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THE MUSIC

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COVER: PRINT COURTESY BOBIE PATCHOWSKY; SEE PAGE 14 FOR MORE INFORMATION
EDITORIALLY SPEAKING

By William Anderson

In commenting in this issue on the addition to the catalog of yet another recording of Gustav Mahler's immense Symphony No. 8, Music Editor James Goodfriend takes note, quite understandably, of "the sheer prodigality of the long-playing record as a medium." The American recording industry has just closed the books on a record-breaking (sorry about that) sales year, and the first billion-dollar year is expected by the early 1970s. Our own surveys bear this out—we are sobered to realize that, among readers of this magazine, the average record collection contains over three hundred albums. Cultural explosion or no, it must be admitted that these facts very likely have something to do with music.

Depending on your own view of the matter, it may or may not come as a shock to learn that there are some who hold that recorded music is in fact anti-musical, a proposition that is discussed pro and con in this issue by Hans Keller and Yehudi Menuhin. Both are well-versed in the techniques and practices of recording, but since both are also musicians, their discussion naturally centers around the response of the artist to the recording medium and the effect this response may have on his performance.

Certainly it must be admitted that what is always missing on any disc is one very important ingredient of music making and music listening: the ordeal, the struggle (experienced by performer and audience alike) of a vulnerable musical talent pitted against the innumerable hazards to artistic success. The rewards for victory under such circumstances are incalculable: I was keyed up for days recently by a brilliant and moving Philharmonic Hall performance of Albéniz' Ibérie; I cannot even imagine the effect on pianist Alicia de Larrocha of the waves of love and gratitude that flowed back to her over the footlights.

But even with this very important aspect of "live" performance aside, is there not—strictly from the listener's point of view—still a great deal to be said for the "musical" worth of the phonograph record? To start with the most obvious: there are record listeners without number who will never have the opportunity of hearing even a string quartet, let alone a concert-hall performance of Mahler's "Symphony of a Thousand." What is one to do about a ravenous musical appetite in, say, Nauru in the Central Pacific without the satisfying anodyne of the turntable? The recording medium also permits us to hear music that would never have been heard with the most obvious: there are record listeners without number who will never have the opportunity of hearing even a string quartet, let alone a concert-hall performance of Mahler's "Symphony of a Thousand." What is one to do about a ravenous musical appetite in, say, Nauru in the Central Pacific without the satisfying anodyne of the turntable? The recording medium also permits us to hear music that would never have been heard in a concert-hall—old music of special and limited appeal; music requiring talents, forces, or instruments not available everywhere; music for which an audience must, for whatever reasons, be created. Recordings also give us, since memory is fickle, what the concert hall cannot: the opportunity to check the growth of a performer over the years—Yehudi Menuhin has recently re-recorded the Elgar Violin Concerto, and we can now compare it with a recording he made at the age of sixteen. And posterity will be grateful to us, I am sure, for having preserved for them the playing of Horowitz and Stern, the voices of Sutherland and Callas, just as we would be if we could somehow hear what Mozart used to make of his own piano concertos. And I think that right now I am going to turn on, in the quiet of my listening room, a particularly seductive Loeillet trio sonata that I have never heard in the concert hall and furthermore wouldn't want to—the work is too small and intimate, and any hall would be too big and noisy. It may be half a loaf, but it is music to my ears.
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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Fritz Wunderlich
● A voice has fallen silent, the voice of a short-lived master of his art who was still mounting toward the highest pinnacle of fame. The news came like a stunning blow, which left one too dazed to really grasp its meaning. The singer Fritz Wunderlich was in a class of his own. A few short weeks ago, when we met to record scenes from La Traviata and Zar und Zimmermann, it was evident how incomparably his voice had blossomed out as an instrument of both melting tenderness and splendid power. He was the one hope, and its fulfillment, in a sphere of singing where there had long been a need for an artist of his caliber. All the more striking and grievous, therefore, is his silence now. The flames of his exuberance for life and his enthusiasm burned brightly. Scarcely anything was difficult to him: his talent had allowed itself time for growth, unfolding itself on broad musical foundations. Here, then, was not merely a richly endowed voice, but also superb singing permeated through and through by the meaning of the work.

We shall miss more than his art—also his laughing naturalness, his intelligent rejection of false pathos, and his friendly willingness to lend a helping hand. The gramophone record will continue to reflect his personality.

Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau
Berlin, Germany

Bouquets
● Gratifying, enlightening, and simply astounding that a popular magazine (which I enjoy monthly for its humor, its record reviews, and the saturation of its ads) could present such material as your December issue does, i.e., Martin Luther, Suzuki, and the Sonic Image. Long live writers with such skill and editors with such nerve, verve, etc. I sincerely hope that your magazine has an effect upon the journals of my profession. I think they could profit from your example.

Robert A. Dowdy, Director
Linden H. S. Band
Linden, Ala.

● I have been reading HiFi/Stereo Review for six years. I like the method of printing the articles on consecutive pages and the large number of photographs and illustrations used in them. The Calendar of Composers and copies of the Basic Repertoire roundup and the Basic Audio Vocabulary, which you make available without charge to readers who may have missed the issues in which they originally appeared, are some of the extras—along with the editorial index—which help make the magazine a very good one.

Ronald S. Pace
Houston, Tex.

Haydn and the Basic Repertoire
● If Martin Bookspan is so lacking in good musical taste that he would include only one Haydn symphony in his Basic Repertoire in the last eight years, I think that HiFi/Stereo Review should definitely include a discography of these works in a future issue. There are at least eight Haydn symphonies—Nos. 45, 88, 96, 99, 100, 101, 103, and 104—in the basic repertory other than No. 94, and I think your readers are entitled to some counsel in buying recordings of these. It must be noted that the popular symphonies of Dvořák, Mendelssohn, Tchaikovsky, and Sibelius have already been included in this feature. Haydn was a greater composer than all of those put together, so I don't see why he is short-changed.

Harry Berman
Miami, Fla.

Mr. Bookspan replies: "I take second place to no one in my admiration for the symphonies of Haydn. Indeed, I was one of the first supporters among the critical fraternity for the work of the Haydn Society when it was founded in Boston in 1946 by H. C. Robbins Landon and a tiny group of Haydn enthusiasts. If Mr. Berman will turn to page 47 of this issue, he will see evidence that I intend to give Haydn his due."

Baroque Performing Practices
● Igor Kipnis' informative article on Baroque music (December) contains two errors, one of which is my fault, as I furnished the information: the passage of a Corelli sonata which is "ornamented, reported, etc., by Corelli himself" was actually ornamented by the musicologist Arnold Schering. No harm is done, however, because this is a typical ornament of the period.

The second error is much more serious because it results in keeping from the reader information concerning the manner in which you make available without charge to readers who may have missed the issues in which they originally appeared, are some of the extras—along with the editorial index—which help make the magazine a very good one.

(Continued on page 8)
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IM Distortion:
@ rated output, .4%
3 db below rated output, .2%
Frequency Response:
10-60,000 Hz ± 1 db
Hum and Noise:
With volume control minimum, —78 db
Magnetic phono input, —65 db
Musical instrument input, —60 db
Auxiliary input, —75 db
Input Sensitivities:
Magnetic phono, 3 mv
Musical instrument, 50 mv
Tape, 100 mv
Auxiliary, 100 mv

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Usable FM Sensitivity IHF:
1.6 uv
Harmonic Distortion
(100% modulation): .5%
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*Slightly higher in the West
tet? and George Singer? What was the Berlin Symphony Orchestra? Who, in Heaven's name, was Gerd Rubahn?

What was the Varsity Symphony? Under this name somebody recorded, on Varsity 2026, the only performance I've ever heard of an interesting symphony doubtfully attributed to Mozart (and listed on page 859 of the latest Köchel catalog). However, my favorite phony aggregation is the Hastings Symphony, which recorded for Allegro after it was taken over by Royale. (One Hastings album dizzily paired Bruckner's Symphony No. 4 and a suite by Rameau.) Someone at Allegro had a passion for cleanliness, because the two conductors of the Hastings Symphony were—no, not Harald Hardrada and Wilhelm Konkret—John Bath and Jan Tubbs!

Arthur S. Pfeffer
Forest Hills, N. Y.

Accessories

We appreciate Hans Fantel's preference for the AR stylus-force gauge ('Audio Accessories,' November), and agree with him that this is the single most important audio accessory. I would like to point out, however, that a stylus-force gauge loses most of its effectiveness without a second accessory—a test record to determine optimum stylus force.

The AR turntable instruction book recommends that the Hi-Fi/Stereo Review model 211 test record be used in conjunction with the stylus-force gauge. Mr. Fantel does refer to the record later in the article as a useful device: we consider it indispensable. Without it the stylus-force gauge merely calibrates your guesswork.

Edgar Villchur
Acoustic Research, Inc.
Cambridge, Mass.

We're grateful to Mr. Villchur for the kind words about the Hi-Fi/Stereo Review test record—we have a soft place for it in our hearts, too. Interested readers may obtain the record by writing to Stereo Test Record, care of the magazine, Dept. SD, One Park Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10016 and enclosing a check or money order for $4.98 (New York State residents add sales tax at the local rate. Residents of countries other than the United States add 50c).

Scrambled Simon

The fine review of the new album by The Cyrkle (November) I agree with just about every point, especially with respect to Marty Fried's excellent drumming. However, I feel I must point out an error. It is John Simon, an accompanist and record producer, who plays harpsichord on the album, but it is Paul Simon who lends his name to Simon & Garfunkel and it is Paul Simon who wrote Red Rubber Ball and Cloudy.

C. C. Rouse
Baltimore, Md.

Some Light on the Subject

In your October issue the article "Room Acoustics" by Peter Sutheim and Larry Klein made a point that is puzzling to me. They wrote: "A dimension of 171/2 feet should be avoided, since it is just a half wavelength long at the power-line frequency of 60 cycles per second..." Using the conventional wavelength formula of 186,000 miles per

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IT MAKES ME FEEL SO... SO FRENCH!"

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second divided by 60 cps, I calculate a full wavelength at 3,100 miles and a half wavelength at 1,555 miles. Please clarify what the authors meant.

WILLIAM A. SLADACK
APO San Francisco, Cal.

Mr. Klein replies: "I think Mr. Sladack's 'conventional wavelength formula' is for the speed of light. Sound travels a bit more slowly—its speed in air (at 68 degrees F) is about 1,130 feet per second. And now that I've checked the formula myself, I'm mildly embarrassed to find that the sentence should refer to the full wavelength, not a half wavelength, and that the dimension to be avoided is closer to 18.8 feet than to 17 1/2 feet. But that of course depends upon how warm (and moist) one likes to keep his listening room—the velocity of sound at 0 degrees C is only 1,083 feet per second."

Flight of the Byrds

I was very pleased that Joe Goldberg gave The Byrds album "Fifth Dimension" a decent review in your November issue, having been a Byrds fan from the time they got started. However, there is one point I would like to see cleared up, and this is with regard to the song 2-4-2 Fox Trot, which, as Mr. Goldberg notes, "seems to have been recorded over the background sound of a vacuum cleaner." This song is subtitled The Lear Jet Song, and therein lies the tale.

During the recent airline strike, the Byrds needed transportation to their various concert appearances. They rented a Lear executive private jet, and were so pleased with its facilities that they decided to write a song about it. On the record, the "vacuum cleaner" is an actual recording of a Lear jet like the one they used. The voice heard is that of the son of the owner of the Lear Jet Corporation preparing for a takeoff—he was their pilot.

JOHN S. KRUSZKA
Evanston, Ill.

Record-Market Economics

For some time now, I have been picking up the latest Schwann Catalog with ever diminishing interest. There are so few surprises in its contents that I sometimes wonder why I bother. Will no record company gamble on a consumer interest in, for example, stereo versions of Vaughan Williams' symphonies? And for literally years now I have awaited a stereo version of Ippolitov-Ivanov's Caucasian Sketches—a trifle, admittedly, but a colorful one—but it remains represented by only two old recordings which must surely go the out-of-print route for lack of consumer interest.

A curious reversal of economic sense seems to be operating in a d-e-r men today. They don't seem to be aware that in their field supply creates demand, rather than the opposite. Very well, they seem to say, we'll cut another Greensleeves because it's doing so well, but why bother with Vaughan Williams' Sea Symphony when London isn't exactly making a mint on their recording of it? They fail to realize that it is precisely this lack of choice of recordings of the Sea Symphony that stifles consumer interest.

A case in point is Carl Nielsen. How many listeners had actually even heard of this worthy before Leonard Bernstein re-

(Continued on page 14)
Are you getting the most or simply paying the most?

check the NEW MODEL TK-140 KENWOOD 130 WATTS FET AM/FM STEREO RECEIVER $339.95

- F.E.T. (Field Effect Transistor) 4 Gang tuning Condenser front-end for superior sensitivity and image rejection, cross modulation ratio
- 5 IF Stages with 4 limiters and wideband ratio detector have been incorporated to provide 45 dB alternate channel selectivity and freedom from noise and interference
- 130 watts of total music power — enough to drive even low efficiency Hi-Fi speakers
- All silicon transistor amplifier for wide 20 to 30,000 Hz power bandwidth
- Exclusive blow-out proof automatic circuit breaker protects power transistors (pat pend.)
- 4 sets of speaker terminals (2 sets stereo speakers) and front panel speaker selector switch (A speakers, B speakers, A+B speakers, phones)
- Price includes handsome walnut simulated finish cabinet
- 2 year warranty

the sound approach to quality

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CIRCLE NO. 45 ON READER SERVICE CARD
When a Pioneer Speaks
...it's time to listen!

That's when you hear the optimum in tonal quality...sound reproduction at its faithful best.

You can always count on Pioneer speakers and speaker systems to deliver a quality performance. Every time. All the time.

Made by the world's largest manufacturer of speakers, this premium audio equipment available at popular prices. And you can select from many fine models - from the unique, handsome metal-grilled CS-24 Auxiliary Wall Speaker to the efficient, compact CS-20, CS-52 and the Ultimate 5-speaker CS-61 Bookshelf System. All carried only by franchised dealers.

A word from you and we'll send literature and the name of your nearest dealer.

(A) CS-62 Bookshelf 3-way speaker system (3 speakers). Oiled walnut enclosure. Meas. 25½" x 15½" x 11¾", retail price: $142.00.

(B) CS-61 Bookshelf 3-way speaker system (5 speakers). Oiled walnut enclosure. Meas. 24½" x 16½" x 13¼", retail price: $175.00.

PIONEER ELECTRONICS U.S.A. CORPORATION
140 SMITH ST. FARMINGDALE, LONG ISLAND, N.Y. 11735 (516) 694-7720

CIRCLE NO. 54 ON READER SERVICE CARD

Two Pros play “Stardust”
HOAGY CARMICHAEL and ROBERTS 770X Stereo Tape Recorder

Featuring exclusive “Cross Field”

Capture your favorite music from FM Multiplex or LP records and thrill to the full musical dimensions of prerecorded tape...and all the other professional features for less than $399.95.

ROBERTS 5922 Bexcroft Street
Los Angeles, Calif. 90016

THE PRO LINE

FM Programming

HiFi STEREO REVIEW has demonstrated by its editorial position and the nature of various articles, such as your listing of FM stations rated for quality by listeners in seven metropolitan areas (September 1964), that it is concerned with all matters relating to the interests of the listening public. Therefore, I have taken this opportunity of writing to inquire what, if anything, can and should be done to improve local FM broadcasting in situations such as one encounters here in the capital area of the Empire State.

Of the few FM stations serving this area, only one, save the educational stations, attempts to serve the more enlightened audience with higher-quality programming. Furthermore, there are no plans for the general improvement of programming in the area. Upon inquiring at the stations, one is greeted with statements such as "We are going to play middle-of-the-road music" (excluding the "extremes" of both rock-and-roll and classical music). Perhaps you have other readers who share to a greater or lesser degree this dilemma. Possibly through the forum of your Letters to the Editor column people like me might exchange ideas with the aim of improving FM broadcasting so that it is vital, stimulating, and enjoyable to people of all tastes.

PICKETT T. SIMPSON
Albany, N.Y.

What’s Wrong with Pops?

On the subject of what’s wrong with pop albums, I have been going round and round with several record-company representatives. My first complaint concerns short albums. I feel that this is unfair to the buyer, and it is certainly against the will of the recording group. Secondly, the poor fidelity on most... (Continued on page 16)

THIS MONTH’S COVER
Not exactly characters out of Gilbert and Sullivan's Mikado, nor even the Japanese Beatles, the elegantly attired gentlemen on this month's cover are actors and musicians performing in a Japanese kabuki play. A popular form of entertainment that is centuries old but still very much alive in Japan today, the kabuki (literally "song-dance skill") is an amalgam of dance, chant, and pantomime, with orchestral accompaniment. The color print was probably done in the 1780's; the artist is Torii Kiyonaga (1752-1815), called by many the greatest master of the Japanese color print.
Step up, press the power button, and find out.

First, try the FM stereo. As you spin the heavy fly-wheel tuning knob, you experience the satisfaction of hearing and feeling each station lock in, sure and crisp. That's Harman-Kardon's new MOSFET front end working for you. What's a MOSFET? A metal-oxide silicon field-effect transistor—the latest, most effective device for reducing cross-modulation, increasing sensitivity and selectivity, and improving antenna match under all reception conditions.

Now put on one of your favorite stereo records. Notice things you never heard before? Better definition of instruments, inner-voice lines that were missing except at a live performance? That's Harman-Kardon ultra-wide frequency response, restoring the spaciousness and clarity that were there when the record was made.

This is the new Harman-Kardon NOCTURNE Seven Twenty, a solid-state receiver that constitutes a major step forward in high-fidelity design. What's behind that pretty face? 80 watts of startling stereo realism. $369.50*.

The Seven Twenty heads a new line of Nocturne receivers that includes the Two Ten (50 watts, AM/FM) at $269.50 and the Two Hundred (50 watts, FM) at $239.50. Unmistakable sound quality and long-time reliability are the family trademarks. We suggest you hear these new receivers soon at your Harman-Kardon dealer's. Harman-Kardon, Inc., 401 Walnut St., Philadelphia, Pa. 19105

*Prices slightly higher in the West. Walnut enclosure optional.
A 78-rpm record in good condition, played on the proper modern equipment, sounds much richer and more full-bodied than the LP transfer of the same item.

FRANK BUZZELLI
Spring Lake, Mich.

Punch at the Printer's Shop

In a review (September) of Stearns's Pulcinella, Arthur Coningham states that the disc was recorded in December, 1953. Is this a misprint, or did Mr. Coningham mean this is a new issue of an old recording?

DAVID AITMAN
New York, N.Y.

The recording is brand new—that is, August, 1965. Columbia, in adapting Robert Craft's liner notes for the earlier recording of Pulcinella, neglected to delete the old recording date and add the new one. The error appears only on the first run of album covers: it has since been corrected.

Havergal Brian

Recent references in your magazine encourage greater appreciation of the gifted English composers Elgar and Bax. Prompt me to mention still another neglected figure. Havergal Brian, born in Staffordshire in 1876, wrote by some accounts as many as two dozen symphonies. Some of his more modest works provided him a brief period of recognition around 1907, but he soon returned to obscurity.

Interest in Brian never completely disappeared, however. His Second Symphony, the so-called "Gothic Symphony," attracted interest because of the enormous choral and orchestral forces it employed (fifty-five brasses alone) and its unheard-of length of two hours (its use of Goethe's Faust for a text makes for comparison with Mahler's Eighth). Hamilton Harry and Eugene Goossens tried to obtain a performance of the work but were defeated by the cost of such a venture. Finally in 1961 the "Gothic" was premiered (fifty years after its composition) and created a powerful impression upon certain critical musical minds. Since then Brian's works have been played in England with ever-increasing frequency, and he is coming to be seen as a composer of great musical and mental resources, a visionary with a strongly individual profile.

To my knowledge, nothing by Brian has been performed here in America. The rapid success of Mahler, Nielsen, Alan, and Berwald here suggests that a segment of the American musical public has at last become infused with that pioneering spirit which contributes so greatly to the cultural life of a nation. Let us encourage such bold adventurers as Leonard Bernstein to explore the works of this unknown and perhaps very great figure.

WILLIAM S. RUTLEDGE
Chicago, Ill.

Correction

Mr. Louis Ouzer, the man responsible for the excellent photographs accompanying the story "Making Real Music with Three-Year-Olds" in our December 1966 issue, was not credited with them there. We regret the omission.
This is the finest home tape recorder Ampex makes.

(If you can find anything we've left out, please write.)

This Ampex 2100 tape recorder player threads itself, reverses itself, and offers bi-directional record and playback...so you can sit back and enjoy a complete 4-track tape without rewinding reels. Or changing reels.

It is about as automatic as you can get.

Concerning construction: It offers dual capstan drive for perfect tape-to-head contact to practically eliminate wow and flutter, even at the slow speeds. You also get twin VU meters, monophonic mix, and die cast aluminum construction. We think so much of the way it's built we offer an exclusive one-year warranty on both parts and labor.

We will repair or replace—with no charge—any part which proves defective in material or workmanship within one year of date of purchase.

You can select from four basic models—each with the finest sound your money can buy. But sound is something you have to listen to. So see your Ampex dealer and make your own comparison.

P.S. If you buy now, your dealer will give you $100 worth of tape for $39.95. (10 of the 100 fastest selling tapes, plus two reels of blank tape.)

AUDIIO AND VIDEO RECORDERs / SPEAKERS / MICROPHONES / VIDEO CAMERAS / TAPES / ACCESSORIES

AMPAX CORPORATION, 2301 LUNT AVENUE, ELK GROVE VILLAGE, ILLINOIS 60007

FEBRUARY 1967
Which Fisher loudspeaker is playing Brahms’ Viola Sonata No.1 in F Minor?
We know. It's a silly question. Obviously you can't tell which one is playing simply because you can't hear a printed page.

But some ad men would like you to think you can. With high-sounding claims and descriptions of sound quality that they think will be music to your ears.

We can't go along with that.

Choosing a loudspeaker is a matter of personal taste. It involves listening and comparing. And usually at great length.

Of course, there are certain guidelines that an ad can provide in selecting a speaker system. And this particular ad has one that hi-fi enthusiasts have followed for 29 years.

The name: Fisher.

(In case you're wondering, none of the speakers shown is playing Brahms' Viola Sonata No. 1 in F Minor. They're all playing Bruckner's Symphony No. 1 in C Minor.)

For more information, plus a free copy of the Fisher Handbook, 1967 edition, use post card on magazine's front cover flap.

The Fisher XP-33
Ultracompact free-piston loudspeaker system with 6-inch low-resonance woofer, 2½-inch tweeter, L-C crossover network; $99 a pair.

The Fisher XP-55
Compact free-piston loudspeaker system with 8-inch low-resonance woofer, 2½-inch wide-dispersion tweeter, 1000 Hz crossover; $59.50.

The Fisher XP-6
3-way free-piston loudspeaker system with 10-inch woofer, 5-inch midrange, 1½-inch soft-dome tweeter, 300 and 2500 Hz crossovers; $99.50.

The Fisher XP-7
3-way free-piston loudspeaker system with 12-inch woofer, two 5-inch midrange, 1½-inch soft-dome tweeter, 300 and 2500 Hz crossovers; $139.50.

The Fisher XP-9B
4-way free-piston loudspeaker system with 12-inch woofer, 6-inch lower midrange, 5-inch upper midrange, 1½-inch soft-dome tweeter, extra-heavy magnets, 300, 1000 and 2500 Hz crossovers; $199.50.

The Fisher XP-10 Consolette
Professional 3-way loudspeaker system with 15-inch woofer, 8-inch midrange, 2-inch soft-dome tweeter, 200 and 2500 Hz crossovers; $249.50.

The Fisher XP-15
Professional 4-way loudspeaker system with two 12-inch woofers, two 6-inch lower midrange, two 5-inch upper midrange, 1½-inch soft-dome tweeter, total of 21 pounds of magnet structure, 300, 1000 and 2500 Hz crossovers; $299.50.

All cabinets in oiled walnut.

The Fisher
No ad man can do it justice.
NEW PRODUCTS
A ROUNDUP OF THE LATEST HIGH-FIDELITY EQUIPMENT

**Clairtone** is marketing a color television set intended for installation as part of a component hi-fi system or as a self-contained receiver with its own audio system. When the set is used as an independent receiver, a front-panel-mounted 4 x 6-inch speaker is driven by a self-contained 2.5-watt amplifier. When used as part of a component audio system, the set provides a 1-volt, low-impedance, high-quality output signal suitable for feeding into any high-level auxiliary input jack on an amplifier. A front-panel jack also permits earphone listening. The rectangular color picture tube used in the set measures 25 inches (diagonally), uses rare-earth phosphors for color brilliance, and has a tinted, bonded safety glass front. Custom installation is simplified by a front-panel escutcheon that requires a 21 x 29-inch cutout. Mounting depth required is 22 inches. Price: $689.

Circle 173 on reader service card

**Wharfedale's** new line of loudspeaker systems includes the compact W30C two-way acoustic-suspension unit. The grille-cloth frame is removable for installation of the grille cloth of your choice. A special surround on the low-resonance 8-inch woofer allows large excursions with minimum distortion. The tweeter, a cone type with a 4-inch aluminum voice coil and a 11/4-pound magnet, is acoustically isolated from the woofer part of the cabinet. A continuously variable control permits adjustment of the tweeter-output level to match room acoustic conditions. Minimum amplifier power required by the system is 8 watts. The nominal impedance rating is 4 to 8 ohms and the enclosure size is 10 x 19 x 91/4 inches. Price: $69.95 (in oiled walnut), $63.95 (in unfinished birch).

Circle 174 on reader service card

**Telephone Dynamics** is producing the Nassau Mark III, a four-track stereo tape recorder for home or commercial use that can record on all standard four-track stereo cartridges. It operates on 120 volts a.c. or from a 12-volt d.c. car battery. High-quality recordings can be made from a record player, tuner, or microphone through standard phono jacks on the unit. Added features include monitoring jacks and illuminated recording-level meters. An automatic shut-off after each recording cycle prevents accidental erasure or recording over previously recorded material. The Mark III measures approximately 71/2 x 81/2 x 31/4 inches. Suggested retail price: $295.

Circle 175 on reader service card

**Seeburg** is producing a stereo music center that stores fifty 12-inch records vertically and can play both sides of them automatically at either 33 1/3 rpm or 16 2/3 rpm. The speeds may be intermixed. The unit at the center of the photo houses a remotely controlled record player whose hysteresis motor and playing mechanism meet all applicable NAB standards for wow, flutter, and rumble. A special dual-stylus Pickering phonograph cartridge is used in the tone arm. A remote-control unit (not shown) permits pushbutton selection of any sequence and any side of the fifty discs stored in the player. A 60-watt (IHF rating) solid-state amplifier is built into the player cabinet, and Altex Lansing high-fidelity speaker components (matched to the amplifier) are used in the system shown. If desired, the player can be purchased separately for use with previously installed amplifiers and speakers. Various combinations of wall brackets and pole supports are available for the speakers. Price of the system without speakers is $1,895. The speakers are $532 additional per pair.

Circle 176 on reader service card

**EMI/Scope** has introduced a new series of bookshelf speakers, the Models 62, 92, and 102. Each of the speakers in this series comes in a hardwood cabinet with 7/8-inch wall thickness specially damped to eliminate resonances, standing waves, or any other parasitic vibrations. The cabinets are covered with oiled walnut veneers, and each cabinet has a removable grille to permit insertion of special fabrics. All three systems have presence controls on the rear and are of 8 ohms impedance.

The Model 102 (shown) has a low-resonance elliptical woofer with a polyvinyl chloride (PVC) suspension. A pair of 31/2-inch tweeters with wide horizontal and vertical dispersion handle the upper frequencies. Frequency response is 30 to 20,000 Hz. Dimensions are 25 x 14 x 13 1/4 inches. Price: $199.90.

The Model 92 is similar except for the use of a slightly smaller woofer and a single 33/8-inch tweeter. Frequency response is 50 to 20,000 Hz. Dimensions are 23 x 12 x 10 3/4 inches. Price: $109.95.

The smallest system (the Model 62) employs a 10 1/2 x 7-inch woofer and a 3 1/4-inch tweeter. Frequency response (continued on page 22)
AR Extends Turntable Guarantee From 1 to 3 Years

AR Turntable Gets Its Final Tests: Operator checks each AR turntable as it comes off the production line. Turntables must conform to professional NAB Standards for rumble, wow, flutter, speed accuracy, and speed regulation in order to pass.

