addition to the normal stereo pair.

Add to these virtues the utterly clean wide-range response of a 901, its neutral, well-balanced, transparent quality on all program material, and you feel you've made some sort of stereo discovery. And it doesn't pall, either: you can listen to this system for hours on end without getting listener fatigue—if your own response to it is like ours, you'll be reluctant to turn it off and go to bed.

BOSE 901, compact full-range speaker system in enclosure; supplied in stereo pairs with model 901 Active Equalizer. Dimensions: each speaker system, 20 9/16 by 12 3/4 by 12 7/8 inches; equalizer, 9 1/4 by 6 3/4 by 2 3/16 inches. Price, two speaker systems and equalizer, \$476. Manufacturer: The Bose Corp., 17 Erie Drive, Natick, Mass. 01760.



**If you don't mind paying a lot less
for a lot more,
try the new University receiver**

If we had priced our new Studio Pro-120 Solid-State FM/Stereo Receiver at half again more than its \$379.50, the whole thing would have been deceptively simple. Then no one, not even the most spend-thrifty status seeker, could question its modest price versus its immodest quality.

If the thought of paying a lot less to get a lot more bothers you, we'll tell you why the Studio Pro-120 is such a value. For over 35 years, we've built some of the world's finest speakers and sold them at prices lower than anything comparable. We're famous for that. But who ever heard of a University receiver?

The Studio Pro-120 is our first, so we put everything we could into it, including our many years of experience in designing sophisticated audio electronics for the military.

The results turned out to be so fantastic, we had every spec certified by a leading independent testing lab. That way, when you compare our middle-of-the-line price with quality that's quite comparable to the top-of-the-line of the Big 5, you'll know both are for real. And if that isn't enough, how about asking your dealer for a re-print of the three-page article on the Studio Pro-120 from the January, 1968, issue of *Audio Magazine*.

Better yet, play with the Pro-120. Listen to it. And by all means compare it to any much higher-priced receiver in the store. We'll bet you'll wind up with our magnificent deceiver, as long as you don't mind paying a lot less while getting a lot more.

 **UNIVERSITY[®]SOUND**
A DIVISION OF LTV LING ALTEC, INC.
9500 West Reno • Oklahoma City, Oklahoma 73126

AMPLIFIER SECTION: IHF Power Output: 120 watts total, IHF Standard at 0.8% THD, 4 ohms (60 watts per channel). RMS Power Output: 8 ohms: 30 watts per channel at 0.3% THD. Frequency Response: +0, -3 dB from 10 Hz to 100 kHz. Power Bandwidth: 10 Hz to 40 kHz, IHF Standard. Intermodulation Distortion: Less than 0.5% at any combination of frequencies up to rated output. Tone Control Range: ±18 dB at 20 Hz and 20 kHz. Damping Factor: 50:1. Noise Level: (Below rated output) Tape monitor: -83 dB—Auxiliary: -80 dB—Phono: -60 dB—Tape Head: -63 dB. Input Sensitivity: (For rated output) Tape Monitor: 0.4 Volts—Auxiliary: 0.4 Volts—Tape Head: 1 mV at 500 Hz—Phono: 4 mV at 1 kHz. Input Impedance: Phono and Tape Head: 47,000 ohms—Tape Monitor: 250,000 ohms—Auxiliary: 10,000 ohms. Load Impedance: 4 to 16 ohms. **FM TUNER SECTION:** Sensitivity: 1.6 μ V for 20 dB of quieting, 2.3 μ V for 30 dB of quieting, IHF. Frequency Response: ±1/2 dB from 20 to 20,000 Hz. Capture Ratio: Less than 1 dB. Image Rejection: Greater than 90 dB. IF Rejection: Greater than 90 dB. Separation: 40 dB at 1 kHz. Selectivity, Alternate Channel: 55 dB. Drift: .01%. Distortion: Less than 0.5% at 100% modulation ±75 kHz deviation. Multiplex Switching: Fully automatic logic circuit. **GENERAL:** Dimensions: 4 1/2" H x 16 3/8" W x 12" D (including knobs). Weight: 17 lbs. Amplifier Protection: Three 1-ampere circuit breakers. Complement: 31 Silicon & MOSFET transistors, 21 Diodes, 2 Integrated circuits (each containing 10 transistors, 7 diodes, 11 resistors).

UNIVERSITY saving money never sounded better

CIRCLE 63 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

This beautiful four-headed monster does away with amateurs.

Once you've met up with our monster with four heads, you're done for. Your amateur days are over. That's because the 4-track Solid State stereo RS-790S has just about everything you need to do a professional job of taping.

First, there's 3-speed Dual Capstan drive. It ends audible flutter and wow. And the sound is all the better for it.

Four heads are better for sound, too. And the Console-Aire delivers 30-18,000 cps and a signal-to-noise ratio of more than 52 db's. It all adds up to the greater fidelity the pros listen for.

Another great thing is continuous Automatic Reverse. Records and plays back in both directions. It means no more

interruptions. And you'll never have to flip over a reel again. At any point on the tape you can manually punch up reverse, too. Of course, if you don't want it to run on forever, use the automatic shutoff.

Pause Control is another nice feature. It operates in forward and reverse, and locks down for easy editing.

It gets better.

There's headphone output for private listening. Makes it easier to record sound-on-sound and sound-with-sound.

If that sounds like a lot of sound, it should. You get 20-watt output through two 7" oval speakers with baffle boards.

There's more to come. Like two

Dynamic Pencil Mikes with stands. Connecting cords and other extras.

That's not a 1. You get 2 precision VU meters, separate tone and volume controls, lighted directional indicators, and a 4-place digital counter. Top this with a smoked-glass dust cover, and you're on your way. After all, it's what you'd expect from the world's largest manufacturer of tape recorders.

So go into any dealer's we permit to carry Panasonic. We have a feeling that once you come face-to-face with our beautiful four-headed monster, you'll lose your amateur standing forever. (And for just \$329.95.*)



PANASONIC®

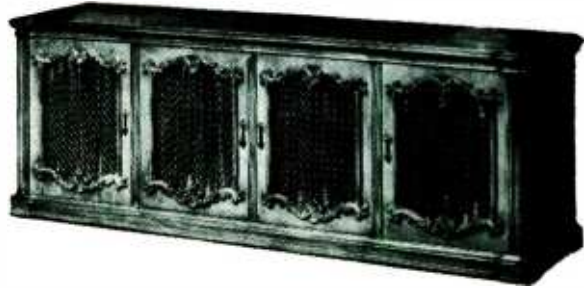
100 Park Avenue New York 10017

Suggested list price. Canadian price higher.

EQUIPMENT REPORTS

THE CONSUMER'S GUIDE TO NEW AND IMPORTANT HIGH FIDELITY EQUIPMENT

SCOTT COPLEY STEREO CONSOLE; S-12 SPEAKER SYSTEM



THE EQUIPMENT: Scott Copley, a stereo music system housed in console. Includes Scott 388 stereo FM/AM receiver; Dual 1019 automatic turntable with Pickering V-15/AM-1 cartridge; Scott Isomount; Scott S-12 speaker systems. Supplied installed in Venetian style cabinet. Dimensions: 80 $\frac{1}{4}$ by 29 $\frac{1}{2}$ by 21 $\frac{3}{4}$ inches. Price: \$1,500. Manufacturer: H. H. Scott, Inc., 111 Powdermill Rd., Maynard, Mass. 01754.

COMMENT: The Scott Copley happens to be the first stereo system in console form to be offered for testing and evaluation on a component high fidelity basis. Indeed, its parts all can be bought as separate components; what Scott has done here is to assemble and package them in a striking console cabinet that comes ready to plug in and play. The old bugaboo of feedback from speakers to phono pickup has been eliminated by a floating, shock-proof technique (known as Isomount) for installing the turntable. This technique not only eliminates feedback but renders the record player highly immune to external jarrings, including bumping the cabinet and stomping on the floor. The speaker systems are isolated in their own sealed, rock-solid enclosures at either end of the console. They pump out bass in the 30-Hz region like no speakers we ever heard in such an all-in-one system.

In packaging a superior stereo system in convenient and attractive format, Scott has not overlooked many of the flourishes and extras sought by the serious audio fan. For instance, there's provision for hooking up extra stereo speakers—to pipe the sound into another room, or to enhance the spread in the main room. A front panel control lets you choose any combination of speakers. There's also tape recorder in and out jacks, the tape monitor function, two stereo headphone jacks, and inputs for microphone and for electric guitar. The last two jacks can be used interchangeably. They let you tape, or perform live through the Copley, your own duos including accompanying yourself on an instrument. A set of extra inputs lets you connect any additional external high-level program source, such as TV sound or the playback from a second recorder, and so on. The set comes with a built-in antenna which should suffice for most local

reception; in addition you can tie a 300-ohm twin-lead to the terminals provided.

The large center section of the Copley has a lift-up lid, under which you find the receiver control panel and, to its right, the Dual turntable. To the right of that is a spacious compartment into which a tape recorder may be installed. There even are slits in the paneling for running the wires from the tape unit to the receiver chassis. An interior light and a small pilot lamp both go on when you turn the power switch on. The two center doors open to reveal additional storage space, for records, or tapes, or whatever. As furniture, the Copley is as attractive as it is functional. A carefully crafted, beautifully finished piece, it would enhance the decor of many a room. And, evidence of further thought by the designers, it is mounted on silent and smooth-moving casters to let you position the whole thing easily for best sound and looks.

It doesn't take much listening to the Copley to realize that it comprises a first-rate stereo system, and the reasons for its performance are documented in technical terms by the accompanying test data. The receiver, to begin with, is Scott's Model 388, installed vertically and with its tuning dial and control rearranged for easy topside handling. The tuner section boasts excellent performance characteristics and, with an external antenna, should pull in the weakest of signals in just about any locale. Its score on our cable FM tap was forty-four stations. It has a signal-strength meter and a stereo indicator which lights up only when the mode switch is on stereo. Tuning is smooth and accurate. Distortion is very low, response very linear. A squelch switch cuts out the noise between FM stations without reducing the tuner's sensitivity appreciably.

The amplifier portion is a clean, medium-high-powered unit that has obviously been designed to give excellent performance in the range from 30 Hz to beyond audibility. In addition to the controls already mentioned, it has controls for adjusting bass and treble on each channel separately or simultaneously, and individual controls for volume, loudness contour, channel balance, high and low frequency noise filters, and input signal selection. The power reserves are ample for driving all of the Copley's permissible loads

REPORT POLICY

Equipment reports are based on laboratory measurements and controlled listening tests. Unless otherwise noted, test data and measurements are obtained by CBS Laboratories, Stamford, Connecticut, a division of Columbia Broadcasting System, Inc., one of the nation's leading research organizations. The choice of equipment to be tested rests with the editors of HIGH FIDELITY. Manufacturers are not permitted to read reports in advance of publication, and no report, or portion thereof, may be reproduced for any purpose or in any form without written permission of the publisher. All reports should be construed as applying to the specific samples tested; neither HIGH FIDELITY nor CBS Laboratories assumes responsibility for product performance or quality.

at once—its own speakers, an extra stereo pair, and two sets of headphones. The headphone jacks are live, by the way, in all positions of the speaker selector switch.

The turntable in the Copley is the well-known and highly regarded Dual 1019 (see HF reports, February 1966). Enough said: the 1019 is one of the best automatics in the business, and the way it is mounted here only enhances its performance virtues. The cartridge is a very good model in the Pickering V-15 series (see HF test report, June 1965) with a full, open, and neutral sound and which tracks excellently at 2 grams.

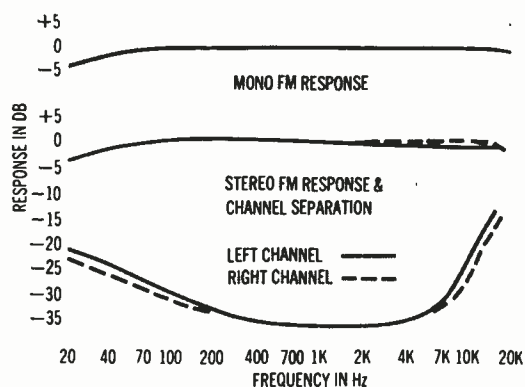
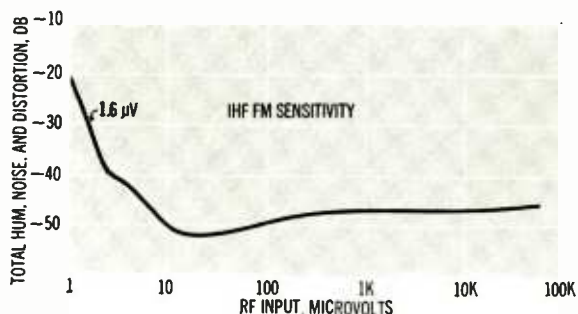
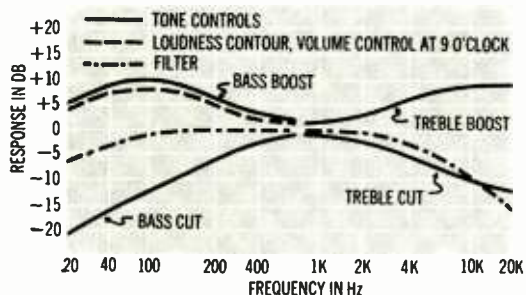
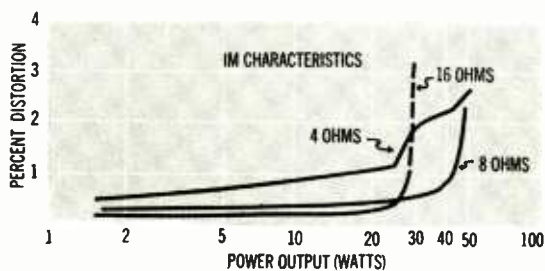
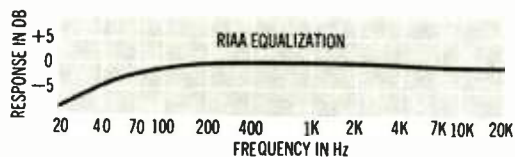
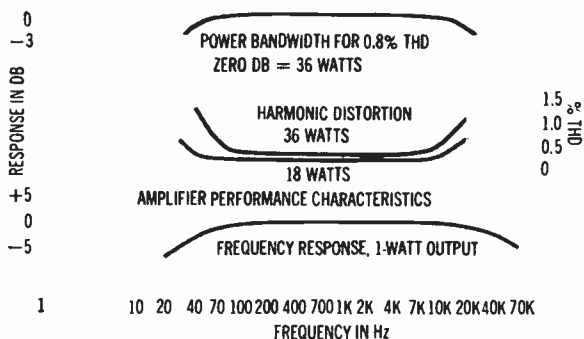
S-12 SPEAKERS

The S-12 speaker system is a three-way air-suspension type employing a 15-inch woofer, 6-inch midrange, and 4-inch tweeter cones. The enclosure section, for each of these systems, falls in the about-two-cubic-foot class of high-quality compacts. Response is smooth and uncolored across the range from about 30 Hz to beyond audibility. When driven abnormally hard, the S-12 begins to double at about 35 Hz, although at normally comfortable listening levels its useful bass remains clean to 28 Hz. Response below this frequency is mostly doubling. Directional effects are hardly noticeable until you approach 10 kHz, although 11 kHz still is audible fairly off axis. At 13 kHz the signal can be heard only on axis. From 3 kHz to 5 kHz there's a bit of brightness in the response. White noise response is moderately smooth with just a trace of midrange emphasis.

So put it all together and what have you got? A big, beautiful, well-engineered box for reproducing music. Two questions, however, inevitably come up in assessing a system of this type. One, are you getting your money's worth vis-à-vis what \$1,500 can get you in the way of individual components? Two, how much is the stereo spread affected by the predetermined spacing of the two speaker systems?

Regarding cost, if you add up the prices of the individual items used in the Copley you get a total of about \$1,250. This leaves \$250 for the cabinetry, the pre-wiring, and the installation in it including the excellent Isomount system. In our view, that is a fair price after taking a good look at the cabinet and the care with which everything has been arranged in it. As for stereo spread, the speakers are spaced about five feet apart measured from their centers. This is enough for a good stereo presentation at listening distances normally encountered in an average-size living room, although admittedly it does not permit the most spectacular stereo in larger rooms. However, there are those hookups for extra speakers, and we found that running a pair of small, modest speakers—just enough to enhance the middles and highs—so that they flanked the main system did indeed spread out the presentation over a very wide sonic angle.

CIRCLE 141 ON READER-SERVICE CARD



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

a pickup shell and at the other with an adjustable damped counterweight for balance, plus controls for anti-skating and stylus pressure. When correctly set up, the arm will track satisfactorily at stylus forces below 0.5 gram (assuming you use a pickup recommended for such low tracking force). The arm actually will trip the automatic change cycle at a force of only 0.2 gram, attesting to its excellent balance and "trackability." Arm resonance of 9 dB occurred way down at 6 Hz and would hardly ever become a factor in the audible response. Bearing friction at the pivot end, both vertically and laterally, was too low to be measured accurately. The built-in stylus force gauge was highly accurate: for a setting on the dial of 0.5, CBS Labs measured 0.6 gram; the dial at 1 gave 1.1 grams; all settings above this corresponded exactly to stylus forces measured on the lab gauge. The anti-skating adjustment, which in this unit is a function of the vertical tracking force used, can be varied by a calibrated knob, according to instructions furnished. Associated with the arm is a built-in cueing lever (very gentle) and a lock rest (very secure).

The shell at the pickup end of the arm does not come off, but instead a platform slides out of its front end. On this platform you mount your cartridge, slip four clips over the cartridge terminals, and then—in conjunction with a plastic gauge supplied—you may adjust the position of the cartridge for correct stylus overhang distance. We've seen similar adjustments before, but one we've never seen is the unique vertical angle adjustment—a calibrated knob-and-lever at the front of the cartridge platform—that lets you increase the stylus angle according to the number of records stacked for automatic play. Numbered from 1 to 8, the dial introduces about 0.85 degrees more vertical angle for each digit. While precise vertical angle may not be a terribly critical factor, and while the variation in a pile of records doesn't usually exceed six degrees, this original refinement is additional testimony to the conscientious design of the PE-2020 and one that can be recommended to the perfectionist.

Smooth, quiet performance; useful features that work as claimed; clean modern design—all add up to another competitor for top honors in the automatic class. The PE-2020 is supplied less base; an optional walnut model costs \$11.95, and Elpa advises that a dust cover (price not yet known) will be available soon.

CIRCLE 142 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

Elpa PE-2020 Turntable

Speed Setting (rpm)	Speed Accuracy (percentages fast)*		
	105 VAC	120 VAC	127 VAC
16	0.6	1.0	1.0
33	0.0	0.3	0.5
45	0.07	0.6	0.7
78	1.0	1.6	1.7

* Measurements made with vernier speed control set at mid-rotation. Control may be adjusted by user for exact speed selected, i.e., with zero error.

REPORTS IN PROGRESS

Sony 5000F Stereo Tuner
BSR 600 Automatic Turntable

BOSE 901 SPEAKER SYSTEM

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COMMENT: For the report on this product see page 60.

CIRCLE 143 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

TEST REPORT GLOSSARY

Bias: 1. anti-skating; a force applied to counteract a tone arm's tendency to swing inward. 2. a small amount of voltage applied to a device to prepare it for correct performance.

Capture ratio: a tuner's ability, expressed in dB, to select the stronger of two conflicting signals. The lower the number, the better.

Clipping: the power level at which an amplifier's output distorts.

Damping: a unit's ability to control ringing.

dB: decibel; measure of the ratio between electrical quantities; generally the smallest difference in sound intensity that can be heard.

Doubling: a speaker's tendency to distort by producing harmonics of brass tones.

Harmonic distortion: spurious overtones introduced by equipment to a pure tone.

Hz: Hertz; new term for "cycles per second."

IF: intermediate frequency, into which the RF is converted by a tuner.

IM (intermodulation) distortion: spurious sum-and-difference tones caused by the beating of two tones.

k: kilo-; 1,000.

m: milli-; 1/1,000.

M: mega-; 1,000,000.

μ (mu); micro-; 1/1,000,000.

Power bandwidth: range of frequencies over which an amplifier can supply its rated power without exceeding its rated distortion (defined by the half-power, or -3 dB, points at the low and high frequencies).

RMS: root mean square; the effective value of a signal that has been expressed graphically by a sine wave. In these reports it generally defines an amplifier's continuous, rather than momentary, power capability.

Sensitivity: a tuner's ability to receive weak signals. Our reports use the Institute of High Fidelity (IHF) standard. The smaller the number the better.

Sine wave: in effect, a pure tone of a single frequency, used in testing.

S/N ratio: signal-to-noise ratio.

Square wave: in effect, a complex tone, rich in harmonics, covering a wide band of frequencies, used in testing.

THD: total harmonic distortion, including hum.

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Vanguard's set includes two reissues, thirteen first releases—all of recordings made in the mid-Fifties.

FROM THE LEGACY OF JOSEPH SZIGETI—A BOUNTY OF MOZART SONATAS

by Harris Goldsmith

IN HIS AUTOBIOGRAPHY, *With Strings Attached*, Joseph Szigeti refers to his most recently published recordings as "posthumous." Let the virtuoso emeritus, now in his late seventies, have his little joke. We know that Szigeti is still savoring life to its fullest and, fortunately for the world of music, remains very much with us.

Unlike many musicians of his era, who viewed the phonograph as a necessary evil, Szigeti has always taken great pride in his recordings. Indeed, they reflect his musical ideals with vivid force; and since his mode of workmanship has always tended towards the analytical (as distinct from the spur-of-the-moment impulsiveness of Kreisler, for example), one can readily see why he views his recorded legacy much in the same way as the great thinkers have looked upon their writings. With such men, the *idea* is the thing.

Szigeti's concepts of music and violin playing are so far removed from traditional violinistic thought that misunderstanding was perhaps to be expected. In his career in the recital hall many concertgoers, I suspect, were unconsciously

but strongly conditioned by Szigeti's extremely awkward appearance at the violin. A tall, lean figure, he often had the cramped, uncomfortable look of a man playing in a telephone booth. In fact, Szigeti's playing itself often *was* cramped and abrasively angular. This was purely intentional, however—not, as so many suppose, a result of any kind of technical deficiency. Szigeti was a formidable virtuoso on his instrument; but, unlike so many string players who sacrifice much for graceful ease and a silky, flowing line, Szigeti deliberately devised bowings and fingerings that caused physical tension. This physical tension was merely part of his method—a method that produced a vigorous, irregular stress in the musical phrasing.