Increase Applies Retroactively to Present Owners

CAMBRIDGE, MASS. Dec 1 Roy Allison, plant manager of Acoustic Research, has announced that on the basis of favorable field experience the AR turntable guarantee, formerly for a one-year period, has been extended to three years. The extended guarantee applies retroactively to all AR turntables bought less than three years ago.

Covers All Repair Costs
The new guarantee, like the old one, covers all repair costs plus U.S. freight charges to and from the factory and a new carton when necessary. AR turntables are guaranteed to meet NAB specifications for professional broadcast equipment on rumble, wow, flutter, and speed accuracy.

Move Criticized
Critics of AR's latest move have called it an empty gesture, since they claim AR products never fail. Mr. Allison denied the charge, saying that while the return rate of AR turntables is indeed outstandingly low for a device of this nature, it is not zero. He cited AR records to show that of turntables manufactured during 1965, 4.9% have needed repair or adjustment under the guarantee.

Speaker Guarantee Extended to 3 Years in 1961
In 1961 the AR speaker guarantee, which has the same features as the turntable guarantee, was also extended retroactively to its present five years. Mr. Allison pointed out that here, too, the increase of protection was meaningful, since the return rate of most AR speaker models over the 5-year life of the guarantee is almost one per cent.

The price of the 2-speed AR turntable—$78 including an oiled walnut base and transparent dust cover—remains the same. This isn't a real newspaper clipping, but the extended guarantee is entirely real.

ACOUSTIC RESEARCH, INC., 24 Thorndike Street, Cambridge, Massachusetts 02141
is 60 to 20,000 Hz. Cabinet size is 20\(1/2\) x 17 x 10 inches. Price: $79.95.

Circle 177 on reader service card

- Empire has published a free sixteen-page full-color catalog with sections devoted to decorating-with-sound and a guide to building a basic record library. Also included are illustrations and specifications of their complete line of Grenadier and Cavalier speaker systems, Troubadour record-playing systems, and phono cartridges. Each component is listed with a complete specification breakdown and with prices.

Circle 178 on reader service card

- Heathkit's solid-state stereo-FM table-radio kit, the Model GR-36, uses the same tuner and i.f. sections employed in Heathkit's stereo components. Technical features include a stereo-indicator light, automatic switching to stereo when a stereo signal is received, an adjustable stereo-phase control for optimum channel separation, automatic gain control and a new clutch-release volume control for independent or simultaneous adjustment of both channels. Other features include speakers mounted on both sides of the slide-rule dial control-section area. The front-end tuning section is factory assembled and prealigned. Because of the simple construction, total kit assembly time is around ten hours. The completed GR-36 measures 19 x 9/4 x 6 1/2 inches. A factory-built walnut cabinet is also included as part of the kit. Price: $69.95.

Circle 182 on reader service card

- Melcor Electronics has a new solid-state stereo power amplifier, the Model AB-247, with a power output of 50 watts (continuous) per channel over the full frequency range. The circuit employs planar and diffused silicon transistors in a push-pull series output configuration, driven by direct-coupled differential input stages. Damping factor is greater than 80, and signal-to-noise ratio is greater than 75 db. Total harmonic distortion is less than 0.25 per cent from 20 to 15,000 Hz at 50 watts. Other features include a dissipation-limiting circuit for short-circuit and overload protection, military-type construction, separate input-gain controls for each channel, and an input sensitivity of 0.15 volt to produce rated output. Input impedance is 60,000 ohms, and power ratings are for an 8-ohm speaker load. Price: $279. A variety of input and output impedances and mounting options are available on special order.

Circle 183 on reader service card

- Scott has introduced the Model LT-112B solid-state FM stereo tuner kit. The prewired front-end tuning section of the kit is silver-plated and uses three field-effect transistors. The i.f. section uses silicon transistors. A four-position front-panel switch permits the tuning-meter circuit to be used for relative signal-strength indication, zero-center tuning, multipath indication, or for alignment of the kit after completion. The LT-112B has foolproof, silent automatic stereo switching, an interstation-noise muting control, a front-panel output for direct tape recording without the use of separate amplifier, and a wideband FM detector circuit for minimal distortion. A pair of special output jacks on the unit's rear apron can be connected to an oscilloscope to provide multipath and tuning information. Usable sensitivity of the LT-112B is 1.8 microvolts, cross-modulation rejection is 90 db, selectivity is 45 db, and stereo separation is 40 db. Price: $189.95. Cabinet, as shown, is $25 additional.

Circle 184 on reader service card

- Sentry Industries is issuing a prerecorded library of twenty-two titles in Norelco-type stereo cassettes for use in tape-cartridge machines for home and auto. The initial cassette library includes several series: Broadway, All-Star, Hit Parade, Around the World, and Classics. The stereo cassettes can also be played on mono cassette machines and have a playing time of 30 to 40 minutes. Price: $4.95.

Circle 185 on reader service card

- Knight's 73-watt solid-state stereo amplifier, the KN-975, has a power output of 37.5 watts (IHF music power) per channel and 22 watts continuous sine-wave power per channel at 4 ohms. Frequency response is ±1 db, 20 to 22,000 Hz, and harmonic distortion is less than 1 per cent. Hum and noise are 80 db at the tuner input and 65 db at the magnetic-phono input. There are inputs for magnetic phono, tape head, tuner, auxiliary 1 and 2, and tape monitor. Controls include bass, treble, balance, loudness-volume, hi-cut and lo-cut, mono/stereo, tape monitor, loudness, and speaker main/remote. Size is approximately 4 inches high, 14 inches wide, and 13 inches deep. Price: $149.95. Cases (optional) are $14.95 for walnut or $6.50 for metal.

Circle 186 on reader service card

- Olson's Ultima three-way speaker system, Model S-777, features a multi-cellular mid-range horn speaker for wide-angle dispersion of mid-frequencies, a 12-inch woofer, and a 2½-inch tweeter. The three-way L-C crossover has level controls for the mid-range horn and tweeter. The mid-range assembly can be turned 90 degrees in the oiled-walnut cabinet to permit it to be installed vertically or horizontally. The system's power-handling capacity is 50 watts, impedance is 8 ohms, and frequency response is 50 to 25,000 Hz. Overall size of the system is 25 1/2 x 13 1/4 x 11 1/2 inches. Price: $179.98.

Circle 187 on reader service card
LE MANS IS CHILD'S PLAY COMPARED TO
"FOUR CONCERTOS FOR HARPSICHORDS AND ORCHESTRA"

The Shure V-15 Type II phono cartridge
must be much more trackable than a Lotus
Ford. This seemingly silly simile has sig-
nificance, however, when one fully appre-
ciates the importance of trackability in
providing crisp, clear, distortion-free
sound from all of your recordings. The
ascents and descents, jarring side swipes,
abrupt turns of a Grand Prix course are
widely known. (Other analogies we might
have used are the slalom, the steeplechase,
the bobsled). Not yet as well known has
been the curious fact that the grooves re-
producing high level recordings of orches-
tral bells, harpsichords, glockenspiels,
drums, pianos—through which the car-
tridge must wend its melodic way—are
even more tortuous, more punishing. Thus,
the much talked about "compliance" and
"mass" of past evaluations are now merely
parameters of design—whereas "track-
ability" is the true measure of performance.

For your entry into the era of high track-
ability, for an experience in listening you
will find most astonishing, ask your Shure
dealer to demonstrate the Shure V-15
Type II Super-Track at $67.50, the Grand
Prix elite among cartridges. It maintains
contact between the stylus and record
groove at tracking forces from ¾ to 1½
grams, throughout and beyond the audible
spectrum at the highest velocities encoun-
tered in quality recordings. Shure Broth-
ers, Inc., 222 Hartrey Avenue, Evanston,
Illinois 60204
BOOK REVIEW

“FURTWÄNGLER RECALLED”
By Henry Pleasants

Wilhelm Furtwängler has always been a curious and enigmatic figure among the great conductors. Many knowledgeable critics and connoisseurs have found it difficult to come to terms with the highly charged individuality of his readings of the German classics—his tempos, his tempo changes, his dynamics, his way of shaping or even distorting certain phrases and cadences to suit his own structural and communicative plan. And they have found his relative ineffectiveness in any but German music a limiting factor.

To others, myself included, he seemed, until his death in 1954, a last vital link to the spirit, the style, the idiom, and the eloquent manner of the German masters of the nineteenth century. What disturbed or distressed others as apparent willfulness or eccentricity we accepted as the privileged decision of a man still so close to the source that he could deviate from the written notes without fear of stylistic contradiction or palpable error. That this same identity with the Faustian impulses of nineteenth-century Germany left him ill at ease in any other kind of music seemed a small enough price to pay for the revelations of his Beethoven, his Brahms, and his Bruckner.

And then there was the political angle. Why had he remained in Germany throughout the Nazi tyranny when he could so obviously have flourished as a conductor in exile? He was eternally at odds with the regime, of course, and many Jewish musicians now living abroad owe their lives to his intervention and assistance. All this has been abundantly documented. But there were—and there still are—many who could not accept his protestations that it was nobler for one in his position to see through at home than to flee.

A wonderfully instructive light is thrown on all these mysteries by Daniel Gillis’s new book titled Furtwängler Recalled (John de Graff, Inc.). It is actually an exasperating little book, an ill-assorted compendium of tributes to Furtwängler by eighty-eight individuals, mostly musicians, including letters of condolence to Frau Furtwängler, memorials, addresses, and solicited contributions. Seventy-five percent or more is uninformative hyperbole asserting superfluously to his greatness without adding anything to our knowledge of its source or nature. But in the remaining twenty-five percent there are important insights.

About the freedom of his readings there is a unanimity of opinion, among those who worked with him, that it originated in his possession of what Hindemith calls “the secret of proportion” and in his concentration (in the words of Fritz Sedlak, concertmaster of the Vienna Philharmonic) on “what stood behind the notes.” He was, say Sedlak, “a master of transitions, and worked with us—and with himself—again and again to unite tempo changes within a movement with the smoothness that prevented the dissolution of the movement’s structure through exaggerated ritardandi and accelerandi.” Another of his concertmasters, Henry Hofel of the Berlin Philharmonic, speaks of his “feeling for building up a movement to one overwhelming climax.”

This concern for the total structure led him indifferent to some matters of detail as long as these were inessential to his overall plan. Rehearsals were not his strength,” said Erno Balogh put it, “because he was less interested in details than in the great line of a work and the depth it offered.” Enrique Mainardi, the cellist, puts the same thing rather differently: “For him, as for all great...” (Continued on page 30)
Introducing
The Scott Integrated Circuit

*This microscopic space-age circuit contains 5 transistors, 3 resistors, and all associated wiring! Shown 25 times actual size.

Scott... where innovation is a tradition

SCOTT®
First tubes... then transistors and FET’s... now, the most important technological advance of the decade, **Scott’s new 3rd generation receivers... each with 4 integrated circuits**

Hear stations you’ve never been able to tune before... brought to life with amazing clarity!

**Integrated Circuits...**
**the computer-born miracle.**

Integrated circuits, or "IC’s", were originally developed for use in computers, where microminiaturization techniques had to be developed in order to avoid filling whole rooms with circuitry. The integrated circuit is a complete circuit in miniature... often barely larger than a grain of sand. The various elements of the circuit... the transistors, resistors, and wiring... are etched on to a microscopic wafer of silicon by a photographic process.

**The Eternal Circuit... carved from silicon**

The integrated circuit is, basically, sculptured in pure silicon, an extremely stable and durable substance. Wires, transistors, resistors, and the like are created by introducing other elements into the silicon wafer... elements that vary the conductive characteristics of the pure silicon. Thus, there are no loose wires or parts, nothing that can change nothing that can short out or wear out. In fact, an IC could last literally thousands of years.

**Total Reproducibility**

Because of the permanence of the material, and because each IC is reproduced directly from a microscopically accurate photographic master, there is no possibility of variation, as often happens in ordinary wired circuits. Each IC is exactly like the next. There is no possibility that an IC will have hidden flaws that will cause it to fail at a later date.

**Scott Harnesses the IC**

Scott engineers, realizing the vast potential of the integrated circuit, consulted with the engineers at Fairchild Semiconductor Division, the nation’s leading experts on IC’s. After months of testing and modification, an integrated circuit was developed which met Scott’s stringent performance standards... and a new era in high fidelity was born!

**More Circuitry in less space**

The Scott Integrated Circuit achieves new standards of compactness. Used in the vital FM tuner IF strip, Scott Integrated Circuits actually allow the use of more circuitry in less space. Each Scott IC contains 5 transistors and 2 resistors, and there are four IC’s used in each IF strip, making a total of 20 transistors. This is in marked contrast to the IF strip the new unit supersedes, which contains five transistors.
More Performance in less space

Scott's previous IF strip, without IC's, is rated as one of the finest in the component industry. It gives capture ratio and selectivity figures of 2.5 dB and 45 dB, respectively. Scott's new IF strip, incorporating Scott IC's, is conservatively rated by Scott at 1.8 dB capture ratio, and 46 dB selectivity. Test reports by Fairchild, however, show the new Scott Integrated Circuits to be consistently capable of an incredible 0.8 dB capture ratio!

What Scott IC's mean to you

Plainly stated, Scott's new integrated circuits let you hear more stations with less noise and interference. Weak, distant stations that you never received before will suddenly appear with amazing clarity. Outside interference from such sources as electric razors, auto ignitions, etc., will be drastically reduced. And, you can count on enjoying this amazing performance for many, many years... thanks to the absolute reliability of the Scott Integrated Circuit.

When will Scott IC components be available?

Scott IC receivers are at your Scott dealer's showroom right now. Scott Integrated Circuits are incorporated into the design of the 388 120-Watt AM/FM stereo receiver, the 348 120-Watt FM stereo receiver, and the 344B 85-Watt FM stereo receiver. Your Scott dealer will be glad to demonstrate to you the amazing capabilities of these new receivers.

These three superb Scott receivers include Scott's newly developed Integrated Circuits. Left to right, Model 388, 348, 344B.

GET ALL THE FACTS ON THE MOST IMPORTANT TECHNOLOGICAL ADVANCE OF THE DECADE!

FREE... a fact-filled, fully-illustrated booklet on Scott Integrated Circuits... everything you should know about the new age in stereo electronics:

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Scott... where innovation is a tradition


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Up-grade your sound!

Whatever your receiver or amplifier is capable of doing, EMI loudspeakers have a unique way of making it sound better.

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Or, perhaps, it's the deep bass, the incomparable realistic midrange and the full, silky highs.

Or, perhaps, it's the subtle detailing of their transient perfect response that catches you unawares.

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CIRCLE NO. 35 ON READER SERVICE CARD

Artists, technical perfection was a means and not an end; he avoided excessively prepared performances, maintaining that one should reserve a margin for improvisation, for intuition, for the charm of the moment, a margin for ecstasy and creative imagination."

The book contains many tributes to Furtwangler's accomplishments as a conductor of opera, especially of Wagner, but there were many of us who always felt that the concert hall rather than the theater provided his most congenial environment. Those who heard him in opera only toward the end of his career did not, to be sure, hear him at his best. Furtwangler was deaf in his last years—a fact never referred to publicly and only rarely in private, and not mentioned in this book—and his conducting of Der Freischütz and Don Giovanni at Salzburg in the early Fifties was seriously inhibited by his inability to hear the singers. Unawares of his affliction at the time, I wrote derogatory notices of these performances for a letter to Jack Times, and I have always since felt badly about them.

But he was a symphonist at heart. Emil Preetorius, the German stage designer, remembers his saying that as soon as one detaches Wagner from all stage action, then for the first time it is possible to grasp wholly the significance, the individuality, and the wealth of ideas in his musical creations. I saw him again in late summer 1951. Preetorius continues, and he spoke of his decision to renounce all bitterness, emphasizing his belief that the greater the music of an operatic work the less it achieves just and full appreciation when it remains linked with the all too diverse and distracting stage set. And he lastly added that he meant above all Richard Wagner, as strange as that might sound at first. He had therefore planned to limit all Wagnerian works to purely concert performances in the coming years; he was convinced that this would preserve the picturesque and truly marvelous impression of Wagner as musical genius, an impression which would shame and silence every doubter and every critic. To what extent his decision may have contributed to this view can never be known.

Furtwangler's "best" was ever the subject of curiosity, to some musicians a kind of dubbed riddle, to others a source of more or less innocent or.exaggerated meriment ( "Start playing when his stick reaches the third button of his waistcoat," etc.). The British critic Geoffrey Sharp remembers the preeminence stabs "as if at some predatory insect, with which Furtwangler used to preface the start of Beethoven's most famous symphonies."

But Furtwangler knew what he was about. To Nikolai Graudan, when the latter was first cellist of the Berlin Philharmonic, he explained his purpose by recalling his first rehearsal of the "Eroica" with a foreign orchestra: "The opening note, it sounded like the popping of a champagne bottle, but the delayed entrance [resulting from his delayed beat] created tension which resulted in a powerful explosion." And Manoug Parikian, former concertmaster of the London Philharmonic, adds: "...knows that he was the last, or close to it, Knappertsbusch survived him by a decade, but now he, too, is gone. Karajan, who succeeded Furtwangler as conductor of the Berlin Philharmonic, lived for very long abroad lose something of his musical identity. German music flourishes in a German environment.

Louris Genet put it a bit more bluntly: "Furtwangler was, to my mind, the last of a long line of great German musicians who were so essentially German that that they were only able to express themselves, began and ended with German music." Furtwangler probably knew that he was the last, or close to it, Knappertsbusch survived him by a decade, but now he, too, is gone. Karajan, who succeeded Furtwangler as conductor of the Berlin Philharmonic, lived for very long abroad lose something of his musical identity. German music flourishes in a German environment.

Mr. Gillis' book includes an excellent dissertation, with perceptive factual and critical comments by Michael Marcus.
Marantz makes an incredible move forward...

model 15 solid-state 120-watt stereo power amplifier

With one devastating move, Marantz has check-mated all existing power amplifiers. The strategy was straightforward — build an amplifier to a set of specifications bordering on the far edge of the possible, then add a series of unique features to complete the coup. The 15’s specifications are designed to test the mettle of your other components, while allowing them to perform to the limit of their abilities. Power output — 60 watts per channel, with safe, full-power operation from 20 to 20,000 Hz. Harmonic distortion — less than .1 at full power, infinitely better than any other amplifier. Hum and noise — better than 90 db below 60 watts. Response — ±1 db from 10 to 60,000 Hz.

As playing partner to these performance characteristics, Marantz has created features of equal caliber. A safety circuit rendering short circuits completely harmless, even at full power. Instantaneous, distortion-free overload recovery. Separate power supply for each channel. High input impedance, permitting the use of even tube pre-amps without distortion. If having the finest power amplifier ever built is important to you, there’s no need to ponder your next move. See and hear the 15 at your Marantz dealer’s immediately.
This is the new KLH* Model Twenty-Four high-performance stereo music system. At first glance, it looks very much like our Model Twenty, the most ambitious and expensive music system we make. Understandably so, since it is derived from the same design concept that produced the Twenty.

The Twenty-Four costs a hundred dollars less than the Twenty. But when it comes to sound, it's almost impossible to tell them apart. The Twenty-Four is not quite as powerful as the Twenty. (It's not as well suited to very high listening levels in the largest rooms.) And it's not as flexible. (It doesn't have a tuning meter or a separate headphone jack or a speaker shut-off switch.) But its sound is uncanny. As good as the Model Twenty's and, not to mince words, better than that of the majority of expensive equipment in living rooms across the country. In its clarity and musical definition, the Model Twenty-Four is close to the most expensive and elaborate equipment ever made.

For $300, the KLH Model Twenty-Four offers an entirely new order of value. Its performance and features, we think, are exactly what most people have in mind when they walk into an audio store and ask for "something really good." It uses the same automatic turntable (made specifically for us by Garrard) as our other music systems, and the same new Pickering V-15/AT-3 cartridge. Its FM stereo tuner is within a hair of the performance of the Model Twenty's, using the same miniaturized 4-stage IF section and multiplex decoder; it will bring in difficult stations without distortion, overload, or cross modulation.

The amplifier of the Model Twenty-Four is entirely new. So are the speakers. The former is a direct-coupled design providing 35 watts IHF music power. The latter are two-way acoustic-suspension systems with an 8-inch woofer and 2-inch direct-radiator tweeter. If any single factor is paramount in achieving the remarkable sound of the Twenty-Four, it is the quality of these new speakers—designed and manufactured, like other KLH speakers and other critical parts of the Twenty-Four, entirely within our own plant.

Several years ago, KLH pioneered the technique of contouring amplifier response to the precise low-frequency power requirements of a loudspeaker. In the Model Twenty-Four, this technique has been extended to produce truly startling bass response from speakers of particularly graceful size.

We don't generally use superlatives to describe the performance of our products. But the Twenty-Four doesn't call for understatement. We have never been prouder of any product.

We suggest that you listen critically to the Model Twenty-Four and measure it against your own requirements. If you need more versatility, or higher power for a very large room, you may well prefer the KLH Model Twenty—still our best system in terms of absolute performance. But if your objective is the greatest possible amount of sound quality and overall performance for a moderate price, the new Model Twenty-Four was designed for you.

For more information, write to KLH, 30 Cross Street, Cambridge, Massachusetts 02139, Dept. HS-3.
The first requirement for a cartridge, as noted in last month's column, is the ability of the stylus to track—to glide smoothly and accurately along the wavy contours of the record groove rather than to bounce and clatter from crest to crest. Having discussed compliance as one of the two principal factors that determine the tracking ability of a cartridge, we may now turn to the other: dynamic mass.

A stylus assembly's dynamic mass can be loosely defined as the amount of weight the record groove has to push around in order to generate an electrical signal in the cartridge. The dynamic mass is not the same as the weight of the moving parts (diamond, stylus shank, etc.) because of the leverage effect of the cantilever design used in most stylus assemblies. Any mechanical device that has to stop and go at rates up to 40,000 times per second (to track a 20,000-Hz tone) must of course be light—the lighter the better. Otherwise, too much inertia develops and the stylus can't keep up with this fast shuttle. Either it overshoots the curves or just cuts across them. Either form of mistracking is a musical calamity.

If, in an effort to lower the mass, the stylus shank is made too light, another problem arises: the very thin shaft becomes flexible and the motion of the diamond tip is not accurately transferred to the electrical-generating parts of the cartridge. Since the weight of the diamond is fixed by its dimensions and mounting, an optimum compromise must be worked out between weight and rigidity of the shank.

Fortunately, modern metallurgy—possibly stimulated by the requirements of space exploration—has come up with some extremely tough, lightweight metals. Taking advantage of these materials, cartridge designers have recently been able to reduce the dynamic mass of the stylus without losing high-frequency transmission along the shaft. The dynamic mass of a modern high-performance cartridge is usually specified at one milligram or less.

The mechanical behavior of a cartridge—as distinct from its electrical properties—is also determined by the shape and size of the diamond tip. Contrary to a widespread notion, the diamond is not sharpened to a conical point like a pencil. Such a point would rip the record no matter how light the tracking weight. Rather, the tip is rounded, and the radius of its curvature varies among different cartridge models. Most manufacturers offer a choice of 0.7-, 0.5-, and 0.4-mil styli, 1 mil being equal to 1/1000th of an inch. Several manufacturers also offer 3-mil styli suitable for playing older 78's.

The smaller styli are capable of cleaner high-frequency reproduction because they fit more snugly into tight little curves—especially toward the center of a record where the musical waveforms are more densely packed. However, the 0.5- and 0.4-mil styli tend to rattle loosely in the wider grooves of some of the older monophonic records. The 0.7-mil stylus tracks both new and old records quite adequately and can be recommended as a universal stylus to track any LP record, mono or stereo, regardless of age.

Copies of the Basic Audio Vocabulary booklet, containing definitions of the technical terms used in the field of sound reproduction, are still available. To get your copy, simply circle number 181 on the Reader Service Card on page 23.
At $149.50, less cartridge and base, your hi-fi dealer should be able to demonstrate the new Miracord 50H as decidedly superior to any other automatic.

**Insist upon it!**

Exclusive features include hysteresis motor and stylus-overhang adjustment plus anti-skate and cueing dynamically balanced turntable and tonearm, and feathertouch pushbutton operation. For complete details, write: Benjamin Electronic Sound Corp. Farmingdale, New York 11736
The man with the golden ear

17½ cubic feet of sound in your living room requires two basic essentials. The first is a Golden Ear to catch every nuance. The second, rather obviously, is a permissive wife. Some men have both (unbelievably) and have installed the actual Altec A7 Voice of the Theatre® in their living rooms. This is the same system that has become standard for recording studios, concert halls and theatres. However, if your wife is something less than permissive, Altec has the answer. We have taken all A7 speaker components and put them in a single package. Half the size. The same high-frequency driver. The same cast aluminum sectoral horn. The same 15" low-frequency speaker. The same crossover network. Frequency response is unbelievably wide (beyond the range of human hearing, if that's of any interest). The midranges are "in person" and that's where 90% of the sound is. Bases don't growl and groan. Trebles don't squeal. Styling? The hand-rubbed walnut Valencia has a delicately curved wood fretwork grille. The oak Flamenco is pure Spanish. Send for your '67 Altec catalog or pick one up from your dealer. Compare. Buy. If the wife complains, tell her about your Golden Ear.

A Division of Ling Altec, Inc., Anaheim, California

SPECIFICATIONS—FREQUENCY RESPONSE: 35-22,000 Hz; IMPEDANCE: 8/16 ohms; CROSSOVER FREQUENCY: 800 Hz; DIMENSIONS: 29½ H. x 27½ W. x 19 D. (Flamenco is two inches lower); COMPONENTS: 416A 15" low-frequency speaker with a frequency response of 20-1600 Hz and a cone resonance of 25 Hz; 806A high-frequency driver; 811B high frequency sectoral horn with 90° horizontal and 40° vertical distribution; N800G dividing network with continuously variable HF shelving attenuation. PRICE: 846A Valencia, $333; 848A Flamenco, $345.
FM-TUNER CURVES: In previous columns I have described in some detail the basic high-fidelity component measurements and shown that it is possible to report equipment test results both numerically and graphically. Unfortunately, however, there is often no simple one-to-one relationship between the numbers or the curves on a test graph and the fidelity of the sound reaching the listener. Consider, for example, the FM tuner. The first question usually asked is "How sensitive is it?" The implication is that a tuner's sensitivity determines how many stations it will receive and/or how clear they will sound. While this is true, it is not the whole truth.

Practically all FM tuners may be categorized to fit one of the five typical FM-tuner sensitivity curves shown on the next page, although they do not represent actual tuner measurements. The top audio-output curves represent the variation in a tuner's audio-output level, and lower sloping curves represent distortion and noise, both plotted against input signal. The input-signal strengths vary from an exceedingly low 1 microvolt (at the bottom left of the graphs) to a very high 100,000 microvolts. The r.f. signal is FM-modulated 100 per cent (75-kHz deviation) with an audio tone of 400 Hz. Any measurement made of distortion in the tuner's output signal includes noise and hum, and other extraneous signals, lumped together with the actual harmonic distortion of the 400-Hz test tone.

With no test signal applied, the tuner's output is all noise (hiss). At a very low signal level, one can measure a small amount of 400-Hz audio output, but it is mixed with hiss, which may be only a few decibels below the test-tone level. When the tuner's output is viewed on an oscilloscope, one can determine the relative amounts of distortion and noise. With the better tuners, distortion is low even at the minimum signal levels, while less expensive tuners frequently show distortion of the 400-Hz test signal when not fully limited. The distinction is academic, since broadcast signals of this strength are not noise-free enough to be worth listening to.

As the input-signal level increases, distortion drops and audio output increases. When the distortion in the output signal falls to 3 per cent of (or 30 db below) the total audio output, the r.f. signal input level at that point is termed the "IHF usable sensitivity." It is important to realize that such a signal is not adequate for high-fidelity listening. A -30-db noise level sounds quite hissy, and few people would care to listen to such a signal for very long.

As the input-signal strength is increased further, the distortion curve has a "knee"—it stops falling and levels off. This "knee" corresponds to a fully limiting condition, at which the tuner is performing as well as it can. An increase in input signal neither decreases distortion nor increases the audio output. Usually the distortion signal indicated by the testing meter at and above this signal level consists entirely of distortion and hum, with little hiss remaining. Note that the fully limiting condition is not some ideal figure, but varies from tuner to tuner.