If you ask at this point whether these stresses are appropriate to a classicist such as Mozart, my answer is an unhesitating "yes." The classic masters in particular attached much significance to motivic detail; indeed, they often built an entire movement or symphony around a single rhythmic or melodic fragment. Szigeti's asymmetricalities thus vitalize Mozart's musical and structural processes, whereas

the "silky" approach often glosses over and dilutes much that is relevant.

About Szigeti's wide vibrato there will be even greater difference of opinion. In his heyday, Szigeti employed vibrato in lavish, vigorous fashion, much as an expressionist painter like Van Gogh would use gobs of paint and the palette knife to give texture and accent to a canvas. Thus, Szigeti's playing is strikingly dissimilar to the constant, steady undulations of the modern violinist who seems to say, "there is but one God of string playing and Auer [. . . now Galamian . . .] is his prophet." Szigeti, then, reinstates the original conception of vibrato as something used as an expressive adornment, while most string players these days seem to regard it as a way of life. Indeed, we have all been brainwashed into equating a slow vibrato, or none at all, with inadequate technique. Nothing could be further removed from the truth.

I will admit that towards the end of his public career Szigeti's bow arm did occasionally become unsteady and his fingers did occasionally fall wide of the mark. Still and all, the lapses were minor ones, and, I maintain, it was Szigeti's de-

liberately chosen style of playing that bothered most of his detractors.

The present collection of Mozart Sonatas is a particularly welcome addition to the Szigeti discography. Until now, his Mozart has been a scarce commodity on records. In the 78-rpm era he did the D major Concerto, K. 218 with Beecham; the B flat Divertimento, K. 287 with Max Goberman; and a predecessor version of the E minor Sonata, K. 304 with Nikita Magaloff (now his son-in-law) at the piano. Of these items, only the concerto was later transferred to microgroove. In 1955 he recorded with George Szell the two sonatas now reissued in the set at hand. The thirteen sonatas with Mieczyslaw Horszowski appear for the first time. They were made by Columbia in the mid-Fifties but languished in that company's vaults until Vanguard, with Szigeti's urging, negotiated for rights to the tapes. It is a bit of a pity that Vanguard has chosen to mar its otherwise praiseworthy effort by issuing these performances in artificial stereo. Sometimes, as in the last movement of K. 377, Szigeti's tone tends to split up between the two speakers, and in one or two other places I noted an unpleasant "souped-up" gloss and acoustical confusion. For the most part, however, the damage done the very good monophonic sound has been negligible.

A word about the two pianists who play with Szigeti here. Both are excellent, but each in completely his own way. Szell takes cognizance that Mozart designated these works as "for Piano and Violin." He tends to take a leading hand in the musical proceedings and at moments of dramatic stress is almost inclined to overpower his partner. Horszowski certainly is not given to insipid, pretty-pretty Mozart playing either, but he is less apt to hustle Szigeti brusquely past niceties that the violinist would like to linger over slightly. For my taste, Horszowski is an entirely more sympathetic and sensitive chamber music player than Szell shows himself to be on this occasion, though I hasten to add that I much prefer an excess of bite in Mozart to an insufficiency of same. The differences in the playing of the two pianists are paralleled by the different balance in the recorded sound: with Horszowski the illusion of equality is scrupulously maintained; with Szell, the piano tends to overwhelm the violin line.

MOZART: *Sonatas for Piano and Violin*

Vol. 1—in C, K. 296; in G, K. 301; in E flat, K. 302; in E minor, K. 304; in A, K. 305; in D, K. 306; in F, K. 377; in E flat, K. 380. Vol. 2—in C, K. 303; in F, K. 376; in B flat, K. 378; in G, K. 379; in B flat, K. 454; in E flat, K. 481; in A, K. 526.

Joseph Szigeti, violin; George Szell, piano (in K. 454 and K. 481); Mieczyslaw Horszowski, piano. VANGUARD EVERYMAN SRV 262/64 and SRV 265/67. \$7.50 each three-disc set (rechanneled stereo only).



AN INTRODUCTION TO TENOR ILOSFALVY

by Conrad L. Osborne

ALTHOUGH I had enjoyed what I had previously heard of this Hungarian tenor. I had planned to sample only an aria or two when I got around to this disc rather late of an evening; I found myself listening straight through it.

A singer can be altogether excellent without having the elusive quality Róbert Ilosfalvy seems to possess—a particular magic of tone that crops up only once or twice in a generation of singers, with a Gigli, a Bjoerling, a Wunderlich. I should say, in fact, that not since the Di Stefano of twenty years ago have we seen the emergence of such a sheerly beautiful tenor voice. And it is that same sort of instrument, a fat lyric tenor. The fact that Ilosfalvy's sounds like the meatier voice may be partly due to the recording (which is, to be sure, noticeably reverberant), but is surely partly due to the native caliber of the voice and to the fact that he does not insist on driving it wide-open to its upward limit.

There are times when he broadens the vowel in the Di Stefano manner, and with some of the same resultant whiteness and sense of strain. But they are very few; most of the time, the voice rolls over into a clear, juicy ring with spin and excitement. Whether the C holds up or not we cannot tell, for the program does not require it of him. But the A's and B flats will tingle your spine.

About most of these arias, there is nothing special to say except that these versions are to be ranked with the best recorded since the war, and provide an almost continuous stream of luscious sound. I need not emphasize, I'm sure, how remarkable a singer must be to produce this splendid an "Una furtiva lagrima," and follow a band later with this fine a "Celeste Aida," smooth and sweeping, the B flats worthy of Bjoerling himself.

Some reservations can be entered about a few of the bands from an interpretative standpoint. The phrasing in both Wagner excerpts is a bit slack, though the *Preislied* builds to a satisfying peak, and there are moments when one feels Ilosfalvy could simply make more of a phrase—as at the end of the first verse

of "Una furtiva," for example. There is one downright poor job: the "Cielo e mar," an aria of which he could easily be a great exponent. It is so perfunctory and rushed, so lacking in shape, as to sound like a desperate reading, albeit one that brings forth some gorgeous sounds (along with the highest proportion of blabby overly open ones). But on the whole, he comes through with a full, honest temperament, and a sense of phrase that is often poetic.

The two Erkel pieces, the only oddities on the disc, are both fine—the *Hunyádi* being a flowing, Italianate aria, and the *Bánk Bán* a more dramatic, Italianate scene. This last is, by the way, a most interesting opera, which was recorded complete by Qualiton a few years back (the blessing is mixed, since much of the singing in that performance is pretty dreadful). The accompaniments on the present record are excellent, and the sound will do, though it incorporates occasional distortions and imbalances with its big, full format.

The next thing to hope for from Mr. Ilosfalvy is the recording of a major Italian role for a major Western company. Meanwhile, this Qualiton recital serves as an admirable introduction.

ROBERT ILOSFALVY: *Operatic Recital*

Donizetti: *L'Elisir d'amore*; *Una furtiva lagrima*. Puccini: *Fanciulla del West*; *Ch'ella mi creda*. Manon Lescaut: *Ah, Manon!* Erkel: *Hunyádi László*; *Aria of László, Act II*. *Bánk Bán*: *Aria of Bánk, Act II*. Wagner: *Die Meistersinger*; *Preislied*. *Lohengrin*: *In fernem Land*. Verdi: *Aida*; *Celeste Aida*. *Il Trovatore*: *Ah sì, ben mio*. *Manzoni Requiem*; *Ingemisco*. Leoncavallo: *Pagliacci*; *Vesti la giubba*. Ponchielli: *La Gioconda*; *Cielo e mar*. Flotow: *Martha*; *Ach, so fromm*. Mascagni: *Cavalleria rusticana*; *Addio alla madre*.

Róbert Ilosfalvy, tenor; Orchestra of the Hungarian State Opera. Miklós Erdélyi, cond. QUALITON SLPX 11312, \$5.79 (stereo only).



Carl Nielsen, 1865-1931

THE NIELSEN DISCOGRAPHY NEARS COMPLETION

by Bernard Jacobson

A BATCH OF recent releases have rendered the Nielsen discography pretty well comprehensive. The two operas, *Saul og David* and *Maskarade*, and a few other stray works have not yet found their way onto discs, but it is now possible to gain an essentially complete picture of the Danish master's *oeuvre* without stepping out of your own home.

I am not recommending hermitage as an appropriate state for comprehending Nielsen. Quite the contrary. More than most music, Nielsen's reflects humanity and the outside world, and if you do not share those interests with him, his music will not appeal to you. I can imagine no more enormous gulf between two works of the same year (in this case 1912) than that which yawns between the tortured involution of Schoenberg's *Pierrot Lunaire* and the exhilaratingly healthful, outgoing humanism of Nielsen's *Sinfonia expansiva*. It is probably this deep sense of commitment and concern for mankind that accounts for the contempt in which he is held in some fashionably intellectual circles.

It is the same characteristic, together with his glorious natural musicality, that over the past few years has made him a favorite with many music lovers, myself included. The revival has been astonishingly swift and thorough: for of the more than three dozen entries currently to be found in the domestic catalogue alone, not more than three, by my calculation, were there five years ago.

Cynics, of whom there must be a handful even among the readers of so lofty and dedicated a journal as this, will naturally wonder whether the record companies are by now, in their un-sanctified scramble for pelf, scraping the bottom of the barrel. The answer is simple, and it is "No."

It's true that I viewed the prospect of an entire record devoted to Nielsen's piano music with misgivings. "Nielsen and the piano?" I thought; "—surely not!" My doubts were, happily, confounded, and after only one hearing I caught myself saying "Of course, I should have thought of that," as one Nielsen stylistic fingerprint after another showed itself perfectly suited to the exigencies of keyboard writing. The broad, sonorous harmonies with their solidly diatonic basis; the fluid, unfussy counterpoint; the insistent use of repeated figurations, half

arabesque and half gruppetto in character; and in particular the idiomatic treatment of obsessive repeated notes over long stretches of time, often in a pivotal harmonic capacity—all these find a natural home in the piano.

And it is refreshing to find a composer willing to treat the instrument the same way he treats any other medium. Nielsen's piano music is music that has the piano as its medium, rather than music that exists to give the piano (and the pianist) a run in the limelight.

In view of that character, it is hardly surprising that RCA Victor's new record should have been made by John Ogdon, for this brilliantly gifted young Englishman is one of those for whom instrumentalism is not an end in itself. Ogdon is a pianist—and there are too few like him—whom you will often find among the audience at a purely orchestral concert. His culture embraces not merely the concerto and the sonata but the symphony and the whole range of chamber music too. And this breadth of interest, this musicianship in the truest sense of the word, is apparent both in the mere fact and in the supreme accomplishment of these performances.

The recorded sound does not help him much. It is somewhat shallow and unlikelike. Improvement can be effected by turning the volume control up a little way above normal, but the reproduction is still serviceable rather than striking. Nevertheless the fluency of the playing and the purity of interpretative style make their impact unimpeded; and if the *fortes* lack presence, many of the *pianissimos* are ravishingly delicate.

Of the four works included on this disc the early *Symphonic Suite* (1894) is of primarily historical interest. But the 1916 *Chaconne* and the *Three Pieces* of 1928 are both magnificent music; and the 1919 *Suite* (which plays for twenty-two minutes and has nothing to do with the familiar dance suite form, being fully symphonic in character) is as imposing a creation as Nielsen achieved outside his symphonies.

Of the other recent releases listed here, Jorgen Ernst Hansen's organ record is an almost exact duplication of what Grethe Krogh Kristensen offers on Lyrichord (148 mono, 7148 stereo). The sound on the earlier disc is a shade more ample, the new Turnabout main-

tains its quality better at the ends of sides, and Hansen's performance is marginally more successful in conveying the scope of the big *Commotio*.

The Copenhagen performances of the First and Fourth String Quartets complete Turnabout's welcome representation of Nielsen's output in this genre. The string quartet was less central to Nielsen's musical development than it has been for many great composers. Still, No. 4, dating from 1906, is an attractive and consummately polished if emotionally undemanding work, and No. 1 makes up in charm for what it lacks in tautness of structure. There is something pleasantly Dvořákian about the young Nielsen's easygoing tunefulness.

The couplings are both valuable, though the interest of the Gade is less musical than historical. It adds to one's respect for Nielsen when one realizes that nineteenth-century Danish music was dominated by this sort of harmlessly agreeable sub-Mendelssohniana. Holmboe's piece, though not especially adventurous in idiom, is cut from stronger cloth altogether—it is both imaginative and well-made music. The recordings are unobtrusively excellent, and the Copenhagen String Quartet is admirable.

NIELSEN: *Piano Music: Symphonic Suite, Op. 8; Chaconne, Op. 32; Suite, Op. 45; Three Pieces, Op. 59*

John Ogdon, piano. RCA VICTOR LM 3002 or LSC 3002, \$5.79.

NIELSEN: *Organ Music: Commotio, Op. 58; Little Preludes, Op. 51 (20)*

Jorgen Ernst Hansen, organ. TURNABOUT TV 34193, \$2.50 (stereo only).

NIELSEN: *Quartet for Strings, No. 1, in G minor, Op. 13*
†Gade: *Quartet for Strings, No. 1, in D, Op. 63*

Copenhagen String Quartet. TURNABOUT TV 34187, \$2.50 (stereo only).

NIELSEN: *Quartet for Strings, No. 4, in F, Op. 44*
†Holmboe: *Quartet for Strings, No. 8, Op. 87*

Copenhagen String Quartet. TURNABOUT TV 34217, \$2.50 (stereo only).

CLASSICAL

ANON.: *Medieval Songs of Praise*

Puer natus in Bethlehem; O virgo pulcherrima; O spes mea cara; Concordia laetitia; Cristo riusati in tutti i cuori; Altà Trinità beata; Laude novella sia cantata; Omne omo ad alta voce; Venite a laudare; Laudar vollio; Troppo perde'l tempo; De la crudel morte di Cristo; Martir glorioso aulente flore.

Choir of the Papal Chapel of St. Francis of Assisi, Father Alfonso del Ferraro, cond. HELIODOR HS 25076, \$2.49 (stereo only).

I recently saw a small boy wearing a sweatshirt which read "How can we lose when we're so sincere?," and I suppose similar feelings must have motivated Heliodor in releasing this performance by the Choir of the Papal Chapel of St. Francis of Assisi singing medieval *laude*. These Italian songs of praise and devotion, a cross between popular song and Gregorian chant, were often sung in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries by bands of flagellants who wandered across the plague-ridden country lashing themselves in expiation for the sins of the world.

In their dirgelike tempos and ragged ensemble, the Assisi choir unintentionally creates a plausible replica of these medieval marchers. Led by an indefatigable brother who makes up in volume and zeal what he lacks in vocal quality, the chorus of men and boys plods lugubriously over the melodic lines leaving the music in shambles behind. Modern touches are provided by the Pucciniesque scoops and "expressive" ritards, as well as by a recording technique that places the performance in some sort of a cavern.

All this is more a pity since the *laude* themselves are glorious pieces, rich with the melodic sense which has always been the best part of Italian music. The *Cortona laudario* from which these songs were taken represents a simpler and more popular tradition than many other collections having more in common with the highly stylized troubadour songs. In fact it has been suggested that these appealing melodies bear a closer relation to the cheerful Spanish villancicos. The practice of singing *laude* was not limited to superpenitents, as the joyful enthusiasm of the texts and the fresh lyricism of the melodies attests. DGG has done so much to make early music accessible to modern listeners, let us hope it will try again soon with the *laude*. S.T.

BACH: *Brandenburg Concertos, S. 1046-1051*

Munich Bach Orchestra, Karl Richter, cond. ARCHIVE SAPM 198438/39, \$11.58 (two discs, stereo only).

Disregarding releases that have been dropped from the catalogue, this salvo counts as the twenty-fifth in the saga of the complete *Brandenburgs*. I don't find it particularly attractive. There is crispness in Richter's approach, but a degree of heartlessness too. Witness, right at the beginning, the first movement of No. 1: this is taken at a spanking pace, with an undeniably impressive élan—but the horns, commendably though they articulate, can do little but bark at this speed, and I found myself reflecting as the movement ended that it had said much less than usual.

The performances are certainly consistent, and if you enjoy this movement you will probably like the set a lot. In matters of style it is moderately successful: a good many things are done right, even if they don't always sound spontaneous or completely convinced. But No. 3 is handled in the bad old way with masses of strings attempting to make sense of what are obviously intended as solo lines.

The balance of the instrumental forces is very good, and it is faithfully rendered by the recording. The soloists are serviceable without ever being allowed to sound inspiring. The trumpeter in No. 2 is loud and more than a little coarse, and there is some out-of-tune viola playing in No. 6. Altogether this is no match for either Munclinger on *Crossroads* or Ristenpart on *Nonesuch*—both of them at less than half the price. B.J.

BACH: "Organ Favorites, Vol. 3"

Schübler Chorales, S. 645-650; Prelude and Fugue in C minor, S. 549 ("Arnstadt"); Prelude and Fugue in D minor, S. 539 ("Fiddle"); Prelude and Fugue in E minor, S. 533 ("Cathedral").

E. Powers Biggs, organ. COLUMBIA MS 7108, \$5.79 (stereo only).

This is Biggs's second recorded version of the *Schübler* chorales—the first, now deleted, was done in the early '50s on the organ at Symphony Hall in Boston and released on Columbia ML 4284, with the *Tocatta*, *Adagio*, and *Fugue in C major*. That recording also included Bach's straight four-part harmonizations of the chorale melodies upon which the *Schübler* chorales are based, at the expense, however, of the repeats in the first and third chorales. These repeats are observed in the present recording.

In general, Biggs's playing on the earlier disc is more controlled, straightforward, and traditional—in the current release the pieces are approached with considerably more freedom. In several of the chorales, particularly the third and sixth, the phrasing is inconsistent and awkward, not derived from the music

itself but seeming to be employed simply as a technical expediency. Some other irregularities in touch and rhythmic accuracy probably will also disturb professional organists. Each piece is interestingly and appropriately conceived, however, and played with more drive and enthusiasm than is evident on the more technically correct versions I have heard. Biggs obtains the best effect, possibly, in the second chorale, *Wo soll ich fliehen hin* (O whither shall I flee?), in which the two scurrying voices over the chorale melody are played in an extreme *détaché* style and with a driving intensity highly evocative of the hurrying of the fleeing sinner.

In keeping with current taste, ornamentation is more liberally and more correctly employed in the current recording than in its predecessor.

The three preludes and fugues are all early works, dating from the Weimar period and before. Biggs brings to them imagination and insight. The liberties he takes with note values, phrasing, ornamentation, etc., all serve to emphasize the individual character of each work, and for the most part are perfectly valid in context. To me, the performances here are unique and thoroughly exciting.

The Flentrop organ in the Busch-Reisinger Museum of Cambridge, Massachusetts, is one of the most successful of the modern baroque-style instruments. Its soft yet extremely articulate voicing and its thoroughly classical specification make it ideally suited to the performance of these works. The recorded sound is spacious and crystal clear. C.F.G.

BACH, CARL PHILIPP EMANUEL: *Clavier Works: Fantasia in C; Fantasia in C; Sonata in G; Sonata in B flat*

József Gát, clavichord. QUALITON SLPX 1305, \$5.79 (stereo only).

Here is C.P.E. Bach as he ought to be heard—away from the snuff and candlelight of Frederick's court, away from the prim requirements of royal commissions, done with the flute for life, and turning finally, in the free air of Hamburg, to composing his finest works for "his" instrument, the clavichord. It was at the keyboard (or more precisely, at the clavichord) that Carl Philipp was himself—wrote for himself, played for himself and, of course, improvised for friends, letting his wit and imagination flower and delighting all who heard him.

It was during the Hamburg period (1768-88) that Bach published the six collections of Sonatas, Fantasias, and Rondos "for connoisseurs and amateurs" from which the present works are taken. These volumes more or less defined what the clavichord was all about, and the two sonatas and two fantasias are fascinating segments of the whole. Play of high against low register, contrast of sonority, fountains of arpeggiated figuration, easy lyricism, clean, lean linearity—all are to be found here. And there is the special quality of Carl Philipp's art—the harlequinesque humor so unmistak-



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able in the Fantasia from Vol. VI. Other trademarks abound: the strong chromaticism of the Largo of the B flat Sonata (in addition to the side-stepping harmonic changes in the Vol. VI Fantasia—a moment or two which neither Beethoven nor Schubert would have scorned); the *galant* spirit of the last movement of the B flat; the adventurous linearity of the middle movement of the G major. It is also a peculiarity of these works that no matter how frequently an idea is repeated it does not pall, so unsterotyped is Bach's melodic thought.

Now, to the one disappointment of the disc. A clavichord and a harpsichord are as different as night and day, yet on first hearing this record I would have sworn the instrument to be the latter. The fine print of the jacket perhaps reveals why: József Gát, we are told, equips his clavichords with "a special amplifying system in order to make them sound in their full tone-quality in the great concert halls of our days." This, I think, was a woeful mistake. It is difficult to record a clavichord, but it can be done. And while the harpsichord seems to suffer electrification without a change of timbre, the same evidently cannot be said of the clavichord. And so, while Gát's performances themselves are expert and convincing, we are still some distance from the authentic experience which these pieces deserve. S.F.

BERLIOZ: *Grande Messe des Morts*, Op. 5

Peter Schreier, tenor; Chorus and Symphony Orchestra of the Bavarian Radio, Charles Munch, cond. DEUTSCHE GRAMMOPHON 139264/65, \$11.58 (two discs, stereo only).

Berlioz' extraordinary sonic imagination finds its most remarkable expression in this work, and his understanding of the feasible musical possibilities when large forces are deployed within a vast space is superbly demonstrated by his choice of materials. For the substance of the Requiem is, more than in any other of his works, sonic weights and balances. The major developmental technique in the "*Dies irae*," "*Tuba mirum*," and "*Lacrymosa*" is one of accretion; at this level of dynamic force, subtle melodic and harmonic variation would be irrelevant, and Berlioz substitutes a technique of additive sonic weight. On all levels, the contrasts are extreme: framed within the more normal dynamics of the outer movements is a sequence of alternating very loud and very soft movements—even the internal contrasts are violent ("*Tuba mirum*"—"Mors stupebit," "*Rex tremendae*"—"Salva me"). The extravagant spatial features of the Requiem are justly celebrated, but the remarkable simplicity and subtlety of the quiet sections are equally noteworthy; the "*Quid sum miser*," which develops fragments of the *Dies irae* material, seldom has more than one part sounding, and the *Hostias* is built entirely with four-part chords, in the male chorus and the

**Melodiya/Seraphim Debuts
With Beethoven**

ENTER Melodiya/Seraphim, the newest outcome of the MK/EMI cross-pollination. The thinking behind the new label is logical: undoubtedly, many would be interested in hearing how Kondrashin plays Beethoven with the Moscow Philharmonic, but probably few would be willing to pay top-drawer prices for the opportunity when bargain recordings by Toscanini, Walter, Monteux, and other box office names are available. At the quoted price, Kondrashin's well-reproduced effort makes a formidable proposition.

The impression made by this Fourth Symphony and by *Prometheus* is one of tradition and strength. Kondrashin summons rocklike rhythmic solidity and his players respond with massive, monolithic sonority. The Muscovites' ensemble tone tends towards the weighty and emphatic rather than to the mercurial or notably refined. Thus, one is reminded of, say, Klemperer—though with a shade more delicacy, wit, and graceful pointing from the orchestra. Kondrashin's tempos would have veered closer to Toscanini's.

In brief, this is sturdy, vigorous, thoroughly orthodox Beethoven. The repeats are taken both in the first and last movements of the Symphony. H.G.

Beethoven: *Symphony No. 4*, in B flat, Op. 60; *Prometheus Overture*, Op. 43

Moscow Philharmonic Orchestra, Kiril Kondrashin, cond. MELODIYA/SERAPHIM S 60061, \$2.50 (stereo only).

famous three-flutes-and-trombone-pedal combination.

Needless to say, the Requiem makes severe demands on the recording engineers because of this extreme dynamic range. To date, Ormandy's version has best conveyed the sheer force of the big moments, and the new DGG does not surpass these. But Ormandy's chorus, recorded rather closely in a somewhat artificial perspective, has a rough uncohesive sound, and the performance is generally undistinguished, often choppy and insensitive to the subtler effects.

Therefore Munch-in-München has as his primary competition none other than Munch-in-Boston. The Bavarian Radio performers are certainly competent, with the chorus especially good in the quieter movements, although they sometimes seem to be straining for the climaxes. The conductor's reading of the work has,

however, become marginally less satisfactory; never a stickler for steady tempos—let alone for accurate ones—Munch seems here somewhat more erratic than in 1959. Because of its nature, the Requiem suffers less from these disorganized tempos than, say, the *Symphonie fantastique*—the main thread of the argument is more often in the sheer sound—but it would be nice some day to hear a modern recording in which the *Rex tremendae* really begins at the indicated *Andante maestoso*, so that by "*Confutatis maledictis*" the movement would be almost twice as fast, as Berlioz requests. An especial annoyance is the rhythmic sloppiness of the Sanctus (in his solo, Schreier makes a viable sound, but with too many aspirated "aitches" in the melismas and without the lovely head tones that Simoneau managed on his high B flats in the Boston version), which apparently unsettles the players of the crucial cymbals and bass drum, with uncomfortable results.

While it could be said that there is some sonic improvement in the new version—more clarity, if perhaps less impact—it would be difficult to argue that the musical gains are significant, and my advice would be to stick with Boston until the inevitable Colin Davis version turns up one of these days. D.H.

BRAHMS: *Sonatas for Violin and Piano*: No. 1, in G, Op. 78; No. 2, in A, Op. 100; No. 3, in D minor, Op. 108

Josef Suk, violin; Julius Katchen, piano. LONDON CS 6549, \$5.79 (stereo only).

The first single-disc stereophonic edition of the Brahms Violin Sonatas, this recording is, happily, also noteworthy for interpretative distinction. The playing of Josef Suk, thirty-nine-year-old grandson of the noted Czech composer, is suave and beautifully controlled, his tone sweet and warm, his approach Romantic without being romanticized.

Suk previously recorded the Second and Third Sonatas (in a 1963 taping, recently released on Crossroads), but the performances on this new London disc seem to me to be superior. Suk's conceptions have deepened and matured: greater nuance results in heightened expressivity, while more spacious tempos impart a feeling of introspection missing from the earlier version.

As Suk's collaborator, Julius Katchen's contribution is on a distinguished level throughout. Despite an amorphous-sounding piano, the fidelity is very high—London's engineers have engraved thirty-four and one half minutes on a side without loss of quality, and the surfaces are gratifyingly quiet.

Perhaps Suk doesn't quite equal the remarkable delineation of the music's architectural structure evident in Isaac Stern's superb reading on Columbia; one might say that whereas Suk phrases in sentences, Stern phrases in paragraphs. Stern's disc omits the Second Sonata, however, and certainly Suk's set is highly recommendable. M.S.

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BRITTEN: *The Burning Fiery
Furnace*

Peter Pears (t), Nebuchadnezzar; Robert Tear (t), Meshach; Bryan Drake (b), Astrologer; John Shirley Quirk (b), Shadrach; Stafford Dean (bs), Abednego; Peter Leeming (bs), Herald; members of the Chorus and Orchestra of the English Opera Group, Benjamin Britten, cond. LONDON OSA 1163, \$5.79 (stereo only).

The second in Britten's projected trilogy of "parables for church performance," *The Burning Fiery Furnace* is in most significant respects similar to its predecessor, *Curlew River* (the third work in the series, *The Prodigal Son*, will have been premiered by the time this review appears in print, and a London recording will doubtless follow in due course). Both works use a play-within-a-play framework, with an abbot and monks presenting a morality play—in this case, the Old Testament story of Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego, who miraculously survived Nebuchadnezzar's ordeal by fire after refusing to worship the Babylonian god Merodak. Both works begin with a processional plainsong and some homiletic words from the Abbot, followed by identical instrumental treatments of the respective chants, during which the monks don their costumes for the play; at the conclusion, the procedure is reversed—disrobing music, closing remarks by the Abbot, and the chant as recessional.

In matters of musical technique, there is also great similarity, although the specific materials naturally differ (the respective chants are used as primary sources for motivic substance). Even the instrumentation is comparable: to *Curlew River*'s organ, harp, viola, flute, double bass, and horn, *The Burning Fiery Furnace* adds a trombone and employs a more elaborate percussion section.

The vocal writing shares the extended arioso character of *Curlew River*, and the choral and instrumental style follows its "relaxed" polyphonic techniques. Even though the story is not drawn this time from an oriental source, the same stylized dramatic treatment, using masks and based on Japanese traditions, is apparently followed in staged performance.

In short, your reaction to this work will probably closely approximate your reaction to *Curlew River*—both have the same spare, open, basically solemn character, although *The Burning Fiery Furnace* has slightly more surface color. I must confess that, on records, these "parables" seem to me somewhat thinly spread, although made with great skill (each lasts slightly over an hour); but I should also report that musician friends who shared this reaction to *Curlew River* on records later found it to be quite impressive in actual performance. Knowing Britten's superb sense of musical theatre and theatrical music, I can well imagine that this is so. These are integrated conceptions, and in a way the music's inability to stand alone might be considered a symptom of that integrity.

Needless to say, the performance is superior, the recording impeccable. D.H.

CASALS: "Pablo Casals at Montserrat"

Choir of the Montserrat Capella, Dom Ireneu M. Segarra, cond. EVEREST 3196, \$4.98 (rechanneled stereo only).

Forgive me, ladies and gentlemen, but I think this is a lovely record. Us modernist eggheads are not supposed to approve of the music of Pablo Casals; it is old-fashioned, sentimental, pietistic, and no proper devotee of the contemporary would tolerate it. So take my license away; these eight sacred pieces, with their modal effects and their echoes of Gregorian chant and Renaissance polyphony, strike me as perfectly beautiful. Most of the pieces employ liturgical texts in Latin, but some are in Catalan and reflect religious folklore. None is very elaborately worked out, but all are marvelously sung and are accompanied by one of the most beautiful organs I have ever heard. The whole thing is a masterpiece of that bland, serene, traditionally oriented style so characteristic of Catholicism in Latin countries. A.F.

CHOPIN: *Etudes* (24): *Op. 10; Op. 25*

Tamás Vásáry, piano. DEUTSCHE GRAMMOPHON 136454, \$5.79 (stereo only).

The Chopin Etudes of Opp. 10 and 25 (though for some strange reason not the *Trois nouvelles études*, Op. posth.) have always represented a sort of Everest for pianistic mountaineers. Their extreme technical difficulty is only part of the reason, for the Preludes of Op. 28 are Etudes in everything but name and many pianists tackle them unabashedly while shying away from the pieces here at hand. The present pianist's cycle was preceded by at least one abortive recorded effort, while Maurizio Pollini similarly made the whole set (for EMI) only to withhold his seal of approval. Rumors concerning a Rubinstein recording of the Etudes have been circulating for years, but as yet he has still not documented these works. He is slated to tape twelve of them in Rome this autumn; and if he is satisfied with the results, he will continue with the remaining twelve.

Vásáry's approach tends to strike a middle ground between Ashkenazy (who veered towards velocity, superlegato, and unruffled metronomic impersonality) and Goldsand (far more "old-fashioned," subjective, asymmetrical, and varied in regard to pianistic texture). In basic interpretation, Vásáry is of the modern school. He represents a more or less dry-eyed approach to rubato and tonal color. In some of the "big" etudes like the first C major of Op. 10, the *Revolutionary*, the *Winter Winds*, or the last C minor *Ocean* of Op. 25, Vásáry reveals far more of the music's breadth than Ashkenazy, but conversely he is a bit tight-lipped alongside the expansive, indulgent rhetoric of Goldsand. In one or two pieces, such as the F major, Op. 10, No. 8, I found Vásáry's slow tempo and emphatic fingerwork a bit labored for the gossamer demands of the writing, and in the E major,



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Composer John Field—Early Explorer of Romantic Byways

JOHN FIELD IS ONE of those peripheral figures of music history who usually gets mentioned in a footnote in the textbooks (in his case, in the chapter on Chopin) but whose music is rarely, if ever performed. Yet Field (he was born in Ireland in 1782, matured in London, and then lived principally in Russia until his death in 1837) played an extraordinarily important role in opening up and enlarging the domain of musical expression, particularly in regard to the solo piano piece, in the early part of the nineteenth century. At a time when other composers were still working within the confines of forms inherited from the late eighteenth century—the sonata, variation, etc.—Field began exploring a whole new species of musical composition devoted to the expression of tonal sentiments not unlike those literary sentiments found in the contemporary English romantic poets. He named his pieces “nocturnes,” “ballades,” and “romances,” titles which were to become increasingly important during the course of the nineteenth century. It was Chopin, of course, who more than any other composer seized upon this new compositional genre and developed it into a medium of enormous artistry and expressivity. Caught in the shadow of his great follower, Field somehow faded from view.

The Nonesuch disc (the only other recording I know of is a deleted M-G-M set containing a not very interesting concerto and five of the same nocturnes included here) of twelve of Field's eighteen published nocturnes is a welcome reminder that some of music history's lesser figures wrote some remarkably good music. Within the admittedly narrow confines of these pieces—they reveal a limited range of technical and expressive content—Field emerges as a composer of originality and sensitivity. He had an impressive gift for projecting long, singing melodic lines, almost Bellinian in their lyricism, over simple, undulating accompanimental figures. Pianist Noël Lee, who plays the pieces with conviction and understanding, rightly concentrates on this lyricism, articulating the melody with great care (although I feel he overdoes this occasionally, to the detriment of clarity in the bass line). Unfortunately, his performances are marred by a poor piano sound, which seems to result both from an inferior instrument and from unsatisfactory acoustics.

I should also mention that Lee's readings often reveal variations from my copy of the published score, the alterations ranging from different articulations, phrasings, and isolated pitches to a completely reworked version of one

piece, the E major Nocturne, No. 9 (the numberings of the works given on the recording also differ occasionally from those in my score). This is not surprising, however, in the light of Liszt's remark in the introduction to his 1856 edition of six of the nocturnes (the earliest such publication) that Field (who was, by the way, one of the great pianists of his age) invariably ornamented and elaborated the pieces when he performed them in concert and that no two performances were ever the same. It would seem likely, then, that different printed versions would also exist.

There is evidence in these works of a convincing and engaging musical personality. Certainly to those more adventurous record listeners who take pleasure in exploring some of the byways of music history, the disc can be warmly recommended. R.P.M.

Field: *Nocturnes* (12)

No. 2, in C minor; No. 3, in A flat; No. 6, in F; No. 13, in D minor; No. 5, in B flat; No. 9, in E flat; No. 15, in C; No. 12, in G; No. 10, in E minor; No. 17, in E; No. 4, in A; No. 18, in E.

Noël Lee, piano. NONESUCH H 71195, \$2.50 (stereo only).

Op. 10, No. 3, I thought his use of rubato a bit casual and contrived (here the leisurely Goldsand is much to be preferred). Similarly, both G flat pieces (the *Black Key* Op. 10, No. 5 and *Butterfly* Op. 25, No. 9) do not display Goldsand's pellucid tone and sheer loving craftsmanship.

On the whole, Vásáry fares better with the Op. 25 cycle than he does with those of Op. 10. His double-third essay is marvelously bracing and fluent, and so—only slightly lesser degree—is his account of the double-sixth study. As both the Goldsand and Ashkenazy sets are currently out of the catalogue and the reissue by Cortot is only nominally available (via imported Pathé COLH), Vásáry's only serious competition at present comes from the more finished, yet less spontaneously conceived Arrau set. Arrau similarly opts for a conservative middle-of-the-road romanticism, though Angel spreads his efforts onto two twelve-inch discs with makeweights in the form of other pieces. Vásáry's performances are conveniently presented in single-disc format. My advice is to wait and see if, and how, the Rubinstein edition materializes or to make a diligent

effort to procure a copy of Goldsand's long deleted Concert Hall set. The latter is easily my nomination for the most interesting recorded account of these finger-breakers. H.G.

ELGAR: *Symphony No. 1, in A flat, Op. 55*

Philharmonia Orchestra, Sir John Barbirolli, cond. SERAPHIM S 60068, \$2.49 (stereo only).

Though not as successful over-all as the Second Symphony, Elgar's First (completed in 1908 when the composer was fifty-one) is a superbly professional and touchingly beautiful work, with more than enough magnificent moments to make up for the slight looseness of its structure.

Sir Adrian Boult is by far the finest interpreter of the Second Symphony, but his conception of the First is, in my recollection, not markedly superior to Barbirolli's. Therefore, though Boult has recently re-recorded both symphonies in England, this first domestic release of Barbirolli's No. 1 deserves an enthusi-

astic welcome, not least because of its bargain price.

Barbirolli's reading captures all the passionate vibrancy of Elgar's often ecstatic writing, and the old Philharmonia in top form makes the most of orchestration that yields only to Mahler and perhaps Strauss in its rich but lucid late-Romantic splendor.

Though the Seraphim pressing sounds good when heard in isolation, it has distinctly less impact than the original British HMV disc, and the opening of the Symphony is blemished by the excessive run-in groove noise I have noticed on many recent Angels. B.J.

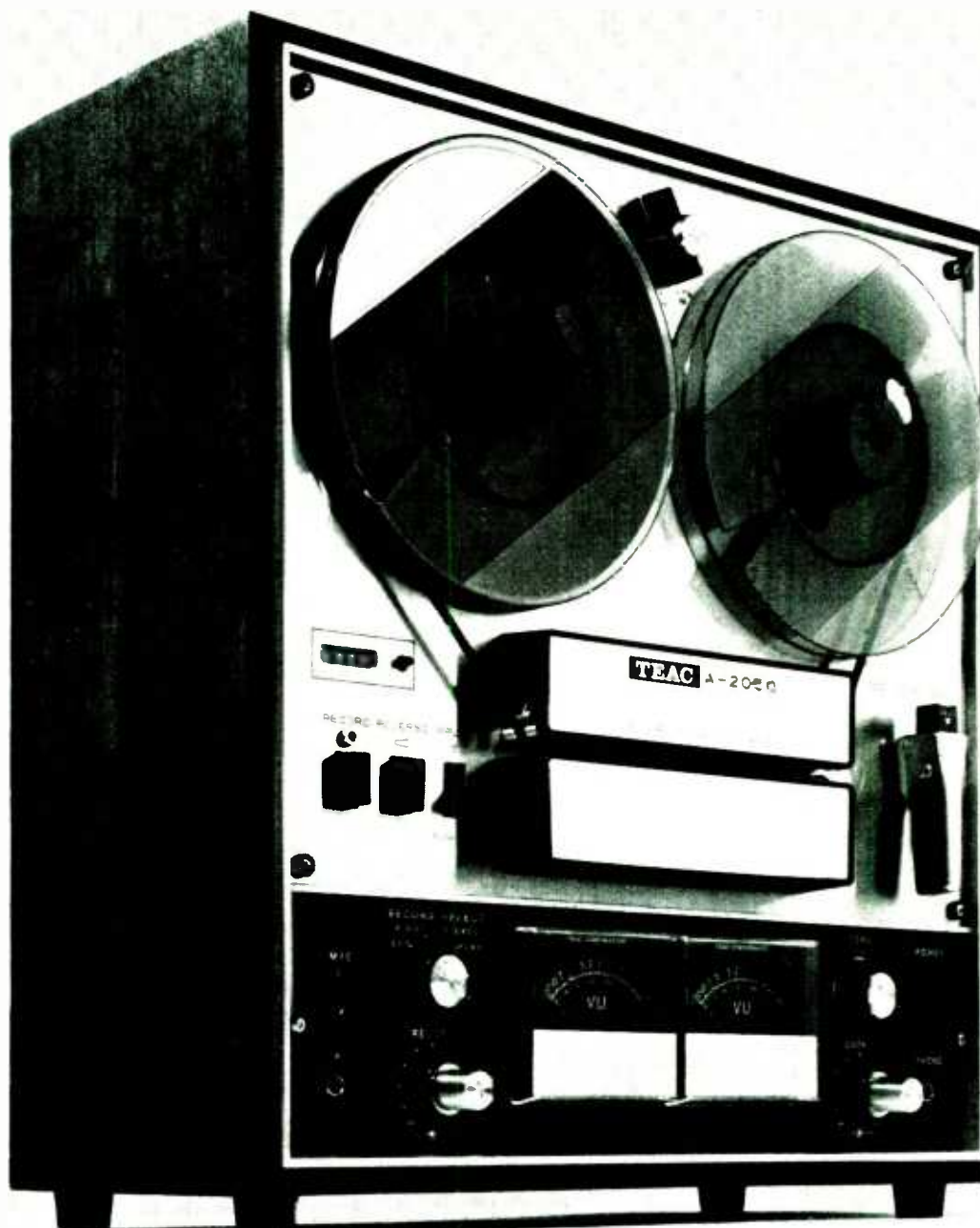
HANDEL: *Twelve Concerti Grossi, Op. 6*

English Chamber Orchestra, Raymond Leppard, cond. Mercury SR 3-9124, \$17.57 (three discs, stereo only).

Comparing performances of Opus 6 is like comparing beers—you tend to like the first brand best. I started with the

Continued on page 83

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Haydn's Creation—by Bernstein, Münchinger, Jochum

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Given this much of a hint, would the reader care to guess from the listings below which of the present versions snaps with the tension of a whip-lash, flashes with fire, rages with the storm of the world's beginning, and frequently whips into tempos that leave all other versions trailing to the rear in a cloud of astral dust? Correct. Bernstein takes Haydn's score by the throat and shakes from it every possible particle of dramatic vigor, orchestral brilliance, rhythmic electricity. It is a fairly breathtaking experience, and it is sometimes unkind to the soloists. It is also a little brash—I think the Bronx cheer the conductor wrests from bassoon and contrabassoon in Measure 40 of Raphael's aria "Nun scheint in vollem Glanze der Himmel" (No. 22) exceeds the bounds of taste, though he has a double *forte* in the score to back him up, as well as Haydn's word painting. But for sheer brass-edged excitement, this version is in a class by itself. Despite the fast tempos, Bernstein never pushes the chorus (in fact, here his tempos differ least from those of his confreres), and the Camerata Singers repay him with splendid singing. He also gives the orchestral soloists space for some lovely individual contributions.

The work of the vocal soloists in this version is, however, more problematical. For one thing, the high drama of Bernstein's conception more or less precludes the possibility of simple, straightforward delivery. The temptation here is for the soloists to fuss around too much, and the one who succumbs most noticeably is Judith Raskin, who is forced to abandon the relative naturalness and ease of her earlier *Creation* performance (the Decca version in English, Waldman conducting) and strain for rhythmic "punch" and a rather effortful and mannered emphasis. At times (as in the Trio, No. 27) the result is unpleasant and the vocal blend among the soloists nonexistent. Elsewhere, as in the Adam/Eve duet (No. 30), Miss Raskin sounds more at her ease and less overwrought. But seldom is there the kind of free-flowing unself-consciousness we might hope for. Alexander Young is a strong, focused, rhythmically acute Uriel, who is forced into vocal dryness only occasionally, when the pace presses him. John Reardon walks off with the honors: the full, resonant flexibility of his baritone is more than a match for the demands of both Raphael and Adam. He does not let the intensity of Bernstein's drive rattle him in the least, and his capacity for sustaining a lyric line is particularly welcome here. Columbia's sound is close-up and brilliant.

Münchinger's *Creation*, let me say at once, ought not to be lost in the shadow of Bernstein's. It is not so spectacular, but it misses none of the joys of the score and—because the soloists are less highly individual—it achieves a consistency of quality and style and vocal blend that is superbly appropriate. Tempos are in general much slower, but Münchinger is well aware of the

rhythmic lift and orchestral niceties that keep the pace moving, and he drives on to tremendous jubilation in the big choral numbers. One of the bright jewels of this set is the Gabriel, Elly Ameling, who possesses what I would call a perfect kind of oratorio voice—bright, forward, a little cool, not very "gutsy" but with plenty of body, absolutely pure and effortless in coloratura.