A tuner's audio-output signal generally reaches its maximum at the limiting point, and changes little, if at all, at higher signal strengths. One would therefore expect no audible change in the tuner's output for any signal level exceeding the tuner's limiting point. This is usually the case. It follows, therefore, that the true sensitivity of an FM tuner is determined by what I term its "limiting sensitivity," a figure rarely specified by the manufacturers. Unfortunately, there is no predictable relationship between the IHF usable sensitivity and the limiting sensitivity.

The curve drawn for tuner A is illustrative of the performance of the very finest modern tuners. The IHF usable sensitivity is 2 microvolts, and full limiting occurs at about 4 or 5 microvolts. The lowest measured distortion in this example is -45 db, or slightly more than 0.5 per cent. Some tuners have lower distortion, but the measurements unfortunately will not be any better than the inherent distortion of the FM signal generator—which is rarely rated at better than -46 db (0.5 per cent).

Curve B is typical of many good FM tuners that have an IHF usable sensitivity of 3.5 microvolts and a limiting sensitivity of 7 microvolts. Since most received signals are stronger than 10 microvolts, and may be hundreds or thousands of microvolts in urban areas, there will, under most circumstances, be no significant differ-

**Reviewed this month**

- Scott Model 382 Stereo Receiver
- Viking 880 Stereo Compact Recorder
ence in sonic performance between tuner A and tuner B.

Tuner C (dashed line) also has a usable sensitivity of 3.5 microvolts, but its more gradual limiting curve results in a poorly defined limiting action. The limiting sensitivity could be specified as being anywhere from 10 to 30 microvolts. On a weak signal, this tuner would sound noisier than tuner B (despite their identical IHF sensitivities), and possibly more distorted as well.

A few of the lowest-price FM tuners have limiting curves resembling D or E, both of which show IHF usable sensitivity figures of 6 microvolts. Tuner D has poor limiting, which results in a considerable and continuous increase of audio output level until a 200-microvolt input is reached. Such tuners commonly have relatively high distortion, which may actually increase at high signal levels owing to other design deficiencies. With an input signal of any strength, tuner D will sound noisier and less clean than tuners A, B, or C.

Tuner E (dashed line) has a more pronounced limiting action than tuner D, so that it may perform better on moderate signal strengths between 15 and 200 microvolts. But since its distortion also rises at higher input-signal strengths, it probably will sound much like tuner D under most conditions.

The lesson to be learned from these examples is that one must examine the entire limiting curve of an FM tuner to evaluate its true sensitivity. Steepness of the limiting curve at low levels is more important than IHF usable sensitivity, and the distortion above full limiting should not exceed about -40 db if one is looking for true high-fidelity performance.

### EQUIPMENT TEST REPORTS

By Hirsch-Houck Laboratories

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**SCOTT MODEL 382 STEREO RECEIVER**

- The newest generation of H. H. Scott stereo receivers, as typified by the Model 382, has finally gone 100 per cent solid state. The nuvistor tubes used in the front ends of last year's models have been replaced by FET's (field-effect transistors). FET's, unlike conventional transistors, are able to accommodate a wide range of signal strengths without overload and cross-modulation.

(Continued on page 40)

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HIFI/STEREO REVIEW

CIRCLE NO. 63 ON READER SERVICE CARD
When you've got a reputation as a leader in transistor technology, you don't introduce a transistor amplifier that is like someone else's. We didn't. The new Sony TA-1120 integrated stereo amplifier is the case in point. We considered the few remaining shortcomings that have kept today's transistor amplifiers from achieving the quality of performance of the best tube amplifiers and set out to solve them. To do it, we even had to invent new types of transistors. The result: the first truly great solid-state stereo amplifier.

Distortion is lower than in the finest tube amplifiers at all frequencies and power levels. Signal-to-noise ratio: better than 110 db. Damping factor is extraordinarily high (140 at 16 ohms). Frequency response: practically flat from 10 to 100,000 Hz (+0 db -1 db). Plenty of power, too (120 watts IHF at 8 ohms, both channels).

With an amplifier as good as this, the preamp section has a great deal to live up to. It does, magnificently! Solid-state silicon circuitry throughout coupled with an ingenious design achieve the lowest possible distortion. Sensible arrangement of front panel controls offers the greatest versatility and ease of operation with any program source.

Finally, to protect your investment in this superb instrument, an advanced SCR (silicon-controlled rectifier) circuit prevents possible damage to the power transistors due to accidental shorting of the outputs.

The Sony TA-1120 stereo amplifier/preamp at $399.50 and the TA-3120 stereo power amplifier, $249.50 are available at a select group of high fidelity specialists who love and cherish them. And will get as much enjoyment out of demonstrating them as you will from their performance. So visit your dedicated Sony high fidelity dealer and enjoy. Prices suggested list. Sony Corporation of America Dept. H 47-47 Van Dam St., L.I.C., N.Y. 11101.

With so many fine amplifiers our first had to be something special. It is!
In addition, they afford the highest possible sensitivity, owing to their very low internally generated noise.

The Scott 382 is a stereo FM/AM receiver, with a music-power rating of 50 watts into 8-ohm loads, or 65 watts into 4-ohm loads. Its rated IHF usable sensitivity for FM is 2.2 microvolts. The AM tuner, which also has an FET front-end, features a unique automatic variable-bandwidth circuit that adjusts the i.f. bandwidth in accordance with signal strength. On weak signals, the bandwidth is relatively narrow to reduce noise, while strong signals widen the band for best fidelity.

Stereo channel balance is achieved by holding one knob and setting the other for equal volume from both speakers. The adjustment is aided by a BALANCE slide switch that feeds a mono signal to one speaker at a time.

The tuning knob operates, with impressive smoothness, a softly lit slide-rule dial. A tuning meter reads signal level, but since in our location it read nearly the same for any signal we could hear, it was of little value in orienting an antenna.

Slide switches control automatic stereo mono operation (the latter position also parallels both channels and serves for phonograph reproduction as well as FM), tape monitoring, noise filter, a.c. power, and speakers. There are terminals for two pairs of stereo speakers, either of which can be switched on from the panel. For headphone listening via a front-panel jack, the speakers can be switched off.

Our lab measurements showed an IHF sensitivity of 2.2 microvolts, exactly as rated by Scott. The limiting curve is excellent (that is, very steep), with complete limiting occurring at 4 microvolts. This means that virtually all signals heard can be expected to have quiet background and low distortion. Extended off-the-air listening checks confirmed this desirable quality, which is unfortunately too rare among stereo FM tuners and receivers. There is virtually no change in audio-output level for r.f. signal input variations from 2 to 100,000 microvolts. The stereo-channel separation was about 28 db or better from 50 to 5,000 Hz, dropping somewhat at 13,000 Hz. We found the Scott 382 to be completely free of cross-modulation effects under conditions that have proved to be too severe for many other receivers.

With both channels driven, the audio amplifiers delivered 20 watts per channel continuously into 8-ohm loads, and about 27 watts per channel into 4-ohm loads. This is consistent with the music-power rating of the amplifiers. At full power, the distortion was under 2 per cent from 150 to 15,000 Hz. At half power (10 watts), distortion was under 0.3 per cent from 40 to 12,000 Hz, rising to 1 per cent at 30 Hz. At 10 db below maximum output power (2 watts per channel), which is more than most users will require under normal listening conditions, the distortion was similar to the 10-watt figures, except for being slightly lower at the high frequencies.

The 1,000-Hz harmonic distortion was a low 0.1 to 0.15 per cent for any power under 15 watts, increasing to 2 per cent at 20 watts. Intermodulation distortion was about 0.2 to 0.3 per cent under 10 watts, reaching 2 per cent at 22 watts. Hum and noise were inaudible at any usable gain setting, about 49 db below 10 watts on phono and 74 db below 10 watts on the high-level inputs. The 382's volume control is compensated to increase the unit's low-frequency response as volume is reduced. This "loudness compensation" can be useful, given certain speaker systems or acoustic conditions, but many people do not care for it. On the Scott 382, the compensation cannot be switched out, which can result (with some speakers) in a pronounced bassy quality that mars (Continued on page 45)
We were making fine microphones back when high fidelity meant an electrical recording of "Ramona" on this splendid old console.

But in almost 40 years microphones and high fidelity have come a long way.

For example...
STUDY THIS BRIEF PROGRESS REPORT FROM

ElectroVoices®

THE MICROPHONE
We've gone to unusual lengths to extend microphone "reach". Seven feet long in the case of the E-V 643 which picks up sound at enormous distances. This highly directional "shotgun" microphone is widely used in motion pictures and TV, where you'll find it at football games, news conferences... wherever distant sounds must be heard. $1,560.00 list.

THE HIGH FIDELITY COMPONENTS
On the left the handsome 65-watt* FM stereo receiver is our Model 1177... one of the smallest around. Solid state of course. $280.00. Underneath it, a genuine breakthrough—the new E-V FIVE-A with a four-layer voice coil to insure better bass at lower cost. Just $88.00. Or choose an old favorite, the SP12B for installation anywhere. $39.00. On the right our newest receiver, the E-V 1179. 55 watts* of FM stereo for only $223.00. Add the big sound of the tiny E-V SEVEN for just $66.50 each. You'll save enough to put pairs of LT8 3-way speakers in every room of the house. $33.00 each.

*IHF output at 4 ohms.
THE MICROPHONE
A rare view of the E-V 668 dynamic cardioid microphone . . . normally just out of sight above your favorite TV performer. Chosen by TV and film engineers because it offers 36 different response curves, plus outstanding directional pickup. $495.00 list.

THE HIGH FIDELITY COMPONENTS
Side-by-side on the left, the perfect team: an E-V 1144 65-watt* stereo amplifier ($125.00) and E-V 1155 FM stereo tuner ($160.00). Each no bigger than this page—no taller than a coffee cup! They rest on the E-V FOUR, our finest compact, a three-way system with 12" woofer. $138.00. Or build the versatile 12TRXB into any existing cabinet. $69.00 each. On the right, the cool E-V 1178 with AM/stereo FM and 65 watts* of solid-state power. $315.00. Just below, the highly regarded E-V SIX that bridges the gap between big speaker sound and compact convenience. $333.00. Or go custom with the finest 15" dual-cone speaker anywhere . . . the SP15. $88.00 each.

*IHF output at 4 ohms.
THE MICROPHONE
This deceptively simple-looking microphone can make a major improvement in your tape recordings. The Model 674 is a Continuously Variable-D® dynamic cardioid model, equipped to eliminate rumble, reject interfering noise, and control poor acoustics. And quality control is so rigid, any pair is exactly matched for stereo. $100.00 list.

THE HIGH FIDELITY COMPONENTS
On the right, a handsome stack of electronics with 65 watts* of stereo power (Model 1144, $125.00) plus a sensitive AM/stereo FM tuner (Model 1156, $195.00). Easy to use—even easier to listen to. And below, one of the biggest loudspeaker systems of them all—in every way—the fabulous Patrician 800. Choice of two styles, three finishes, $1,095.00. Just look at what’s inside: a 30-inch diameter woofer for sound you feel as well as hear, a 12-inch speaker solely for midbass, plus two sophisticated horn-loaded drivers for treble and high frequencies. Patrician components only, $597.00.

*IHF output at 4 ohms.
the otherwise fine sound of the 382. This can be largely corrected by applying some low-frequency cut with the bass tone control, but we consider that an inelegant solution to the problem.

In general, we found the Scott 382 to be a most satisfactory receiver. It was exceptionally sensitive, very easy to tune, and sounded excellent when used with high-quality speakers and proper bass-control settings. The price of the Scott 382 receiver is $359.95.

For more information, circle 188 on reader service card
34 YEARS IS A LONG TIME
DESIGNING AND BUILDING QUALITY SPEAKERS

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FOR YOU TO HEAR THE RESULTS

THESE REPUTABLE DEALERS ARE EAGER TO GIVE YOU A CONVINCING DEMONSTRATION THEY KNOW, FROM EXPERIENCE, THAT WHEN IT COMES TO VALUE AND CONTINUING CUSTOMER SATISFACTION, THEIR BEST BET IS WHARFEDALE... A PIONEER AND LEADER IN HIGH FIDELITY COMPONENTS. OF COURSE WE'LL BE HAPPY TO SEND YOU A VERY INFORMATIVE, BEAUTIFULLY ILLUSTRATED AND COLORED COPY OF BROCHURE OF WHY WHARFEDALE ACHROMATIC SYSTEMS.

WRITE DEPT. H85, WHARFEDALE DIV, BRITISH INDUSTRIES CORP., WESTBURY, NEW YORK 11590.

Wharfedale Achromatic Speaker Systems

CIRCLE NO. 101 ON READER SERVICE CARD

Model W90C
6-Speaker Cassette
$279.95
HAYDN'S "CLOCK" SYMPHONY

WHAT WE of the mid-twentieth century are accustomed to thinking of as the musical dernier cri, music produced by electronic tone generators, is really only the latest link in a chain that goes back hundreds of years. Composers have always experimented with extramusical sounds and noises in their works. A generation ago the Ballet mécanique of George Antheil introduced the sound of airplane propellers into the texture of its instrumentation; a generation before that, the scoring of Richard Strauss' symphonic poem Don Quixote incorporated the sound of a wind machine. Toward the end of the eighteenth century Benjamin Franklin's invention of the glass harmonica stimulated the imagination of Mozart, and at the turn of that century the automatic music-makers of Johann Maelzel captured the fancy of Beethoven. It was for Maelzel's "Panharmonicon" that Beethoven originally scored his Battle Symphony, and the third-movement Allegretto scherzando of this composer's Eighth Symphony owes its inspiration to another of Maelzel's automatic contrivances, the metronome.

In 1794, during the second of his two extended sojourns in London under the sponsorship of the impresario Johann Peter Salomon, Franz Joseph Haydn produced a Symphony, No. 101 in D Major, that borrowed for the principal theme of its minuet a tune that Haydn had contrived the year before for another such exotic device, the musical clock. In his book on Haydn, Karl Geiringer writes that the composer's interest in musical clocks came from his friendship with Pater Primitivus Niemez, the librarian to Prince Estethszíz at Eisenstadt and a cellist in the orchestra Haydn conducted there. Geiringer writes: "Niemecz built three clocks equipped with tiny mechanical organs, the first in 1772, the other two in 1792 and 1793. In these he used only music composed by his friend and teacher, Joseph Haydn. . . . The clock of 1792 was built for Prince Liechtenstein. This tiny instrument with its sweet, weak tone plays
The stereo recordings of Joseph Haydn's "Clock" Symphony exhibit the special strengths of several conductors. Fritz Reiner's reading for RCA Victor has an ingratiating warmth; Karl Richter's for DGG shows a concern for proper style and spirit; and Sir Thomas Beecham's for Angel has a characteristic rhythmic bounce and spontaneity.

twelve pieces, one every hour. Twelve numbers also form the repertory of the clock of 1793 which Haydn gave to Prince Esterházy before leaving on his second trip to England."

The minuet of the D Major Symphony is not the only one of Haydn's major works to draw upon his compositions for musical clocks. In the compilation of such pieces made by Ernst Fritz Schmid, the fifth bears a relationship to the trio of the minuet from the Symphony No. 83; number twenty-eight is a simplified version of the finale of the String Quartet, Opus 71, Number 1; number thirty is an arrangement of the Perpetuum mobile from the Quartet, Opus 64, Number 5; and number thirty-two is a sketch for the finale of the Symphony No. 99 in E-flat. Quite obviously, the influence of the mechanical clocks of Niemecz was a pervading one in Haydn's music at the time.

But the fact that the Symphony No. 101 in D has come to be known as the "Clock" Symphony is not, oddly enough, because it incorporates one of Haydn's musical-clock compositions. Rather, the nickname comes from the "tick-tocking" accompaniment in the staccato strings and bassoon that pulsates under the main melodic line of the slow movement.

Along with Haydn's "Surprise" Symphony (No. 94, in G), the "Clock" is the most-recorded of all his symphonies, twelve different versions being listed in the current Schwann Catalog, and nine of them recent enough to be available in both stereo and mono. The remaining three (mono only) recordings are conducted by Horenstein, Scherchen, and Toscanini; all three are outclassed by several of the more recent performances.

Five recordings, it seems to me, are the best of the "Clock" crop: those conducted by Sir Thomas Beecham (Angel S 36255, 36255), Pierre Monteux (RCA Victor LSC/LM 2394), Fritz Reiner (RCA Victor LSC/LM 2742), Karl Richter (Deutsche Grammophon 138782, 18782), and Martin Turnovsky (Parliament S 609, 609). All these performances are coupled with other Haydn symphonies: those of Monteux, Richter, and Turnovsky with the "Surprise," that of Beecham with Symphony No. 102, and, finally, that of Reiner with No. 95.

The recordings by Beecham, Monteux, and Reiner have certain features in common. The three conductors share the stylistic approach to Haydn that was the norm in our concert life a generation ago. A sizable orchestral force is employed by all three, yet, through force of personality and conviction, all of them manage to produce performances of joyful and exuberant authority. Beecham's has a rhythmic bounce and a spontaneity that are quite unique. Reiner's is a more tightly controlled performance, yet paradoxically there is an ingratiating quality of ease about it. Monteux for his part delivers a robust, extroverted reading that is typical of the brand of music-making we used to get regularly from this well-loved and sorely missed conductor. His Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra is marginally less responsive, however, than either Beecham's Royal Philharmonic Orchestra or Reiner's ensemble, one that was especially hand-picked for this recording. All three conductors are given fine recorded sound, with Reiner faring best, by virtue of especially clear and open textures and balances.

Richter and Turnovsky offer performances more in keeping with what we now consider to be proper Haydn style. Textures are light and airy, and the smaller ensembles have a nice rhythmic snap. At its bargain price ($2.98 stereo, $1.98 mono) the Turnovsky disc is an especially attractive one.

For tape fans the only available performance is the one with Mogens WöIidike conducting the Vienna State Opera Orchestra. It was formerly available as a 71/2-ips release, coupled with the composer's "Military" Symphony (Vanguard B 1609). In recent months the 71/2-ips reel has been withdrawn, and the performance has been reissued on a 33/4-ips reel, along with the other five of Haydn's second set of "London" Symphonies (Vanguard Everman F 1916). WöIidike's reading of the score is highly expert, even though he does not have quite as marked a conception of the music as do the five conductors whose performances are singled out above. There is some occasional pre-echo on my review copy of the 33/4-ips tape, but otherwise the processing and reproduction are fine.

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Augustus Caesar, thanks a lot.

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Am I alone and unobserved? I am! Then let me confess: I am a Gilbert & Sullivan addict. It is with burning cheek that I lift my pen to pour out the sordid and intimate details of this avowal, albeit with that sense of relief which ever accompanies the unburdening of a soul in anguish. It is no easy task thus to unveil myself before the world. Yet, should my words reach some troubled young person already tainted with the first symptoms of this terrible affliction, one who, perhaps, might be ashamed openly to seek counsel, my reward for thus baring my innermost soul will be sufficient, and I may live out my days in the comforting knowledge that my existence has not been wholly without redemption.

Where shall I begin? I was approaching the full bloom of young manhood when the early indications of this malady—for malady it is, and so in all honesty should it be designated—made themselves manifest, symptoms which were to lead with gradual but fatal certainty to the deterioration of the critical faculty, the loss of family and friends and, ultimately, the abandonment of the last vestiges of self-control as the horrible obsession took inexorable hold, the mindless, shameful cultural isolation in which I now find myself being relieved only by brief fits of inexplicable, sudden laughter and bouts of tuneless humming.

My text is best chosen from the warning issued by Sir Despard Murgatroyd, the wicked baronet of Ruddigore, who is forced to commit a crime every day in order to hold his title. He warns the chorus of bucks, blades, and "professional bridesmaids" in the first act of Ruddigore thus:

Oh, innocents, listen in time—
Avoid an existence of crime—
Or you'll be as ugly as I'm—
And now, if you please, we'll proceed.

Just so. The first telltale hints of the Gilbert & Sullivan complaint generally show themselves in late childhood
Gilbert and Sullivan ridiculed the lad for "aestheticism" in Patience, but did not escape unflattering attention themselves.

or early adolescence, with puberty a particularly vulnerable stage. The boy or girl may be introduced to the virus that carries the infection through some school production of The Mikado, or Pinafore, or in some cases even through the more virulent strains of The Pirates of Penzance. Certain words may stick in the young victim's head, going round and round, even though he or she may not entirely understand them, until, from this focus, they spread insidiously through the vulnerable, half-formed mind. "Turbot is ambitious brill; Gild the farthing, if you will," the poor innocent may take to singing softly to himself, no doubt in secret, and there is no turning back.

My own case was no exception. A production of The Mikado at a camp for young teenagers in the Catskill Mountains struck the first knell of doom. Eliminated promptly from the singing cast by an execrable voice, I was assigned vaguely by the dramatics counselor to the job of "dressing the set." Preoccupied as I was with nursing an ailing turtle in my bunk at the time, I took no action about this until the afternoon before the first (and only) performance. Then, in the silent hours preceding the dress rehearsal, I wandered into the recreation hall where, on a rude platform serving as a stage, a cardboard Japanese-style archway purported to indicate the courtyard of the king's palace in Titipu. I realized that something extra was desperately needed, and hurried off, unsupervised, to the local wood to root up trees. These I hauled over the grounds of the camp with bare, bruised hands, to clutter up the entire platform with as many of my arboreal victims as I had the strength left to drag across the set. Stepping back to admire my work, I rather wished I had been able to locate cherry trees instead of young elms, but with the former our American Catskills, alas, do not abound. The leaves were all dead by the time the lights went up on our burnt-corked gentlemen of Japan, and I was docked dessert for three days running for missing supper the night I brought my Birnam Wood to that upstate New York Dunsinane.

I was twitted by my fellows the next day into a state where I failed my Junior Life-Saving Test on the fourth try. You'd think I would have hated Gilbert & Sullivan from then on. Such is the treacherous nature of this disorder, however, that by the time I got home I was tossing hopelessly in the throes of a raging Mikado fever. True, for several years, until I found the courage to start examining Mr. Gilbert's librettos for myself, I tended to mouth the lyrics of various patter songs as they had been refurbished by our dramatics counselor with local topical allusions. I did not find out for a long time, for example, that the Three Little Maids were not originally from Jersey City. A junior high school graduation gift from a well-meaning aunt proved the coup de grace. It was a complete recording of The Mikado by the D'Oyly Carte Opera Company, with George Baker as the Lord High Executioner of Titipu, and the habit promptly took hold. Fiendishly I tried to seduce my contemporaries into sharing my vice by playing alluring snatches of the duets between the fierce Katisha, that indomitable daughter-in-law elect of the Japanese emperor, and the comic Ko-Ko. They listened obediently enough, but soon afterwards most of them stopped coming around. This was Nature's way of trying to warn of the years of true loneliness in store, but my head was too much awhirl with dizzying lines like "a cheap and chippy chopper on a big black block"; her message never reached me.

Six months later I was taken to see my first adult Gilbert & Sullivan performance by the same aunt who had given me the record album. The D'Oyly Carte Opera Company was visiting New York, and she had bought us tickets for Patience. I remember little of what occurred on stage; for me, the real show was the audience. The ticket-holders were as white-lipped and tense as aficionados on a Sunday afternoon at a bullfight. Every man-jack of them was prepared to rush on stage and fill in for Martyn Green as the Lord Chancellor, or for anybody else in the cast who might happen to flub so much as a single line or be struck dumb by sudden indisposition or failure of memory. Next to me sat a woman who mumbled along with the cast every song in the score and every word of spoken dialogue in the entire book. Others
sat equipped with oversized musical scores in which they buried their noses, seldom glancing up at the stage at all or smiling, no matter how hilarious the capers of the various pompous peers and the chorus of electrically lighted fairies. When a particular ballad, madrigal, or tongue-twisting tour de force such as the Lord Chancellor’s nightmare song struck their fancy, these addicts got completely out of hand, rising with no decorum from their seats to clap their hands and cheer and cry for encores, some of which held up the action almost interminably. (I later learned that lovers of grand opera behave even more bizarrely.)

It is impossible to describe the effect of all this on a growing boy. During the intermission the aunt who took me to this iniquitous spectacle encountered an old lady who informed her that she had been to every single performance of Iolanthe since the troupe had hit our shores, and intended to be in her seat day-in and day-out until the D'Oyly Carte people departed the city. When pressed for reasons, poor woman, she explained that in the on-stage world of Gilbert & Sullivan everything was safe, scintillating, comfortable, and predictable, while, outside, the ugly grey weather of events, where dictators threatened and the nations raged against each other, made her constantly nervous. Far better the innocent satire of a tale in which a group of gossamer-winged fairies sought to gain a seat in the House of Peers for a young shepherd who was "half a mortal" and whose mother threatened England with nothing more violent or menacing than making "the duke’s exalted station/Attainable by competitive examination." As I fell ever more irretrievably into the grip of the same shameful habit I was to learn what she meant. How cozy were those wonderlands the Victorians bequeathed us!

Thus, though the D'Oyly Carte took its well-publicized departure from the city, my disorder raged on. The Mikado, Pinafore, The Pirates of Penzance, those innocent exercises in good-humored political and melodric travesty, were no longer enough for me. To the outsider it may seem that all the madrigals and patter-songs, the Handelian choruses and Victorian ballads are interchangeable from one operetta to the next, and it matters little which is attended. Miss Anna Russell has had her vulgar fun with this aspect of the subject, but the addict will have none of it. He craves only madder patter songs, stronger ballads, longer madrigals. By early college days, when others were respectably immersed in the works of Stuart Chase and Thorstein Veblen, I was already struggling with the equally ponderous implications of Ruddigore, The Yeomen of the Guard, and Princess Ida. Later, I could be appeased in my cravings only by The Grand Duke, that wobbly but incomparably delightful last effort of the dauntless pair, in which a theatrical troupe takes over the government of a country—with spine-chilling results. A rumor that excerpts from the seldom-performed Utopia Limited were to be released on a phonograph record by the D'Oyly Carte launched me into almost uncontrollable paroxysms of excitement as I echoed my favorite playwright’s exclamations for young bridesmaids on learning that their lovers will not be hanged after all: "Oh, rapture!"

It can be seen that I had already developed the objectionable symptom conspicuous in Gilbertians, as in Shakespeareans—that of quoting various lines from the operettas on any pretext, however vaguely they applied to the topic under consideration. "I am afraid I am not equal to the intellectual pressures of the conversation," I would cite archly from The Gondoliers when some discussion got beyond me (I was included in few). Or, "Everything’s at sixes and sevens," I would comment,
Illustrations by W. S. Gilbert himself (signed "Bib") early set the style for productions of the operettas. Here the humane Mikado makes the punishment fit the crime: an advertising quack has his teeth extracted by a "terrified amateur."

when it really wasn't at all. And of course all paradoxes, whether they were or not, became "most ingenious." But why go on?

The worst was still to come. Up to now I had stuck to the D'Oyly Carte's own authorized versions of the pieces performed "under the supervision" of Rupert D'Oyly Carte, Bridge, or, at the very least, some blood member of the family that had originally presented the works at the Savoy Theatre in London. I had learned to know every lineament of the lacquered caricatures who filled the stage—the aging ladies attempting to win unwilling suitors with their fading charms; the bureaucrats and the bloodthirsty but appealing villains; the ingenuous and her beau, who find each other despite the inevitable "boy meets girl" misunderstandings and meanwhile sing sweet ballads of Schubertian grace and charm, the charlatans with dubious airs, susceptible Lord High Chancellors, executioners and family sorcerers, admirals and aesthetes and modern major generals. And the style! One has only to glance at one of Gilbert's own drawings to see at once what that style is supposed to be. The D'Oyly Carte has always had it: the mannered action, the clean-cut choruses, the sharp precision on which Gilbert himself insisted, the finely cut animation of even the most torpid number in the final finale during a performance of Ruddigore, the cutout of even the most torpid number in the production of Patience, the phantasmagoric experience of an evening spent watching the local Hadassah group add a new dimension to Pinocchio, comic understanding, and fresh voices which they lacked in punctiliousness and finesse.