The Uriel of Werner Krenn is exceptionally sweet-toned, easily phrased, and beguiling to the ear, though less forceful than Young's and sometimes less dominating than it might be in relation to the orchestra. (London's sound, incidentally, projects the soloists less prominently than Columbia's, and is slightly more reverberant. No complaints.) The Raphael of Tom Krause, after a rather plodding start in "Rollend in schäumenden Wellen" (No. 6), comes into its own and grows into a dramatic vigor almost—but not quite—as telling as Reardon's. The London recording, alone of the three under consideration, provides extra soloists for the parts of Adam and Eve; Robin Fairhurst as Adam is somewhat outvolumed by the Eve of Erna Spoorenberg, and though vocally accomplished, he indulges in a restless kind of accordion dynamics which repeatedly pulls the line out of shape. Miss Spoorenberg has matters reasonably well in hand until the final duet, when voice and music go awry.

The Jochum *Creation* is an uneven affair, decidedly the weak entry in the present assembly. For the most part, his choruses are sluggish and seem simply to move along without the will or shaping hand of an overseer. The arias are paced much more convincingly, but even here the soloists indulge some strange propensities: Kmentt's marvelously ringing tenor—perhaps basically the best voice of the three Uriels—makes a shambles of the part with utterly quixotic and Italianate phrasing; some of this flamboyance evaporates by the close of the work, but by then the damage is done. Agnes Giebel, who boasts a full, bright, well-supported voice, sings the roles of Gabriel and Eve with care and not much more. Gottlob Frick is for some reason better as Adam than as Raphael; uneven vocal production and questionable intonation improve steadily throughout the performance, and by the arrival of the Adam/Eve duets a quite lovely blend of voices is achieved. But for thrills, go to Bernstein; for a less spectacular but no less musical satisfaction, to Münchinger. S.F.

HAYDN: *Die Schöpfung (The Creation)*

Judith Raskin, soprano; Alexander Young, tenor; John Reardon, baritone; Camerata Singers; New York Philharmonic, Leonard Bernstein, cond. COLUMBIA M2S 773, \$11.58 (two discs, stereo only).

Elly Ameling, Erna Spoorenberg, sopranos; Werner Krenn, tenor; Robin Fairhurst, baritone; Tom Krause, bass; Vienna State Opera Chorus; Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra, Karl Münchinger, cond. LONDON OSA 1271, \$11.58 (two discs, stereo only).

Agnes Giebel, soprano; Waldemar Kmentt, tenor; Gottlob Frick, bass; Chorus and Orchestra of the Bavarian Radio, Eugen Jochum, cond. PHILIPS PHS 2-903, \$11.58 (two discs, stereo only).

Continued from page 80

Leppard, and am so thoroughly taken with its delicacy, its spirit, its stylistic taste that neither the Schneider nor the Menuhin version seems so pleasing. (Still, don't toss them aside.)

Leppard belongs to the "clipped" school of baroque performance: his allegros are fast, trim, precise, and full of lift, yet never reach the point of sound crabbed or tight. A case in point is the first Allegro of No. 2, which achieves a hairsbreadth kind of accuracy without the jerkiness or lurching suggested by the other performances named above. Leppard can be counted on for clean, classic playing—and lest this sound prosaic, let me add that he never misses the point of what Handel is doing throughout this endlessly varying set of concertos, and he uses the resources of his excellent ensemble to draw attention where it ought to be drawn. Nobody else, for example, catches the pulse of the staccato figure of the *Andante larghetto, e staccato* of No. 11 with the same enticing perfection; nobody else manages so well to keep the music flowing, at all tempos, without either the highly personal kind of phrasing occasionally encountered in Schneider's set or the sometimes studied moments in Menuhin's. But enough of comparisons. This is exciting Handel, beautifully placed between left and right speakers. A joy from start to finish. S.F.

HINDEMITH: *Trauermusik*—See Schoenberg: *Verklärte Nacht*.

LISZT: *Late Piano Works*

Hungarian Historical Portraits (7); Valse oubliée No. 4; Bagatelle Without Tonality; La lugubre gondola: No. 1; No. 2

Ernö Szegedi, piano. QUALITON LPX 1304, \$5.79 (mono only).

The *Hungarian Historical Portraits* are, in effect, dedication plaques set to music. Liszt chose to honor some of his most illustrious countrymen—poets, musicians, statesmen—with these austere miniatures, pieces as far removed from the heaven-storming pyrotechnics of the transcriptions and from the treacle of the *Liebesträume* as could be imagined. Here, Liszt's means of expression are as stringent and contained as Schubert's in the *Moments musicaux*. Like those charmers, the style of piano writing relies greatly upon block chords and transparent patterns. Occasionally, however, Liszt's late-period pre-impressionism comes to the fore.

I could not obtain a score of these pieces, but it seems to me that Ernő Szegedi plays them with expert musicianship. Certainly, his sympathetic dedication to the music is self-evident. Quite appropriately, the pianist becomes more scintillant in the *Valse oubliée* No. 4, and he recognizes the latent pre-Scriabin strains of the curious *Bagatelle* and the two funeral dirges for what they are. His instrument has been captured with

plangent, resonant realism, and the surfaces of the Hungarian-pressed Qualiton disc are notably quiet. H.G.

MOZART: *La Betulia liberata, K. 118*

Emilia Cundari (s), Amital; Laura Londi (s), Charmi, Chabri; Adriana Lazzarini (c), Judith, Petre Munteanu (t), Ozias; Paolo Washington (b), Achior; Polyphonic Chorus and Orchestra of the Angelicum (Milan), Carlo Felice Cillario, cond. RCA VICTROLA VIC 6112 or VICS 6112, \$7.50 (three discs).

A major work, an oratorio, composed by Mozart at the age of fifteen; what an in-

teresting document, and what a chance for lyric effusions on the part of critics and commentators! The anonymous annotator speaks of the "subdued tones" required by the Church, of the "striving for inner depth," of "symbolic intentions," and of other signs of deep religious significance. But the Italian oratorio of the eighteenth century (as, for that matter, Handel's Biblical oratorio) was not church music; it is practically indistinguishable from opera, and in fact its role was to substitute for opera during Lent. The commentators discuss this "sacred" music without investigating the relation between religion, life, and art in Mozart's time. The Enlightenment and the rapidly growing sciences had by then

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radically altered spiritual values, while the rococo and the omnipresent Italian opera had given sacred music a new and altogether secular orientation, all militating against a concept of sacred music such as we romantically reconstructed in the last century. *La Betulia liberata*, composed in Padua, consists of an overture, a multitude of recitatives and arias, and about three choral numbers. Tone and technique, as well as substance, even in the choral numbers, are purely operatic.

Now comes the inevitable search for the "flashes of genius." Well, they are there. *La Betulia liberata* is unquestionably a remarkable achievement for someone so young, and there are a few num-

bers that are by no means ephemeral, but what is really admirable is the poise and security of the fledgling composer, his timing and sense of style. It is simply amazing how the entire Italian operatic practice and style, especially the bitter-sweet Neapolitan cantilena, was already in Mozart's bones. There is nothing "quaint" here, but an experienced dramatic composer who could create at this tender age some numbers worthy of being inserted into his mature operas. Leopold Mozart, who usually polished his young son's compositions, was by this time out of his depth: all he could do was to add some dynamic marks to the score. But to see anything in this oratorio beyond a most interesting way station in the de-

velopment of a genius, and a handful of fine pieces of music, is the kind of nonsense that appeals to the patronizing mind which enjoys naïveté more than mature art.

Of the performers, the three ladies—Adriana Lazzarini, Emilia Cundari, and Laura Londi—are excellent; their singing is spirited and the coloraturas are elegantly negotiated. The bass, with the somewhat perplexing name of Paolo Washington, is also good, but Petre Munteanu exhibits a colorless and hollow tenor. All the *secco* recitatives are butchered, but then they are interminable and monotonous; more questionable are the cuts made in a fine extended accompanied recitative. The orchestra is capable, but is handled insensitively by conductor Cillario (whose name is not mentioned in the booklet). The second violins play their figurations just as loud as the firsts play their melody, and while the pace is generally right, the manner is inflexible. In several pieces a metronome could be calibrated from the maestro's rigid tempo; only in the cadences does he pay obeisance to the ingrained fiction that in "sacred" or "old" music the cadences must have a touch of asthma. A marked shortcoming of this recording, which otherwise would sound well, is the excessive reverberation; the recording must have been made in the lions' dungeon beneath the Colosseum. The echo is so sustained that after a tutti the harmonies flow into one another like the colors in a Madras print after a couple of washings. Still, as a "documentary," this recording has its usefulness; the mute score in the library cannot fully conjure up the intriguing picture of genius in the making. P.H.L.

MOZART: *Divertimentos: for Two Horns and Strings, No. 10, in F, K. 247; for Oboe, Two Horns, and Strings, No. 11, in D, K. 251*

Helmut Hucke, oboe, (in K. 251); Collegium Aureum. RCA VICTROLA VIC 1335 or VICS 1335, \$2.50.

Lothar Koch, oboe (in K. 251); Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra, Herbert von Karajan, cond. DEUTSCHE GRAMMOPHON 139013, \$5.79 (stereo only).

One can't help wondering what Mozart's reaction would be to the discovery that his divertimentos are now widely performed and recorded, thus preserved for posterity and subjected to repeated listenings. Along with the cassations and serenades, the divertimentos were all written for specific occasions and were in substance a kind of elegant background music for aristocratic parties. Surely it never occurred to the composer that any one would really *listen* to this music in the full sense of the word, a fact reflected in the relative simplicity of the structure of the scores: key relationships are obvious, there is little harmonic or thematic development, and the general textural layout is straightforward and uncomplicated. Nevertheless, the works *are* by Wolfgang Amadeus

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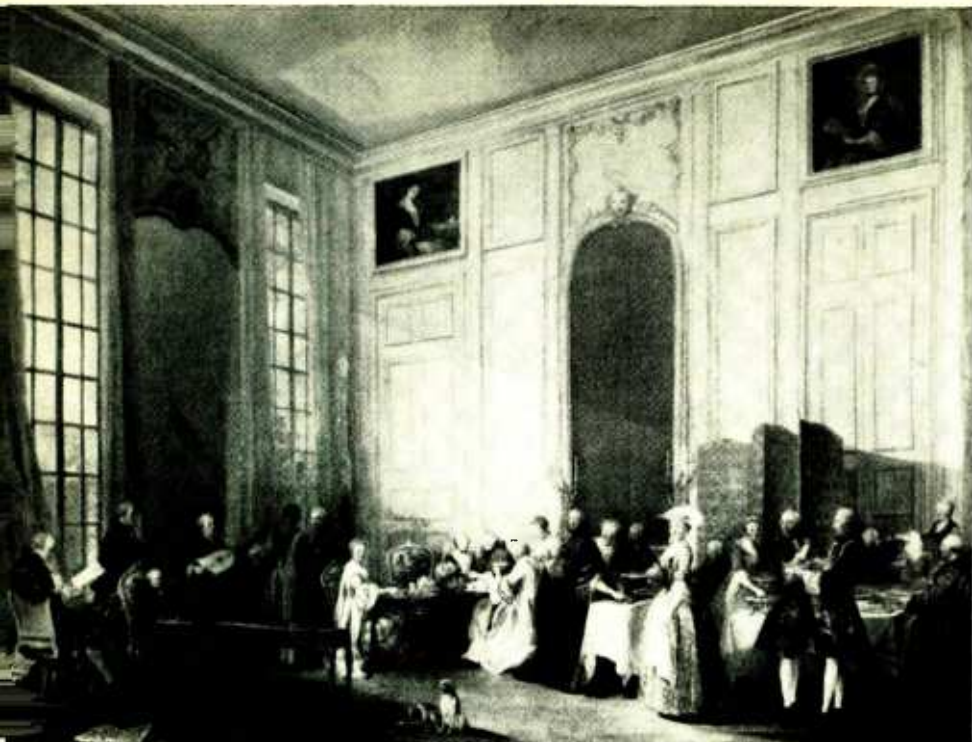
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Mozart at the harpsichord (in 1766) provides some high-class background music.

Mozart and thus are unquestionably of no small historical interest: and they do reveal a charm and a compositional expertise which are all the more impressive in light of their origin.

It is generally agreed that the divertimentos were conceived as chamber works and scored for solo instruments, a view supported by the intimate character of the pieces themselves. It is therefore puzzling that they are so frequently performed by small orchestras, as is the case in the DGG recording under Von Karajan. This can give rise to problems of balance and emphasis, particularly in K. 251, where the oboe is treated as a solo instrument on an equal footing with the strings and in the louder passages has difficulty holding its own against the orchestral tutti. (The horns, on the other hand, create no such problem, as they are used almost exclusively to supply harmonic support, a role which they can perform quite successfully in the surroundings of a small orchestra.) There is also the fact that Mozart tends to treat the first violin as a soloist, delegating to this instrument by far the most elaborate part, with the result that the work has something of the character of a concerto. In the DGG version, this is largely lost, due to the doublings. The Victrola recording is a chamber version (the bass part is doubled but this hardly affects the chamber quality), which would seem to give it the nod. Other things being equal, this would certainly be the case, but unfortunately, other things are *not* equal. Ironically, the performances by the Collegium Aureum, a German group, are heavier, at least psychologically, than those under Von Karajan, a result of the Collegium's sluggish readings and the somewhat strained quality of the string playing. The DGG version, on the other hand, rips along seemingly without a care in the world, a quality of Von Karajan interpretations which I usually find irritating

but which in these pieces seems entirely appropriate.

There is a third version of these two pieces on one record—that by Colin Davis on Oiseau-Lyre—a very successful recording but, again, Davis uses a small orchestra rather than a chamber ensemble. Until we get a more successful chamber performance, however, either the Von Karajan or the Davis will do. Either would supply an impressive sonic background for your eighteenth-century cocktail parties. R.P.M.

MOZART: *Sonatas for Piano and Violin*

Joseph Szigeti, violin; Mieczyslaw Horowitzski, piano; George Szell, piano.

For a feature review of this recording, see page 71.

NIELSEN: *Piano Music*

John Ogdon, piano.

NIELSEN: *Organ Music*

Jorgen Ernst Hansen, organ.

NIELSEN: *Quartet for Strings, No. 1, in G minor, Op. 13*

†Gade: *Quartet for Strings, No. 1, in D, Op. 63*

Copenhagen String Quartet.

NIELSEN: *Quartet for Strings, No. 4, in F, Op. 44*

†Holmboe: *Quartet for Strings, No. 8, Op. 87*

Copenhagen String Quartet.

For a feature review of the four recordings listed above, see page 73.

ORFF: *Carmina burana*

Gundula Janowitz, soprano; Gerhard Stolze, tenor; Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, baritone; Schöneberger Sängerknaben; Chorus and Orchestra of the Deutsche Oper (Berlin), Eugen Jochum, cond. DEUTSCHE GRAMMOPHON 139362, \$5.79 (stereo only).

In one of the earliest issues of this magazine there appeared a wild rhapsody in praise of *Carmina burana* by the writer of the present review; I had been totally swept away by the work's hearty tunes, its troglodytic rhythms, its sensational vocal effects, and its grand orchestral clangor. By the second or third hearing I found the piece revolting; it seemed not only obvious and vulgar but somehow sinister; there was an element of mass hysteria in the music itself and in its excited reception. I have therefore avoided *Carmina burana* for years. Coming back to it after so long an interval, however, I must say that its excitements and enchantments are undeniable, principally because of Eugen Jochum, who also was the conductor on that fifteen-year-old Decca disc. He plays the work as if it were a cross between *Rigoletto* and the *Sacre du Printemps*. This is certainly one of the most vigorous and brilliantly recorded *Carmina buranas* in existence. The performers are the best in the business—and along about the middle of Side 2 I began to have all the old doubts again. A.F.

ROSSINI: "Rossini Rarities"

La Donna del lago: Tanti affetti in tal momento. Otello: Assisa a pie d'un salice. Stabat Mater: Inflammatu. Armida: D'amore al dolce impero. Tancredi: Di tanti palpiti. L'Assedio di Corinto: Giusto ciel! In tal periglio.

Montserrat Caballé, soprano; RCA Italiana Opera Chorus and Orchestra, Carlo Felice Cillario, cond. RCA VICTOR LM 3015 or LSC 3015, \$5.79.

This is a pleasurable and frequently beautiful disc, one which all Rossinians will want to own for the repertoire and which all lovers of good singing will enjoy, though perhaps one or two items at a time rather than at a gulp. Its appearance on the heels of the companion "Verdi Rarities" record underlines in an uncommon way the vital difference between the two composers. These are arias from successful Rossini operas, though not from his few immortal ones, whereas the Verdi arias are drawn from the smallish proportion of his output that is *not* immortal. The Rossini pieces parade one fine tune after another, often strikingly elaborated and sometimes interestingly accompanied; the Verdi excerpts struggle towards inspiration amid a wealth of fascinating accompaniment. Rossini's recitatives fall into the tiredest formulas, as if the composer just didn't give a damn; Verdi's are full of truthful strokes and surprises. The Rossini arias sound like the work of a

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39 181; Stereo 139 181

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considerable, enormously self-satisfied talent: Verdi's rest uncomfortably on the old, insufficient forms, constantly threatening to burst into some other kind of expression. The Rossini is lovely, the Verdi disturbing.

Naturally, there is nothing at all wrong with a program of arias that are tuneful, strikingly elaborated, and lovely. Nearly all the cavatinas are, as the simplified piano albums used to put it, melodic gems. The *Donna del lago* piece is a limpid little thing (this is an opera of many fine pages, by the way, with some especially exciting writing for the tenor), and the *Tancredi* tune ("Di tanti palpiti") entirely merits the fame it formerly had. But even finer, to my taste, is the simply expressed *morbidezza* of the *Assedio di Corinto* aria (drawn, I would gather, from the Italian translation of the French version of the opera). And best of all is the extremely poignant setting of the "Willow Song" from *Otello*—even with Verdi in the ear, it makes a profoundly beautiful impression. (Desdemona's terror at the sound of the wind, incidentally, is so premonitive of Verdi that one must conclude the later composer just figured he couldn't do it much better.)

The *Armida* aria is rather less winning. Here, the ornamentation begins to verge on the silly, to take on the aspect of the sort of architectural gingerbread that tries to conceal a basically uninteresting structure. And while the *Inflammatus* is undeniably great music, I can't quite see it as a "rarity"—rather as if "*Ernani, involami*" had turned up on the Verdi disc.

The cavatinas must suffice for the listener, for there is, as I've already indicated, almost nothing to hold one's attention in the recitative, even in such an important *scena* as that of *Tancredi* preceding "*Di tanti palpiti*," and the choral interjections in several of these passages (the *Inflammatus* is the obvious exception) are so many barsfull of filler.

Montserrat Caballé's performances are full of felicities, consisting mainly of a very pretty sound and an admirable accuracy and facility with runs and flights—she can really click 'em off in a passage like the "*Fra il padre e fra l'amante*" of the *Donna del lago* piece.

The final excitement, the *brio* and sense of full, soaring freedom that can make such music really take off, is missing. The feeling we ought to have in listening to this music is that the singer is always there before us. In the slow cavatinas, we should want to remain forever in the environment of lovingly sculpted lines and haunting suspensions, only to have the singer leave us unsatisfied by moving on; in the animated sections, we should feel as if the singer is pulling us along towards some unanticipated climax so quickly we cannot even think ahead of her—Berganza, for instance, invokes this response with the *Cenerentola* finale. Caballé always gets there with room to spare, but we are there before her—that sense of the voice running as fast as lightning-quick musical impulse just isn't there. The *Inflammatus*, curiously, is the least satisfying perform-

ance of all; it is simply too slack, too soft in attack, too full of a sense of its difficulty (dropping the fullness out of the tone to negotiate a high turn, letting the ends of long phrases drop from view, as if out of gas). But let me reiterate that it is the something extra, not the something necessary, that is missing. This is highly capable vocalism.

The orchestral playing and choral singing are, unfortunately, quite limp and disinterested-sounding. In addition, the sound (as on the Verdi record) seems to me less than ideal in terms of balance—if the voice is set at a normal level, one can barely hear the intriguing, feathery figure in the accompaniment to "*Tanti affetti*," for instance. In a couple of the choral scenes, we are also vouchsafed that odd, never-never effect of a solo voice existing in the midst of, but separate from, a large ensemble. It's like token integration—here is the soprano, somehow embraced by, yet isolated from, this group of fellow singers. This is traceable, I assume, to oversophisticated miking techniques, and is probably referred to as "ideal balance" in engineering parlance.

There are complete texts and translations, plus notes. C.L.O.

ROSSINI-RESPIGHI: *Rossiniana Suite*—See Tchaikovsky: *Suite for Orchestra, No. 3, in G, Op. 55.*

SCHOENBERG: *Verklärte Nacht, Op. 4*

†Wagner: *Siegfried Idyll*
†Hindemith: *Trauermusik*

Cecil Aronowitz, viola (in Hindemith); English Chamber Orchestra. Daniel Barenboim, cond. ANGEL 36484, \$5.79 (stereo only).

The first two of these works were originally conceived for ensembles of soloists, but are now usually performed with full string sections—the Wagner by doubling the string (but not the wind) parts of the original scoring, the Schoenberg as expanded by its composer from string sextet to full string orchestra, making use of the available textural contrasts between solo and massed strings. On this record, Barenboim uses what sounds to be a fairly full ensemble, although not as heavy as that used in the *Siegfried Idyll* by, say, Bruno Walter.

The Schoenberg is a slow, impassioned performance incorporating some very delicate playing but also some less than exact articulation in faster passages. Despite the spacious tempos (more than thirty-one minutes duration, as against Craft's twenty-five), the continuity of the work is well served; it's too bad that the execution isn't consistently cleaner and the contrapuntal texture more lucid at climaxes.

The *Siegfried Idyll* goes most successfully in the middle section (with the second theme from the opera, the one in triple meter), which moves with a pleasant lilt and is nicely articulated in details. However, the slow start, with un-

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requested ritards at the end of the first two phrases, is unconvincing; I suppose Barenboim is trying to clarify the fact that these phrases are introductory in function (with the "real" statement of the main theme held off until measure 29); but, as usual, Wagner knows best, and his single ritard for the extension of the third phrase is sufficient to make this point. Some other fussy details are evident (the senseless *Luftpausen* in mm. 69-70 and parallel places), but I should also mention the excellent work by wind soloists, especially the horn.

Hindemith's little funeral piece for King George V is projected well by the orchestra, but the soloist is often careless with rhythms and his tone is less than alluring.

The recording throughout is clear, if a little hard on the higher violin passages. I should imagine that this record's eventual interest will lie in its evidence of Barenboim's development as a conductor, rather than as anything like a definitive statement of the three pieces. D.H.

SCHOENBERG: *Von Heute auf Morgen*, Op. 32; *Six Pieces for Male Chorus*, Op. 35; *De Profundis*, Op. 50B; *Modern Psalm*, Op. 50C; *Eleven Choral Canons: Concerto for Cello and Orchestra (after G. M. Monn)*

Erika Schmidt (s), Wife, Heather Harper (s), Friend, Herbert Schachtschneider

(t), Tenor, Derrik Olsen (b), Husband, Royal Philharmonic Orchestra (in Op. 32); Chicago Symphony Orchestra Chorus (in Op. 35); Festival Singers of Toronto (in Opp. 50B & C); Andrew Foldi, speaker, CBC Symphony Orchestra (in Op. 50C); Gregg Smith Singers (in Canons); Lawrence Lesser, cello; Columbia Symphony Orchestra (in the Concerto); Robert Craft, cond. COLUMBIA M2S 780, \$11.58 (two discs, stereo only).

Robert Craft's admirable series continues to break new ground in bringing us the extraordinary variety and profundity of the Schoenberg corpus: of the works in this eighth volume, only Opp. 35 and 50B have been previously recorded, and even here the new recordings have much to offer. In addition, we have first recordings of the one-act opera *Von Heute auf Morgen*, the unfinished *Modern Psalm*, a group of ingenious canons, and one of Schoenberg's characteristically intriguing—and sometimes exasperating—"recompositions" of eighteenth-century music.

The opera, which fills two record sides, is obviously the most important item here. Its libretto is by "Max Blonda" (a pseudonym for the composer's late second wife, Gertrud), and treats of a domestic incident between a husband and wife; its vague parallel to Strauss's *Intermezzo* need not be pursued, for Schoenberg's opera points up a moral about the impermanency of modernity and modishness, rather than concentrating on semi-autobiographical characterization.

Some of the plot details are now rather dated (1928's ideas of unconventional social behavior are unlikely to raise any eyebrows today), and it would have to be treated theatrically as a period piece. But the vitality, imagination, and skill of Schoenberg's music cannot be gainsaid, and surely deserves a degree of attention that it has not yet received. Like Wagner, Schoenberg was not a "natural" comic-opera composer; his profoundly self-conscious sense of mission prevented that, but his great skill in musical characterization and complete mastery of invention and technique led him to a score rich in detail and paced with variety. The performance does a good deal of justice to this difficult score, with accurate playing and singing (the men a bit less secure in intonation than the excellent ladies), especially for what is essentially a performance worked up from scratch. The recording is not outstanding, but perfectly adequate, with some effects of stage motion.

The 1932 Cello Concerto is "freely adapted" from a 1746 keyboard concerto by Georg Matthias Monn (1717-50), a minor preclassic composer for several of whose works Schoenberg had in 1912 made figured-bass realizations. I'm sorry that Robert Craft's notes don't quote from Schoenberg's letter to Pablo Casals (the work's dedicatee): "my principal concern was to get rid of the deficiencies of the Handel-like style . . . I have taken away whole handfuls of sequences . . . and replaced them with real *substance*. . . I think that I have succeeded in bringing the whole piece somewhat nearer

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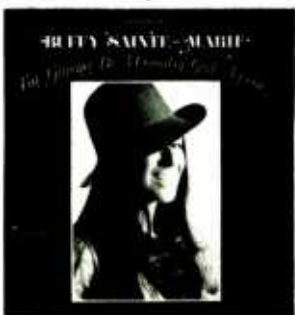


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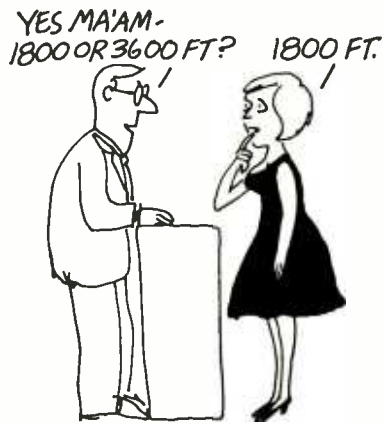
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to the style of Haydn. As far as harmony is concerned, I often go a bit beyond this style (and often more than a bit)." Well, yes; more than a bit. The result is an entertaining monstrosity (whose humorous side is magnified by the opening subject's close resemblance to *Rule, Britannia*), a stylistic mélange with few parallels in music history, and—not incidentally—one hell of a workout for the cellist. Casals never played it, nor have many since, but it would be fun to hear Rostropovich try his hand; the present performance is earnest, but a shade scrappy.

The remainder of the album contains choral works. The canons cover a span from 1905 to 1949, and form an interesting sidelight to the composer's technical facility; they are adequately sung. The splendid Op. 35 pieces are much less polished here than on the recent Angel version, but inasmuch as the pacing and the pointing of detail is superior, the character of these small masterpieces emerges more clearly.

Finally, we have Schoenberg's last two works. The Hebrew setting of Psalm 130, for six-part mixed chorus (speaking and singing) has been recorded twice before, by larger but less secure groups. The smallish Toronto ensemble easily makes up in accuracy and rhythmic continuity for its dearth of numbers.

During his last months, Schoenberg wrote a series of "modern psalms" in German prose, and actually completed 86 measures of the music for the first of these. The setting is for speaker, mixed chorus, and orchestra, and the text's similarity to the lines of Moses in the opera *Moses und Aron* underlines the relationship of these two unfinished works. It is unfortunate that the musical forces sound in such a distant perspective relative to the speaker here (this is probably the result of the dubbing process whereby the speaker's voice was overlaid, some months after the original session), and it is also too bad that this piece wasn't put at the end of a side; it's the kind of thing that shouldn't be followed by anything else.

I am pleased to report that, after the skimpy annotations of Volumes 6 and 7, we are once again given a booklet with complete texts and translations (good ones this time) as well as some notes by Mr. Craft. By my count, only a handful of Schoenberg works are now unrecorded; while we wait for more, there is enough musical nourishment in this volume to last for some time to come. D.H.

SCHUBERT: *Impromptus* (complete)

D. 899: No. 1, in C minor; No. 2, in E flat; No. 3, in G flat; No. 4, in A flat; D. 935: No. 1, in F minor; No. 2, in E flat; No. 3, in B flat; No. 4, in F minor.

Lili Kraus, piano. CARDINAL VCS 10031, \$3.50 (stereo only).

No cherub-faced little choirboy here, but vjriie, astringent Schubert. Lili Kraus rightly perceives the C minor Impromptu to be a towering capstone of dramatic expression. Her reading of it is bold,

rhythmically imperious, and wonderfully well organized. She is unsuccessful, however, in the E flat Impromptu, which is played with explosive scales, rushed cadential work, and annoying breaking of right and left hands. In the G flat Impromptu, she believes (like Schnabel) that the bars of 2/1 time in the reliable editions (later ones not only changed the meter into common time, but also transposed the piece upward into the glaring tonality of G major!) indicate a faster tempo. While I am no devotee of the *Liebestraum* languor often imposed upon this work, I must say that Mme. Kraus does sound curiously brusque and externalized in her drama. Moreover, she concludes that since Schubert didn't definitely indicate an F flat at Measure 11 (it must surely have been an oversight on his part) he wanted an F natural. The effect of this curious variant sets my teeth on edge—but give the pianist credit for thinking about the music she interprets. She does some beautiful things in the A flat piece which ends this first set, though I have heard her play it better in concert.

The playing of the second set is more consistently satisfying. I am particularly grateful to Mme. Kraus for taking repeats in both the A flat and B flat Impromptus and for giving both with a maximum of directness and a minimum of demureness. And she rollicks through the treacherous final F minor with engaging impudence.

Many people believe that Schubert conceived the Impromptus (the second set in particular) as Sonatas, but divided them to entice publishers in quest of "small pieces." Listeners who subscribe to this thesis will be especially outraged by Vanguard/Cardinal's ordering of these pieces in a way that completely violates their proper sequence. Is a 31-minute side really that much less desirable than a 29-minute one? Moreover, my ear detects the presence of excessive echo in the sound; certain notes have an unpleasant "after bloom" to them. H.G.

SCHUMANN: *Fantasy in C, Op. 17; Symphonic Etudes, Op. 13*

Alfred Brendel, piano. CARDINAL VCS 10020, \$3.50 (stereo only).

The adjective that I often use when asked to characterize Brendel's playing is "direct," but I realize that this needs some expansion, to guarantee that it doesn't imply merely negative virtues such as the avoidance of mannerism and fussiness. Rather, this is playing of such force and clarity as to project an unequivocal commitment about the function of every note, phrase, period, and section within the total structure of the work. Nothing is taken for granted or thrown away as if to say "this is just transition." Particularly remarkable is the way Brendel treats the "conventional" repeats in the *Symphonic Etudes*; they are varied with a sure understanding of the fact that an AABB form has its own structural dynamic, which cannot be made coherent by merely repeating, unaltered, each of

the sections (see, for example, Etude IV).

Naturally, there is no question of technical problems here—but Brendel's most remarkable achievements in this line are not the conspicuous ones of velocity and dexterity. The rhythmic independence of the parts is greatly clarifying throughout, as is the voicing of chords (note the voice-leading in the final measures of the Fantasy's first movement). I am also especially impressed by the superb control of the over-all dynamic in the second movement of Op. 17, and by the subtle phrasing and accenting of the many passages of overlapping dotted figures.

But it isn't fair to pick out details, however impressive; these are completely integrated performances, projecting not merely Schumann's pitch structures but also the rhythmic-dynamic phrase structures as embodied in the score. Brendel obviously views Schumann's "expression marks" as an integral part of the composer's conception, not something to be regarded or disregarded depending on how the performer feels about them. (One is reminded of Schnabel's famous reply to the student who asked whether it was better to play in time or to play as he felt: "Why not feel in time?") The principle applies equally to all dimensions of music.) This is profound playing, at a level we don't often hear—don't miss it.

(For the record, Brendel plays the first version of the *Etudes*, incorporating some readings from the second; wisely, he does not include the five posthumously published études that Ashkenazy and some others play. The reproduction of the piano sound—a Bösendorfer, not a Steinway—is very creditable.) D.H.

SMETANA: *Festive Symphony*

Czech Philharmonic Orchestra, Karel Senja, cond. CROSSROADS 22 16 0192, \$2.49 (stereo only).

Although Smetana's creative efforts were directed mainly towards descriptive music and works for the stage, he did write a handful of absolute works which never achieved much popularity. A pity too, for they are all delightful and would be a refreshing change from today's predictable concert fare.

The reason behind the *Festive Symphony's* unpopularity is simple. Written in 1853 in homage to Austria, during her oppression of the Czechs, it incorporates the Austrian national anthem in three of its movements. No freedom-loving Czech would listen to it. That this anthem later became *Deutschland über alles* did not help popularize the work either.

Although the *Festive Symphony* cannot be called the find of the decade, it is a marvelous piece. In addition to Smetana's usual freshness of invention, there is a sure-footedness of form which allows him moments of real originality. The first movement is a forceful rustic march, of almost Brucknerian character. Smetana caps off the development section of this movement with the first hint of the anthem played softly by the winds

against gentle triplets in the strings; the effect is stunning. The Austrian melody is heard complete for the first time in the second movement, a *largo Maestoso*, played first by the cello as a counter-melody and later by the full orchestra. The scherzo that follows is so good it's almost edible. The symphony ends with a second marchlike movement, also reminiscent of Bruckner. A final intonation of the anthem brings the work to a triumphant close.

The recording, with its lackluster playing, faulty intonation, and tubby sound hardly makes a case for the piece. The lack of orchestral color is especially disappointing. I can't help thinking how good a Bernstein performance would sound. But until then, you can't go far

wrong for \$2.49. The scherzo alone is worth that price. R.W.S.

TCHAIKOVSKY: *Suite for Orchestra, No. 3, in G, Op. 55*

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Von Karajan brings to both works what one has come to take for granted with any of his myriad recordings; namely, exquisite balances, marvelous regard for details inherent in the score, and particular attention to the problem of sonic balances in recordings. The result, except for an occasional predominance of woodwinds, is that these performances will be the standard of the symphonies at hand for some time to come. Von Karajan has the facility for paying infinite attention to detail without

overplaying his hand (or "band" for that matter). He never intrudes on the composer. This is particularly noticeable in the Symphony No. 7 as he moves through the difficult tempo transitions in this one-movement work.

The playing of the Berlin Philharmonic certainly matches that of any of our most illustrious orchestras; and many listeners at this juncture, may feel that the Berliners have become for Von Karajan what the Clevelanders are for George Szell—a perfect instrument for a master conductor. H.H.S.

Sibelius: *Symphonies: No. 6, in D minor, Op. 104; No. 7, in C, Op. 105*

Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra,
Herbert von Karajan, cond.
DEUTSCHE GRAMMOPHON 139032,
\$5.79 (stereo only).

discs offer an uncomplicated and refreshing charm, and they are given here a suavely relaxed performance, nearly impeccable in execution. Always aware of nuances, Ansermet treats the music with the simplicity and beauty of melodic line it deserves. The scherzo of the Tchaikovsky Suite No. 3 is particularly sparkling and crisp. My only reservation about the playing in this work is that near the end a slight ensemble problem exists in the winds. The presence of violinist Ruggiero Ricci is of course a great asset. For London Records to have obtained an artist of such stature for lesser works such as these was a tour de force—and so is Ricci's playing. H.H.S.

TELEMANN: Four Cantatas from "Harmonischer Gottesdienst," 1725/26

Was gleicht dem Adel wahrer Christen; Die Kinder des Höchsten sind rufende Stimmen; Zischet nur, stechet, ihr feurigen Zungen; Packe dich, gelähmter Drache.

Charles Bressler, tenor; Melvin Kaplan, oboe; Gerald Tarack, violin; Alexander Kouguell, cello; Albert Fuller, harpsichord. NONESUCH H 71190, \$2.50 (stereo only).

The idea of recording four of Telemann's innumerable and delightful solo cantatas was an excellent one. It pains me to say that the execution has been botched in almost every conceivable respect.

The recording itself lacks focus and presence. For all Charles Bressler's rep-

utation as a baroque stylist, and for all the fine work I have heard him do before, he makes no more than a token attempt at embellishing Telemann's *da capos*, and he even fails to put appoggiaturas on some of the cadences in the recitatives. His German is unidiomatic, chiefly because of the excessively open, diphthongal impurity of the vowels. It is also inconsistent—"kindliches," for example, has its "ch" pronounced sometimes one way, sometimes another, neither quite correct. This, like his singing of the wrong word in the middle section of the final aria of *Die Kinder des Höchsten*, is the sort of thing that really ought to have been caught, and demonstrates once again the irresponsibility of trying to make a record without a full-time producer as well as a recording engineer; the latter is simply too busy to look after everything.

In spite of everything, however, the charm and beauty of the music come through. The gems are usually the final arias of these aria-recitative-aria structures. That in *Was gleicht dem Adel* exults grandly; the one already mentioned in *Die Kinder des Höchsten* breathes a vast tranquillity; and the one that ends *Zischet nur, stechet* has some extraordinary rhythmic effects, with 2/4 bars interpolated into the general 3/8 flow in a masterly fashion.

The best thing about the performances is Melvin Kaplan's delicious oboe playing. And oddly enough, everything I've said about Bressler notwithstanding, I still enjoy listening to him. B.J.

WAGNER: Siegfried Idyll—See Schoenberg: Verklärte Nacht, Op. 4.



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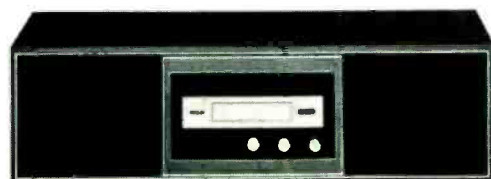
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IN BRIEF

BACH: *Orgelbüchlein*, S. 599-644 (complete). Anton Heiller, organ. Cardinal VCS 10026/27, \$3.50 each (two discs, stereo only).

BEETHOVEN: Symphony No. 4, in B flat, Op. 60; *Leonore Overture*, No. 2. Boston Symphony Orchestra, Erich Leinsdorf, cond. RCA Victor LM 3008 or LSC 3008, \$5.79.

BEETHOVEN: Symphony No. 5, in C minor, Op. 67. **MOZART:** Symphony No. 34, in C, K. 338. Amsterdam Concertgebouw Orchestra, George Szell, cond. Philips PHS 900169, \$5.79 (stereo only).

BERWALD: Symphony No. 3, in D ("Sinfonie capricieuse"). **BLOMDAHL:** *Sisyphos*: Suite. **ROSENBERG:** *Voyage to America*: Intermezzo; *The Railway Fugue*. Stockholm Philharmonic, Antal Dorati, cond. RCA Victorla VIC 1319 or VICS 1319, \$2.50.

BORODIN: Symphony No. 2, in B minor; *In the Steppes of Central Asia*; *Prince Igor*: *Polovtsi March*. U.S.S.R. Symphony Orchestra, Yevgeny Svetlanov, cond. Melodiya/Angel SR 40056, \$5.79 (stereo only).

BRAHMS: *Serenade No. 1*, in D, Op. 11. London Symphony Orchestra, Istvan Kertesz, cond. London CS 6567, \$5.79 (stereo only).

HAYDN: *Concertos for Cello and Orchestra*: in D, Op. 101; in C. Pierre Fournier, cello; *Festival Strings* Lucerne, Rudolf Baumgartner, cond. Deutsche Grammophon 139358, \$5.79 (stereo only).

HAYDN: *Quartets for Strings*, Op. 9 (complete); *The Seven Last Words of Christ*, Op. 51. Dekany Quartet. Vox SVBX 563, \$9.96 (three discs, stereo only).

Heiller presents very attractive readings of the forty-five chorale preludes that comprise the *Orgelbüchlein*; phrasing and articulation are clean and precise, and tempos and registrations are always perfectly appropriate to the individual pieces. The excellent baroque-style organ has a bright and sparkling upper work, the low-pressure foundations and flutes are beautifully articulate, the reeds are assertive but warm, and the ensemble of the full organ is perfectly balanced. Recorded sound is spacious and clean, and the surfaces are excellent. C.F.G.

Both of these performances are in the Leinsdorf-Boston tradition—which is to say, there's fine precision and lucidity in the orchestral playing but little color and less élan in the music making. The *Leonore* No. 2 sounds just a mite tired here, though the tempos are pretty sensible and the interpretation unexceptionable. The Symphony is better, but it betrays the usual Leinsdorf deficiency of dramatic contrast. The sound is clear, admirably balanced, and just a bit tepid. H.G.

Szell's latest rendering of the Beethoven Fifth is, I feel, preferable to either his current Cleveland edition on Epic or his earlier mono-only set with the same forces. For one thing, the dark breadth of the Concertgebouw's string section and the molten-copper ring to the brass choir supply a burnished solidity missing from the impeccably but less interestingly played Cleveland versions. The overside performance of the Mozart makes the present disc indispensable. The energy, wisdom, and sheer refinement of the Concertgebouw's playing here is of an order to take the breath away. H.G.

The best thing here is the 1842 *Sinfonie capricieuse*—quite unashamedly Mendelssohnian, with touches of the bolder rhythmic approach of Schumann, but unfailingly charming, tuneful, witty, and brilliantly scored. On the other side are two modern pieces—the long, labored, and boring suite by Blomdahl and two short movements from Hilding Rosenberg's opera *Voyage to America*. The performances under Dorati are full of gusto and life, and the recording is superb. A.F.

Svetlanov shows some temperament and musical imagination here, but on the basis of the orchestra's sloppy and inexact playing I must assume either that this group is incompetent or that Svetlanov is unable to extract technically secure performances from its members. Ansermet's sensitively idiomatic reading of this symphony (coupled with the Symphony No. 3) on a still impressive London release outpoints Svetlanov's in every respect. P.H.

This is a thoroughly creditable performance of the *Serenade*, with the first-chair soloists showing some beautiful work and with Kertesz all the while keeping the over-all dimensions of the piece in good proportion. The LSO is more flexible than the Philadelphia Chamber Symphony, which recorded the piece for RCA Victor most recently. But in the last analysis, the sound afforded Philadelphia wins me over; its aliveness and presence contribute to an excitement missing on the London record. S.F.

Between taping sessions for the D major and C major concertos, something happened: the first work is limp, saccharine in its slow movement, rhythmically anemic; the second stands up on its feet and makes, altogether, a vigorous and proud showing. Perhaps Fournier and Baumgartner intended to emphasize the difference between the two pieces—the D major being essentially lyric and gentle, the C major much more of a showpiece—but if so, the effect misfires. The only other pairing of these concertos, by Borwitzky and the Vienna Symphony, is still great fun to listen to: a bit rough, but surging with energy. S.F.

In contrast to the superb monophonic Schneider Quartet version of the *Seven Last Words of Christ*, the Vox team softens the severity of seven consecutive slow movements. These players opt for a flowing lyricism, a greater motoric flow in Alberti bass passages, pastellike suppleness of tone, and a lyricism that builds gradually. It is far easier to listen to than the measured terseness of Schneider & Co., but in the final analysis the older performance affords the deeper emotional and intellectual experience. The Op. 9 Quartets are just about ideal in the Dekany presentation: sturdy and bright, thoroughly vivacious yet never coarse or overlustful, and—above all—scintillant in the presto finales. The recorded sound is very agreeable throughout. H.G.

LOEILLET: Sonata for Flute and Guitar, in A minor, Op. 1, No. 1. VISEE: Suite for Guitar, in D minor. GIULIANI: Grand Sonata for Flute and Guitar, in A, Op. 85. Jean-Pierre Rampal, flute; René Bartoli, guitar. Odyssey 32 16 0218, \$2.49 (stereo only).

MOZART: Quartets for Strings: in D, K. 575; in F, K. 590. Weller Quartet. London CS 6502, \$5.79 (stereo only).

NEPOMUCENO: Quartet for Strings: No. 3, in D minor. VILLA LOBOS: Quartet for Strings, No. 17. Brazilian String Quartet. Odyssey 32 16 0175 or 32 16 0176, \$2.49.

POULENC: Sonatas: for Oboe and Piano; for Clarinet and Piano. SCHUMANN: Fantasiestücke for Oboe and Piano, Op. 73; Three Romances, for Clarinet and Piano, Op. 94. Harry Shulman, oboe; David Weber, clarinet; Harry Wingreen, piano. Lyrichord LL 193, \$4.98 or LLST 7193, \$5.98.