Worse, however, was to come as I sought to ease my incessant craving. We will pass quickly over the ugly period of "Hot" and "Red" and "Yidish" Mikados, not to mention the painful disappointment of seeing Groucho Marx strike out as Ko-Ko on TV, the phantasmagoric experience of an evening spent watching a local Hadassah group add a new dimension to Pinocchio with a tongue so alien in its sound and approach to English comedy that it paradoxically came to seem almost absurdly appropriate to the material. The nonsufferer can scarcely imagine the effect of all this irreverence on a man who had to retire to his couch with a sick headache at the mere absence of five lines from the original finale during a performance of Ruggigore, or the cutting of even the most torpid number in the score in a production of Princess Ida. Yet I found myself irresistibly impelled to madder proceedings in ill-lit Brooklyn basements; school performances of Patience echoing in dank auditoriums where bewildered stripplings sought to convey the notion of longhaired Wildesian aesthetes urging love-sick maidens to close their eyes and "think of faint lilies." No degradation was too much, no descent too low.

But increasingly, during the long absences of the authentic British company from our shores, I was forced, like other addicts, to turn elsewhere for my supply. I began to haunt basement theaters, churches, even the auditoriums of schools in distant neighborhoods, for sooner or later all sufferers from this ailment (known euphemistically as "Savoyards" after the theater where it all started) must go underground to "get the stuff." I turned first to the ministrations of a Miss Dorothy Raedler, whose New York troupe was constantly dissolving and getting reorganized under the guidance of that stubborn and redoubtable zealot. Tirelessly she struggled to teach young actors and singers with every variety of American slur and drawl the precise ways of British speech, and to train them in the mastery of a style quite alien to our slovenly and casual habits. To see the results one had to descend into the airless confines of a cellar in the lower reaches of a crumbling East Side institution called the Jan Hus House. It was there that I first made the live acquaintance of John Wellington Wells, the middle-class magician in The Sorcerer; watched the ghosts step down from their rickety, ill-painted picture frames in Ruggigore; wept for Jack Point as that jester lost the Elsie of his troupe in a forced marriage to smug Lieutenant Leonard Merrill in The Yeomen of the Guard. Soon enough my ears became inured to the sound of the piano and organ which poured out pallid transcriptions of the sprightly Sullivan accompaniments, so exhilarating when played by a big-theater orchestra, so churchy and threadbare when abandoned to the keyboard. Never mind: my D'Oyly Carte rescuers would be back, and Miss Raedler's willing apprentices meanwhile made up in élan, comic understanding, and fresh voices which they lacked in punctiliousness and finesse.

The old 78-rpm recordings, of which I had of course acquired a complete collection, had been worn threadbare by a series of evil portable phonographs with pick-ups of uncertain tonnage by the time London's LP's (and later Angel's) appeared to replace them. Ultimately, I was to find a temporary anodyne in the stereo versions, wherein the orchestra and chorus reverberate for all the world like the brilliant forces of grand opera, but the soloists tend to sound fresh out of their teens,
The Mikado: Enter (far left) Ko-Ko (John Reed), Lord High Executioner of Titipu, fresh from the county jail.
Left, the Mikado himself (Donald Adams). Below left, Noble Lord Pish-Tush (Alan Styler), Ko-Ko, and Pooh-Bah (Kenneth Sandford), Lord High Everything Else, discuss the finer points of self-decapitation, "an extremely difficult, not to say dangerous, thing to attempt." Below, Pooh-Bah and Ko-Ko ponder the arrangements for the latter’s coming marriage to the lovely Yum-Yum.

Patience: Left, Lady Jane (Christine Palme) warns Bunthorne that her maidenly charms are ripe—"Better secure me ere I have gone too far!" Above, Idyllic Poet Archibald Grosvenor (Kenneth Sandford) discards aestheticism to become "A steady and Stolid-y, jolly Bank-holiday/Every-day young man!" as Fleshly Poet Reginald Bunthorne (John Reed, at extreme right) looks on ("Crushed again!") in dismay.
reminding me at times of those apple-cheeked beginners I had peered at out of church pews and whose every twinge of sophomoric alarm I shared as spirit gum came loose from horse-hair beards to reveal pink adolescent faces.

Once in a while, to relieve the strain, there would come to town some movie or play about Gilbert & Sullivan. I remember sitting, faint with joy, at Nigel Bruce's performance of Gilbert in a play called Knights of Song. There was one scene in which the mustachioed Mr. Gilbert (wearing what I seem to recall was a hound's tooth greatcoat in the style of Sherlock Holmes) was being interviewed by a reporter who asked how some word or other should be pronounced. "With difficulty," the great man replied. "With difficulty," I chuckled to myself for weeks—until the few acquaintances who still talked to me joined the burgeoning crowd of those who no longer did so.

And, of course, there were the books. Not only picture books and complete versions of the Bab Ballads and the plays in editions of varying luxury, but also the biographies, critical evaluations, compilations of anecdotes, and Freudian analyses by self-appointed psychiatric experts. In their pages I learned how Mr. Gilbert was kidnapped in Italy as a child and held for ransom—an incident he later used as the basis for his plots in The Gondoliers and The Pirates of Penzance. I revelled, as my sickness worsened, in poring over collections of the great man's endlessly irascible correspondence, his petulant letters not only to his collaborator and to Mr. D'Oyly Carte (who grew fat on the proceeds of G & S's popularity), but also to his father-in-law, his club, the actors and actresses he directed in his own comedies, and just about anyone else who crossed his path. What a cantankerous man, how wonderfully ill-tempered! "Sir," he once wrote to a neighbor, "the tone of your letter and your extraordinary admission that you willfully make the noise I complain of with the express intention of annoying me, places any amicable consideration of the matter out of the question. . . . I shall on the very first repetition of the annoyance instruct my solicitor to indict you as a nuisance at the Hammersmith Police Court." I found out all about Sullivan, too: the question of whether he had Jewish blood, his first compositions, and his experiences as a chorister at the Chapel Royal (while Mr. Gilbert was trying to make a go of it as a lawyer and writing the most terrible plays). I learned the whole story of how, with Mr. Richard D'Oyly Carte, G & S founded the Savoy, and how they quarreled and made up and quarreled again, of how each in turn was finally knighted by the Queen Victoria they had not amused, and of Sullivan's misguided idea that he was wasting the time he should have been spending writing "serious" operas and oratorios (of which we have sufficient specimens to know how wrong he was).

I could have told many an open-mouthed dinner partner all about Gilbert's retiring, pliant wife Lucy Agnes, of his passionate interest in the costumes, scenery, properties, and lighting of the productions he supervised, and even of how he introduced electricity in the costumes of the fairies in Iolanthe (and later on the stage of the Savoy Theater, which opened with the first production of Patience). And if my fascinated companion pleaded for fresh details about my hero's life, I was prepared not only to quote liberally from his letters and verses and the witty librettos, but to speculate at length on whether the rift between the irascible Gilbert and the gentle Sullivan arose over a certain affidavit or the carpeting in Mr. Carte's theater, and to describe most touchingly the death of Sullivan in 1900 after many bouts of a "painful illness" (the skittish biographers never get around to telling you what illness it was) and Gilbert's own heroic end, swimming out to rescue a drowning young lady when heart failure struck him.

If all that information failed to take us through dessert, I would have been delighted to explain how Gilbert did not intend in Patience to lampoon Oscar Wilde at all at first, but was simply resurrecting an old plot he had contrived about two rival curates. This idea he abandoned while smarting under attacks from the Rev. Charles Dodgson (Alice's Lewis Carroll) over what that fellow Pied Piper of the age had regarded as irreverent treatment of the clergy in The Sorcerer. Then I might expound in detail on precisely how each of Sullivan's scores parodied some chestnut in grand opera, from the lampon of the Lucia sextet in Trial by Jury to Mabel's mock-coloratura warblings in The Pirates of Penzance.

During the wait for the dinner check, I would have been glad to recount the whole episode of how the author and the composer happened to be invited to collaborate on Trial by Jury (their first success) as a curtain-raiser to Offenbach's La Périchole—and with such dazzling effectiveness that they virtually drove the sound of Offenbach out of London. Then I might go on to describe, rather well, how, following Pinafore, the whole world went mad as every street barrel organ ground out Poor Little Buttercup, every newspaper and orator quoted its jokes, every band performed a medley from the score, and all of America whistled while Mr. Gilbert wrote more and more explosive letters protesting the piracy of his productions. But the true sufferer from Gilbert and Sullivan's Disease doesn't have any dinner companion to tell all this to. He dines alone, with the ghosts of soubrettes, while the dreariest, most lusterless...
H.M.S. Pinafore: Left, Little Buttercup (Christine Palmer), a "plump and pleasing person" and erstwhile baby-farmer. Center below, able seaman Dick Deadeye (Donald Adams): "From such a face and form as mine the noblest sentiments sound like the black utterances of a depraved imagination." Below right, the Rt. Hon. Sir Joseph Porter, K.C.B. (John Reed) gives advice to landsmen: "Stick close to your desks and never go to sea/And you all may be Rulers of the Queen's Navee!"

The Pirates of Penzance: Left above, the Pirate King (Donald Adams), who is not altogether void of feeling, takes pity on a lonely orphan boy. Left, the unhappy Sergeant of Police (George Cook): "It is most distressing to us to be the agents whereby our erring fellow-creatures are deprived of that liberty which is so dear to all..." Above, General Stanley (John Reed) introduces himself: "...in matters vegetable, animal, and mineral, I am the very model of a modern Major General."
snatches from Mr. Sullivan’s choruses for coy young ladies echo in his foolish head.

What is this strange hold that a dozen-odd operettas continue to have on millions of otherwise rational people? The plots were worn-out claptrap contrivances even in their own day: nurses who mix up commoners and heirs to the throne in babyhood; an elixir that makes anyone who imbibes it fall in love with the first person he meets; a high-born hero going about the country disguised as a minstrel; and the like. The dialogue is so archaic in manner that it is difficult for the average member of a modern audience to know how much of it is seriously intended nineteenth-century rhetoric and how much is spoof. The lyrics descend without warning into abysmal doggerel, while Mr. Sullivan, conscientious tunesmith though he was, is capable of following up a perfectly brilliant contrapuntal choral passage with padding of the most excruciating banality. No character—from Rose Maybud, the songbird of Ruddigore, to Bunthorne, that apotheosis of the Wildean aesthete in Patience—will stand up under even cursory literary scrutiny. What then, holds us enthralled?

The enduring delights of these comic operas, I reply, are to be found in the ingenuities of Mr. Gilbert’s situations, in the graceful proportions of songs and dances and speeches that alternate divertingly to denouement and dazzling finale, in an unerring sense of timing and of theater, in the lift and precision of the lyrics, in the charm of the tunes and the joy of their rhythms, in the swing and sparkle of choral settings and orchestrations. The songs and choruses further the action or provide relief from it with wonderfully lunatic digressions: the peers and fairies pause in their argument for a language lesson; the major general interrupts a crucial moment for a denouement. When Jack Point fell insensible at the feet of Elsie, the crowd to offer “I have a song to sing, oh,” better than I have ever heard it before or since. I closed my eyes to revel in the sheer joy of it all, safe, in the shadow of that Bloody Tower, of all places, from the rude discords of a world that seemed bent on its own destruction. When Jack Point fell insensible at the feet of Elsie and Fairfax, I rose to mine to cheer a marvelous performance. Once more, I was hooked.

There is no hope for me now. The next step is letters to the Manchester Guardian demanding productions of Sullivan’s incredibly dreary opera Ivanhoe, his turgid cantata The Prodigal Son, and, God help us, The Lost Chord. Following this comes regular attendance at the Tuesday evening rehearsals of one’s local Madrigal Society. After that they come and put you away.

Paul Kresh is Editor of American Judaism and a regular reviewer for HIFI/STEREO REVIEW. A selective discography of G & S operettas is available without charge: send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to Mr. Kresh in care of HIFI/STEREO REVIEW.

G & S ON TOUR
The one, the only, the original D’Oyly Carte Opera Company is currently touring the United States as follows: Los Angeles, January 14-21; San Francisco, January 23-28; Sacramento, January 30; Denver, February 2-4; St. Louis, February 6-11; Champaign, February 13-14; Lafayette, February 15-16; Cleveland, February 17-18; and Toronto, Canada, February 20-25.
THE TECHNICAL EDITOR ANSWERS SOME “Common-Denominator” HI-FI PROBLEMS

By LARRY KLEIN

The HiFi Q & A column appearing monthly in these pages presents some interesting problems—for me, at least. For example, how should I handle the steady flow of letters asking me to specify the best-performing components in each price category? What words of advice and reassurance can I give those hinterland unfortunates whose hi-fi systems are malfunctioning and who have already exhausted the technical resources of their local repairmen? And how about those hapless neophytes who have been reading the component catalogs for six months and still aren’t sure what a decibel is? Or the fellow whose speakers emit a beep every 12 seconds because his listening room is being regularly swept by the high-power signal of a nearby radar installation?

These questions are a small but representative sample of what I am up against each month. In order to provide a complete answer to every question, we would need the full-time services of a highly-skilled technical man. As much as I would like to take arms against the sea of particular troubles that afflict my readers, time and space permit me to answer in depth only those general questions suitable for the HiFi Q & A column. I also frequently receive letters telling me that the material in the column is (a) oversimplified or (b) overcomplex. I plead guilty to both charges. Given the wide range of technical background among the readers of HiFi/Stereo Review, from absolute beginner to electronic engineer, it is inevitable that questions—and answers—will occasionally be on either too high or too low a level for some. My intention is to keep the technical level of the column somewhere between Hans Fantel’s novice-oriented Audio Basics and Julian Hirsch’s advanced-audiophile Tech Talk. Judging from the intermittent complaints from both ends of the technical spectrum, I have apparently succeeded.

There are, however, a number of technical questions addressed to me with sufficient regularity to justify their being classified as “common-denominator” problems. They undoubtedly hold no mystery for some readers, but many others will find among the answers appearing on the following pages either help in time of acute audio need or perhaps merely satisfaction of some long-standing technical befuddlement. (Continued overleaf)
Master Antennas for FM

Q I recently moved into a new apartment building that has a master TV-antenna system. Is it possible to connect my FM tuner to the system, and are there any special precautions to be observed?

A It is difficult to know whether your building's antenna system will serve your FM tuner. A number of master antenna systems are specifically designed to have their FM capability suppressed in order to prevent interference with TV reception. If you are able to determine that your building's master antenna will deliver FM (there may be someone in charge of the system who could tell you), then you will need to find out the proper way of matching the output impedance of the antenna system to the antenna-input terminals of your tuner. If the antenna system's output is at 75 ohms, then you will probably need a small "balun" transformer to match the 300-ohm input of your tuner. (A few tuners do have built-in provisions for accepting a 75-ohm antenna, and their instruction books will tell the proper way of connecting it.) But whatever the circumstance may be, make sure to use the proper type of cable (it will be either a 300-ohm flat line or 75-ohm coaxial type) between the outlet of the master antenna system and the input of your tuner.

De-warped Discs

Q I have been given a number of LP discs that apparently have been stored improperly—most of them are somewhat warped. Is there any way I can "de-warped" the discs, or at least render them playable?

A As far as making them playable, you should be aware that certain brands of tone arms and certain brands of cartridges do better on warped discs than others do. This results apparently from a lower effective mass at the cartridge end of the tone arm and a tone-arm design that is inherently less sensitive to extreme vertical undulations. With cartridges, it appears to be a matter of vertical compliance in the stylus assembly. Your audio dealer should be able to advise you on this—or if the whole thing is new to him, he will be able by trial and error to pick out the arms and/or cartridge best suited to solve your problem. As far as the de-warping is concerned, I've had one technique recommended to me that often—but not invariably—works. Two heavy pieces of plate glass slightly larger than the record are required. The record is sandwiched between the glass and placed in an oven. The oven temperature is slowly raised to about 150 degrees (you will probably need a thermometer to measure this) and the record is baked for about 20 minutes and then left to cool slowly. (No spices are required, and if everything turns out all right, the record will serve a number of listeners.) A certain amount of experimentation—with respect to the oven temperature, baking time, and weight on the glass—may be required.

Record Noise

Q I have a problem with surface noise on records. I can find no solution to. I keep my records scrupulously clean, yet I hear a static-like noise from my newest discs. Why is this?

A Your noise problem almost certainly results from the accumulation and discharge of static electricity, rather than from foreign matter in the record grooves. If the climate in your area is particularly dry, you might try using a small steam vaporizer in your listening room; the increase in humidity will help minimize your static problem. You might also try installing an Audiotex Stat-Elim ionizing gadget that clips on the tonearm, a conductive turntable mat (if your machine does not already have one), or a Dust Bug with its new antistatic fluid. For extreme cases, I've had good results using a small piece of lint-free cloth or chamois, slight-ly moistened with water, trailing behind the Dust Bug.

Record Washing

Q I have been told that it is possible to wash records to eliminate or at least cut down surface noise. Is there any recommended technique for this?

A Pour one cap-full of Ivory liquid detergent into one quart of luke-warm water and mix thoroughly. Use a cosmetic or facial brush, preferably one with fine-diameter bristles, and dip it in the solution until it is thoroughly wet. Supporting the record by its edge (your thumb) and label (fingers) use the brush in a circular motion, in the direction of the grooves. Then, holding the record by its edges, rinse in cool running tap water. If fingerprints or foreign deposits still remain on the disc surface, rub with a flannel cloth (wet with detergent solution) in the direction of grooves. Repeat the brush procedure after using the cloth. Turn the record over and use the same method on the other side. Rinse both sides in cool running tap water. Make sure that the pressure is adjusted so that the water does not splatter, but flows freely over the disc. Place the disc vertically in a rubber-cushioned dish-drain rack until most of the water runs off or collects in
droplets. Do not shake the record. Now place the disc flat on a dry Turkish towel and pat off the water globules on the top surface. Make sure the towel is on a perfectly flat surface, and rotate the record slowly on the towel. Turn the record over and repeat the rotation. Make sure the label is dry before restoring the disc to its sleeve. Since commercial household detergent formulas are subject to constant revision, it would perhaps be best to try the washing procedure on an expendable disc before attacking your entire collection.

Semiconductor, Solid State?

Q: I find the terms "semiconductor," "solid-state," and "transistorized" are used constantly in equipment descriptions. Do the terms have different meanings, or are they interchangeable?

A: I suspect that the diversity of expression derives mostly from advertising copy-writing difficulties—in other words, how many times can one say "transistorized" in the same paragraph? Technically, "solid-state" refers to the fact that, unlike electron tubes, the current flow in "transistor" devices takes place neither in a vacuum nor in a gas, but through a solid "semiconducting" material. These materials are called semiconductors because their resistance is somewhere between that of a conductor and an insulator.

Power Improvement

Q: I have a 12-watt-per-channel stereo integrated amplifier that I use to drive several different speaker systems at more than adequate volume. I am considering replacing the unit with a 30- or 40-watt-per-channel transistor unit. Disregarding sales claims, what could I expect in performance to justify the cost?

A: What you could expect in terms of improved performance would depend on how good your present 12-watt-per-channel stereo amplifier is to start with. Assuming that the new transistor amplifier is a good one, you would hear a somewhat more solid and cleaner bass response and greater overall clarity. This, of course, would also depend on whether your speakers are of high enough quality to allow the potential differences to come through.

Equipment Recommendations

Q: I'm interested in buying some new hi-fi equipment. In your opinion, what is the best tuner, amplifier, and speaker on the market?

A: Scarcely a day goes by that does not see the arrival of a letter containing this question (or some variation of it) addressed to Julian Hirsch or myself. Although we appreciate the confidence readers show in us by asking for our advice, and as much as we would like to be of assistance, we cannot honestly evaluate or recommend a piece of high-fidelity equipment without extensive laboratory and use tests. It would obviously be unfair to rate equipment on hearsay, manufacturers' advertising copy, personal prejudices, or on any basis other than complete objective testing.

When we undertake a report on a piece of equipment, the results are printed in HiFi/Stereo Review. Each year our annual index lists all equipment reports published during the preceding year; back issues of the magazine are available from Ziff-Davis Service Division, Department BCHF, 589 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10012, at 75 cents each.

Speaker Specifications

Q: I have been trying to select a new pair of speaker systems for my stereo set. According to most of the catalogs, systems ranging in price from forty dollars up to about four hundred dollars all seem to have pretty much the same specifications. Are the figures lying or are the liars figuring?

A: A little bit of both, I'm afraid. Since, aside from the impedance, crossover points, and rated power, the only specification usually found in the catalogs is the frequency response, I assume that this is the specification you are referring to. When a manufacturer claims that a speaker has a response from 30 to 15,000 Hz, for example, he means that if one were to feed in an audio signal between 30 and 15,000 Hz the speaker would respond. It might twitch inaudibly at the low frequencies and distort terribly at the highs—but it would respond.

For an overall frequency response specification of a speaker system to be meaningful it must be given not only in terms of decibels plus and minus, but the response must also be stated for the off-axis and the on-axis outputs. And even if such a "family of curves" for a speaker system were available, they would not indicate the amount of harmonic distortion present in the system nor tell how well the speaker will perform on transient signals. For transient testing, some type of tone-burst test is required—but seldom supplied.

A.C. Line Noises on Tape

Q: In making off-the-air tape recordings with my tuner I get a lot of extraneous buzzes, pops, clicks, and hums on the tape whenever an appliance (and this includes the oil burner) goes on or off during the recording. Is there anything I can do about this?

A: The electrical noise produced by appliances can get into a hi-fi system or tape recorder in several different ways. There may be direct radiation of radio-frequency (r.f.) noise caused by the sparking of faulty electrical contacts or motor brushes. This can be
picked up directly by the early high-gain stages of your
tape recorder or preamplifier. The a.c. line may also be
carrying and radiating r.f. noise whose original source
is the sparking contacts.

It is also possible that the noise is not r.f. in nature at
all. If your equipment's circuits are sensitive to line-
voltage surges, the sudden current drain caused by the
turning on of an oil burner or refrigerator motor will
cause the line voltage to drop, and the recorder ampli-
plier will go into a momentary instability that will appear
on the tape as a thump or other noise.

Obviously, the best way to effect a cure is to attack
the problem at its source. It should be possible to shield
and/or suppress the arcing or sparking that produces
the r.f. noise. On the other hand, if line-voltage surges
are your problem, the solution may be to use a constant-
voltage transformer with enough current capacity to
handle your equipment. A third possibility is to try re-
cording directly from your tuner's output jacks, rather
than from the tape-output jacks of your amplifier, since
the noise may be less intense at the tuner output.

Two books on the subject of interference may be help-
ful: R.F. Interference Control Handbook, published by
Howard W. Sams & Co., Indianapolis, Indiana, and
How to Locate and Eliminate Radio & TV Interference
(No. 158), published by John F. Rider Publisher, 116
West 14 St., New York, N.Y. 10011.

Frequency-Response Decibel Ratings

Q Some tape recorders are rated as "60 to 15,000
cps ±2 db" and other as "30 to 18,000 cps
±3 db." Would I be able to notice the difference be-
tween these machines, and should I insist on one that
has a ±2 db rating?

A The plus-and-minus decibel ratings indicate
how evenly a hi-fi component will amplify or
reproduce tones over a given frequency range. The small-
er the decibel deviation, the flatter (and hence better)
the response. For example, the specification 20 to 20,000
Hz ±2 db would mean that no tone in the range be-
tween 20 and 20,000 Hz is louder or softer than a
middle-frequency tone (1,000 Hz) by more than 2 db.
In the examples given in the question, the two specifi-
cations might actually describe the same machine, since it
is easier to obtain a flat response over a narrower fre-
cency range.

Although it is often stated that a deviation of 3 db or
less is not generally noticeable on musical material, this
in not entirely true. For example, if the range from 50
to 1,000 Hz were increased by 3 db and the range from
1,000 cycles to 20,000 Hz were decreased by 3 db, the
overall response would still be ±3 db from 50 to
20,000 Hz, which is generally considered a flat response.
However, music reproduced by such an amplifier would
sound rather dull and heavy because of emphasis on the
lower octaves. In other words, frequency-response fig-
ures alone do not completely describe the sound of a
component; one has to look at the shape of frequency-
response curve as well.

Integrated Circuits for Hi-Fi

Q I have read a lot of discussion lately about inte-
grated circuits in television sets and radios. Do you 
feel that they are going to show up in hi-fi com-
ponents, and what are their advantages?

A Perhaps the best way to understand the advan-
tages and/or disadvantages of integrated cir-
cuits is to examine exactly what they are. Most of us are
familiar with "printed" circuits that consist of a non-
conductive board of phenolic or fiber glass to which is
bonded a copper foil that serves as the wiring. Standard
electronic components such as resistors, capacitors, and
transistors are inserted into holes in the phenolic board
and their leads soldered to the copper conductors. This
 technique makes fast and frequently automated assembly
possible.

The integrated circuit is another breed of cat alto-
gether, although some might consider it an evolutionary
step-up from the printed circuit. In the integrated cir-
cuit, instead of the wiring and parts being installed on a
phenolic board, a minute chip of silicon is used as a
base material. The transistor components are diffused
(through vapor metallurgy) onto the silicon in a pro-
cess resembling silk screening, as are other components
such as resistors and diodes. The large-value capacitors,
resistors, and coils, however, must still be installed out-
side the integrated-circuit chip.

The space saving and compactness achieved are enor-
mous in that perhaps fifty resistors, twenty-five tran-
sistors, and a couple of diodes and their basic interconnec-
tions can be built on a chip that is no larger than the
letter "O" on this page. Of course this chip has to be
mounted in some sort of casing and leads connected to
its active elements.

But aside from the technological marvel that the inte-
grated circuit represents, what will it achieve for the
audio engineer or consumer? Ultimately, it may cause a
reduction in price of hi-fi components and it may also
somewhat increase reliability. Of course, an enormous
reduction in component size will also be possible, but I
see no advantage at the moment in making components
much smaller than those now using conventional printed-
circuit techniques.

Those manufacturers claiming enhanced performance
through the use of integrated circuits achieve it by means
of new circuit configurations and also through improve-
ments in the characteristics of the semiconductors built
into the chips. Some benefit may also be expected (for
FM circuits) because of the very short leads made possi-
ble by circuit integration.
ARE RECORDS MUSICAL?

On the perhaps arguable supposition that it is healthy to examine our comfortable enthusiasms critically from time to time, we present herewith a provocative discussion (reprinted from the pages of the British publication Audio and Record Review) of whether phonograph recordings are not in some measure destructive of the art of music. Hans Keller, musicologist, practicing musician (violin and viola), critic, and writer on musical subjects, thinks they are. Yehudi Menuhin, violin prodigy from the age of four, oft-recorded world-wide concertizer, and presently conductor of the Bath Festival Orchestra, disagrees.

Hans Keller:

It is folly to swim against the stream of civilization. The gramophone record is part of the midstream of our civilization, and that seems to be that. Or is it? Civilization is not necessarily identical with culture, and there is a cultural stream too—potentially, anyhow. Of course, the stream of civilization will always be wider and stronger than the stream of culture.

When I propose to swim with music against the gramophone record, I do not imply that the gramophone record is always unmusical. Physically, factually, the mainstream of civilization, the gramophone record, will always be the winner in the end—but how much music it takes with it after the cross-currents have been overcome remains to be seen, examined.

Here are nine reasons why I believe the gramophone record is unmusical:

(1) A musical performance is unrepeatable; none but the worst performers, some of the best technicians amongst them, submit identical interpretations on different occasions. The disc makes something repeatable out of something artistically unrepeatable.

(2) Repeatability produces an extra-artistic attitude in both the performer's and the listener's mind. Performer first. He has to play safe, although his artistic needs drive him towards risks. But he can't afford them, because risks mean mistakes, and mistakes which are of no significance in a normal, single performance become intolerable in a repeated performance, once you come to expect them. So disproportionate an importance do they in fact assume that their avoidance becomes a prime consideration, at the inevitable expense of the realization of spontaneous artistic intentions.

(3) Since the performer knows that if the worst comes to the worst, he can repeat (retake) a passage for the purpose of perpetual, mechanical repeatability, he finds himself in this paradoxical situation: although he is (wrongly) trying his best to avoid mistakes, he nevertheless makes them because he knows he can have another go. He is making the worst of two worlds: he makes mistakes by avoiding them, then submits to retake, until the ultimate, stuck-together performance is achieved, a performance which no longer bears any resemblance to a live interpretation.

(4) Nevertheless, it soon becomes established as a pseudo-musical standard, not only in the minds of the listeners who listen to it over and over again, but also in the minds of the performer's colleagues and rivals, and indeed in his own mind. The worst comes to the worst if he is a performer of talent and so retains a certain suggestive power in his phoney gramophone performance, a power which becomes hypnotic through repetition. The pseudo-performance turns into a model for everybody who enjoys it, not least the performer himself. Henceforth, he tries to imitate his own gramophone record on the concert platform where, needless to add, he makes mistakes which cannot be retaken. As a result, his fans,
Many times as the performer. That spontaneous, exclusive ground, it is by no means it. The listener can 'retake' as once the performance started, this was it—for both players sine qua non when he knows that the uniqueness that used to be the golden mean: sound first, sense afterwards. Artistic causation, alas, works the other way round.

The gramophone record imposes an inhibition on the development of musical interpretation. In shorter and less elegant words, what can be repeated, sticks. The emergence of the eternal student, who is an entirely modern phenomenon, has been promoted by the gramophone, which assumes the function of the eternal teacher. To imitate one's teacher at the age of fifteen is normal. To imitate a gramophone record at the age of fifteen is normal. To imitate one's teacher at the age of fifty is contemporary. Through its hypnotic influence, the record is about to create an era of interpretive infantility—of perpetually arrested individual developments. Let X play me the Beethoven fiddle concerto and I'll tell you which records he possesses.

It is easier to play the gramophone than to play a musical instrument; yet it is easier to get to understand music through playing an instrument than by playing records. With the help of the gramophone, we play more and more music with fewer and fewer mistakes in it and understand it less and less. The potential or budding player is discouraged because he feels he cannot produce the 'standard' of performance he can reproduce on his records. For another thing, there are performers and performances that should be recorded for posterity—interpretations by near-creative geniuses that need no longer die when they die. We know, because we are Huberman's or Furtwängler's posterity. What makes the records of these artists so alive, however, is the fact that they don't consist of series of retakes: it is actual, single and indeed unique performances which are here on record. That means, of course, that incidental mistakes and mishaps have not been excluded—which is all to the good: we are forced to play such records but rarely, to let a long time elapse before we play them again and so to come as close as we humanly can to the experience of a live performance.

If we don't heed this self-commandment we know that we shall spoil the event. If, in the future, gramophone productions could bring themselves to concentrate on real, single performances, the answer to my title question would be less radical than it might seem at the moment. Except, of course, where the difficulties of the score make retakes unavoidable at the time of recording: imagine if Tristán could have been recorded in Vienna when the first production was cancelled because of its insurmountable difficulties! But don't let me make a speech. I have posed a question, and I have tried to submit all the facts that will help you to find the answer. The mainstream flows on; it's up to you where and when you want to plunge into it and how long you want to swim.

### Menuhin Answers Keller

Let us simply take Mr. Keller's points in order. (1) This is an important issue. Certain artists keep to their die-cast more methodically than others. Personally, I like to prepare the ground in such a way as to leave something to the moment of playing. Even the best performances pale on the second or third hearing as soon as it becomes predictable. It's the same in meeting a concentration which forms the basis of any full musical experience, of full musical understanding, has evaporated. We hear more and more and understand less and less.

Well, then, how much music does the stream of civilization take along with it after these nine cross-currents have been overcome? Let us be fair rather than simple: there is music in the gramophone mainstream too, not only in the cross-currents. For one thing, in view of the cleft between the contemporary composer and his potential audience, repeatability can become a virtuous vice: there are many contemporary scores of lasting value (and by 'contemporary' one means more or less everything written in the last half-century) which, without the help of the gramophone record, would still be totally incomprehensible—all the more so since they present as many difficulties to the performer as to the listener, so that retakes here become a necessity born of virtue.

For another thing, there are performers and performances that should be recorded for posterity—interpretations by near-creative geniuses that need no longer die when they die. We know, because we are Huberman's or Furtwängler's posterity. What makes the records of these artists so alive, however, is the fact that they don't consist of series of retakes: it is actual, single and indeed unique performances which are here on record. That means, of course, that incidental mistakes and mishaps have not been excluded—which is all to the good: we are forced to play such records but rarely, to let a long time elapse before we play them again and so to come as close as we humanly can to the experience of a live performance. If we don't heed this self-commandment we know that we shall spoil the event. If, in the future, gramophone productions could bring themselves to concentrate on real, single performances, the answer to my title question would be less radical than it might seem at the moment. Except, of course, where the difficulties of the score make retakes unavoidable at the time of recording: imagine if Tristán could have been recorded in Vienna when the first production was cancelled because of its insurmountable difficulties! But don't let me make a speech. I have posed a question, and I have tried to submit all the facts that will help you to find the answer. The mainstream flows on; it's up to you where and when you want to plunge into it and how long you want to swim.
person: think how it would be if each time he acted as before instead of giving a spontaneous response. But the analogy is not complete, and provides no reason for condemning records. There are now so many recorded versions of standard works, even of quite little known ones, we can learn many, many valuable lessons by listening to different interpretations, by studying them with a closeness that we cannot do in concert life. Memory, however vivid, gives by comparison a vague account, more a sensation than a report.

(2) No. The better the performer, the less discrepancy he makes between safety and risks. The situation with a recording is the opposite to what Mr. Keller thinks. The artist has no visible public and may because of this actually feel more relaxed and his natural self with the music. Glenn Gould is but one example of an artist who feels more nervous when everything depends on the favorable events of the moment in front of a big public. Moreover, it is only in certain circumstances that mistakes can be corrected, so there is no question, when one is playing, of knowing it can all be put right. Small mistakes often can, and must be: a slip at a concert is an incident, on a record it becomes a feature. Again, one must be careful when recording not to be too excessive in one's interpretation. The enthusiasm of the moment may, in a concert filled with a particular atmosphere, justify some-thing that would be wrong for a record, just as it might be wrong for another situation, another audience. A recorded performance is a still different occasion, but not a lesser one. It must be inspired, economical, must indicate the most with the least 'effective' means. There is no other difference with a concert performance. Mr. Keller's last sentence does not tally with practical experience in any way.

(3) Mr. Keller here continues the false premise in the last sentence of the previous section. He could not be more off the mark about what goes on in a performer's mind. Nor is he right in his belief that gramophone performances are necessarily stuck together in bits. If I may illustrate from my own experience: the C Minor and G Major Beethoven Violin Sonatas my sister Hephzibah and I recorded (H.M.V. ALP 159, ASD 510) were both done in a single day. We did the C Minor in the morning: we had just one red light for the take and did the whole sonata without a stop. In the afternoon we did the G Major: we repeated the sonata complete twice again in the same way and the final record is one of those takes, possibly with a couple of small splices from one of the other complete performances to correct a slip. Again, the Purcell sonatas we did on H.M.V. ALP 2088, ASD 635, were recorded in one. We could easily have done them in sections, but each was in fact done as a whole. For a musician simply cannot record in scraps, as Mr. Keller supposes. There must be a master performance—in which, by all means, for the purpose of repeated listening, corrections may be made. There is nothing ethically disturbing here. A public speaker does not preserve his natural stammers and stumbles into his published speeches. It is a matter of personal choice how much you change. The nice thing about tape is that it is so flexible; you can go on for half an hour—and do.

(4) Mr. Keller's false premise continues, and he begins to invoke wrong arguments. He also forgets that no-one is tied down to a single performance—not these days. Only those who play the same recorded performance over and over again fall into this danger. There was a time when we used to do this with certain records, when records were very rare. But those days are long gone. What Mr. Keller alleges doesn't tally with contemporary experience. There's so much music about—in concerts, over the air (not least by way of the BBC Music Programme), on dozens of immensely different records. Once, I might have sympathized with Mr. Keller, when we were dependent on a single record—but was even that worse than no music? Now, he's wasting his powder shooting at a target that has vanished.

(5) The false premise again. It was to some extent true, and with certain instruments that don't reproduce well it may still just be true. But on the whole, the gramophone simply isn't sympathetic to the faked-up tone Mr. Keller describes. As before, whatever truth there may have been in his remarks is there no longer. The excesses of early hi-fi have gone. It was indeed a nuisance when the early post-war engineers used to insist on capturing noises that only could be heard by a dog. I used to object very vigorously to this, and to suggest that they were recording on a fallacy—namely, that everything is seen most completely under a microscope and a brilliant light. Every woman gains by being seen in candlelight. Every violin gains by being heard in a moderately resonant acoustic. The gramophone has learnt this civilized principle; and no artist attempts the ridiculous feats Mr. Keller imagines.

(6) There is a partial truth here; though I think that Mr. Keller is wishing the faults of bad listeners and inferior performers onto records themselves. It is sometimes a little irritating to meet young people who can't make any music themselves, in any way, but speak with extreme assurance on the basis of the records they own. One can't, of course, be criticized only by those who do
the same thing as oneself: when we buy a car or send
back a tasteless dish in a restaurant we are exercising our
right to judge skills we probably do not ourselves possess.
There is, however, a difference one notices between critics
trained on records and those with wider experience. The
gramophone alone encourages precocity of opinion; it
should be only part of a full experience, but the experience
is nowadays not full without it. The gramophone goes
together, with study of the score, with hearing many
performances, and with deeper personal intuitions in
reaching understanding of a great work. I know that
when I was called upon to conduct Schubert's Great C
Major Symphony some six years ago—a very tall order for
me, and one I tried to resist—the event that drew me into
doing it was being sent the records of Furtwängler. I
studied this beautiful performance again, but in order
to convince myself about some things I wanted to do
differently. If I had tried to ape his performance, as a
standard I admired, of course I could only have done it
much less well. It was when I felt differently from him
that I found myself most wanting to conduct the work.

(2) Mr. Menuhin's submission that I don't know any-
thing about "the situation with a recording" is not very
meaningful: I have coached innumerable performances
for recordings and have produced even more recordings
themselves. "The better the performer, the less discrep-
ancy he makes between safety and risks." Fortunately for

Keller answers Menuhin

(1) Mr. Menuhin really confirms my first point: "Even
the best performance pales on the second or third hearing
as soon as it becomes predictable." But how many are
there who will not listen more than twice or thrice?

(2) Mr. Menuhin's submission that I don't know any-
thing about "the situation with a recording" is not very
meaningful: I have coached innumerable performances
for recordings and have produced even more recordings
themselves. "The better the performer, the less discrep-
ancy he makes between safety and risks." Fortunately for

us, Mr. Menuhin, Glenn Gould, and a few others feel
comfortable in a recording studio, and that is all he is
saying. "Mr. Keller's last sentence does not tally with
practical experience in any way." My last sentence, about
the avoidance of mishaps at the expense of spontaneity,
was first formulated when one of the world's leading
string quartets made one of their most successful re-
dcordings. It was enthusiastically confirmed by their
leader, and subsequently by many a performer whom, I
think, Mr. Menuhin admires. One of our time's greatest
musicians (in Mr. Menuhin's opinion and mine) once
rang me two hours before a gramophone recording and
asked me about the phrasing of a certain passage. His
unnatural state of uncertainty would have been unthink-
able had he not been worried about unnaturally and un-
spontaneously committing himself forever.

(3) "A musician simply cannot record in scraps, as
Mr. Keller supposes." He cannot but he does. Mr. Men-
uhin would be surprised if he knew a little more about
what was going on in recording studios, especially on
the Continent. On several occasions, I had to resist bit-
by-bit recordings, by first-rate musicians, of my wordless
functional analyses, and of some incidental music of my
own. In this country, master tapes tend to be the (not
invariable) rule, but heaps of scraps can be stuck together
inside them, with musically devastating results.

(4) There may be "dozens of immensely different
records," but people have their favorites and don't buy
any other.

(5) "No artist attempts the ridiculous feats Mr. Keller
imagines." Mr. Menuhin fortunately doesn't. Plenty of
others do—and, surprisingly, not always the worst. I have
been there; Mr. Menuhin evidently hasn't. No harm in
that, but the arm-chair is behind the other legs.

(6) I have diagnosed, at auditions, competitions, and
in some of my own pupils, the gramophone records they
possess. That Mr. Menuhin himself doesn't misuse the
gramophone is hardly surprising.

(7) and (8) There is far-reaching agreement between
us.

(9) Mr. Menuhin says how people should listen to
records; I describe how they inevitably do.

Secondly, a suggestion. Why doesn't the Editor send
a questionnaire to, say, one hundred musicians, asking
them how often they play records and why not? With
some considerable experience behind me, and not only
my own, I foresee entertaining results.
Les Billings, of North Hollywood, California, had some very special ideas about how he wanted to house the hi-fi components he selected to go into his system. As can be seen from the completed cabinet, each component is installed in its own separate compartment with a door that can be closed when the equipment is not in use. During play, the doors swing back parallel to the sides of the cabinet. All equipment controls are at eye level for maximum utility. The cabinet, which was built to match the dimensions of the equipment, measures 54 1/2 inches high by 38 1/2 inches wide. Mr. Billings did all the woodwork himself, using walnut-veneered plywood.

The preamplifier and tuner, panel-mounted in the upper right section of the cabinet, are both Fishers: the 400C stereo preamplifier and the 200C FM stereo tuner. An earphone jack and speaker switches are visible immediately below the preamplifier. To the left of the Fisher equipment is an Ampex Model 2070 self-threading, automatic-reverse tape recorder. On the level below the tape recorder are two record players: a manual Rek-O-Kut N-33H, equipped with ESL tone arm and Shure M3D cartridge, and a Triomatic record changer. The bottom section of the cabinet, which is fronted by dowels and has a built-in fan to ensure adequate ventilation, contains Mr. Billings' power amplifiers—a pair of McIntosh MC-30's. The speakers (not shown) on the opposite side of the room are J. B. Lansing systems, each consisting of a D130 15-inch woofer and an 075 ring-radiator tweeter housed in large bass-reflex enclosures.

Mr. Billings states that he chose his equipment only after much study of the best that was available at the time he made his purchases. Since he has been interested in radio and electronics since 1922, he feels that he was well qualified to make knowledgeable choices, and the sound and appearance of his system attest to the care that went into the selection of the equipment and the construction of the well-built cabinet.
MARILYN MAYE:
The Day Everything Went Right

THERE ARE MANY POSSIBLE SLIPS BETWEEN MICROPHONE AND MICROGROOVE, BUT MOST OF THEM CAN BE AVOIDED—WITH LUCK—IN THE RECORDING STUDIO

By GENE LEES
WEBSTER Hall is a nondescript building at 119 East 11 Street in New York. There is a marquee over the sidewalk, a reminder that this was, in the era of dancing, a thriving ballroom. Half a block east are slums, the smell of poverty, and ruined men who lie in doorways. Half a block west are new high-rise apartment buildings in that colorless, characterless, gray-white brick to which New York architects are addicted.

Enter the front door of Webster Hall. Turn left in the lobby. A flight of white marble stairs leads upward. A lighted box mounted on a pole, standing like a sentinel in the middle of the stairway, says: Recording Do Not Enter. The box isn't lit, which means you can go upstairs. It is 7:15; a Thursday evening.

At the top of the stairs is the ballroom itself. It's a very large room. At the far end of it there's a stage, the curtains of which are closed. Two huge loudspeakers stand on the floor below the stage, indication of the hall's present use. The dancers have been gone for years, and Webster Hall is now one of the best recording studios in New York City. Though there are those who don't like its acoustic properties, at least for certain kinds of recording, it's very good for big orchestras, and the chairs and music stands set up on the floor in the ballroom in a semi-circle to face a podium indicate that tonight's orchestra will be big—nearly thirty men. That's small by symphonic standards, but large by those of popular music.

A few musicians have already arrived: Ray Alonge, a former Detroit Symphony man who now plays everything from jazz to symphony dates to television jingles, is assembling his French horn. Richard Davis, a tall and startlingly handsome Negro who has let his hair grow in full and woolly, is tuning his big string bass. A warm, gracious, dignified man, his poetic face often breaks into a dazzling smile which, in social circumstances, leaves women looking as if they've been poleaxed. Next to him, drummer Mel Lewis is tightening the head on his snare drum.

The control booth is at the far side of the room. It is occupied at the moment by three men: engineer Mickey Crofford, one of the best, who is small, smiling, looks like a nightclub comic, and sometimes throws funny lines like one; his assistant; and Joe Rene, an RCA Victor staff producer. Joe is a man of middle height with a high, sloping forehead and a large nose. He was born in Holland of Jewish parents and spent three years of World War II hiding from the Germans in an attic in a small town near the Belgian border. He passed the time reading, playing chess with another involuntary hermit, and writing musical arrangements. "I became a very good chess player," he says, "and I wrote a whole book of arrangements for my band." He reorganized the band as soon as the Germans had been dislodged.

More musicians arrive. They remove their violins, trumpets, and saxophones from their cases and start to tune up. A handsome woman in a smart white dress comes up the stairs and enters the studio. Her posture is erect. Her red hair is swept into a round smooth cloud around her head and lacquered into place. She looks familiar, from appearances on the Steve Allen television show, perhaps, or from photos on the covers of her albums, two of which she's made for RCA Victor. Her name is Marilyn Maye. She's from Kansas City, Missouri, in her thirties, and worked in one Kansas City Club for eleven solid years. She is accompanied by two men: one of them in his late thirties or early forties, and fighting a weight problem; the other older, a neat man in youthful clothes. Almost everybody in show business dresses young, victims of the general American neurosis. The younger man is pianist Sammy Tucker, who has been Miss Maye's accompanist since the day they met and her husband almost as long; the other is Val Irving, her manager, who has large hopes for her.

They come into the booth. 'Hi!' Large grins and laughter. Joe Rene kisses her on the cheek. The studio is filling with musicians. These are studio men and they are always punctual. Somewhere on each of them you'll find a small notebook which keeps him on schedule as he goes from record date to record date. A musician is paid $61.88 for a three-hour date, and some of these men make as many as three dates a day. A lot of them are hacks, men who have long since ceased to care about music, except as a craft, like plumbing, by which to make a good living. But the best of the breed are still passionate about it, men such as Ray Alonge over there, who, his horn assembled, is warming up his lip.

Four songs will be recorded this evening, barring problems. The parts have been distributed to the men, and Joe Rene has a sketch copy of each score on his desk in the control room.

The preparations for this date, and two more that will follow, began weeks ago. Rene wanted Marilyn to do an album of ballads. There were several reasons for this. She had done two albums that leaned toward jazz—Miss Maye has strong roots in the jazz tradition. But the word jazz has become anathema commercially in the last few years, synonymous to many people with pedantry and crushing sobriety, and most singers hate to be called jazz singers, including those who are. Rene decided that an album of ballads, done with a large orchestra, and setting a late-night mood, was the antidote to Marilyn's incipient reputation as a jazz singer. He began looking over songs for her.

"I will not let an artist pick material for an album," he said. "But the artist does have veto power. If the artist doesn't feel a song, I won't let her record it. For Marilyn's album, I looked for lush, good ballads that
don't necessarily lean toward being too torchy. I was looking for songs with good lyrics, good tunes, good chord changes and—' he grinned slyly —'shall we say, a positive erotic approach.'

The arranger Rene selected was Peter Matz, one of the busiest and best in the business. Matz has written in an amazing range of styles for people as disparate as Barbra Streisand and the Brothers Four. "I want a fresh musical approach in this album, with enough left over for the layman," Rene said. "Peter Matz understands this problem as well as any arranger in the business."

Rene selected twenty-two songs and turned them over to Miss Maye, who went over them carefully with her accompanist husband. They trimmed the list to twelve. She was then working a night-club engagement in Cleveland, so Matz flew to Cleveland for a day of consultation two weeks before the record date.

"We went over the songs with Peter," Sammy Tucker recalls, "and did little bits, and he would make notes on how she sang certain lines so he could build the arrangements around her."

"The beauty of working with Peter," Marilyn said, "is that he's not set on doing it entirely his way. If you do something a little unusual, he'll say, 'Hey, that's good. Leave it in.' He wants the artist's true self to come through, rather than something manufactured."

The studio has filled. The period of greeting, hand-shaking, and joking has ended. It has been decided to record The Night We Called It a Day first, an excellent Matt Dennis song with a literate Tom Adair lyric. Peter Matz is on the podium, a score on the desk in front of him, his hands raised, a pencil serving as a baton. Miss Maye sits on a chair beside him, the music for her part in front of her. Matz, an intense youngish man with a dark complexion, glasses, and the perpetual slight frown of the short-sighted, comes from California. He was educated at UCLA as an engineer. But he played saxophone through his school years, and music won out in the end.

He gives the down beat. The opening he has written for the song requires that Miss Maye, in effect, sing lead on the orchestra for the first several chords, which are played ad lib. It's a tricky thing, and she doesn't get it right the first time. Matz pays her little mind for the moment. He's looking for mistakes in the orchestra, notes copied wrong, phrasings that aren't right. It takes him perhaps twenty minutes to clean up the orchestra's performance. This is the value of the skilled studio musicians: how quickly they can get a score together. They've never seen this music before and will never see it again. But they'll play well.

In the control booth, Joe Rene has his own problems. He can't pick up a proper blend on the two French horns and three trombones. "Give me a little more on the bass trombone," he says. Engineer Micky Crofford turns a knob. The bass trombone comes up ever so slightly in volume. It makes a difference. "More on the other two trombones as well," Rene says.

"I can't," Crofford says. "They'll have to move in closer." They do.
At the end of the song, Rene pushes a switch and speaks into a microphone on his desk, looking at Matz through the window. "Peter," he says, "I'm getting the outside voices on the brass too strong. Would you have the others move in closer on mike and let me hear it again?" He looks at his score and tells Matz the exact passage he wants to hear. The brass plays it through. "That's better," Rene says. "Are you ready to make one?"

Marilyn leaves Matz's desk and walks to a mike behind the orchestra, just in front of the window of the control room. It is customary to put singers in an isolation booth so that the voice is heard on only one channel. Then, if the orchestra gets its part right and the singer doesn't, it's possible to go back into the studio later and re-record only the vocal. This is contrary to policy of the American Federation of Musicians, but it's done. It won't be done tonight, though. Miss Maye's voice won't be adequately separable from the orchestra (Webster Hall lacks facilities for this kind of isolation), so she's going to have to get it right in the studio. It's a hard way to record, but a good way.

Matz has put on earphones so that he can hear Marilyn, who is a good distance from him. Again he has his arm raised. Mickey Crofford starts two tape machines rolling. Rene says into a mike, "Marilyn Maye, The Night We Called It a Day, take one." They start. Matz stops the take after two bars.

"I'll conduct you in on that opening," he tells Miss Maye.

They start again. This time they get as far as the release of the song. Rene stops the take. "Peter, the strings are sharp," he says. Matz doesn't repeat the message: the string players heard.

They try it again. "That's better," Rene mutters to himself, "but they're still sharp." A complete take is made.

"Marilyn, you're backing off mike toward the end," Rene tells Miss Maye. "Stay in close. We'll regulate you in here. Peter, that was better, but the strings are still sharp."

"I didn't hear it," Matz says.

"I did," Rene says.

Matz is talking to the musicians, making subtle corrections in phasing and attack. It's time to do another one. It starts. Rene stops it. "Yeah, I heard it too," Matz says. "Take six," Rene says in a bored but cheerful tone. This time Marilyn misses a note and she stops the take.

"Would you believe seven?" Rene says, and they go on.

This one works. Miss Maye's voice soars, warm and strong, through the gentle melody. The orchestra is with her. Rene grows quietly excited as they near the end, hoping there will be no last-moment errors to spoil it. There are none. He breaks into a grin.

"Can I hear it?" Marilyn says, coming into the booth.

"Sure." Crofford runs the take back and plays it for her.

The musicians have all left their chairs and are gathered around a coffee machine in a side room, lighting cigarettes, talking. One of the string players stays in his chair, alone in a forest of microphones, reading the newspaper. The musicians drift back to their chairs. The next song is done more easily—everyone is warming up now. "Next case," Rene says, and there is time for a playback, and on to the third song.

At 10:25, the work is finished for the night. It has been a model date: excellent arrangements, excellent singing, and a minimum of fuss in the control room. Everyone goes home.

In rehearsal before the actual recording (left) and in listening to a playback after it is over, Miss Maye and Peter Matz must think alike—differences of opinion may be fine in other circumstances, but unity of purpose is an essential ingredient of a good record.
The next date is the following night, on the same schedule: 7:30 to 10:30. Three songs go well, but there are problems with the fourth. No one knows why. It's just the way things go sometimes. Rene gets a take on it, but he isn't satisfied, and so he will have to try for five songs at the third date, Monday night.

Despite the unfinished take and the extra pressure on Monday, the spirit is one of rising enthusiasm as the third date begins. Marilyn starts out with a difficult and very good song, I See the Raindrops Now, written by a friend of hers in Kansas City, Carolyn Comer. Matz has written a charming introductory figure for it, using vibes and glockenspiel. It goes down well. Miss Maye's effortless singing makes the melody's problems shrink. There is a key change coming out of the release, a lift in the tonality. She has a high, long note at the end, which pushes her voice to the top of its register. "Get this one next time," she says with a laugh. "I haven't got too many of these in me."

Rene is concerned about the next take. It is The Lamp Is Low, based on Ravel's Pavane pour une infante défunte. It's the title tune of the album, and it had better be good. Marilyn does a beautiful take on it. Peter Matz, whose apparent reserve has been dissolving gradually as the dates progress, grins at Marilyn and starts pounding one foot on the floor like Thumper, the rabbit in Walt Disney's Bambi. "Yeah, yeah, yeah!" he shouts at Marilyn, who breaks into bright, high, infectious laughter.

The evening goes smoothly, but slowly, and when 10:30 arrives, only three takes have been done. Rene decides to go into an hour of overtime, an expensive proposition with thirty musicians. The pressure on him is mounting: he has a budget to meet, and accountants don't care a damn about aesthetics or musical problems and aspirations. Like the board of directors and the stockholders of the Radio Corporation of America, they're interested in profit and loss. The whole weight of that corporate structure is on Rene when he elects for overtime: the album has already cost a good $18,000.

They get a good take on the tune by 11:05. Rene still wants a re-take on the one he didn't like last Friday. It's a difficult piece of material, and they've got 25 minutes to get it together. They start. There is a certain grimness about the date now. At 11:25 Marilyn has almost completed a perfect take. Then she goof's the last couple of notes.

"I'm sorry," Marilyn says.

"It's all right, baby," Rene says, composed. "We've got time for just one more."

"No, you haven't," a voice says behind him. A small rotund man is talking. He is the union contractor. The American Federation of Musicians requires that a union musician he employed as contractor to hire the men for a record date. "You've only got time for an intercut on the last eight bars," the union contractor tells Joe Rene.

"Rene, harassed, ignores him. "Let's do another one, Peter," he says into his desk microphone, "right away."

"To Mickey Crofford, he says, "Have you got enough tape on the reel?"

"Yes."

"All right, let's go, let's go!"

But Peter Matz is checking a part with a musician. This consumes 30 seconds. He raises his hands at 11:27. They start. Everyone in the booth, except the contractor, is holding his breath: if they go a minute past 11:30, RCA Victor can, at least theoretically, be billed for another half hour's overtime for thirty musicians.

Each bar of the music is magnified by the tension. Time creeps by. One chorus ends, and it's perfect. Back to the release of the tune. Into the last eight bars. The last four. The big red second hand of the clock sweeps relentlessly on. The last two bars. The last note, and the last orchestra chord. The take ends at 11:29:25. It's a beautiful one. Rene lets out a yelp of pleasure.

"Thank you, gentlemen," he says into the mike to the musicians, many of whom have already begun a perfunctory packing up of instruments. A lot of them have to be up in the morning for other dates.

Peter Matz comes into the booth, grinning broadly. Mickey Crofford is already running the tape backwards, setting up a high-pitched gabble of sound in the control room speakers. "How about a drink, Joe?" someone says to Rene. "I'm not much of a drinker," he replies, smiling, "but tonight I'm going to have a surreptitious taste."

Crofford starts to play back a take. Rene and Matz and Miss Maye sit in the middle of the studio, listening to playbacks of the tunes. Several of her friends have come to the dates, and they congratulate her, hug her, kiss her on the cheek, tell her she's phenomenal. She takes it graciously, but she's listening all the while, picking her own performance apart.