PROKOFIEV: Romeo and Juliet, Op. 64: Incidental Music. Boston Symphony Orchestra, Erich Leinsdorf, cond. RCA Victor LM 2994 or LSC 2994, \$5.79.

SCHUBERT: Sonata for Piano, in A minor, D. 784; Three Piano Pieces, D. 946. Evelyn Crochet, piano. Philips PHS 900178, \$5.79 (stereo only).

SCHUMANN: Quartets for Strings, Op. 41; No. 1, in A minor; No. 2, in F; No. 3, in A. Bulgarian String Quartet. Crossroads 22 26 0014, \$4.99 (two discs, stereo only).

SIBELIUS: Symphony No. 1, in E minor, Op. 39. Hallé Orchestra, Sir John Barbirolli, cond. Angel S 36489, \$5.79 (stereo only).

Who could quarrel with the air of well-being that pervades this disc? Messrs. Rampal and Bartoli do handsomely by the pleasant Loeillet Sonata and the decorous and quite proudly "classical" Giuliani. Freed of accompaniment chores, Bartoli shows himself in the Visée Suite to be a deft and gentle instrumentalist whose phrases flow unencumbered and whose penchant for understatement does not obscure a sure command of varying tone colors. S.F.

The Weller Quartet is a superb ensemble. Predictably, this recording brings the listener once again up against the American-versus-European approach to chamber music; and predictably, the Weller is more lyric, mellower, less driving than, for example, the Fine Arts in K. 575 and the Guarneri in K. 590. Still, the difference is less pronounced than is often the case: the group has enough New World verve to catch the drama of Mozart, and enough Old World perspective to let the music breathe. S.F.

Alberto Nepomuceno was an old-time Brazilian academician who wrote his third quartet during his student days in Berlin in 1891. Except for a few Brahmsian echoes in the first movement, the work suggests the tradition of the string quartets of Donizetti and other Italian operatic composers—tuneful, unpretentious, light-hearted, and altogether charming. The seventeenth and last string quartet of Villa Lobos also looks backward, but to Ravel. It is flawlessly made and goes down very well, but it lacks the Amazonian wild man gestures which were the composer's specialty. The peaches-and-cream performances by the Brazilian String Quartet have been beautifully recorded. A.F.

Poulenc's two sonatas, both dating from 1962, are facilely written and undoubtedly great fun to play, but in recorded form they fail to sustain interest. The Schumann works, though certainly not among his strongest, are in a different class. They make very strange pairings with the Poulenc pieces, however, despite the obvious instrumental similarities. My advice to Poulenc fans is to get the Nonesuch record including both these Sonatas together with the composer's *Aubade* for piano and eighteen instruments. Those performances are to my mind somewhat preferable to the ones on the present Lyrichord disc, and the technical aspects of the recordings are also superior. R.P.M.

Leinsdorf's treatment of this music is symphonic rather than balletic in character in that rhythm tends to be a bit austere in its scrupulous accuracy. While the conductor clarifies the large orchestration with graphic clarity and momentum, he eschews the creamy romanticism of the earlier BSO recordings with Koussevitzky and Munch. Similarly, Leinsdorf's sophisticated work lacks the peppery impulsiveness heard in the recently remastered Mitropoulos/New York Philharmonic presentation on Odyssey. The present performance has its own effective brand of measured glitter, however, and I consider it one of Leinsdorf's most admirable efforts to date. Moreover, the brilliantly engineered disc contains a really generous measure of music from the long ballet. H.G.

Mlle. Crochet has an affinity for Schubert's late, perhaps excessively long, *Klavierstücke*. The young French artist meets the length problem head on: she observes all the repeats and even opens up some cuts. These are straightforward, mobile performances, nicely geared to project both power and nostalgia in proper and equal ratio. In the "little" A minor Sonata, she tends to be somewhat diffuse and heavy in the dotted note rhythms of the first movement, and occasionally the rhythmic symmetry of other sections is apt to be slightly misshapen by the pianist's interpretative excesses. Still and all, Mlle. Crochet is head and shoulders above such literal-minded Schubertians as the rigidly metronomic Gilels on RCA Victor. Fine, slightly cavernous sound. H.G.

Everything is interpretatively sober here, technically sober and aesthetically *sombre*. In trying to capture Schumann's poetic lyricism together with his more rigorous, Germanic style (and its obvious Beethovenian references), the Bulgarian Quartet tends to sound earthbound where they should soar, and loose-limbed where fervent poetic intensity should carry the day. I hesitate to lay all the blame on the performers, and will instead impugn the sonics which have a grumbly, claustrophobic murkiness. At the low price, though, the set just about passes muster: technically, the playing is extremely competent. H.G.

Barbirolli here offers a performance in which nothing is tentative, everything consistent. This conductor's style is more massive than that of his colleagues, less detailed in highlights, less colorful in timbre, and more committed to projecting the theatrical rhetoric of Sibelius on the broadest possible scale. In other words, this is romantically styled Sibelius in the grand manner, but quite devoid of vulgarity. P.H.

RECITALS & MISCELLANY

AMBROSIAN SINGERS AND CONSORT: *German Music of the Renaissance*

Demantius: *Hertzlich thut mich erfrewen*. Paulus de Broda: *Pfauenschwanz*. Greiter: *Es hüddri hüt*. Senfl: *Quodlibet*. Othmayr: *Quisquis requiem quaeris, Bauerntanz*. Walter: *Wach auf*. Finck: *Habs nun getan*. Stolzer: *Entlaubet ist der Walde*. Lemlin: *Der Gutzgach*. Isaac: *Innsbruck ich muss dich lassen; Missa Magnae Deus Potentiae*.

Ambrosian Singers and Consort. DOVER HCR 5270 or HCR ST 7270, \$2.00.

The Renaissance must have been a jolly time in Germany, at least if one goes by the music. Is it the universal appeal of these undemanding trifles or the zeal with which German musicologists have made them available in performing editions that is responsible for the disproportionate number of discs devoted to this repertory? In any case, this is a very attractive example. The old favorites *Innsbruck* and *Hertzlich thut mich* are joined by some unusual and amusing numbers like Othmayr's misogynistic *Quisquis requiem quaeris* with its warning in Latin to beware of women accompanied by more practical advice in the vernacular, "Beat her, hit her . . ."

The Isaac Mass, here, I believe, recorded for the first time, is a fine work, but if it was included as a contrast to the short pieces it misses the boat. The work is an *alternatim* Mass, a patchwork of polyphony and chant as fragmentary as the rest of the record.

The Ambrosian performers (who are joined by the In Nomine Players in everything except the Isaac) on the whole come through with the excellence we have come to expect from this ensemble. The tenor, however, has an unfortunate tendency to scoop which is painfully obvious in his solo part of Senfl's *Quodlibet, Ach Elselein*. The sound is disappointing, particularly the faked-up stereo, but the notes and texts are exemplary. S.T.

PAUL BEAVER AND BERNARD L. KRAUSE: *"The Nonesuch Guide to Electronic Music"*

NONESUCH HC 73018, \$5.00 (two discs, stereo only).

First of all, the title: this isn't really

a guide to "electronic music," but rather a guide to the sounds available through the techniques of electronic synthesis. (A composition, entitled *Peace Three*, is included at the start, and repeated at the end, but it is of a triviality embarrassing to describe.) Most of the bands on these two discs are occupied by demonstration samples of the basic signal generators used in electronic-music studios and of the various modulation and filtering techniques that can be applied to such signals. A 16-page booklet discusses the basic principles of sound synthesis, and includes a glossary of terms and the musical score of *Peace Three*.

In principle, this is a satisfactory and useful idea, but the manner of its execu-

tion leaves a great deal to be desired. The recorded examples are not directly co-ordinated with the syllabus in the booklet, but only through a detailed listing of contents on the box (not always ideally explicit about what is being done) and by a page in the booklet entitled "Record Notes," which explains only certain bands and otherwise refers you back to a section of the syllabus. What with all this jumping around, it can get pretty difficult to figure out just what you are hearing. To be sure, the records are banded (as many as eighteen bands per side), so that individual samples may be picked out, but there is no narration on the discs, and you have to keep a close eye on your stylus to know just

Bernac Reissues from the Thirties

AS ANYONE WHO OWNS the tome can attest, the encyclopedia of recorded music compiled by the Messrs. Clough and Cuming is a limitless spawning ground for fantasies, a repository filled with delectables that seem utterly intriguing—and utterly unhearable. In the course of roving through this treasure house, my eye has often been caught by a series of recordings made by the celebrated French baritone Pierre Bernac for a small and long-defunct company called Ultraphone. These were Bernac's first discs, published between 1934 and 1936, when he was in his mid-thirties and just beginning his famous artistic collaboration with the composer Francis Poulenc. The Ultraphone titles are all there in Clough-Cuming's small print, but I never dreamed that they would ever come to life except in the mind's ear. Now suddenly here they are, conveniently brought together on one of Roco's invaluable reissues.

Bernac's voice, not surprisingly, sounds lighter and fresher than in the postwar Columbia recordings (reissued on Odyssey), but the basic characteristics of his style—the supple legato, the pointed diction, the rhythmic élan—are all already inimitably in evidence. A great artist shows his spots early. One has to listen through considerable surface noise to hear him (if your amplifier has a scratch filter, this is the occasion to press it into action), but the close-to miking projects the voice with more than adequate clarity. It should be noted that Poulenc accompanies only in his own songs. In most of the other repertoire, Bernac's collaborator is Jean Doyen, a highly respected pianist and teacher (Philippe Entremont being one of his pupils).

Not all the repertoire that Bernac chose to record at this stage of his career will win gold stars today. In fact, much of the stuff on Side 2 is awful. But the good things are very good indeed—Fauré's *Soir*, for example, which is an object lesson in long-lined phrasing, or Debussy's *Colloque sentimentale*, all the more poignant for being delivered in a fragile monotone. As Bernac matured he developed greater verve and character in his singing, but there is an aura of youthful tenderness in this vintage collection that has its own special charm. Certainly, no Bernacophile can afford to be without it. No texts have been provided, but there are useful notes by Philip L. Miller. R.G.

Pierre Bernac: *Song Recital*

Fauré: *Après un rêve; Soir*. Chausson: *Le colibri*. Debussy: *Colloque sentimentale; Les cloches; Mandoline*. Ravel: *Trois mélodies populaires Grecques*. Poulenc: *Sérénade and Madrigal from Chansons gail-lardes; Trois poèmes d'Apollinaire*. Chaminade: *L'anneau d'argent*. Lazerat: *Sagesse*. Saint-Saëns: *El Desdichado*. Aubert: *Les yeux*. Hahn: *Incrédule; Nocturne; Trois jours de vendanges*. Séverac: *Chanson pour le petit cheval*. Beers: *Le chant du potier; Le chant du menuisier*.

Leila ben Sedira, mezzo (in the Chausson and Saint-Saëns); Pierre Bernac, baritone; Jean Doyen, piano; Francis Poulenc, piano (in the Poulenc); Boris Goldschmidt, piano (in the Hahn); orchestra, P. Devred, cond. (in the Chaminade and Lazerat). ROCOCO 5276, \$5.95 (mono only).

what band you are hearing; the mere pause between examples isn't always enough articulation, since some of the demonstration samples include internal pauses. Brief spoken announcements would have simplified this problem considerably.

Nor is it clear at what kind of audience this set is aimed. A good deal of space in the booklet is devoted to the authors' proposal for notation, which will be of interest primarily to other composers (who will hardly find the rest of this material very novel). Nor does a slapdash bibliography inspire much confidence, embracing as it does a smattering of everything from trivial discussions of electronic music in outdated popular histories of music to the programmer's manual for the Bell Labs Music Four program (especially odd since the important area of computer synthesis is hardly considered in the syllabus), with no indication of the relative value or difficulty of these suggested readings.

With patience, a good memory, a steady hand on the tone arm, and perhaps some background in electronics (not all of the syllabus is ideally lucid), you may be able to learn something from this set, but it's a shame that more intelligent planning and editorial control wasn't used in putting it together. A really first-class introduction to this subject would be desirable; a wider public acquaintance with accurate descriptive terminology for electronic sounds is still badly needed.

D.H.

VIRGIL FOX: "Virgil Fox in Concert"

Bach: *Prelude and Fugue in E minor, S. 548 ("The Wedge"); Chorale Prelude, Nun freut euch, lieben Christen g'mein, S. 734.* Reger: *Introduction, Fantasie, and Fugue on the Chorale "How Brightly Shines the Morning Star."* Gigout: *Toccata.*

Virgil Fox, organ. COMMAND CC 11040 SD, \$5.79 (stereo only).

That Virgil Fox is one of the most spectacular organists of our time none will deny. He treats the organ like a huge, idealized orchestra, over which he is in complete control. The Reger *Fantasie* is the perfect Fox vehicle, and the organist exploits the full resources of Boston's Symphony Hall organ. The work itself may impress some as a pretentious and bombastic example of early twentieth-century hyperchromaticism, but it is certainly one of Fox's best recorded performances. So is the short Gigout *Toccata*, which Fox plays brilliantly.

The most notable aspect of this performance of Bach's E minor *Prelude and Fugue* is the performer's restraint—a characteristic not always associated with Fox. Tempos are traditional and rock steady throughout. The linear clarity and utterly precise articulation are remarkable, endowing the reading with a rhythmic drive and intensity seldom, if

ever, achieved by lesser technicians. The extreme *détaché* playing in the pedal, however, is sometimes out of proportion, and the heavy use of the expression pedals as well as the almost constant drawing and retiring of stops throughout is distracting. Here the orchestrator's approach is far less appropriate than it was in the Reger: the work was conceived in terms of contrasting plateaus of sound, and the heaving and swelling dynamics create an effect foreign to the character of the piece.

The short chorale prelude *Rejoice, Beloved Christians* is a very early work in the style of many chorale preludes in the *Orgelbüchlein*; it is possibly an adaptation of an aria from a now lost cantata. Here the virtuoso performer wins out over the artist completely. The tempo is so fast that the chorale, written in half notes for the pedal, gives the impression of quarter notes, while the running sixteenth note part for the right hand sounds like a Paganini *perpetuum mobile*.

The recorded sound is extremely rich, clean and transparent. C.F.G.

ROBERT ILOSFALVY: *Operatic Recital*

Robert Ilosfalvy, tenor; Orchestra of the Hungarian State Opera.

For a feature review of this recording, see page 72.

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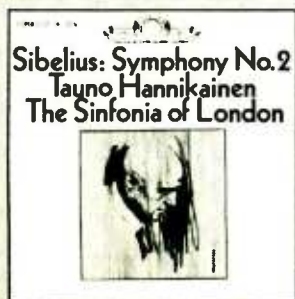
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MAX NEUHAUS: "Electronics and Percussion: Five Realizations"

Brown: *Four Systems*. Feldman: *The King of Denmark*. Bussotti: *Coeur pour batteur*. Stockhausen: *Zyklus*. Cage: *Fontana Mix-Feed*.

Max Neuhaus, percussion. COLUMBIA MS 7139, \$5.79 (stereo only).

If you're wondering why the word "realizations" appears in the title above, it refers to the fact that Max Neuhaus' contribution goes far beyond what we normally think of as a "performance." In each of these works the shape of the composition itself is to a greater or lesser degree left up to the player. Thus one could say that there really is no "composition" in an abstract, objective sense; there are only the particular "realizations" of different performers. As to the "electronics," in several of his realizations Neuhaus incorporates electronic means into the performances.

In some of the pieces the responsibility for determining the nature of the piece is left almost entirely to the performer. Thus the score of Earle Brown's *Four Systems* consists only of a group of vertical and horizontal lines of various lengths and widths (not simply of horizontal lines as Neuhaus states in his notes). The performer (actually there could be any number of performers playing on any instrument or instruments) is permitted to interpret this as he will. Neuhaus opts for four amplified cymbals, which he performs in such a way that the dynamic level remains constant during any given duration (thus reflecting the "linear" quality of the score). The result is a crashing bore.

Also indeterminate with respect to its performance is John Cage's *Fontana Mix*, which in its original form consists of recorded sound material on tape, but which can be performed in an almost infinite number of ways. Two versions already exist on record: the original tape version, on Turnabout, and a version with the tape in combination with Cage's *Aria*, sung by Cathy Berberian, on Time. In the Neuhaus version Cage's tape is simply used in combination with several contact microphones resting on various percussion instruments to create feedback. The result has nothing in common, at least from an aural point of view, with the Cage piece from which it emanates; it sounds, in fact, strangely like feedback—feedback of the most common, garden variety.

Bussotti's *Coeur pour batteur* is another "graphic" score to which the performer may react freely. Here Neuhaus has amplified his own body movements and "inadvertent" voice sounds. The effect is truly indescribable, at least in a respectable magazine like *HIGH FIDELITY*. Morton Feldman's *The King of Denmark* is played entirely with the fingers, and here, admittedly, there are some strikingly beautiful effects—many of them, as Mr. Neuhaus remarks, such that they will be audible only on a recording. Nevertheless, it all seems terribly precious and quickly loses its interest once the listener



Max Neuhaus prepares a braintingling collection of avant-garde statements.

becomes accustomed to the unusual timbral qualities.

In this company the fifth piece, Karlheinz Stockhausen's *Zyklus*, stands out as a small masterpiece. Here too a certain amount of freedom is accorded to the performer, but Stockhausen keeps this freedom within a clearly prescribed framework. Consequently, he is able to control the progression of the piece, and there is a real sense of movement and direction (even though the movement ultimately turns out to be circular). Since Stockhausen's score is in the form of a spiral, it may be read either "forwards" or "backwards" and can be begun at any point. The composition is over when the performer returns to his starting point. There is another recorded version of this piece, performed by Cristoph Caskel on Time, and oddly enough, Neuhaus not only plays the piece in the same direction as Caskel, he starts at almost exactly the same point in the score. Since the performer is given a choice as to tempo, the order of certain occurrences, etc., the two versions vary considerably; but it is nevertheless relatively easy, and in this case meaningful, to compare the two performances. Caskel's realization seems superior to me on every possible count. He is more imaginative and more musical in his renderings of the indeterminate elements of the score, and he is more precise in his performance of the determined aspects. Further, Caskel has the better over-all technique, which allows him to exercise considerably more control, particularly in the articulation of the rhythmic and dynamic structure. Despite this, Neuhaus' version provides interesting listening and is particularly instructive if listened to in conjunction with the Caskel. Nevertheless, it seems a pity that with two recorded performances now available, one of them couldn't have gone in the other direction! R.P.M.

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REPEAT PERFORMANCE

A SELECTIVE GUIDE TO THE MONTH'S REISSUES

BEETHOVEN: Symphony No. 9, in D minor, Op. 125. St. Hedwig's Cathedral Choir; Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra, Ferenc Fricsay, cond. Heliodor HS 25077-2, \$4.98 (two discs, stereo only) [from Decca DX 157/DX 7157, 1958].

The first stereo Ninth to appear in the domestic catalogue, this performance still commands attention for Fricsay's vigorous leadership, the exceptional playing of the Berlin Philharmonic, the work of four top-grade soloists (Seefried, Forrester, Häfliger, and Fischer-Dieskau), and superlative engineering (but try to check the pressing if you can—Side 2 of my review copy was badly off center, resulting in some excruciating pitch waver). All in all, Fricsay's versions of the symphonies (Nos. 5 and 7 are also current on Heliodor) are among the best budget Beethoven to be had.

BEETHOVEN: 33 Variations on a Waltz by Diabelli, Op. 120. Julius Katchen, piano. Stereo Treasury STS 15036, \$2.49 (stereo only) [from London CM 9272/CS 6203, 1962].

I rather liked Katchen's hearty exuberance in the early stages of this *Diabelli* performance: one can literally see Beethoven playing with this silly little waltz theme, supremely confident of his abilities to mold its inanities into a titanic masterpiece. Later on, when the music turns towards more introspective moods, the pianist seems a trifle glib for all his incredibly fleet fingers, and he only skims the surface of the Largo Variation (No. 31). An estimable achievement nonetheless, and budget seekers desiring an introduction to this startling work should be pleased with Katchen's immensely vital interpretation as well as with the crystalline piano reproduction.

BORODIN: Quartet for Strings, No. 2, in D. SHOSTAKOVICH: Quartet for Strings, No. 8, Op. 110. Borodin Quartet. Stereo Treasury STS 15046, \$2.49 (stereo only) [from London CM 6338/CS 9338, 1962].

Ever since those musical vampires Wright and Forrest raided the hit tunes of Borodin's delightful Second Quartet for *Kismet*, it has become virtually impossible to hear the piece without visions of the late Dorretta Morrow garbed in her "baubles, bangles, and beads" (from the Scherzo) caroling "this is my beloved" (during the *Notturmo* movement). If you can get past this hang-up, the Quartet can still offer as pleasurable a twenty-five minutes of untroubled, spontaneous melodiousness as anything in the chamber literature.

The Shostakovich work is a different affair altogether. Built on notes derived from the composer's monogram (DSCH—D, E flat, C, B in German notation), the music's monothematicism is relieved by references to his Piano Trio, an oriental waltz, a quote from his First Cello

Concerto, the *Dies Irae*, a song dating from the Russian Revolution, and further asides from *Katerina Ismailova* and the Tenth Symphony. I can't say that Shostakovich succeeds in disguising this musical casserole very convincingly for all the sincerity and expressivity of the ingredients. The Borodin Quartet plays this work as well as that of its eponymous composer splendidly, and the sound is exceptional.

GERHARD: Symphony No. 1; Don Quixote: Dances. BBC Symphony Orchestra, Antal Dorati, cond. Seraphim S 60071, \$2.49 (stereo only) [from Odeon ASD 613, 1965].

One of the finest new works premiered in the New York Philharmonic's series of 125th anniversary commissions last season was Symphony 4 ("New York") by Roberto Gerhard—a name virtually unknown in this country. The Symphony No. 1 dates from 1953, when the Spanish-born, Schoenberg-tutored, British-adopted composer was fifty-seven. Like much of Gerhard's orchestral music, it is an impassioned, flamboyant, freely developed serial statement composed with a sensitive ear for sonority and symphonic sinew. A compelling and vital work that deserves investigation. The *Don Quixote* dances are from an early ballet and reveal Gerhard's Spanish character effectively tempered by his Viennese schooling. Dorati and the BBC Symphony play superbly and the sound is first-class.