The studio empties, the laughter dies. Rene, Matz, and Miss Maye are alone in the middle of the big hall, except for Mickey Crofford's assistant, who is pushing the microphones out of the way, wheeling them back against the wall on their trundle bases, and a janitor who, with a large soft broom, is sweeping hundreds of cigarette butts across the floor. The music pours from the two big speakers in front of the stage. Tomorrow Rene will begin editing, reducing the three-track tape to two-track for issue on stereo discs, and to one-track tape for issue on mono. But now he is just listening.

They stay nearly an hour, listening to the best takes. "You're beautiful, baby," Rene tells Miss Maye. That she is.

Gene Lees' fictional account of life in America's entertainment industry, And Sleep Till Noon, has just been published by Trident.
HI FI/STEREO REVIEW'S SELECTION OF THE TOP RECORDINGS

BEST OF THE MONTH

CLASSICAL

MAHLER'S MONUMENTAL "SYMPHONY OF A THOUSAND"

Bernstein's new Columbia recording shows comprehension and control of its vast complexity

THERE are many pieces in the repertoire whose catalogued representation is so vast that one can express a preference for one recorded performance or another on the basis of subtleties. Mahler's Symphony No. 8, called, with some reason, the "Symphony of a Thousand," is not among them. It is only the sheer prodigality of the long-playing record as a medium that has given us four recordings of the work previous to this one—there was never a 78-rpm recording of it—and a choice among those earlier recordings (Scherchen on Columbia, Abravanel on Vanguard, Flipse on Epic, and Stokowski on a private issue by an outfit called the "Off-the-Air Record Society") has always been less a matter of rating virtues than of evaluating comparable evils. Happily, I would say, that situation can now be considered to be at an end.

Columbia's new recording of the Eighth by Leonard Bernstein and what seems to be nearly half the population of London making up the performing forces is a magnificent and communicative musical experience. I would not want to call it a "definitive" performance—first of all, because except for very unusual cases I don't believe in "definitive" recordings, and second, because considering the nature of the competition I find it difficult to estimate just how good this new recording is. This is a matter of both musical performance and technical recording. One cannot simply look at the score and expect to hear everything, and it is very difficult to say, on the basis of the printed score and the previous recorded versions, just how much of the musical complexity one should be able to hear.

The work is not only one of the largest ever composed; it is also one of the most complex. The forces involved are enormous: eight vocal soloists; two full choruses; an extra children's chorus; huge orchestra with the addition of organ, piano, harmonium, mandolin, bells; and a separate ensemble of trumpets and trombones. Sheer size would not complicate matters much if it were only a matter of doubling parts, but Mahler's music here is built on multiple, simultaneous, and rapidly shifting planes of sound, many of which demand not merely balanced audibility, but verbal intelligibility as well. You simply aren't going to hear everything. There are limitations on both the performing and the receiving end, but I am also beginning to believe that the work is simply too big for stereo as we know it today. If one microphones everything separately to get maximum intelligibility, one loses the monumental quality of the performing group as a whole; if one microphones for the whole, one loses intelligibility somewhere; if one compromises, one hears the compromise. There are many small things that get dropped in this new recording, many balances that are strange, many ambiances that are unexpected. But there is a definite feeling that, barring exceptional circumstances, one would not hear it this well in a concert hall.

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As far as pure performance of the work goes, my previous standard has been the old Hermann Scherchen recording (Columbia SL 164), long out of print. Bernstein's version is considerably slower in most places—broader would really be a better word—and gains considerably in impact thereby. The long, purely orchestral opening of the second movement, for example, is taken as a real, sustained Adagio (the score says Poco adagio), and it becomes a kind of monumental thing-in-itself instead of merely the introduction to the voices it seemed on Scherchen's recording. And though one might prefer one or two of Scherchen's vocal soloists, the fact is that Bernstein's can be consistently heard. They have a certain unfortunate tendency (particularly soprano Gwyneth Jones) to make their own adjustments to the size of the music through a simple three-gear dynamic system of loud, louder, and loudest, exclusively, but even this becomes minor in the total view of things.

Bernstein's great achievement here is the feeling he conveys that he has grasped and has control of the work as a whole, something that was at least open to question with Scherchen and decidedly not there with either Fliipse or Abravanel (I don't remember the Stokowski performance well enough to say). It is a ticklish matter trying to define this sort of thing, but, like confidence in whoever is driving the car or piloting the plane, one either feels it or one doesn't. Bernstein has many times before demonstrated that one of his greatest musical talents is his ability to assimilate and convey the underlying gesture of complex music. Never has that gift been put to more productive use than here. I urge all those who have yet to approach this symphony to do so through the medium of these records. James Goodfriend

TRISTAN UND ISOLDE IN AN IN-PERFORMANCE RECORDING

New Deutsche Grammophon release brilliantly solves "live" recording problems

The successful preservation of a memorable stage performance on records is always a cause for rejoicing. In perpetuating a Bayreuth staging of Wagner's Tristan and Isolde under conductor Karl Böhm, Deutsche Grammophon has not only brought about such an achievement, but has also surpassed the artistic standard set by the previous recorded Tristan (London OSA 1502, completed in 1960). Although the same outstanding Isolde—Birgit Nilsson—adopts both performances, she benefits, in the new version, both from a stronger group of fellow artists and from a combination of producers and engineers who are not determined to improve on the Wagnerian design of vocal-orchestral equilibrium.

Comparison, however, does not favor the new release in all particulars. The Vienna Philharmonic in the London set offers a richer sound (as sheer sound, disregarding the matter of proper balances with the singing) and more polish in its ensemble work than does the Bayreuth orchestra. Furthermore, compressing the opera onto nine record sides (the tenth side is devoted to a rehearsal excerpt) may account for the fact that DG's dynamic range appears somewhat restricted alongside London's splendid, snarling sharpness and enormous climaxes.

I also find that London's Georg Solti presents the opera more excitingly than Karl Böhm, whose interpretation, though unassailable in its "rightness," is a shade impersonal. Where Solti seems to be swept along by the music's overwhelming passion (an illusion, to be sure, for he is always in firm control), Böhm impresses more with the firmness, logic, and self-effacing qualities of his interpretation. Textural clarity is another point in Solti's favor—an aim more easily achieved under controlled studio conditions—but this point counts for less in Tristan than the sensuousness of orchestral sound, and that is ever present with Böhm.

Birgit Nilsson is much the same superlative Isolde she was in 1960 (or in the years between), but the present recording reveals more details of her interpretation. Her first act Narrative is superb in its ensemble work than does

4 MAHLER: Symphony No. 8 in E-flat Major. Erna Spoorenbreg, Gwyneth Jones, Gwyneth Anneear (sopranos); Anna Reynolds, Norma Proctor (altos); John Mitchinson (tenor); Vladimir Ruzdjak (baritone); Donald McIntyre (bass); Leeds Festival Chorus; London Symphony Orchestra; Orpington Junior Singers; Highgate School Boys' Choir; Finchley Children's Music Group; Hans Vollenweider (organ); London Symphony Orchestra, Leonard Bernstein cond. COLUMBIA M2S 751 two discs $11.59, M2L 351 $9.59.
orchestra is pitted against him. Thus, while the powerful music of Act II takes its inevitable toll, the rallying strength he displays in "Isolde kommt, Isolde nährt" and the succeeding passages of his delirium is remarkable. We must not forget that this is a live performance, a fact that heightens the contribution of this perhaps not unforgettable but nevertheless noble and heroic Tristan.

In the Brangäne of Christa Ludwig and in the King Marke of Martti Talvela, recorded competition is left far behind. Miss Ludwig has been heard in lusher voice elsewhere; her singing displays occasional breathiness and her "Einsam wachend" is good without being extraordinarily so. But the part’s high tessitura lies well in her voice, and the strong projection and intensity of her characterization keeps dramatic significance in constant focus. In the firm, rich tones of Martti Talvela there are no traces of the mushiness and wooliness that are considered standard equipment for Wagnerian bassos. This is singing of true cantante quality, a shade too mournful at times, but full of expressiveness and compassion, the kind that can make something pleasurable of Marke’s at times interminable-sounding monologue.

In purely aural terms, the Kurvenal of Eberhard Wächter is less outstanding, but it is dramatically alive, with a proper blend of rough-hewn and tender qualities. Except for the shaky Melot, the supporting roles are competently done; the male chorus in Act I sounds rough-toned, but how much refinement can be reasonably expected from a bunch of shorebound Cornwall sailors?

The results achieved by DGG’s engineers are generally excellent if unspectacular. The Liebesnacht (the most deplorable miscalculation of the London set) is soundly balanced, though Brangäne, reduced on London to virtual inaudibility, here appears to be too close to the lovers. I don’t know the secrets of DGG’s recording alchemy—presumably a generous number of rehearsal tapes were used—but there are no coughs or similar annoying reminders that we are listening to an actual performance.

George Jellinek

STEVE LAWRENCE: SONGS OF LOVE AND SADNESS

A fully developed musical style, new ideas, and tasteful backing in his best album to date

Light a fire in the fireplace, pour a glass of something stiff, and listen closely to a rarity among modern record albums: eleven bands on which absolutely nothing goes wrong. Steve Lawrence’s Broadway hitch in What Makes Sammy Run? may not have taught him much about acting, but he did learn to respect a decent set of lyrics. I am grateful for this latest potpourri of bittersweet, sad, lonely-boy-looking-for-lonely-girl tunes, though I have a sneaking suspicion that the title song, The Ballad of the Sad Young Men, is really a lonely-boy-looking-for-lonely-boy tune in disguise. It doesn’t matter. Steve sings it (and everything else in this new Columbia album) better than it has ever been sung before (Mabel Mercer included).

It seems to me that Steve has developed a whole new feel for music. The intonation, the range, and the delivery are still there, but there is also a new soul side he’s never shown before. His voice sounds tired and cracked on the jaded words and right on top of the notes on the sunny ones. Listen sharply to Harold Arlen’s Gal That Got Away. Steve sings from inside the lyrics in a way that should send Judy Garland back to theory class. Or the way he runs his finger along the edge of the word “marvelous” on Stephen Sondheim’s With So Little to Be Sure Of (from the great

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neglected score of a defunct Broadway show, Anyone Can Whistle). Uh-huh!

Pat Williams, a young arranger who has designed some great backing for Chris Connor (among others), has provided Steve with some surging support which complements his special sound like marshmallows in hot chocolate. I'd like to see one of the more famous (and overstated) arrangers like Nelson Riddle spin out as many different musical attitudes without monotony's setting in early. Williams' charts seem almost to talk to the songs instead of assault them. Good Times is hard-driving and rough and tasty. Gal That Got Away puts to good use some unidentified trumpet work (sorry about that) to sell the idea of a smoky after-hours bar. All told, it is one of the few albums I've ever heard in which the backing trembles with a heartbeat all its own without getting in the singer's way on one single hand.

If any further proof is needed that the Lawrence voice is enhanced with new warm and wearable ideas, just listen to what he does with I Want to Be with You (from the Sammy Davis show Golden Boy). Beautiful. Or the way he gives artificial respiration to a victim of battle fatigue like Baby Won't You Please Come Home. If you don't have a fireplace, buy the disc anyway and light the oven. This is Steve's best album to date. It seems to be spending more time on my turntable than anything else I've heard lately, which, after all, is the only kind of judgment that matters. — Rex Reed

5 @ STEVE LAWRENCE: Steve Lawrence Sings of Love and Sad Young Men. Steve Lawrence (vocals); orchestra, Joe Guercio cond.; arrangements by Pat Williams. Good Times; The Gal That Got Away; The Thrill Is Gone; When Your Lover Has Gone; I'm a Fool to Want You; and six others. COLUMBIA CS 9340 $1.79, CL 2540 $1.79.

JAZZ

THE ONE, THE ORIGINAL, THE PERDURABLE ELLINGTON

His latest recording for RCA Victor finds the Duke and his inimitable orchestra in top form

There is no orchestra in jazz like it. There never has been. Its leader is also its composer, and he writes specifically for the men in his orchestra. An inexhaustible melodist, he has also created the most distinctive harmonic language in orchestral jazz, and no one has ever been able to duplicate his voicings. At sixty-seven, Duke Ellington still roams this country (and many others) with his colleagues, some of whom have been with him for decades. On some nights and at some recording sessions, the strain of this incessant traveling and playing shows. But there are other times—as in "The Popular Duke Ellington," his newest album for RCA Victor—when the music and the musicians are suddenly and stunningly fresh.

For this disc, Ellington has refurbished ten of his most familiar works (only Twitch, a blues, is new). But despite his previous recordings of them, this album is an indispensable part of the Ellington canon. The reason is not only the different perspectives these new arrangements provide on Ellington standards. (Take the "A" Train, for instance, now opens as a waltz and Do Nothing Till You Hear from Me has become a concerto for trombone and orchestra rather than trumpet and orchestra.) The real strength of the album lies in the fact that it was made at one of those times when everybody in the band, including the leader, was "up" for the occasion. I should also mention that Dave Hassinger's engineering has caught the textural essences of the Ellington style—particularly Duke's piano—more completely and with more natural presence than any other Ellington recording I can recall.

So here again are those magisterial soloists—alto saxophonist Johnny Hodges, trumpeter Cootie Williams, tenor saxophonist Paul Gonsalves, and Duke—rising out of and returning to the most organically constructed scores in orchestral jazz. In my own case, I must have heard such songs as Mood Indigo, Black and Tan Fantasy, Sophisticated Lady, and The Mooche hundreds of times in the nearly thirty years since I first stood, stunned and open-mouthed, in front of this orchestra at a dance in Boston. Hearing the orchestra even on one of its ordinary nights is rejuvenating. But when it is in such joyful command of its powers as it is on this record, the listener's experience transcends nostalgia and is a seizing reminder that Duke Ellington is one of the century's most original and durable composers. His instrument—this extraordinarily self-regenerating orchestra—will be a legend as long as jazz is remembered.

Once in a while, musicians and listeners, after a startling evening during which everything went right, lament the absence of recording apparatus and try to hold the music as long as possible in memory. But this was one time when such an event actually took place in a studio. Don't miss it. — Nat Hentoff

5 @ DUKE ELLINGTON: The Popular Duke Ellington. Duke Ellington (piano); Harry Carney, Russel Procope, Johnny Hodges, Jimmy Hamilton, Paul Gonsalves (reeds); Lawrence Brown, Buster Cooper, Chuck Connor (trombones); Cootie Williams, William "Cat" Anderson, Mercer Ellington, Herbie Jones (trumpets); John Lamb (bass); Sam Woodyard (drums). Perdido; Mood Indigo; Solitude; The Mooche; and seven others. RCA VICTOR LSP 3576 $1.79, LPM 3576® $3.79.
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An aspiring young singer, who had long been an admirer of Kirsten Flagstad, was introduced to the great Wagnerian soprano at a reception one evening. Visibly impressed, the young lady chatted animatedly with Flagstad and, in the course of the conversation, asked, “Tell me, Miss Flagstad, what do you consider the main requirement for a long and demanding role like Isolde?” Flagstad replied without hesitation: “Well, my dear, first you must have a comfortable pair of shoes.”

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Donizetti
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78
RECORDING OF SPECIAL MERIT

5. BACH: Cantata, "Jesus, der du meine Seele" (BWV 78): Cantata, "Gottes Zeit ist die allerbeste Zeit" ("Actae Tragicus", BWV 106). Edith Mathis (soprano), Sybil Michelow (alto); Theo Altmeyer (tenor); Franz Crass (bass); South German Madrigal Choir; Consortium Musicum, Wolfgang Gönnenwein cond. ANGEL 36334 $5.79, 36354 $4.79.

Performance: Outstanding
Recording: Rich
Stereo Quality: Judicious

This recording offers so many felicities for the mind and the ear that it would take pages merely to catalog them. The two cantatas are among Bach's finest: No. 78, composed in Leipzig in 1724, is a work of his maturity; No. 106, a funeral cantata of uncertain date (between 1707 and 1711), is an earlier work but not a lesser one. For me, indeed, the most affecting moments on the disc occur in No. 106.

Wolfgang Gönnenwein has obviously taken pains here to make his instrumental ensembles both attractive and stylistically fitting. Recorders and gambas are employed in No. 106; in No. 78, the strings are kept to a few, so that the winds and the baso continuo are not drowned by them. Finally, Gönnenwein adds a lute to the continuo instruments; its gentle voice is not always heard, but when it is, the effect is lovely.

There is another fine stereo recording of the Cantata No. 78, Karl Richter's for the Deutsche Grammophon Archive series (ARC 73197). In the choral passages, Richter's dynamics, shaping of phrases, and balancing of the parts are superior to Gönnenwein's. Here, too, the generally fine recorded sound serves Gönnenwein ill: it is a bit diffuse in the choral passages, and the voices sometimes blanket the instruments. Richter has one further advantage: his organists' delightfully imaginative realization of the exposed portions of the organ continuo in the soprano- alto duet "Wir eilen mit schwachen, duhe emsigen Schritten." But in all else this new performance excels. I prefer Gönnenwein's choice of tempos and his admirably dramatic handling of the recitatives. And his soloists are above reproach. Edith Mathis and Sybil Michelow execute their taxing lines in "Wir eilen" with spine-tingling fleetness and finesse; Theo Altmeyer and Franz Crass use their powerful and fresh-sounding voices with intelligence and appropriate feeling.

The performance of Cantata No. 106 comes within an ace of perfection. The sound of the ensemble of recorders, viole da gamba, and lute contributes its special and stylish beauty throughout, and the fine chorus' independent lines come through with more definition here than on the reverse side. The great choral-solo movement which follows the opening "Sinfonia" is beautifully sustained: its several tempo changes are artfully judged.

So that the sense of the whole is not sacrificed to contrasts between the parts. Again, the vocal soloists are superb: in the duet "In deiner Hande" for alto and bass, both are fine, but Franz Crass, stunning high-tessitura singing and the ecstatic feeling he imparts to the words "Heute wirst du mich in Paradies" ("Today you shall be with me in Paradise") simply must be singled out.

Angel has exercised wisdom and taste in the packaging of this disc—wisdom in printing the full texts of the cantatas, and taste in illustrating the cover with an agonizingly beautiful painting of the Crucifixion by Matthias Grunewald. Given the information that this is the first disc of a series, subsequent releases cannot reach these shores too soon for me.

Robert S. Clark

BARTOK: Piano Concerto No. 1 (see STRAVINSKY)


Performance: Sensitively lyrical
Recording: Good
Stereo Quality: Good

Beethoven's Op. 81a is a bit of a pose for those who lean toward stylistic consistency throughout a given artistic entity, for though the first two movements, evocative of farewell and of the melancholy that comes with the absence of a cherished one, are abundant in romantic expression, the finale's joyousness (the "return") harks backward to Mozartian pearl-like coruscation and forward to Lisztian bravura fireworks. The Mozart K. 330 Sonata offers corresponding contrasts, notably in terms of the slow movement versus the end movement.

It is in the expressive elements of this music that Cliburn excels, for he has the gift of being able to set forth the communicative essence of a songlike phrase so that form and content reinforce rather than dilute one another. So it is with the first two movements of the Beethoven and the Mozart slow movement here. Rubinstein goes Cliburn one better in the virtuosic bril implicit throughout the Beethoven finale, and I find Cliburn's Mozart end movements a bit stiff-collared churchbough even bearing in mind the Paris origins of the music.

The RCA recording is excellent, and as with so much of Van Cliburn's work on records to date, this disc leaves us with the hope for more and better.

D. H.

RECORDING OF SPECIAL MERIT

5. BEETHOVEN: Trio No. 6, in B-flat, Op. 97 ("Archduke"). Suk Trio. CROSSROADS 22 16 0022 $2.49, 22 16 0021 $2.49.

Performance: Generously excellent
Recording: A bit over-reverberant
Stereo Quality: Good

This is the only single disc of the Beethoven "Archduke": Tri available in the budget-price bracket, and it stands up well to the full-price competition, both in interpretation and sonics. Those seeking the intensity of Jastin-Sern-Rose (Columbia) or the untrammeled flow of Rubinstein-Heifetz-Feurmann (RCA Victor) will not find such here, but this version has its points, particularly in terms of that emphasis of presence and instrumental dialogue. I am particularly impressed by the cellist, one Josef Chuchro.

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ers, but the long decay period evident at sharp chord cut-offs and at the ends of movements becomes a bit disconcerting at times. Still, this disc is a splendid buy at the price.

D. H.


Performance: Very Hungarian, very good
Recording: Excellent East European sound
Stereo Quality: Good chamber resonance

What ever happened to Hungarian music? Since the palmy days of Bartók and Kodály, in his prime, Hungarian musicians have continued to occupy major roles in the world's musical life—one hates to think what the current state of conducting would be without the Hungarians—but Hungary's potential for new musical ideas seems to have been burned up in a single brief, brilliant glow.

The best-known of this post-Bartók trio is probably Gyula Dávid. His String Quartet here, written for the eightieth birthday of Zoltán Kodály (Dávid, like every other Hungarian musician, studied with Kodály), is a very clean and forthright example of a big, serious, dissonant-work, full of musical metaphors and meaningful gestures; all of it tinged with just the right amounts of (a) Hungarianisms, (b) dissonance, and (c) dodecaphony. Dávid is a little more off the beaten path than any of them, but if one gets into having that pregnant motto-cell tossed at one's ears at every turn even if one does appreciate the structural sentiments. Otherwise the quartet is a very pleasing, reasonably vital, and even, occasionally, mildly original work.

The most curious case here is that of Ferenc Szabó. Unless one has got the wrong man, this is the Franz Szabó who was known as a "modernist" in the Twenties, went to the Soviet Union for political reasons in the Thirties, and came back to Hungary only after World War II. His early String Trio is, in its way, a work of considerable individuality, full of Hungarianisms, rather hard and dissonant, related to Bartók but not really deeply in Bartók's debt. Nowadays he hardly seems so far out, but it is surprisingly undated. On the basis of this one piece, one would say that Szabó was a very talented young man.

The songs of András Medgyés, set to poems by Attila József, have all the charm of Hungarian sentimtent. Otherwise the quartet is a very pleasing, reasonably vital, and even, occasionally, mildly original work.

The performances of all three works are clean, vigorous, and full of life. The recording—mono and stereo—is close-up but has more clarity (in terms of resonance and warmth) than has often been the case with Qualiton.

E. S.

DEBUSSY: Sonata for Violin and Piano in G Minor (see FRANCK)

RECORDING OF SPECIAL MERIT

(8) DONIZETTI: Lucrezia Borgia. Montserrat Caballé (soprano), Lucrezia Borgia; Ezio Flagello (bass), Don Alfonso; Alfredo Kraus (tenor), Gennaro; Shirley Verrett (mezzo-soprano), Maffio Orsini; Giuseppe Barzetti (tenor), Rustighello; Robert El Hage (bass), Astolfi; Franco Riccardi (tenor), Liverotto; Franco Poggiolo (bass). Gazelli; Ferruccio Fazzoli (bass); Petrucci; Fernando Lopopoli (tenor). Vi- telluzzo; Vito Maria Brunetti (bass). Gay- betta; others. RCA Italiana Opera Orchestra and Chorus, Jonel Perlea cond. RCA Victor LSC6176 three discs $17.37, LM 6176 $14.37.

Performance: First-class
Recording: Very good
Stereo Quality: Very good

For about fifty years following its creation (1853), Donizetti's Lucrezia Borgia remained firmly established in the international repertoire—a fact hard to reconcile with its subsequent neglect and, particularly, with its American "career" (one performance by the Metropolitan in 1904). A New York concert performance in April 1965 intro-
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Performance: Fair

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CIRCLE NO. 40 ON READER SERVICE CARD

87
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The Concerto is, along with El retablo de Nuestra Señora, his masterpiece, easily the biggest thirteen-minute sextet in the business. It is very Stravinskyian. of course, but it constitutes much more than an homage. The sound of the harpsichord is integrated into the conception of the piece in a meaningful and expressive way, not merely in the jingly outer sections, but in the long, impressive, original, slow movement. The Paul Dukas memorial of 1935 deserves mention for its stark beauty.

Jean-Charles Richard, a name unknown to me before, is the kind of pianist who does not take gracefully to the harpsichord. The instrument sounds big and ugly, although the general shape of the performance is not unreasonable. The piano playing is not really inspired, either, but it at least has an elegance of sound. The recording, though, is close and rather dull.

E. S.

RECORDINGS OF SPECIAL MERIT


Writing as a listener who has always taken rather a dim view of the "classical" pianism of Hollywood's Wunderkind André Previn, the big news of this release for me is the really remarkable new maturity that he brings to his work in both of the sonatas on the RCA disc. In the past, his playing has seemed, for the most part, only to scratch the technical surface of the music he has undertaken to record. And while he plays the Debussy most beautifully—it is obviously the more congenial to his temperament—he gets under the skin of the Franck sonata in a quite unexpectedly authoritative way.

Violinist Friedman is no slouch on this issue either. His playing is clean, highly expressive, and perhaps a shade too much on the rich side, but highly effective nonetheless. If I have any real complaint with his work here it is that he tends—mind you, I say only tends—to play both the Franck and Debussy rather as if they were by the same composer. There is perhaps a problem (admittedly minimal) of stylistic differentiation here. Victor's recorded sound and stereo treatment are of absolutely the first order. The Hungarian musicians do awfully nice things with their three works. The Franck Sonata is nicely understated by violinist Peter Komlos—in contradistinction to Erick Friedman's perhaps over-romantic playing of the piece—and both the violinist and his pianist, Gyorgy Miklos, derive a wonderfully clean lyric line and a full measure of French flavor.

(Continued on page 90)
The new age of Angel

Already, she may be the finest in the world. Jacqueline Du Pré won the Suggia International Cello Award when she was 11 years old. At 16, she performed at Wigmore Hall in London and became a celebrity overnight.

When she was 20, the New York Herald Tribune said of her: “One must look to Casals in his heyday or to so singular an artist as Rostropovitch for adequate comparisons.”

Now, she is making her second United States tour in February and March. If you can’t attend one of her concerts, try these three Angel recordings. You’ll understand why, at 22, she is a charter member in the new age of Angel.

Jacqueline Du Pré, 22, cellist.
wit from the pages of the Ravel Violin Sonata. Furthermore, neither of them tries to turn the Schubert sonatas into a sonata—as so many performers are wont to do. Best and most impressive of all, the team approaches the Franck and Ravel sonatas with a more characteristically French stylistic understanding than you will hear from many a Frenchman, even as they are very obviously aware that Schubert was a Viennese.

The recorded sound will win no prizes, but its shortcomings are no crippling detriment to an unusually elegantly played recorded recital.

RECORDING OF SPECIAL MERIT

Harry & David: Six Quartets ("Erdody"), Op. 76. Tatrai Quartet. QUALITON SLIPX 1205/6/7 three discs $17.94, LPX 1205/6/7* $17.94.

Performance: Very worthwhile
Recording: Excellent
Stereo Quality: Superior

The Tatrai Quartet adopts a slightly more old-fashioned approach to Haydn than one is apt to hear from the more recent, younger string quartets of this country. The playing is not in the least slick, and the members of the group dig into the scores with an almost Romantic abandon, although temperamentally they are a far cry from the personalized interpretations of the Pro Arte Quartet of the Thirties. As a set of the splendid Op. 76 (which contains two "name" quartets, the "Quinten" and the "Emperor"), this is a most enjoyable performance, as well as the sole stereo version. Sensitivity, vigor, and communicativeness are among the attributes of this performing group, and although they are not always deadly accurate in intonation (the first violin, in particular), the esprit and frequent displays of brilliance in the execution more than make up for minor slips. The recording is particularly effective in conveying the feeling of four separate players performing as a unit.

HAYDN: The Seasons. Teresa Stich-Bondy (soprano); Helmut Krethschmar (tenor); Erich Wenk (bass); Hamburg North German Radio Chorus and Orchestra, Walter Goehr cond. Nonesuch HC 73009 three discs $7.50. HC 73009* $7.50.

Performance: Affectionately lyrical
Recording: Fair
Stereo Quality: Fair

This is the first stereo version of Haydn's lovely "pastoral" oratorio since the heavily arranged Beecham recording of 1959, released by Capitol and since deleted. The fact that conductor Walter Goehr died in 1960 would indicate that the Nonesuch tapes are of the same vintage.

In The Seasons, Haydn took the somewhat moralizing text of the musical Viennese diplomat Baron von Swieten and composed music that stands as an entrancing tribute to the country life he had known from boyhood to the years when he retired from musical service at Esterhaza. Indeed, Beethoven's "Pastoral" Symphony might well have been an impossibility without this Haydn score as a precedent.