MOZART: Concerto for Three Pianos and Orchestra, in F, K. 242; Concerto for Two Pianos and Orchestra, in E flat K. 365. Hephzibah, Yaltah, and Jeremy Menuhin and Fou Ts'ong, pianos; Bath Festival Orchestra, Yehudi Menuhin, cond. Seraphim S 60072, \$2.49 (stereo only) [from Odeon ASD 2280, 1967].

The Menuhins *en famille* meet here for a Mozart musicale: father Yehudi presides on the podium, son Jeremy and his aunts Hephzibah and Yaltah perform K. 242, and son-in-law Fou Ts'ong joins Hephzibah for K. 365. As one might expect, the musical rapport is flawlessly achieved. The filigreed *galanterie* of the Triple Concerto (nicely spread for stereo and warmly recorded) is captured to perfection, and the great Two Piano Concerto is given a reading that sings thoughtfully and sensitively in every measure.

SCARLATTI: Sonatas for Harpsichord (30). Ralph Kirkpatrick, harpsichord. Odyssey 32 26 0012, \$4.99 (two discs, rechanneled stereo only) [from Columbia SL 221, 1955].

The second installment of Kirkpatrick's Scarlatti retrospective contains thirty sonatas taken from the composer's late keyboard works. Again the set is notable for the variety and vitality of both Scarlatti and his excellent interpreter.

Despite the liner's claim that "Odyssey stereo records . . . will reveal full stereo sound when played on stereo record players," all I heard was the usual artificial left and right separation of high and low frequencies. The job could have been worse, I suppose, but the harpsichord does not sound as sweet and clearly reproduced as on the mono-only volume one.

SCHUBERT: *Symphony No. 9, in C, D. 944.* Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra, Wilhelm Furtwängler, cond. Heliodor H 25074, \$2.49 (mono only) [from Deutsche Grammophon KL 27/31, released in 1963].

This performance has always excited controversy: there are those who hold it up as one of the supreme examples of Furtwängler's recorded art, while others (principally, dedicated Toscaninians) fume over caprices of tempo and lack of structural cohesion. For me, Furtwängler's view of the music—whatever its measured pace and occasional unusual tempo fluctuations—always works. The liberties never actually sound arbitrary; in fact, they only seem to enhance the work's lyrical character (structure and symphonic dramatics are hardly the paramount issue here in any case). The conductor controls his interpretation masterfully, and the orchestra offers countless breathtakingly beautiful instrumental effects. Heliodor's pressing has been cut at a low level, presumably to accommodate the thirty-one minutes of Side 1, but the

sound has an appropriately warm and mellow bloom.

VERDI: *Te Deum; Nabucco: Va, pensiero; Hymn of the Nations.* Jan Peerce, tenor; Robert Shaw Chorale; Westminster Choir; NBC Symphony Orchestra, Arturo Toscanini, cond. RCA Victrola VIC 1331 or VICS 1331, \$2.50 [from various RCA Victor originals, recorded in 1943 and 1954].

Verdi's choral music always makes an invigorating impact. The *Te Deum* is no exception—an incredible example of a composer's undiminished creative vitality at age eighty-five. In this remarkable piece, Verdi is far more interested in the claims of man upon God than producing a simple hymn of praise, and Toscanini's fierce performance extracts all the music's humanistic and operatic virtues.

The cantata for tenor, chorus, and orchestra, *Hymn of the Nations*, is an occasional piece and sounds it—complete with a grand contrapuntal finale that combines *God Save the King*, the *Marseillaise*, and an Italian patriotic hymn dating from the Risorgimento. This rousing performance comes from a film produced by the Office of War Information in 1943, and to include the other allies of World War II, finishes off with the *Russian Internationale* and the *Star Spangled Banner*. It's hardly Verdi at his best, but it does form an interesting document both of his career and of his most famous interpreter's. The lovely "*Va, pensiero*" adds a fillip to this welcome reissue.

WAGNER: *Die Walküre: Act I, Scene 3; Ride of the Valkyries. Siegfried: Forest Murmurs. Die Götterdämmerung: Siegfried's Death and Funeral Music.* Helen Traubel (s), Lauritz Melchior (t); NBC Symphony Orchestra, Arturo Toscanini, cond. RCA Victrola VIC 1316 or VICS 1316, \$2.50 [from various RCA Victor originals, recorded 1941-52].

For me, at any rate, there's no use in pretending that Toscanini succeeds in presenting the rapturous effusions of Siegmund and Sieglinde with the natural warmth and expansion of Walter in his classic recording of the same scene with Lehmann and Melchior. For all the furious energy and fine revelation of instrumental detail in the Toscanini performance, it strikes me as nervous, edgy, and impatient. Nor do the singers seem to be at their best—Melchior, in particular, responded far better to Walter's relaxed, lyrical approach, and Traubel, impressive for her steely, columnar solidity, misses the soft, yielding feminine touch that made Lehmann such a perfect Sieglinde.

The orchestral excerpts on Side 2, on the other hand, are quite marvelous: we are given here a dynamic *Ride of the Valkyries*, a surprisingly tender reading of the *Forest Murmurs*, and a spacious, intensely moving version of Siegfried's *Death and Funeral Music*. These items, recorded ten years or so after the *Walküre* scene, still sound reasonably well in RCA Victrola's mono pressing.

PETER G. DAVIS

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B3C 173 (A 3-Record Set)

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CIRCLE 25 ON READER-SERVICE CARD



Stanley Blinstrub, singer Al Martino, and the Hon. Patrick J. McDonough of the Massachusetts Governor's Council.

THE LLES SIDE

For the Benefit of Stanley

THE BLUE-WHITE BEAMS of arc lights—two of them on either side of the high girdered ceiling of the Boston Garden—cut through the smoky air and converged on Al Martino. Arms outstretched in the common crucifixion posture of singers, he was ending *Spanish Eyes*. The audience of 18,000 went up in an explosion of applause.

Eighteen thousand people. Who sees audiences like that these days? To make matters even stranger, Martino would receive not a penny for this performance. He was doing it for Stanley. Everybody that night was doing it for Stanley—Connie Francis, the Righteous Brothers, the Three Degrees, Arthur Godfrey, Mike Douglas, Jess Cain (the talented Boston disc jockey and television personality).

Stanley is Stanley Blinstrub. He is a nightclub owner.

Nightclub owners, as everyone knows, have the tender sensibilities of SS officers, and they're about as popular. The chief reason nightclubs are going out of business in America is nightclub owners.

There are exceptions—Stanley Blinstrub is one. It was for Stanley Blinstrub, the man, that Al Martino was here. Along with Pat O'Brien, and Ronnie Martin, and Norm Crosby, and Wayne Newton.

A few months ago, Blinstrub's Village—a restaurant-nightclub that seated 1,500 people and had acquired the status of a landmark in Boston—burned to the ground. It became known that Stanley Blinstrub had insurance for all his employees but none on the place itself: it was in a high-risk area, where premiums are prohibitively high. So some people organized a benefit concert to build him a new club. The co-chairmen of the committee were—are you ready?—Governor Volpe and Cardinal Cushing.

Martino went through a repertoire of his hits, ending with the most recent, *Love Is Blue*. He came off stage. The audience wanted more, but he had to catch a plane back to Philadelphia, where he lives; besides, other performers were waiting to go on. Was it true that he'd paid his own expenses to appear?

"Sure," he said, "but I imagine that's true of every performer here." (Later I learned that it was.) "This thing is more than a benefit. It's a tribute to Stanley. I don't know anybody who's ever worked for him who doesn't love him. I think you'll find most of the performers here probably started their careers by playing

his club. I know I did, and so did Connie Francis and the Righteous Brothers."

Martino is a tightly built muscular man who exercises a great deal. He looked condensed and compact in his well-tailored black tuxedo with a red handkerchief in the breast pocket.

"Stanley's like my father," he said. "He's a sweetheart. He doesn't run the club from an office. He participates in it. He takes an interest in every entertainer who works there. And did you know, by the way, that he still works in the kitchen? Yeah, he always makes the French fries." He laughed.

Rumor had it that Martino had canceled a week's work in order to have this Friday night free to appear at the benefit. Was that, too, true? "Yeah. I said that on that night I don't care where anybody else is, I'm going to be in Boston helping Stanley. But again, I imagine that's true of every performer here. Why, there must be a quarter of a million dollars' worth of talent on that stage tonight. Come on, I want to get out of this tuxedo."

He entered a backstage dressing room. There sat Arthur Godfrey, strumming his ukelele, as he waited to go on stage. Several men in tuxedos were singing barbershop harmony with him. I went out front, watched the show for a while. Pat O'Brien was telling Irish jokes. Then he went into his Knute Rockne locker room speech. The audience (Boston is nothing if not Irish) loved him.

I went backstage again. In another dressing room, Connie Francis, wearing a stunning orange belle-of-the-ball robe, was putting final touches to her make-up.

"Stanley?" she said. "He's unbelievable. He's unique. I've been working for him since I was seventeen. I suppose I've played the room more than twenty times, and I've never come off stage without finding him there, waiting to escort me back to the dressing room."

"I remember once I started rehearsing at one o'clock in the afternoon, and there was Stanley, frying potatoes and sweeping the floor, with his apron on. I did two shows that night, and when I was leaving about a quarter to three in the morning, he was still there. I told him I thought he should go home and get some rest. He said, 'I can't yet. I have to wait. The dish washers have no transportation at this hour, and I have to drive them home.'

"There was one man who worked for Stanley for thirty years. When he died, they found he had no relatives. He'd saved \$40,000. He left it to Stanley."

"Once when business wasn't so good, one of the waitresses told me she'd work for him for nothing, if necessary, until things improved. When he opens the new place, I'm going to work the first week for nothing."

"It used to be part of the star's contract that they had to work a Sunday show. He'd turn the place over to charity for that show. And I suppose you know about the Christmas party he gives every year for poor children?" She looked around. "What time is it? When do I go on?"

"Cardinal Cushing's on now," someone said.

"Oh, he'll do at least twenty minutes," Connie said. And without cracking a smile: "I caught his act in Vegas. Very good. But that costume's got to go."

Her estimate proved out: the Cardinal did twenty minutes. He told the crowd, "For fifteen years I've been given credit for holding a Thanksgiving dinner at Blinstrub's Village for poor elderly people. Well, the credit is not mine. Stanley Blinstrub never charged me one penny for those dinners."

They were saying backstage that the Cardinal hadn't been well. But he looked vigorous and manly in the arc beams, which made a halo of his white hair. His arms were outstretched, like Al Martino's, as he finished.

The concert ended after 11 p.m. Afterwards there was a party at the Statler Hilton. It was a decorous affair, more like a family get-together than a blow-out for stars. Stanley Blinstrub arrived, a round-faced man in his late sixties, grinning from ear to ear, as well he might: since tickets ranged in price from ten to twenty dollars, with sponsors' seats going for about a hundred, churchmen, politicians, and entertainers had raised between a quarter and a half million dollars tonight to put him back in business.

A trio with the improbable instrumentation of accordion, trumpet, and drums played a polka—Blinstrub's origins are Polish. Then they played an Irish reel. Governor's Counselor Sonny McDonough, normally a figure of dignity, pushed his trouser legs above the knees and doffed his suitcoat and did the ancient dance like a professional. Pat O'Brien gave it a good try, his face going red with exertion. Connie swirled around the floor. The Three Degrees—three exquisitely pretty Negro girls who have just made their first records for Reprise—watched it all in fascination for, as one of them explained, "I've never met any stars before."

Everybody ate scrambled eggs and sausages. By 2 a.m. the party was running down. The last entertainers went wearily off to bed, to sleep and then to hurry out of town in the morning to catch up with engagements elsewhere.

Show business people are a funny lot. Very sentimental, at times. Very nice, at times.

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 **HARRY BELAFONTE:** *Sings of Love.* Harry Belafonte, vocals; Marty Manning, arr. and cond. *Annie-Love; In the Name of Love; Each Day;* eight more. RCA Victor LPM 3938 or LSP 3938, \$4.79.

Harry Belafonte's albums are not million sellers. He never submits to recording trash. But it's worth remembering that not every trash album made by a distinguished artist sells a million. Often not only money but prestige is lost. Belafonte's prestige is intact, and I respect him for it.

Belafonte takes fanatic care in choosing material which suits him. Because he knows so well who he is musically, he rarely makes a bad choice. In this album, as usual, the material is primarily fresh and interesting. A few recent successes are included, such as Jim Webb's *By the Time I Get to Phoenix*. Always, Belafonte controls the situation, his smoky voice alternating between understatement and intensity.

Marty Manning's arrangements are smooth, but too often mundane, pushing towards up-and-down commercialism. I don't know who hired the musicians for the occasion, but he was either deaf or kidding. There's a woodwind passage at the finish of *In the Beginning* sour enough to curl your toenails.

Despite orchestral idiocies, this is fine Belafonte. If you're a fan, you won't be disappointed. M.A.

 **JERRY REED:** *Nashville Underground.* Jerry Reed, vocals and guitar; orchestra, Cam Mullins, arr. and cond. *A Thing Called Love; You've Been Cryin' Again; John Henry;* eight more. RCA Victor LPM 3978 or LSP 3978, \$4.79.

The evolution of country-and-western music—the term is increasingly a misnomer—is one of the more interesting developments in current pop music. The awful saccharine sentimentality is being replaced by poignancy and genuine perceptible sensitivity; and though humor was always there, it is becoming more refined. The *ain'ts* and *cain'ts* are disappearing from the singers' accents (except where called for, of course), the lyrics are becoming constantly more literate. When



Jerry Reed: from Nashville, a hip guitar and some damn good singing.

they settle into social comment, as Bobby Bare did in *A Bird Named Yesterday*, they do it in sharper focus than the rock people but without their self-seriousness. If one can judge by this album, Nashville string sections are even learning to play in tune.

C & w has become eclectic, which should be obvious to anybody who's listened to Eddy Arnold. But the process is accelerating, as you'll hear here. C & w is more and more a consciously created music, the handiwork of schooled musicians rather than the semiliterate tonic dominant strummings of itinerants. Note the chromatic fall of the bass line in the stop-time section of *Save Your Dreams*, the jazz-waltz cymbal work in the opening of *Almost Crazy*, and the dissonant glissando of the strings later in the same tune (even if it is a cop from Jimmy Haskell's chart for Bobbie Gentry's *Ode to Billie Joe*). All through this album, the guitar work is notable for hip harmony and good, clean, semi-legit technique, with borrowings from jazz. I presume most of it is Reed's, but you can't tell from the notes. Memo to Mr. Atkins: Please, Chet, let's have some *information* in liner notes, instead of the excited accolades of each artist's fellow performers.

Reed's range of material is surprisingly wide: from the traditional *John Henry* through some good new c & w tunes to Ray Charles' *Hallelujah I Love Her So*. There is some marvelous guitar work in the last, by the way—a duet with the time-

feeling of late-1930s jazz. At least, I think it's a duet: whoever is playing here has been influenced by George Van Eps; but Van Eps can do this by himself, contrary bass-line motion and all.

As for Reed's singing—it's damn good. He's got time, a strong sense of swing, good intonation, a good sound, and a lot of humor (which gets a workout in *Tupelo Mississippi Flash*).

Even if you don't normally care for country-and-western music, give a listen to this one to see what these people are getting into. An excellent album. G.L.

ANITA KERR: *Sounds.* Anita Kerr Singers, vocals; Anita Kerr, arr. and cond. *The Two of Us; Happiness; Today Is;* nine more. Warner Bros.-Seven Arts W 1750 or WS 1750, \$4.79.

It is as true now as it has been for years that the Anita Kerr Singers have the most antiseptically clean sound in all small-group recorded singing. But listening to this characteristically flawless album, one cannot help feeling frustrated. After all, there is more to music than orderliness.

Miss Kerr's albums sell well and are becoming progressively more commercial. In this one, there is almost nothing of musical import. What we hear is a group of mild little tunes, bits of fluff, done to a mechanical fare-thee-well. They go in one respectful ear and out the other.

Miss Kerr is the only woman I know of active in the arranging field, both orchestrally and vocally. Isn't it time she applied her considerable talents to an artistically satisfying project? M.A.

GREAT SOCIETY/GRACE SLICK. *Conspicuous Only in Its Absence.*

Grace Slick, vocals; Great Society, instrumentals. *Father Bruce; Arbitration; Often As I May;* six more. Columbia CS 9624, \$4.79 (stereo only).

Of the few female singers involved in rock, only two have made a mark: Cass Elliott of the Mamas and Papas, and Grace Slick of the Jefferson Airplane.

Miss Slick's feeling for rock, its rhythmic stresses and lyric mystiques, is consistent, earthy, and convincing. Her voice is strong and hard, as befits her idiom. Her following is nationwide. Thus, there is ample reason to present Miss



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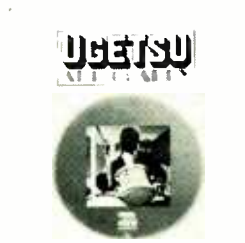
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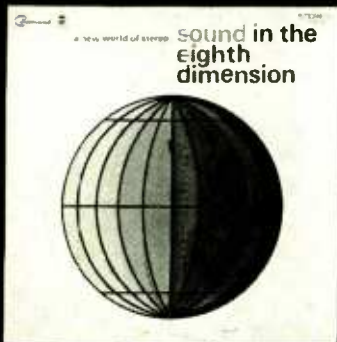


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Slick in an album of her own. This album vaguely purports to be just that.

But what we have here is mainly a case of enterprising packaging. The album is from a tape made three years ago, before Miss Slick had attained anything beyond regional San Francisco prominence. In fact, it was made before she joined the Jefferson Airplane. The rock group involved here is the Great Society, long since disbanded. Judging from their energetic sound, this is the group after which the later-formed Jefferson Airplane patterned itself. Despite the cover photo emphasizing Miss Slick and her name in large print, much of the disc is devoted to the music of the Great Society.

There is no point in quarreling with Columbia for releasing a tape of a now-extinct rock group, nor with their pointing

up the fact that Miss Slick was a part of that group. But this somewhat sneaky style of packaging should remind today's record buyers to examine albums carefully before buying. M.A.

LOVIN' SPOONFUL: Everything Playing. Lovin' Spoonful, vocal group with rhythm accompaniment. *She Is Still Like a Mystery; Six O'Clock; Money; Younger Generation*; seven more. Kama Sutra KLP 8061, \$3.79 or KLPS 8061, \$4.79.

Could you imagine the Beatles without John Lennon or the Rolling Stones sans Mick Jagger? Lead guitarist Zal Yanovsky is no longer with the Spoonful, and if he didn't possess the charisma of the above-mentioned, he nonetheless was the group's strongest asset.

Ethel Waters—Clearly One of the Greatest

In reviewing this album of Ethel Waters' singing between 1925 and 1940, I must disqualify myself as any sort of authority. It was not my era. But time is the best test of talent, and a great artist always transcends his own generation.

Producer Miles Krueger's beautifully detailed liner notes advise that Miss Waters' beginnings could not have been less blessed. She was born in Chester, Pennsylvania, in 1900, the outcome of a knife-point rape of her thirteen-year-old mother. After a brief and disastrous marriage at thirteen, Miss Waters worked as a scullion and chambermaid. When she was seventeen, Miss Waters' singing led her into vaudeville, where she toured with the Negro theatre circuit in the South. She debuted with W. C. Handy's *St. Louis Blues*, becoming the first woman—and second person—to sing that classic professionally. Later Miss Waters introduced such songs as *Dinah*, *Am I Blue*, *Heat Wave*, *Supertime*, *Taking a Chance on Love*, and the legendary *Cabin in the Sky* (a song which no one else has done very well).

Mr. Krueger continues: "Ethel Waters re-created her role of Petunia in M-G-M's film version of *Cabin in the Sky* and made other pictures during the early 1940s. Her best acting was in *Pinky* (1949), in which she played the mother of a light-skinned Negro girl determined to pass to white. The crowning achievement of her career came in 1950 with the opening of *The Member of the Wedding* [later re-created in film]. *Member of the Wedding* brought Ethel Waters theatrical immortality and every accolade and award to be given an actress."

When one considers Miss Waters' triumphs in relation to the age in which they were accomplished, one is awed. The amazement is doubled for those who have seen the glorious smile which to this day graces her memorable face.

All the songs mentioned above, ex-

cept *St. Louis Blues*, are included in this thoughtful and excellently processed set. Some tracks (there are sixteen in all—almost twice the number that appear in current albums) feature Tommy and Jimmy Dorsey, guitarist Eddie Lang, Bunny Berigan, and others.

Aside from the captivating sweetness and warmth of Miss Waters' voice, its flexibility is remarkable. She is completely at ease in matters of tempo, phrasing, and range. In *You Can't Stop Me from Loving You*, she jumps octaves with a grace that only one or two current singers possess. At the finish of *Cabin in the Sky*, recorded in 1940 when Miss Waters' voice had matured into its prime, she performs first a sob, then a wide-ranged and difficult swoop, to dramatic perfection. Her humor is infectious on Dietz and Schwartz' *Thief in the Night*, with its spoken segment. Recorded in 1926, *I'm Coming Virginia*, though not a blues, is sung with a strong blues feeling.

For those of us too young to have witnessed the golden years of Miss Waters, and too involved in today's exigencies to be much concerned with that segment of the past, this album performs several functions: it fills a gap in our cultural and musical knowledge; it explains the early influences of such contemporaries as Lena Horne, Sylvia Sims, and a dozen others; it shows us how little *great* singing changes from one age to the next; it makes an obsolete period of entertainment surprisingly undated. And it places us in the presence of one of the greatest artists this country will ever produce. M.A.

ETHEL WATERS: On Stage and Screen, 1925-1940. Ethel Waters, vocals; various orchestras, arrangers, and conductors. *You're Lucky to Me; Memories of You; Stormy Weather*; thirteen more. Columbia CL 2792, \$4.79 (mono only).

The current entourage is still as smooth as ever, but without sparkle. They used to exude a buoyancy, a light-heartedness, that made listening to them a lot of fun. Theirs was music for pleasure and good feelings.

They're still trying to put across the same feeling but they don't make it. Yanovsky's exit accounts for it in part, but there's something else that hurts more—Jerry Yester's orchestrations. He's not bad at the game, just overzealous. *She Is Still Like a Mystery* would have been a good cut if Yester hadn't piled on instruments with such relish. As it is, the song sounds like an Anton Bruckner arrangement of a rock number.