At the price, this recorded performance of The Seasons is a good value, showing to best advantage in the lyrical episodes. The (Continued on page 92)
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CIRCLE NO. 28 ON READER SERVICE CARD

through massive lack of interest, has managed to shut out most new music and isolate its creators. Hence the necessity for and the inevitability of special groups and interests in American music; for example, the need to put out Kupferman's music through special projects like the one at hand.

The most important work and the one of largest scope on this record is the Chamber Symphony, a difficult and rather remarkable and individual conception for three of its movements but one that falls flat on its face in a hop-scotch finale. The Divertimento, more vaguely twelve-tone, is, within its rather fat and expressive dissonant harmonic vocabulary, something of a descendant of the international chamber-orchestra style of the Twenties and Thirties; nevertheless, it has genuine ideas and all of them very well managed. Again there are last-movement problems, but they are not nearly so serious here, in any case, they do not begin to ex-

RECORDING OF SPECIAL MERIT


Performance: Expert
Recording: Good
Stereo Quality: Good

This is the young Hindemith. The Op 11 Sonata and the Sonata for Viola Unaccompanied were both composed in 1922, when the composer was about twenty-seven. Little of the "Hindemith sound" is present here, but both works have a winning spontaneity, an engaging, fresh lyricism and dashes of remarkably sassy, un-German humor. Both pieces, moreover, are clearly the work of a young master craftsman. The modernist precocity had, to be sure, not yet set in, but neither had the academic codification of it that was to follow and prevail to the composer's dying day.

The performances are neat and musicianly, and Mace's recorded sound and stereo are good. The disc, at $2.49, is a nice buy. IP. F.

RECORDING OF SPECIAL MERIT

S. M. KUPFERMAN: Chamber Symphony (1950); Divertimento for Orchestra (1948); Variations for Piano (1948). Prima Chamber Players and Stuttgart Philharmonia, Harold Farberman conductor; Morton Estrin, pianist. STEREO SRS 1207 $4.98, SRE 1017 $3.98.

Performances: Pianist excellent; orchestra fair
Recording: Studio sound
Stereo Quality: Unremarkable

This is the third in a series of records devoted to the music of Meyer Kupferman. Kupferman was one of the first of the younger Americans to pick up the use of serial techniques and to apply them with a certain independence and originality. Unfortunately, Kupferman (unlike his European contemporaries and even more so than some of his American colleagues) has been forced to work outside of the main currents of American musical and intellectual life, out of the mainstream to which he probably really ought to belong. Composers, unlike painters, generally do not work well in isolation. The public, however, plain why, in the supposed absence of decent American orchestral repertoire (that's the complaint of all the conductors), an original and relatively accessible work like this is so totally neglected. The Piano Variations, sitting as they do behind two rather weighty orchestral pieces, ought not to be overlooked. They have the austerity and detached, disturbing clarity and angular thrust of the earlier movements of the Chamber Symphony; in some ways, they are the most intense and best realized music of the three. They depend, it is true, on Schoenberg; but that dependency is not so heavy as to outweigh very real qualities of coherence, profile, and— to my ear—an attractive and meaningful piano poetry. I think the piece deserves a very honorable place in the by now rather considerable repertoire of notable American piano works.

Estrin is the first-class pianist here. The Stuttgart and Danish orchestras are only moderately effective, although Farberman is a very capable leader. All three recordings have a dry and studio-ish sonic atmosphere.

E. S.

MAHLER: Symphony No. 8 (see Best of the Month, page 73)
Toshiro Mayuzumi used to be one of the most talented and original of the younger generation of Japanese composers. That is, or was, no back-handed compliment; Japanese new music is among the most exceptional anywhere, and Mayuzumi was one of its most promising talents.

Maybe he still is but you wouldn't know it from *The Bible*. This is the soundtrack—well, sort of—from the Dino de Laurentis-John Huston scriptural extravaganza, and, on the evidence of the score, I would agree with many contemporary thinkers that God is Dead. So also are Abel, my ear drums, Noah's friends and neighbors, and most of my neighbors (not to mention good taste).

The principal intellectual notion that seems to be operative in this pretentious twaddle is Chaos; the Creativity part is left strictly to the Almighty. The nadir is the "Theme from the Bible"—neo-Alf red Newman and wildly bungled at that. (With that tune ringing down through the inter-galactic void, it's a wonder that any Creation of any kind took place at all, and the Heavenly Mansions sound suspiciously like Tara.)

John Huston provides a few of the worst moments himself, or, at least, his tape editor does it for him by bumblingly pitching in Huston's voice in one series of spot announcements—Jehovah himself dictating Creation to the sounds of Mayuzumi's fade-in, fade-out neo-primordial slither.

Even for what it is, the music is badly performed, poorly recorded, and blotched by a veritable orgy of editing and dial dhillings.

Stravinsky tells the story of a Hollywood producer who offered him $100,000 to do a film score and when he—Stravinsky—turned it down, offered him the same money to let someone else do the score in his name. Stravinsky was in fact approached on the score of *The Bible*, but whether this was the aforementioned film is not certain. Maybe in the end they just used Mr. Mayuzumi's name, and the score is really by Muir Matheson. E.S.

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*Performance: Sloppy*
*Recording: Hokey*
*Stereo Quality: Cinemascope*

**MESSIAEN: La Nativité du Seigneur.** Simon Preston (organ). ARGO ZRG 5447 $5.79, RG 447 $5.79.

*Performance: Tasteful and up to an unusual work*
*Recording: Good organ sound*
*Stereo Quality: Cathedral-like but clear*

Olivier Messiaen, native of Avignon, pupil of Paul Dukas and Marcel Dupré and teacher of Boulez and Stockhausen, organist of St. Trinite and self-confessed Catholic mystic, dabbler in Oriental ethnomusicology and the world's leading musical ornithologist, author of the *Quartet for the End of Time* composed in Stalag VIII-A at Gurlitz, of numberless and endless organ improvisations on obscure doctrinal (pedal) points and of the first European totally organized serial music, is one of those Important Historical Personages who man-

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**Performance:** Sloppy
**Recording:** Hokey
**Stereo Quality:** Cinemascope

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Messiaen's importance derives from the fact that he represented an independent force in European music (independent, that is, of "neoclassicism" and of Old Vienna twelve-tone expressionism). He was one of the first non-Germanic composers to teach twelve-tone and other serial techniques, and he gave twelve-tone music new contexts. In recent years Messiaen has actually enlarged his scope under the influence of the very serial school he helped originally to bring into being. His older works are much simpler: contemplative, imposing, presumptive, utterly empty; presumably the listener himself must fill the void by supplying—if he can—the mystical experience. Unlikely as it may seem, this is the second recording of La Nativité in a few months. In reviewing the two-volume set of Messiaen organ music by Gaston Litaize in this magazine (November, 1966) William Flanagan made a suggestive parallel with another mystic: Scriabin. The point is very well taken (Messiaen even has, like Scriabin, a bad case of synesthesia; that is, he loves to get his aural experience all balled up with the other senses). I would like to suggest another parallel: with the French painter André Masson, who also had a major influence on recent developments—and later got tangled in them—but has remained basically an unrealized creative artist. Unless you can mysticate with Messiaen, La Nativité must be a crashing bore, a long and agonizing search—"seated one day at the organ... weary and ill at ease"—for that sound of a grand Amen.

Mr. Preston is an excellent organist and a very creditable spokesman for M. Messiaen. Not being much in vibration with these things myself, I am not sure if he has the requisite mystical bent, but he seems to have every other qualification. The Westminster Abbey organ and the recorded sound thereof are in every way worthy.

If you do buy this record, check for warping; I had to weigh my tone arm to keep it on the disc.

E. S.

MIHALY: Song Cycle (see DAVID)

© MOZART: Piano Concertos, Volume Two: No. 8 in C (K. 246); No. 9 in E-flat (K. 271); No. 11 in F (K. 413); No. 17 in G (K. 453); No. 19 in F (K. 459); No. 22 in E-flat (K. 482). Lili Kraus (piano); Vienna Festival Orchestra, Stephen Simon cond. EPIC BSC 156 three discs $11.59, SC 6056 $9.59.

Performance: Pianist good, orchestra poor
Recording: Fair to middling
Stereo Quality: Close

(Continued on page 96)
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Also new from Helidor:

RECORDING OF SPECIAL MERIT

PURCELL: Dido and Aeneas. Victoria de los Angeles (soprano), Dido; Peter Glossop (baritone), Aeneas; Heather Harper (soprano), Belinda; Patricia Johnson (contralto), Sorceress; Elizabeth Robson (soprano), Cassandra; Clare Walmley (soprano), First Witch, Sylvie Michelow (mezzo-soprano), Second Witch; Robert Tear (tenor), Sailor; Ambrosian Singers; English Chamber Orchestra, Sir John Barbirolli cond. ANAGRA 5 $4.79, 56359 $4.79.

Performance: Vivid
Stereo Quality: Ideal

Dido and Aeneas, still the greatest of English operas, seems to bring out the best in its performers. The present recording, the third in stereo and, like its predecessors, performed by a predominantly English cast, is no exception. Sir John Barbirolli, a Purcellian of richly documented background, is at the helm, and his idealization of the work is everywhere evident. His incisive yet plant pacing is free of the rigidity that sometimes invades less imaginative Baroque interpretations. The choirs are lively and sonorous, the orchestral tone is full-bodied and rich, and the dances and melodies are delightfully played. Harpsichordist Raymond Leppard, whose Baroque scholarship assisted the conductor in recreating an authentically styled performance, is a tower of strength, and his playing has been captured with a lively and ingratiating presence. In general, (Continued on page 98)
The AR-2x loudspeakers marked by arrows—there are 16 in all—are part of a synthetic reverberation system installed by the Aeolian-Skinner Organ Company in St. John's Episcopal Church, Washington, D.C. This system corrects building acoustics that are too "dead" for music.

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<td>(2 records) STS 15009/01</td>
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<tr>
<th>Falla: EL AMOR BRUJO</th>
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<tr>
<td>The ORCHESTRE DE LA SUISSE ROMANDE - Ansermet</td>
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<td>(2 records) STS 15014/15</td>
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<tr>
<th>Hungarian SCANDIC DANCES</th>
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<td>The BUDAPEST PHILOSOPHERS</td>
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<td>STS 15009/10</td>
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<tr>
<th>Music in London (1670-1770)</th>
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<tr>
<td>Bayley: Symphony No. 1 in B FLAT MAJOR</td>
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<td>Symphony No. 4 in F MAJOR</td>
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<td>J. C. Bach: Symphony in E MAJOR for Double Orchestra (Op. 18 No. 5)</td>
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<tr>
<td>Overture No. 4 in B FLAT MAJOR, ARIE: From &quot;The Tempest&quot;</td>
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<td>The ENGLISH CHAMBER ORCHESTRA - Horwitz</td>
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<th>London Records</th>
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**The engineering is superb; everything seems to be properly balanced, and the stereo deployment is transparency itself.**

In the role of Dido, Victoria de los Angeles earns another major laurel for her multilingual versatility. She handles Nahum Tate’s work with a special authority that speaks of intensive preparation. Occasionally (as for example in the line “Thus, on the fatal banks of Nile”) her declamation lacks the proper weight, but the sustained lyrical passages are sung with warmth and poignancy, and her rendering of the celebrated “When I am laid in earth” is worthy of that superb piece of vocal writing.

Heather Harper is a secure and artistic Belinda, but her timbre is not sufficiently differentiated from De los Angeles. In this respect, the pairing of Janet Baker’s Dido and Patricia Clark’s Belinda in the L’Oiseau Lyre set is more fortunate. (Miss Clark is also more effervescent in the charming “Pursue thy conquest, love.”) As the Sorceress, a role which at times suffers from overacting, Patricia Johnson succeeds in conveying menace without losing her music. In the thankless part of Aeneas—Lawrence Tibbett could have made something of him, but who else?—Peter Glossop sounds virile and resonant, but also mushy at times. The remaining parts are well done. Angel provides excellent annotations with the set. A clearcut choice between the present version and the L’Oiseau Lyre set is very difficult. Janet Baker’s Dido in the latter holds a slight edge over Victoria de los Angeles—she is that good.

**G. J.**

<table>
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<tr>
<th>RAVEL: Gaspard de la Nuit: Jeux d’eau: Prelude in A Minor</th>
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<tr>
<td>Menuet sur le nom de Haydn: Miroirs; A la maniere de Borodine; A la maniere de Chopin; Le Tombeau de Couperin; Menuet antique; Sonatine; Valses nobles et sentimentales; Pavane pour une infante defunte, Veron Haas (piano). WOHLER SERIES PHC 2.001 two discs (compatible stereo) $5.00.</td>
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Performance: Capable Recording: Faithful Stereo Quality: Mild

This two-record set, on World Series’ compatible stereo discs, is billed as the “complete” piano music of Ravel, which it certainly is not (the Faure memorial piece, the four-hand music, and several early pieces are missing). It does, however, include all of the major solo piano pieces and several of the minor ones in a relatively convenient, inexpensive, and attractive format.

Ravel’s somewhat legitimate claim to priority in certain aspects of the development of new piano technique in the first years of the century rests in great part on the early date (1901) of Jeux d’eau, an evocative, rippling, and colorful piece of water music that gets in ahead of most of the important Debussy piano works. Ravel’s harmonic innovations began even earlier with works like the 1895 Menuet antique with its rather harsh, dissonant sound set into what must be one of the earliest of “neoclassical” settings. This harmonic originality and daring added to an exquisite (somewhat campy) sense of refined detail and classical form are consistent characteristics of Ravel and separate him easily and clearly from Debussy. The Miroirs of 1905, possibly Ravel’s finest piano work, already goes beyond “mere”—that is to say imitative—Impressionism. The Sonatine of the same year is astonishingly stark and austere. Gaspard de la Nuit (1908) is again lusty and its “romantic…vivaciously” (to quote the composer) has endured it to younger concert pianists, who have played it to death in recent years. The Valses nobles et sentimentales of 1913 are nothing but noble, and their sentimentality is not exactly Tchaikovskian, but they have bite and character. Le Tombeau de Couperin, written in 1717 and the last major solo piano work, is again abstract and neoclassical like the Sonatine; it is Ravel’s most brilliant expression of traditional line combined with extended tonal harmony and the classical forms and graces. Ravel’s greatest contribution was not his orchestral music—brilliant an orchestrator as he was, he always remained just that, i.e., an orchestrator, not a composer who thought in organic orchestral terms—but his songs. The piano music, however, is not far behind.

Mr. Haas is a modestly gifted musician with the capacity to get around and make a good sound with most of this music, but not the means to expend great emotional or intellectual resources on a series of pieces which, in total, really do have a considerable range. The recording is satisfactory, although there is not much detectable stereo effect.

**E. S.**

| ROSSINI: Semiramide. Joan Sutherland (soprano), Semiramide; Marilyn Horne (mezzo-soprano), Ascanio; Joseph Rouleau (bass), Assur; John Sarge (tenor), Idra; Patricia Clark (soprano), Azemo; Spira Malas (bass), Oroe; Leslie Fyson (tenor), Mitrane; Michael Langdon (bass), Ghost of Nimor; Ambrosian Opera Chorus, London Symphony Orchestra, Richard Bonynge cond. LONDON OSA 1383 three discs $17.37, A4383 $11.37. |

Performance: Sutherland and Horne excel Recording: Very good Stereo Quality: Excellent

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FEBRUARY 1967
CIRCLE NO. 25 ON READER SERVICE CARD
Sutherland and Giulietta Simionato. Year La Scala revived the work for Joan.

decline of florid associated with stellar interpreters must not
tive of a historical period and so closely as-
enterprise. A work so strongly representa-
ing, and we are in London's debt for the

mention only one major production (Flor-

snide vanished from

Sonntag, Patti, and Melba. Then, with the

Golden Age luminaries:

the stage as a brilliant vehicle for a chain of

whelmingly enthusiastic reception,

seventy years after its cordial but not over-

nisimo's last opera for the Italian stage. For some

Semiramide,

This is the opera's first complete record-

(based on a Voltaire drama), it is a variant of the Orestes-Ci-temnestra-

Aegisthus triangle in a Babylonian setting,

remains an intimate point of reference. But

the joys of discovery are somewhat blunted

by the recognition that Semiramide does not

quite measure up as a stageworthy opera. As

an opera seria, it lacks the grandeur

and sincerity of Rossini's earlier Mosé. There

are pages of uninspired, assembly-line writ-

ing here, and much of what is on a musically

appealing level turns out to be singularly in-

appropriate to the dramatic situations. Even

at his most uninspired, however, Rossini

could hardly ever be uninteresting. The opera

certainly is not devoid of passionate drama

and distinctive melodic invention, even if

the latter at times suffers from excessive

ornamentation. As for the libretto (by Gau-
tano Rossi, based on a Voltaire drama), it

is a variant of the Orestes-Citemnestra-

Aegisthus triangle in a Babylonian setting,

further complicated and really quite absurd.

Viewed as a virtuoso vocal display, Semi-
ramide is quite another story, and Joan

Sutherland and Marilyn Home present the

relentlessly demanding embroideries of Ros-
in's vocal writing with an accuracy and

brilliance unparalleled in contemporary

singing. Both artists are in superb form here,

and, freed from any concentration on charac-

ter insight in an opera where such considera-

tions matter very little, they sing their parts

with a consistent beauty of tone, boldness,

and breath-taking agility. Their duets, fur-

thermore, reveal a kind of control and ho-

mogeneity of phrasing that is in itself ex-

traordinary. Personally, I derive more plea-

sure from Miss Horne's more direct style

than from Miss Sutherland's somewhat man-

nered-sounding tone formation, but I accept

both contributions with gratitude as a vivid

suggestion of what Aletina Patti and Sophia Scalchi in their prime must have

sounded like in this music.

It is a long way from the Sutherland-

Horne summit to the modest elevation oc-

cupied by their colleagues. The young

Australian tenor John Serge handles his mu-

sic (except the highest-lying phrases) with

commendable fluency, but the best I can say

for Messrs. Rouleau and Malas is that they

work hard against enormous odds and do no

serious damage. The choral work is not

always clearly defined, and the London Sym-

phony has been heard with more tonal refine-

ment in other recordings. Nevertheless, Rich-

ard Bonynge conducts the opera with a full

awareness of all that is dramatically valid in

the score, his tempos and balances are just,

and his overall leadership is praiseworthy.

If the familiar Overture—still the most

memorable part of the opera—is not done

here with Toscanini's or Karajan's kind of

razor-sharpness, it is nevertheless a first-rate

achievement.

Except for some pre-echo, the recording is
top-notch, and there are some good op-

portunities for effective stereo deployment.

Interesting background annotations are pro-

vided with the libretto.

G. J.

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VICTORIA: FOUR MOTETS;
MISSA QUARTI
TONI
MG/MS-143

Orchestra, or their credentials for taking on such a project as this.

It just happens that the forty-seven-year-old Akeo Watanabe is of Finnish des-
cent on his mother’s side (she was a sing-
er), and therefore has—genetically, at the
very least—a vested interest in the works
of Sibelius. More to the point, Watanabe
has been decorated by the Finnish govern-
ment in recognition of his fostering of
Finnish music in Japan. The Japan Phil-
harmonic, youngest of Tokyo’s major sym-
phony orchestras, is more extensively rep-
resented in the American catalog than may
generally be realized—chiefly through rec-
ordinos of contemporary American music
conducted by William Strickland as well
as Akeo Watanabe. There are some two
dozen titles listed, including the Roger
Sessions First Symphony and the Carl Rugg-
ies Organum.

It is worthy of note that we have in
this new album the first stereo recordings
of the Sibelius Third and Sixth Symphonies.
The entire series was issued in Japan in
1962, and to this reviewer, who owns
the Japanese pressings, the recorded sound
of the Epic release is decidedly more full-

bodied—indeed, for the most part, emi-
nently satisfactory. If the sonics are not as
lush as those offered by some other or-
chestras, this may be ascribed to the fact
that the Japan Philharmonic is slightly
smaller than the Philadelphia Orchestra,
the London Symphony, and others, and
that Mr. Watanabe, perhaps in keeping
with his Japanese heritage, likes his Sibe-
lius lean and sinewy.

This is most evident in his readings of
the most deeply personal and elusive of
the Sibelius symphonies—No. 4 in A Minor,
and No. 6 in D Minor. The austere and
extraordinarily dramatic Fourth receives
its first satisfactory realization in stereo
under Watanabe’s baton, in a reading of
splendid power and clarity, free of senti-
mental exaggeration, and abundant in its
sense of momentum and limitless reserve
strength. The pastel shadings and delicate
textures of the Sixth seem also to be ide-
ally suited to Watanabe’s temperament and
background.

Watanabe does well with the airy and
carefree Third Symphony, and surprisingly
well with the surging rhetoric of the First
in E Minor. The beginning of the First
is rather unpromising, but the reading
strength grows as it moves along, and
one ends up full of admiration for the
cumulative power of the whole. For, unlike
too many of his confreres, Watanabe does
not overemphasize each and every rhetorical
point of this somewhat over-rhetorical
score, and the music gains accordingly.

Both the Second and the Fifth Sym-
phony performances suffer somewhat from
slack spots here and there, though, where
there too the recordings of Szell (in the first
instance), and of Bernstein, Gobim,
and Barbirolli (in the second) available for comparison, I would say that these are
better-than-average Sibelius interpretations.
The Seventh Symphony needs a Philadel-
phia or Boston symphony for its fullest
realization, and I can hardly blame Mr.
Watanabe for not being able to produce
comparable sonorities. His reading, as it is,
is one of loving care.

As a traversal of the complete Sibelius
cycle, this album is neither the first nor
the last word, be it with respect to interpretation, orchestral performance, or recorded sound. I would hope, however, that the Gramophone's reviewers would be the first to protest the notion that a composer sees his gifts and what he does with them less successfully than a gifted critic. Yet Stravinsky, the living master of us all—in his public statements, his own interpretations, and, especially, his re-interpretations of his own work—seems to be articulate at odds with what some of his most admiring critics and interpreters find in the bulk of his work.

Even at the time of its composition, Perséphone precipitated a public clash between Stravinsky and Gide. Stravinsky—either through perspectival or, more likely, from the very nature of his asymmetrical lyrical style—has perennially rejected the notion of setting words with a natural syllabic stress, be they Russian, Latin, French, or English. Influenced by the tradition of natural French speech inflection cultivated by Debussy, Gide was jolted into a denunciation of Stravinsky's treatment of his libretto for Perséphone. Stravinsky, in turn, retaliated by denouncing the text as "candied verse." Altogether, both participants seemed to be describing a pretty messy collaborative outcome. Also, according to Columbia's liner notes, Stravinsky's manifesto proclaims that with Perséphone, in 1934, he had "finished with orchestral effects."

Take Gide's text first, then place Columbia's new release of the work under the composer's direction on your turntable. Start the record, sit down, and listen. It is a beautiful libretto set to some of the most enchantingly lyrical (even tender) music that Stravinsky has ever written. The scoring may very well

(Continued on page 106)

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CIRCLE NO. 33 ON READER SERVICE CARD

FEBRUARY 1967

103
**THE GOLDEN AGE OF PIANO VIRTUOSI**

ANOTHER GO-ROUND WITH VINTAGE PIANO ROLLS PROVIDES STARTLINGLY IMPRESSIVE GLIMPSES OF SOME KEYBOARD GIANTS OF THE TWENTIES

By IGOR KIPNIS

Every few years or so, it seems, a record company issues a series of discs devoted to the old piano rolls. Back in the early Fifties, it was Columbia with a highly interesting set devoted in part to some of the composers of the earlier years of the century: Strauss, Ravel, Debussy, Grieg, and others. Telefunken not so long ago did the same; then there was Distinguished Recordings, which resurrected Busoni, Grainger, and Paderewski, among others. Most recent was an anthology distributed by the Book-of-the-Month Club, in which the priceless performances of the past could once again be enjoyed through the medium of modern reproduction.

The only trouble was that the performances may have been priceless on paper, but the hearing rather left something to be desired. More than a few questions were raised about some of these famous figures; could Debussy have really pedaled as badly as all that? Ravel was never a stupendous technician, but how could one account for what was obviously lumpiness in the rhythm? And there was the unparalleled tonal quality, the subtle shadings and dynamic gradations of so many of these past keyboard masters. What emerged from the rerecorded rolls seemed pallid in comparison with the original performances of the old pianists, who made them were more than enthusiastic, claiming in many cases that the pianists had originally intended; the effect was rather like hearing a piano being wheeled in and out of the living room with each crescendo and diminuendo.

Comparisons between the rerecorded rolls and discs made by the same artists, even when there might have been some interval of time between the two, led a number of critics to be highly sceptical of the reliability of the rolls. On the other hand, at the time piano rolls were in their heyday, the pianists who made them were more than enthusiastic, claiming in many cases that the rolls represented their playing far more accurately than what was then a fairly crude, acoustic disc. What has caused the difference of opinion in the years since then?

This question is answered by the commentary supplied with a new set of three discs, entitled "The Golden Age of Piano Virtuosi." There were three primary manufacturers of piano rolls, Duo-Art, Welte-Mignon, and Ampico, of which the last is considered to have been the most refined. These records present a variety of Ampico performances, which were played back on a piano whose mechanism has been virtually rebuilt, with new coils, tubing, springs, and so forth. The renditions were first heard on three BBC broadcasts, and a fourth was then devoted to a commentary on the mechanical problems involved and the process of rerecording.

To those who heard these broadcasts, the results were a total revelation. Not only was the sound of the instrument thoroughly up-to-date (with perhaps a slightly less wooden piano tone than was usual with most roll recordings), but the dynamics, even the most subtle tonal gradation, were revealed as seldom before, even by the most brilliant present-day virtuosos. Fortunately, Argo Records of London obtained the rights to this material, and we are indebted to them for making these well-recorded (though monophonic) performances available to the public.

To list some of the highlights of these discs (more are promised) would involve almost a listing of the entire release. Suffice it to say that Josef Lhevinne's Campanella, his Blue Danube (complete with the introduction missing on the later Camden disc version), and the Schubert-Liszt Sonate de Vienne, No. 6 can be considered among the greatest piano recordings ever made by anyone. If you obtain only one record this year, this has to be it.

Rachmaninoff in the freshness of up-to-date sonics is equally amazing. A comparison of the Chopin-Liszt The Maiden's Wish in the present recording, made in the Twenties, with Rachmaninoff's 1941 disc version reveals the same tempo but an even greater digital control in the roll performance. Rosenblum, whether in the Chopin Etude in thirds or in his own Strauss pastiche Carnaval de Vienne, gives just evidence that he must be included among the great and legendary pianists.

If the names on the third record are of a lesser stature, there are also some astonishing moments: first among them is Godowsky's incredible La Leggerezza. This is an old-fashioned school of playing, but the gossamer runs and minuscule dynamic fluctuations, coupled with a virtuosity one could hardly hear from any pianist alive today, today, finally makes the recording of great, and in the Chopin Etude, Op. 10, No. 4, bears this out tenfold; one wonders whether the roll might not have been speeded up, although I am told that the reproducing mechanism does not allow for this (also, comparable performances of others on these recordings reveal that, where later disc versions exist, tempos in some cases are slightly faster, in others slightly slower). What is possible, of course, is that the piano of the Twenties, when these records were made, was a more flexible instrument: lighter in action, and less steely in tone, so that some of the incredible effects, both of speed and tone, would have been easier to achieve at that time than now.

Not every one of the interpretations on this third disc is up to the level of Godowsky, Lhevinne, or Rachmaninoff. But there are some very choice items, nonetheless: the Chopin, Brahms, and Ravel selections by Moiseiwitsch (who is said to have considered his roll revival a speed demon, and her performance here of the Chopin Etude, while slightly less wooden piano tone than was usual with most roll recordings), but the dynamics, even the most subtle tonal gradation, were revealed as seldom before, even by the most brilliant present-day virtuosos. Fortunately, Argo Records of London obtained the rights to this material, and we are indebted to them for making these well-recorded (though monophonic) performances available to the public.

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Not every one of the interpretations on this third disc is up to the level of Godowsky, Lhevinne, or Rachmaninoff. But there are some very choice items, nonetheless: the Chopin, Brahms, and Ravel selections by Moiseiwitsch (who is said to have considered his roll revival a speed demon, and her performance here of the Chopin Etude, while slightly less wooden piano tone than was usual with most roll recordings), but the dynamics, even the most subtle tonal gradation, were revealed as seldom before, even by the most brilliant present-day virtuosos. Fortunately, Argo Records of London obtained the rights to this material, and we are indebted to them for making these well-recorded (though monophonic) performances available to the public.