I think what bothers me most, though, is a pervasive cuteness that characterizes much of the material. In happier days they could put out a delightfully simple song like *Daydream* and it sounded refreshingly pure. Most of the stuff on the current disc, aimed at achieving an ironic blend of childlike naïveté and "mature" wisdom, comes off with the sincerity of some hack politician's googling attempt to communicate with a constituent's three-month-old baby. S.L.

TOMMY BOYCE AND BOBBY HART: I Wonder What She's Doing Tonight?

Tommy Boyce and Bobby Hart, vocals: Don McGinis and Artie Butler, arr. *Goodbye Baby; Leaving Again; Tear-drop City*; eight more. A & M P 143 or SP 4143, \$4.79.

Among the groups getting an efficient promotional push from A & M these days is Tommy Boyce and Bobby Hart, the singer/writers responsible for such profound hits as the Monkees' *I Wanna Be Free*.

Boyce and Hart, who are quite probably in their late twenties (long hair takes five years off the faces of most men) write material perfectly suited to the Monkees' market—children between the ages of ten and fourteen. If the Monkees inspire you, so will this duo. They appear to be quite serious about their professionalism, so it isn't really their fault that the tape was allowed to speed up during the fade on *The Countess*. Everybody needs a coffee break now and then. Except maybe professionals. M.A.

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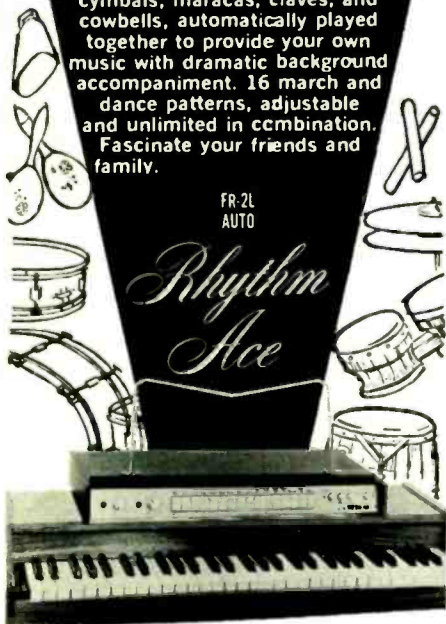
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JAZZ

* **KENNY BURRELL: Blues—The Common Ground.** Kenny Burrell, guitar; Don Sebesky, arr. and cond. *Burning Spear; See See Rider; The Preacher*; eight more. Verve 8746, \$3.79 or 6-8746, \$4.79.

Guitarist Kenny Burrell's brief liner notes for this set are as simple, direct, and eloquent as is his playing. The subject is blues, "the common ground." I played the disc for three friends: a jazz pianist; a guitarist equally skilled in jazz, folk, and rock; a rock guitarist. All considered it the best of "my kind of music."

There are many guitarists, especially in rock, who have a wonderful feeling for blues, and no technique with which to express it. There are technical wizards who can play the hinges off anything, but have no feeling for blues. Both groups seem to play a lot of blues. Miserably.

Kenny Burrell does it right. While he is an accomplished and sophisticated technician, he has never lost his love for simplicity. Dizzy Gillespie once said, "It's not the notes you play that count, man, it's the ones you leave out." Burrell can play all the notes (and occasionally does, just to turn your head around), but it's the spirit of the blues he's after, not dazzle.

Along with the blues pieces here, Burrell includes such songs as *Angel Eyes*, *Wonder Why*, and the moving gospel, *Were You There?*, because, as his notes state, "some tunes that are not remotely related to the blues form musically still have an intangible blues quality."

Don Sebesky's arrangements are vivid, powerful, beautiful. The rhythm section—pianist Herbie Hancock, bassist Ron Carter, drummer Grady Tate—is magnificent. On a few tracks, drummer Don MacDonald replaces Tate. One wishes Tate had been there.

Kenny Burrell is in the forefront of native American music. However your tastes run—jazz, blues, folk, rock, pop—this is a beautiful album, possibly Kenny Burrell's best yet. M.A.

* **DUKE ELLINGTON: ... And His Mother Called Him Bill.** *Boo-Dah; Churpoy; After All; Rain Check*; eight more. RCA Victor LPM 3906 or LSP 3906, \$5.79.

DUKE ELLINGTON: Pretty Woman. RCA Victor LPV 553, \$5.79 (mono only).

Three months after Billy Strayhorn died in May 1967, Duke Ellington took his band into a recording studio to make "And His Mother Called Him Bill," an album of Strayhorn compositions. It goes without saying that there is considerable

emotional involvement on display. What the set focuses on, in the long run, is the strong relationship between Johnny Hodges, as performer, and Strayhorn as composer. Almost all the high points on the disc involve Hodges' alto sax. These include a sinuous, finger-snapping riff, *Snibar*, previously recorded by Hodges on Verve; Strayhorn's last compositions, *Blood Count*, a gentle, affecting piece delivered from the hospital to Ellington for a Carnegie Hall concert; his early classic, *Day Dream*; and a posthumous entry in the Ellington book, *The Intimacy of the Blues* and featured by Duke at the Rainbow Grill in New York three months after Strayhorn's death.


Clark Terry, who played with Ellington all through the Fifties, shows up on flugelhorn in two selections and seems surprisingly old hat in this Ellington context—although in his day with Duke, Terry very definitely belonged to the Ellington ensemble sound. The final selection is a fascinating, ruminant solo by Duke, recorded after the session was over and while the musicians were packing their instruments. It is Strayhorn's *Lotus Blossom* and the Duke says: "This is what he most liked to hear me play." It is obvious why.

The Vintage series reissue, the fourth Ellington reissue under that label, concentrates on the Ellington band in 1946 when it was descending into what proved to be the least rewarding decade of its recording career. Hodges, whenever he gets a chance, is a strong voice. But the arrangements, often not by Ellington or Strayhorn, are routine. There is considerable singing of little merit by Ray Nance and some of only slightly more merit by Al Hibbler. And the choice of tunes—*Back Home in Indiana*, *My Honey's Lovin' Arms*, and *Memphis Blues*—is often so unEllingtonian that one must assume that Duke was being dictated to by the a & r people at Victor. J.S.W.

PEE WEE RUSSELL AND OLIVER NELSON AND HIS ORCHESTRA:
The Spirit of '67. Pee Wee Russell, clarinet; Oliver Nelson, arr. and cond.
Love Is Just Around the Corner; Ja-Da; Pee Wee's Blues; Memories of You; six more. Impulse 9147, \$4.79 or S 9147, \$5.79.

This latest attempt to find a place for Pee Wee Russell in a contemporary setting hogs down largely because of Oliver Nelson's rather ordinary big band arrangements. There are, in general, two aspects to the set—tunes associated with Pee Wee or with Pee Wee's early days, and originals by Nelson.

Russell and Nelson collaborate successfully on one selection from each category—Nelson's *Bopol*, in which the somewhat somnolent band comes to life spurred by a Patti Bown piano solo and when Pee Wee bursts into solo emitting a trumpet-like cry; and *I'm Comin' Virginia*, for which Nelson has written an invitingly rolling background figure over which Pee Wee blows warmly and reflectively. Otherwise Pee Wee's style and spirit are apt to be buried under the arrangements—no way to treat this unique and provocative jazz mind. J.S.W.



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moved from the gravity demanded by flamenco. Quite simply, Little Silver Hands lacks *duende*, the dark pride that is the soul of flamenco. On this release, for example, you can hear the results as he and his mannered *cantaor*, Jose Reyes, posture repeatedly for audience laughs. In sum, a bravura performance totally lacking in substance. Just color it "show biz."
O.B.B.

GAZPACHO. Unnamed Orchestra. *Granada; Amanha; Suspiro de Primavera; Conchitas Marinias*; eight more. Dunhill D 50034 or DS 50034, \$4.79.

Like the Andalusian soup of its title, this album is an unobtrusive potpourri. But, also like *gaspacho*, it succeeds. The unidentified band sounds like something hung up between a bullring and a *boîte*, but the musicians impart life and color to a dozen more or less Iberian selections. If you like loud, vivid, and melodic background music, this may indeed be your bowl of soup.
O.B.B.

SOLDIERS' SONGS FROM GERMANY. Chorus and Band, Major Hans Herzberg, cond. *Immer wenn Soldaten singen; Hoch auf dem gelben Wagen; Hussa! Horrido!*; eleven more. London International 91439 or 99439, \$4.79.

From the Bible's 4,000-year-old *Song of Deborah*—according to exegetes the most ancient fragment in the Old Testament—to our own day, militarism has often found its most exalted reflection in song. And nowhere more so than in Germany. One need only recall that World War II gave rise to but one memorable song, *Lili Marlene*, and it was German. On this record, West German officer cadets sing fourteen marching songs. Depending upon your political orientation, their lusty, driving performance could be either alarming or reassuring. At any rate, it is blatantly militaristic, blatantly Teutonic, and—forgive me—blatantly enjoyable.
O.B.B.

LOS 3 PARAGUAYOS: Guantanamera! Los 3 Paraguayos, vocals, guitar, and harp. *Mis Noches Sin Ti; Mi Dicha Lejana; Ojos Tapatios*; nine more. Monitor MFS 490, \$4.79 (stereo only). The members of this Paraguayan trio coax a bright and sunny sound from two guitars and a harp, the vocalise is

properly florid, and their program offers a carefully conceived musical mosaic of Latin America. Spicing familiar staples such as *Cielito Lindo* and *Amapola* are offbeat gems like the title song, *Guantanamera*, taken from a poem by the Cuban revolutionary José Martí; a graceful Peruvian love song, *La Flor de la Canela* (Cinnamon Flower); and the Guaraní Indian-inspired *Pajaro Chogüi* (Chogüi Bird). The Paraguayos view the world in terms of undying love, aloof señoritas, mysterious gypsies; but then so do all of their compatriots. For unabashed romanticism, you cannot beat either the singers or their songs. And it makes for a delightful change from the grim sociology that threatens to engulf folk music on every level.
O.B.B.

THEATRE & FILM

✿ **THE FOX.** Music from the sound track of the film. Composed and conducted by Lalo Schifrin. Warner Bros./Seven Arts W 1738 or WS 1738, \$4.79.

There is no harder task for a film composer than to create a score that will both enhance the movie and stand on its own. Johnny Mandel did it with *The Sandpiper*. Now Lalo Schifrin has done it stunningly with *The Fox*.

The film's story concerns two lesbians and the man in their life. Whether or not the theme enchants you, it is worth seeing if only to enjoy the way Mr. Schifrin underlines its moods through music. If you're not a moviegoer, this album is equally valid.

Argentinian-born Lalo Schifrin is the man responsible for several TV series, including *Mission: Impossible*, a host of films, and a recent and brilliant three-part TV documentary of *The Rise and Fall of the Third Reich*. For *The Fox*, Mr. Schifrin has applied his enormous orchestral and melodic skills into a pattern of tension which such a story line would demand. The tensions are perfectly balanced by the interweaving of a fragile and lovely main theme, *That Night*.

While many film score albums are pieced together hastily and awkwardly for exploitation purposes, this one appears to have been thoughtfully planned and perhaps even rescored for cohesiveness as a musical, not a cinematographic experience. It builds and flows, carrying the listener with it. The only inappropriate moment is a vocal, *Roll It Over*, by Anne Heywood, who stars in the film. Probably its inclusion was a concession to the film makers. While it may work in the film, it has no place in this album.

This score for *The Fox*, which keeps

NIKOS GOUNARIS' GREECE. Nikos Gounaris, vocals with orchestral accompaniment. *One Rainy Night; The Captain; We Live for Women*; nine more. Capitol DT 10128, \$4.79 (stereo only).

On an international scale, tourism furnishes a reliable index of public interest. Since World War II, the focus of American travel abroad has drifted inexorably eastward from France. Prior to the recent political upheaval, Greece stood on the brink of a kind of touristic millenium, with no group or individual planning to miss this utterly fascinating nation. Greece is ancient-modern, eastern-western, Christian-pagan; all of it is reflected in the national music, with its whispers of Pericles, the Ten Thousand, Byzantium, the Turkish yoke. Nikos Gounaris, a kind of overblown Greek edition of Sinatra, sings pop songs that draw upon all the influences that have shaped his people. Nothing in this recital will transport you to Olympus, but every selection is interesting and enjoyable. Unhappily, the fatuous annotation includes neither texts nor translations.
O.B.B.

MANITAS DE PLATA: In Recital. Manitas de Plata, guitar. *Tarantas Grandes; Rumba Gitana; Farruca*; five more. Connoisseur Society CM 2006 or CS 2006, \$5.79.

This recording does nothing to alter my opinion of Manitas de Plata. He is a superb technician of the guitar—perhaps the greatest of our era—but as a flamenco artist he does not succeed. His mastery of the instrument is unbelievable; I have seen him play while holding the guitar upside down and sideways, and always brilliantly. But this is showmanship, far re-

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jumping back on my turntable every time I turn around, places Mr. Schifrin among the forefront of today's most prestigious film composers. M.A.

GEORGE M! Original Broadway cast album. *Twentieth Century Love; My Town; Give My Regards to Broadway*; nineteen others. Joel Grey, Jerry Dodge, and others, vocals; orchestra and chorus, Laurence Rosenthal. cond. Columbia KOS 3200 \$6.79 (stereo only).

People tend to think of George M. Cohan as a sort of Irish Irving Berlin. Berlin may have been a musical illiterate, but he had a phenomenal melodic gift and a capacity for growth that Cohan lacked. Cohan wasn't a very good composer. Hearing about two dozen of his songs in the course of *George M!*, the mind boggles; the stuff sounds so much alike that one must turn to the rock musical *Hair* for a comparable case of monotony. And Cohan the lyricist was even more inconsequential than Cohan the composer. He exploited what was exploitable, anything that would work; nowhere is the touch of the poet detectable. He wasn't one.

Cohan wrote most of his all-alike little songs in that period of American history when the belief in Manifest Destiny was overt in the land, when Teddy Roosevelt was making his threats, when the country was mired in its Vietnam-like adventure in the Philippines—in other words, when America was going through one of the most virulent phases of its undulant jingoism. Cohan's unabashed pandering to nationalism found a ringing response in a people still naïve enough to believe some nations are populated by good guys and some by bad and that's the way the world is. What puzzles me is the show's apparent success with today's audiences, who supposedly are hipper.

It's a synthetic piece of work. Joel Grey, who made *Cabaret* tick, appears to have been a remarkable case of apt casting. The puppetlike quality that made the master of ceremonies in *Cabaret* so chilling carries over into *George M!* Grey sings out of the side of his mouth, switching now and then from left to right, in a voice that is oddly brittle: one gets the eerie impression that a ventriloquist's doll has learned to produce his own voice.

The George M. Cohan the show presents to us is an irascible, egotistic, unpleasant man, and one finds it hard to care what happens to him. To compensate for this lack of narrative tension, Joe Layton has directed the whole thing at a furious pace. Events (or rather non-events) whiz by; song succeeds song; everybody races up and down the stage, and you start to admire Grey for stamina. All this movement is intended to prevent the audience from realizing that almost nothing is going on. The show becomes interesting only briefly at the end, when an aging Cohan is told he's not with it any more. Instead of feeling the catharsis of pity and terror, I was glad to see him get an overdue comeuppance.

I am hard pressed to determine which was the less interesting experience: seeing the show or hearing the record. G.L.

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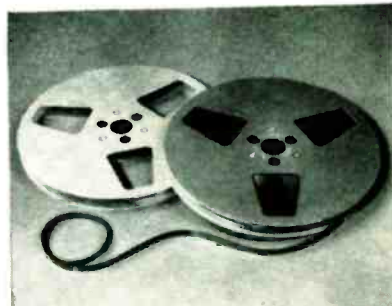
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THE TAPE DECK

BY R. D. DARRELL

Contemporaries—Today's and Yesterday's. I am happy to note that the tape catalogue's representation of post-Bartók, post-Schoenberg music now becomes at least a trifle less meager with the release of two works by the increasingly celebrated Polish *avant-gardiste* Krzysztof Penderecki. His *Passion According to St. Luke* has won world-wide attention in concert performances and already has been documented twice on discs. For the listener unaccustomed to present-day advanced musical idioms, I will say only that its fervency and dramatic force are likely to superimpose themselves on any qualities of strangeness or dissonance. The present performance—in which Henryk Czyż leads Polish soloists, boys' choir, mixed chorus, and the Cracow Philharmonia—is a persuasively moving one; and the clear, strong, if a bit thinned recording has been transferred to tape with at least some minimization of the disc edition's considerable background and surface noise (Philips/Ampex EX+ PTF 2901, 3¾ ips, double-play, 89 min., \$9.95). The companion piece on this low-priced reel is an earlier, more brashly "modern" score—the *Threnody to the Victims of Hiroshima*, for fifty-two strings. From these instruments members of the Warsaw National Philharmonic Symphony under Witold Rowicki elicit out-of-this-world timbres and blocks of dense sonorities thrown together in jarring juxtapositions. Lacking the poignance of the *Passion*, the *Threnody* may strike unprepared ears as unconscionably cacophonous, but it should spellbind seekers after novel aural experience.

Though bearing no relation to the "new sound" of Penderecki and similarly "radical" composers, two other releases—Dmitri Kabalevsky's *Requiem*, Op. 79 (Melodiya/Angel Y2S 4101, 3¾ ips, double-play, 88 min., \$11.98) and Carl Orff's *Catulli carmina* (Columbia MQ 930, 36 min., \$7.95)—also fill out the tape repertory of contemporary music.

Dedicated in 1963 "to the memories of those who were killed in the struggle against fascism," the Kabalevsky work presents no special difficulties of tonal language—but neither does it offer more than occasional moments of genuine originality or individual appeal. The performance too is uneven, with one excitingly fine soloist (the contralto), another distractingly shaky one (the baritone), a delectable children's choir, and the generally routine Moscow Chorus and Moscow Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra, all under the composer's direction. Darkly expansive stereo recording makes the most of the work's quintessentially "Russian" atmosphere, however, and serves to enhance the occasional pas-

sages infused with true eloquence. Orff's cantata is also splendidly recorded, in ultrapowerful and ultravivid stereo, as well as being brilliantly performed by the Temple University Choirs and members of the Philadelphia Orchestra under Ormandy. But Orff's quasi-"primitive" works may no longer carry the sensational impact they once seemed to bear; and in any case there is an *ersatz* feeling in his 1943 *Catulli carmina* which deprives it of the excitement of *Carmina burana*, its predecessor by a few years.

Bach's Complete Organ Works—Chapter One. I had hoped that the first complete reel library of Bach's organ works would be the Helmut Walcha series for Deutsche Grammophon, but Epic's enterprising producers have stolen a march with a dark-horse artist: the young Swiss organist Lionel Rogg. His Vol. I (Epic E3C 867, 3¾ ips, triple-play, approx. 129 min., \$11.59) includes the first four, S. 525-28, of the six Trio-Sonatas, plus seven big fugal works: Passacaglia and Fugue, S. 582; Fantasias and Fugues, S. 542 and S. 537; Toccata, Adagio, and Fugue, S. 564; Toccata and Fugues, S. 535, S. 540, and S. 565. Of these, only the first three Trio-Sonatas, the S. 535 *Dorian* Toccata and Fugue, and the Fugue of the S. 540 Toccata and Fugue in F are first-tape editions. Nevertheless, the collection as a whole has exceptional freshness, thanks to the enthusiasm of Rogg's generally high-spirited readings. What dampens my enthusiasm for the Epic project is not so much the soloist's occasional lack of restraint or of poetic eloquence as it is a somewhat unattractive over-all sonic quality and the excessively long reverberance period of the Arlesheim Cathedral where the recordings were made. And where the sonic qualities themselves are concerned, I suspect that the fault may be the responsibility of the tape processing or editing rather than that of the original recording engineers.

"Immortal Performances." Only RCA Victor seems interested in issuing pre-electric or even pre-stereo recordings on tape, and its invaluable "Treasury of Immortal Performances" reels appear all too seldom. (These mono tapings, newcomers should be reminded, are perfectly compatible for playback on standard 4-track stereo equipment.) Happily now at hand is one of the latest releases in this 3¾-ips double-play series (TR3 5027, 75 min., \$10.95), coupling two of the most sensationally successful recorded piano concerto performances of all time: the Horowitz/Toscanini/NBC Symphony Brahms Second, originally released on 78-rpm discs, March 1941, and the same

artists' Tchaikovsky First, in its April 25, 1943 war bond-benefit broadcast performance (not the earlier version released on 78-rpm discs, November 1941). It's astonishing how well these now almost legendary recordings stand up sonically, although the Brahms shows its technical age more plainly than the Tchaikovsky (despite the fact that the "master" of the latter was synthesized from various acetate air-check transcriptions). The Tchaikovsky remains the more satisfactory interpretatively too, since the music itself is better suited to the supercharged Horowitz/Toscanini treatment. But in both cases the evidence of incomparable bravura is unmistakable—a supreme virtuosity which never has been matched, on its own terms, since.

Romantic Symphonies. In comparison with the ever increasing birth rate of taped masterpieces nowadays, the death rate is still infinitesimal. Deletions, however, do occur—as recently with the first tape editions of Bruckner's Eighth and Rachmaninoff's Third. I'm glad to say that these gaps in the catalogue have promptly been filled, and in both cases with versions decisively superior to the earlier ones.

That superiority is especially marked in the new taping of Bruckner's Symphony No. 8, in C minor. Memories of the flaccid Knappertsbusch interpretation and coarse Munich Philharmonic playing of 1964 are completely effaced by a galvanic performance from the Vienna Philharmonic under Georg Solti (London/Ampex EX+ LCK 80201, double-play, 75 min., \$11.95). Even more striking, however, is the contrast between the engineering qualities of the two versions: the new one is a superlatively fine example of the most advanced recording, noise-reduction, and processing technologies—notable above all for a dynamic range that extends away down to some of the most beautiful *ppps* ever captured in recorded sound.

The superiority of the new Rachmaninoff Symphony No. 3, in A minor, Op. 44 is somewhat less marked, mainly because the older version was both remarkably well played by the Utah Symphony under Abravanel and effectively recorded by Vanguard (1963). But the Utah Symphony is no Philadelphia Orchestra—and when the Philadelphians are inspired to their best efforts by an Ormandy in passionately eloquent mood, the combination is unbeatable. Since the performance has been documented in Columbia's most robust and expansive stereo, Rachmaninoff's final, too often undervalued symphony seems at last guaranteed a widespread public success (Columbia MQ 981, 45 min., \$7.95).

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