To list some of the highlights of these discs (more are promised) would involve almost a listing of the entire release. Suffice it to say that Josef Lhevinne's Campanella, his Blue Danube (complete with the introduction missing on the later Camden disc version), and the Schubert-Liszt Sonate de Vienne, No. 6 can be considered among the greatest piano recordings ever made by anyone. If you obtain only one record this year, this has to be it.

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and a typical example of the often lollipop repertoire of that era, the utterly charming Levitzki Waltz played by its composer.

Perhaps almost as interesting as the pure, breathtaking virtuosity of most of the performances is the style of the playing. Each one of these artists is a personality, and that personality comes through on the recordings; it is sometimes a bit old-fashioned in its expression, but nowhere does it deteriorate into the faceless, colorless anonymity of the vast majority of the present generation of keyboard exponents. These three recordings represent an amazing testament to the art of great piano virtuosity.

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FEBRUARY 1967

CIRCLE NO. 1 ON READER SERVICE CARD
have “finished” with certain orchestral effects, but as Columbia’s annotator again points out, it is full of absolutely exquisite and original orchestral effects that are to an extraordinary degree responsible for the Apollonian grace and beauty of the work.

It is a particular pleasure to report that Stravinsky’s new reading of Perséphone is relaxed, expansive, delicate, and, at the same time, meticulously controlled. Vera Zorina reads her words clearly, gracefully, and effectively, and Michele Molese sings admirably. Both the Columbia Symphony Orchestra and the aggregation of choruses perform the work as if they had been living with it for years, and the recorded sound and stereo treatment are both excellent.

WINNER

Stereo: Electronic
Recording: Very good
Performance: Enjoyable
Jan Pieterszoon Sweelinck (1562-1611), a Dutch contemporary of the Elizabethan school of keyboard composers, is perhaps better known for his organ and harpsichord works than for his vocal compositions. Except for a Bärenreiter import, this important aspect of his compositional activities has been rather badly neglected on discs, and it is therefore a pleasure to welcome back this extremely well performed collection, comprising selections from both his settings of the Psalms and a group of sacred songs.

The Bärenreiter performance, made up of roughly the same works, featured a somewhat cool approach by the N.D.R. Vocal Ensemble, also a Dutch group. That by the Netherlands Chamber Choir, originally recorded monophonically some years ago, is warmer in tone. The interpretations are stylish, the singing vibrant (for a sampler, try the delightful Psalm 150 with its descriptions of musical instruments). As an added point of interest, the recording was made in Sweelinck’s Old Church in Amsterdam, where he served as organist. The reproduction is very good, with the electronic stereo providing a considerable feeling of depth. Texts are included but no translations.

S. E. WILL: Der Jasager, Joseph Protschka (boy soprano), Student; Lys Bert (soprano), Mother; Williibald Vohla (baritone), Teacher; others. Dusseldorf Children’s Chorus and Chamber Orchestra, Siegfried Kohler cond. HELIODOR HS 25025 $2.50, H 25025 $2.50.

Performance: Very good
Recording: Good
Stereo Quality: Artificial

Written in 1930 as a “school opera,” this Weill-Brecht collaboration was based on the Japanese no play Taniko. The story, terse, told, is about a young student who, accompanied by his teacher and other students, undertakes an arduous mountain voyage in search of medicine for his ailing mother. He becomes ill during the journey and, unwilling to jeopardize the mission’s success, consents to being thrown off a cliff by his companions. Brecht’s moral, according to the liner notes, is that “understanding and participation are vital to learning”—a conclusion the relevance of which escapes me.

On the other hand, Weill’s bittersweet and lucidly expressive music illuminates the story admirably. Although there is no libretto with the disc, the uniformly excellent enunciation of the performers and Edward Cole’s informative annotations make the German text easy to follow. Not a technically difficult work to play, Der Jasager is nevertheless a challenge to present convincingly, and the singers, chorus, and orchestra accomplish their tasks remarkably well. There are uneven spots in this “enhanced” stereo recording (a reissue of MGM album E3270 of at least eight years ago), but the sound is generally clear and always enjoyable. A welcome release of an unusual opera, very attractively priced.

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5 ® CHARLES AZNAVOUR: Aznavour. Charles Aznavour (vocals); orchestra, Paul Mauriat cond. Lt Bakker: Plus rien: Aznavour; and seven others. REprise RS 6227 $4.98, 6227® $3.98.

Performance: Excellent
Recording: Good
Stereo Quality: Good

Aznavour is Jean-Paul Belmondo with tonsils. Trim and athletic, he looks like a sexy jockey (he is only five-foot-three). In France he is one of the greatest stars. Women faint dead away when he sings, and men grin, pleased with the knowledge that ugly men can get ahead. Like Dietrich and Piaf, he gets by more on his style and his reputation for living life to the hilt than on sheer vocal ability, but there is so much sincerity, honesty, and heart in what he does, the voice is merely a device to get his ideas across anyway. Most of these ideas have to do with sex and love, two subjects on which Aznavour claims to be an authority.

Personally, I don't find as many original musical ideas in his songs as I do in those of his rival, Gilbert Bécaud. Still, in his style he is without peer in Europe and slowly building up his limited following in America. The reason he has not caught on big here before is without peer in Europe and slowly building up his limited following in America. The reason he has not caught on big here before is that he has made only one limited personal-appearance tour here, and his exposure to American filmgoers has been in some very bad films which never got any farther than key cities. Recordings like this one should take care of that situation.

Aznavour performs only his own compositions. They range from tearful memories of rain-soaked garrets to tearful memories of rain-soaked penthouses. All of them are sung with blunt savoir faire. Though he sings in French, he performs with enormous passion and a mixture of wisdom and innocence that becomes immediately universal. This album is accompanied by detailed translations of his moody lyrics, which will be a big help to those who speak only English. But I think you'll get the message without them. It's evident that what this tired, cynical, bitter, old world needs is more Aznavour.

Explanation of symbols:
® = stereophonic recording
® = monophonic recording
® = mono or stereo version - not received for review

RECORDING OF SPECIAL MERIT

5 ® DICK HYMAN: Happening! Dick Hyman (harpsichord); orchestra. Theme from Tom Jove; The Shadow of Your Smile; Michelle; Lady Fingers; England Swing; Topolobumbo; Theme from Zorba the Greek; Yesterday; The Phoenix Love Theme; and three others. COMMAND RS 8995SD $4.79, R 8995SD $3.79.

Performance: Excellent
Recording: Excellent
Stereo Quality: Well focused

I am not a partisan of gimmick albums designed to exploit a single instrument, except flutes at the end struck me as most felicitous. I find so appealing and has a sureness of dealing with austerity and elegance. The use of two

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If Miss Maye’s career is handled correctly she could easily become one of America’s best, and best-known singers. More often than not this album seems to show correct handling, but I hope it doesn’t settle the course she intends to take from now on. It is a little too slick, a little too glossy, a little too self-consciously “classy.” I’d like to hear her with a smaller orchestra, a less fashionable selection of songs, and—most of all—simpler arrangements. Both vocally and interpretively Marilyn Maye is quite strong enough to stand on her own without the record industry’s version of grooming a starlet for the mass audience. No one buts a good painting for the frame. For Miss Maye I would suggest a thin, inconspicuous gold one—the kind that is nearly always best for something of really high quality.

P.R.

RECORDING OF SPECIAL MERIT

© @ FRANKIE RANDALL: Going the Frankie Randall Way! Frankie Randall (vocals); orchestra, Billy May cond. Gravy Waltz: Isn’t It Romantic; Gone with the Wind; Crazy She Calls Me; and seven others. RCA Victor LSP 3627 $4.79, LPM 3627 $3.79.

Performance: Energetic
Recording: Superb
Stereo Quality: Superb

Specialists in one-upmanship of the I-told-you-so variety would do well to keep a close watch on Frankie Randall. Since that night in Jilly’s, a posh New York watering hole frequented by Sinatra and his cronies, when Randall played the piano and Sinatra sang and everybody discovered everybody else, Randall has developed into one of the hippest song stylists in the business. In this latest collection, the Sinatra influence is still there (especially in Here’s That Rainy Day), but Randall is generating the kind of genuinely groovy electricity of which nobody has accused his mentor lately. He’s more of a swinger than Sinatra was in his early years, and there’s none of the ego-lapping, either. (Listen to the pyrotechnics on Steve Allen’s Gravy Waltz—Sinatra never sang like that!) He also reminds the ear of Buddy Greco, but he’s more interesting. One of the few singers to bridge the gap between jazz singing and pop vocalizing successfully, he has an uncanny ability to combine a fractured swing with the softest of the best jazz singers don’t have with a basically all-American melody-of-the-frat-house boyishness.

The arrangements, by Billy May, are painstakingly air-conditioned big-band explosions which never get in the way of Frankie’s vocal athletics, and the songs, mostly tried and true, are tasty and selective. (Included is the best of the American translations of Luiz Bonfa’s theme from Black Orpheus. This band alone is worth the price of the album.)

Frankie Randall is one of the best singers around. It would be a waste if he faded out at this point because of the Sinatra comparison. As Lotte Lenya said recently: “Every one is compared to somebody. Even Kurt Weill was once called a broken-down Puccini. So what? Puccini wasn’t so bad either. (Listen to the pyrotechnics on Steve Allen’s Gravy Waltz—Sinatra never sang like that!) He also reminds the ear of Buddy Greco, but he’s more interesting. One of the few singers to bridge the gap between jazz singing and pop vocalizing successfully, he has an uncanny ability to combine a fractured swing with the softest of the best jazz singers don’t have with a basically all-American melody-of-the-frat-house boyishness.

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R. R.

RECORDING OF SPECIAL MERIT

© W. SIMON AND GARFUNKEL: Parsley, Sage, Rosemary, and Thyme. Paul Simon, Art Garfunkel (vocals); unidentified orchestra. Patterns: Homeward Bound; The Dangling Conversation; A Poem on the Underground Wall; and eight others. Columbia CS 9363 $4.79, CL 2563 $3.79.

Performance: Brilliant, disturbing
Recording: Excellent
Stereo Quality: First-rate

“The New Youth of the Rock Generation,” Ralph Gleason declares in the notes to Simon and Garfunkel’s third album, “has taken the creation of the lyrics and the music out of the hands of the hacks and given it over to the poets.” Hyperbole? Not entirely. It is true that only a few poets exist among the rock youth—most notably Bob Dylan, John Lennon and Paul McCartney, and Paul Simon—and their poetry is certainly...
uneven. In fact, those with academic criteria of poetry do not regard such lyrics as poetry at all. But more and more younger teachers in high schools and colleges are indeed considering the work of a Paul Simon as poetry, and I agree with them.

Simon's lyrics are idiomatic, often mocking, sometimes painful in their evocation of aloneness. They speak of the silences of the city, of the pressurized compartments in which we place our young, of the murderous absurdity of some of those who make decisions for us. They also tell of love with unabashed gentleness and even try to cope with mortality. Art Garfunkel has taken these lyrics and arranged them for the two high, soft voices with uncommon imagination. As Gleason writes, "the voices blend, separate, intertwave and sing counter to one another with the delicacy of a clear glass etching."

The songs range from the sardonic *A Simple Desultory Philippic* through the haunting *Scarborough Fair* to the delightfully carefree *59th Street Bridge Song*. Only one track descends to flat polemics—the juxtaposition of a news broadcast with the singing of *Silent Night*. The night is not serene; lives are being wasted; terror crows over the corpse of good will. But the irony in the parallel sounds is too easily drawn. This is not art but artifice. For the rest of the album, however, Simon and Garfunkel do show how far our popular music at its best has now come. And its possibilities are without limit.

(Continued on next page)
It's Sinatra. And if I add that the best things on the four sides are Quincy Jones' arrangements and the new warmth when the basic band is able to break away from Sinatra's moldy style and really swing, the Sinatra fans will pay no attention. By this time, they've probably already put this magazine down and rushed out to the record shop to buy 'Sinatra's America.' As for the rest of us... oh, well, take that thing off the phonograph and hand me an old Joe Williams record...

R. R.

6. NANCY SINATRA: Nancy in London. Nancy Sinatra (vocals); orchestra: Orson Welles on Broadway; Step Aside; Summer Wine; This Little Bird; and seven others. Reprise RS 6221 $4.79, R 6221 $3.79.

Performance: Commercial
Recording: Fair
Stereo Quality: Good

Miss Sinatra has been trying for a hit for quite a while, and not too long back she had a substantial one, which she deserved. It was a good job, and the album which contained it cover to cover was of the lady that was kind of a collector's item in itself. Now we are confronted with 'Nancy in London' with almost as arresting a cover shot, a paucity of liner notes (in fact no liner notes, just another large picture and the songs), and an aura of superstar about it. Well, not quite yet. And not for quite a time to come, as far as I can hear.

Everything, however, is going for her, aside from her own strange sort of off-handedness with the songs. The arrangements are good, the songs all lie very evenly for her voice, and the editing, aside from the opening of 'Weak and Hopin', which may or may not be deliberate in its disarmament, is first-rate. In short, an entirely creditable job. This Little Bird is done with a little more feeling than some of the others, which is to say, again, not very much. She never really seems to want to become involved with her material, and the result is a coldness of delivery that remains pretty constant throughout.

If Miss Sinatra really does want a singing career, I see no reason why she cannot make a success of it. I would suggest that she get some ballads—very simple, very direct—and record them in the same manner, perhaps with only a small rhythm section backing her. I think she and everyone else might be quite surprised at the results. P. R.

7. BARBRA STREISAND: Je m'appelle Barbra. Barbra Streisand (vocals); orchestra, Michel Legrand and conducted by Ray Ellis, is the sort of thing: she took an old standard, looked at it from her own eyes, and emerged with a totally new conception. That she is a successful creative artist—above and apart from the unfortunate amount of publicity given to the fees she commands—is equally evident. She is the biggest solo entertainment attraction in the world today. But if the real object and reward of the creative artist is to share with a receptive audience the result of her imagination, then 'Je m'appelle Barbra' is a lateral, almost backward, step in a career notable for so few of them.

Something went wrong here; there just isn't anything one can say about performances. The songs are well chosen, the arrangements and conducting of Michel Legrand are, as always, nearly perfect, and Streisand's French is a marvel, but it all sounds filtered and studied. The only two tracks, in my estimation, that were without the necessary polish and trouble are Free Again, which is belted across in her by-now-familiar three-act-drama style, and Autumn Leaves, which is a sensational performance in every way and hypnotic in its cool beauty. But What Now, My Love, in English and French (arranged and conducted by Ray Ellis) is, the sort of performance that makes the anti-Streisand contingent happy. In it she is guilty of many of their charges: trying too hard, giving a shrill and aggressive theatricality to the material, offering a surfeit of emotionality in place of true feeling, and, most important, revealing at times an emptiness (brought on by her hyper-professionalism) that grates upon the listener.

The greatest single danger to Streisand's career is that her ambition will consume her neighborhood entice the buyer either, except that such neighborhoods are likely to love this music. According to the annotator, Maurice Smith's, plus factor lies in "this sort of his reconstruction of the rarely used soprano sax." I will not tell you what area the rest of his plus factor lies in, not unless you tell me who he reintroduced the soprano sax to. To Latin bands, perhaps, and the soprano does make an interesting sound with the Latin group assembled here.

This is a pleasant, hybrid music, with overtones of Tijuana Brass, but with jazz and rock elements added—quite close to what Mongomery Hampton did when 'Watermelon Man' a few years back. For dancing or light listening, the album more than serves the purpose. J. G.
art. What Now My Love in this album is just this sort of ambitious mistake. Just as Miss Streisand learned how to sing while she was already singing professionally, she must now learn that audiences have become familiar with her style and she must grow and develop within that style. Switching languages is not growing and developing; it is merely a change in inflections within the established style. To maintain her position as a major creative performing force in American theater and popular music, Streisand must keep pushing out the boundaries of her own observed world.

P. R.

5 & MEL TORME: Right Now. Mel Tormé (vocals); orchestra, Nathaniel Gordon. ('Comin' Home Baby; Walk On By; Had a Hammer; Red Rubber Ball; and seven others. Columbia CS 9335 $4.79, CL 2535 $3.79)

Performance: Professional
Recording: Good
Stereo Quality: Good

Mel Tormé is apparently not satisfied just with being one of the greatest singers in the world. He is a singer's singer, a musician's musician—a reflex of his songwriter's dream-come-true. Still, there are singers, musicians, and songwriters who can give you their hearts, but you wouldn't live long on what you'd find inside their pockets. In today's turbulent music world, you have to go elsewhere for money.

Mel Tormé, in this new recording, goes the current pop-rock route, and the result is as disturbing as it was afraid it might be. It is unfamiliar territory for a hipster to travel, and Tormé loses his way a couple of times on the trip. It's not that he can't handle material that is clearly beneath him—he sings the silly lyrics about red rubber balls and secret agent men as though his lungs were greased with maple syrup. More to the point (and what is really wrong with this album) is the way he does it. He makes no attempt to adjust the fleeting current faddishness of it all to his own inimitable style. He simply copies all the current arrangements of all the current hits on the market. Consequently, Walk On By sounds exactly the same as when Dionne Warwick sings it, Strangers in the Night mimics Sinatra right down to his own inimitable style. He makes no attempt to adjust the fleeting current faddishness of it all to his own inimitable style. He simply copies all the current arrangements of all the current hits on the market. Consequently, Walk On By sounds exactly the same as when Dionne Warwick sings it, Strangers in the Night mimics Sinatra right down to the扔过的 "Soebie-dubie-doo" ending (only Tormé substitutes "Scum-dum" and "Wham-dam"). It is dishonest. It is a put-down of the very material Tormé deserves to be put down, but not by an artist of Tormé's caliber. Leave it for the satirists of the future to look back on.

I'm sure he had a ball recording these songs, an assumption given credence by the good-naturedness that comes out of some of the hands, such as Red Rubber Ball. And I suppose if one has to listen to them at all, it is better to hear them sung by a real voice instead of by a group of hysterical moaners screaming for profit. Still, it's pretty hard to watch the man who wrote Satin Doll doing that kind of thing.

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CIRCLE NO. 68 ON READER SERVICE CARD
CIRCLE NO. 66 ON READER SERVICE CARD
FEBRUARY 1967

(Continued on next page)
JAZZ

CHASE BAKER: Quietly There. Chet Baker (fluegelhorn), the Carmel Strings, unidentified chorus. Forget How; Christmas Song, Quietly There; Message to Michael; Stranger on the Shore; The More I See You; and six others. WORLD PACIFIC WPS 21847 $5.79, WP 1847 $4.79.

Performance: Long winded
Recording: Good
Stereo Quality: Okay

This is a straight mood set by Chet Baker, who seems to have abandoned trumpet for the deeper, softer fluegelhorn. The larger horn is actually better suited to his gentle approach—that of a sweeter, shallower, less inventive Miles Davis. And fluegelhorn is better suited to strings, as well. The tunes are current favorites (a few by the current favorite Bert Bacharach) and a bossa nova. The simple, pleasant arrangements are by Harry Betts and Julian Lee.

Since the songs are well chosen and well played, you are likely to enjoy this if you want a mood set that has a little more body than the usual pap turned out in the name of "mood." My only quarrel with the set is the chorus that one hears occasionally. It is my feeling that the writing for voices is usually so bad that they are intrusive with a jazz horn except on rare occasions, and this is not one of those occasions.

DONALD BYRD: Free Form. Donald Byrd (trumpet), Wayne Shorter (tenor saxophone), Herbie Hancock (piano), Burt Warne (bass), Billy Higgins (drums). Peutecostal Feeling; Night Flower; Nat Nai; French Spice; Free Form. BLUE NOTE ST 84118 $5.79, 4418* $4.79.

Performance: Meaty
Recording: Good
Stereo Quality: Okay

One of the small pleasures of the jazz scene over the last decade has been the career of Donald Byrd, who arrived in New York an overpublicized, cocky kid. He began to live up to his reputation sometime later and finally developed into a serious, thoughtful musician. In the last seven years, his albums have consistently contained moments of depth and thoughtfulness.

This album is no exception to that, but I think that the most readily assimilable track will be the lightest—Peutecostal Feeling. Containing elements of early Horace Silver and an irresistible rhythm, it could easily be a hit. Byrd is his usual excellent self, and has a fine rhythm section backing him. Wayne Shorter is still a highly derivative saxophonist, but he is lovely on the ballad Night Flower, and on Nat Nai he sounds like the best of early Coltrane.

DONALD BYRD
A serious, thoughtful jazz artist

The sides are not banded; the album is practically one long work. There are two drummers, which Coltrane now prefers, but which reportedly caused the magnificent Elvin Jones to leave the group. Much of the solo space is given to Pharaoh Saunders, who begins where Coltrane leaves off—shrieks and double tones are his basic vocabulary. The churning, boiling effect of the two drums and tenor solos somehow made the formerly indifferent pianist McCoy Tyner truly lyrical.

I wonder at myself for not liking this music, especially when an equally severe assault on my system leaves me exhilarated. Perhaps it is because in the theater there is something to watch, or because I can see the craft. In this "Meditations" album, I feel only that I am being wildly assaulted, and it is my feeling that the writing for voices is usually so bad that they are intrusive with a jazz horn except on rare occasions, and this is not one of those occasions.

DUKE ELLINGTON: The Popular Duke Ellington (see Best of the Month, page 76)

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HUNTINGTON, INDIANA

CIRCLE NO. 72 ON READER SERVICE CARD

FEBRUARY 1967
Moore (bass); Runnie Zito (drums). April Showers: Dinah; Swanee; Sonny Boy; San Francisco; and six others. Columbia CS 9352 $4.79, CL 2552 $3.79.

Performance: Easy
Recording: Good
Stereo Quality: Good

Although this is a very good, very enjoyable album, there seems to be no necessity for it: a committee conception, perhaps arrived at by matching up names in two hats, one containing current performers’ names, the other past performers’. Okay, Woody Herman sings songs associated with Al Jolson. Why not just as easily have a Tony Bennett/Russ Columbo album? Oh, no, my imagination for the camp disc of the decade, Barbara Streisand-Kate Smith.

Well, Herman-Jolson is what we got, with a lovely 1920’s style cover, and since most of the songs are good (Sonny Rollins once wanted to do a Jolson album), it works out pretty well. Herman, a ‘singer’ rather than a singer, has a sly, easy, ingratiating way with a song, sometimes mocking both himself and the material in a way that Dean Martin later found so effective. The band is the same right precision instrument, and the arrangements are by Nat Pierce, Bill Holman, and the man whose name is practically synonymous with Herman, Ralph Burns. His soft, neat arrangement of April Showers, so complete that the vocal is almost an intrusion, is the album’s high point.

FRED MILLER ASSOCIATES
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CIRCLE NO. 48 ON READER SERVICE CARD

Charles Mingus
A jazz bass of imperious tidal pull

Quietly, almost as if he were standing off in a corner, Yusef Lateef has become a superb musician. His early reputation was obscured by the fact that he played, among other things, ballrooms and 7-Up bottles. He is still addicted to unusual instruments, and I could do without the three-string Chinese lute and theremin that he plays on this record. But some diversity was apparently called for; an album of ten instrumental quartet blues represents a considerable challenge.

And, with the exception of the few overly strange things (I will defend Lateef’s right to experiment, if he will defend mine to be bored), I think he is unusually successful. The first track, Warm Hearted Blues, is superbly named. Lateef is a supremely emotional player on tenor, and it is emotion, more than the choice of notes, that makes him so satisfying on the instrument. He is also, as attested to by Feather Comfort, perhaps the only man to play satisfactory blues on the oboe. And Blind Willie, named for an elder bluesman, is no less moving for being based on the famous phrase from The Third Man Theme. Whatever the experiences, I think that Lateef is basically a conservative of tradition, and he is a valuable man to have around.

J. G.
Doc Severinsen is a trumpeter of prodigious technique, and he is also capable of sensitive expressivity. Alas, commercial considerations were obviously paramount in the planning of this album, and Severinsen rarely measures up to what one would expect of him. The performances, except for Confessin' and Michelle, slide off into hokum, sentimentality, or other varieties of what should be alien corn to a musician of Severinsen's potential. The engineering is superb (listen to the drummer's brush work, for example), but it's wasted on what is largely musical ephemera. N. H.

RECORDING OF SPECIAL MERIT

Cecil Taylor: Unit Structures. Cecil Taylor (piano, bells), Eddie Gale Stevens Jr. (trumpet), Jimmy Lyons (alto saxophone), Henry Grimes (bass), Alan Silva (bass), Andrew Cyrille (drums). Steps; Enter, Evening: Unit Structure/As of a Now/Section; Tales. BLUE NOTE BST 84257 $5.79, BLF 4237® $4.79.


The most immediate characteristic of Cecil Taylor's music is its enormous energy. Listening to him is like being drawn into a vortex of feelings and sounds; and if you can let yourself go, the careening journey is rewarding—emotionally and intellectually. It is also exhausting, because Taylor demands a great deal from his listeners. You not only have to jettison preconceptions of form ("form is possibility," he says in the notes) but you also have to be open to extraordinarily dense but continually shifting and often aethetic sound mixtures. Textural possibilities obviously enchant Taylor, and he requires his musicians to extend the potential of their instruments—range, timbres—as far as they can. He is also an explorer of rhythm waves, and the churningly complex pulsations of his ensemble are largely unpredictable and yet it feels unified. In the expansion of colors and rhythms through whirlpools of collective improvisation he has been a seminal influence on the new jazz.

For those new to the demonic Taylor ethos, the easiest place to begin in this album is Enter, Evening with its tart lyricism, tautly disciplined play of sonorities, and utter lack of sentimentality. From there, the going may well be quite rough, and I would suggest you concentrate the first few times on the way Taylor structures his thunderous piano solos. From that perspective, the extension of Taylor's way of hearing and shaping sounds to other instruments ought to be somewhat clearer. But don't expect total lucidity, for Taylor's music needs a considerable amount of living with—and, in any case, it is not for every temperament. Those who do not want music to shake them and to open new ways of feeling with jagged assistance will avoid Mr. Taylor, but the adventurous have startling surprises ahead. The cryptic notes are by Mr. Taylor, and they ought to have another set of notes to explain them. N. H.

(Continued on next page)

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Centering in labeling it "an historic reunion."

the producers of the album were quite cor-

and instincts. This is bedrock country—and-

to redemption was long and rock-strewn,

And although I find most of this folk-

rock (I guess) album banal and meaningless,

there are also a couple of things on it that I

like. Nothing bears on-the-job training, and

West Virginia Summer Child shows a cer-

tain growth, and an ability on Lind's part
to question himself. While it lacks the pro-

ficiency of Harry Riby's similar There's a

Girl in the Heart of Wheeling, West Vir-

ginia, it is a step in the right direction. And I

must—seriously, folks—give him credit for

one further thing: remembering a lost love on

one track, he includes the line "You knew

I take it that his managers, who wrote the

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SPOKEN WORD


Dick Davy, a white emigrant from the Ozarks, has been recorded for the first time during a live performance at the Apollo Theatre in Harlem. Inevitably, the album's main interest is in how he managed to survive with this alien accent and color. He succeeded because he is far ahead of most whites in being able—so far as any white person can be—to see the society as black men might see it. Furthermore, he is able—and this is the crux of his survival at the Apollo—to see himself as a black audience might. Accordingly, there are no false notes. He doesn't try to emulate colored performers, such as Moms Mabley or Dick Gregory, but instead comes on as a black man who knows the score but who is also aware of the limitations of this knowledge. He does not confuse role reversal with color transference. Davy is a phenomenon. How durable a humorist he is, however, depends on how diverse his insights are into other areas of the society. In any case, he's begun with the most unexpected act of any humorist in this listener's memory.

K. N.

5. THE DAYS OF WILFRED OWEN (original sound-track record). Richard Burton, reader. WARNER BROTHERS BS 1635 $5.79, B 1636* $4.79.

Wilfred Owen's poems about the realities of war and warriors are assured an immortal place in English letters, if only through their bold inclusion in the text of Benjamin Britten's monumental War Requiem. Now a great actor lends his considerable dramatic talents to reading them for the soundtrack of an impressive short film, and the disc made from that track makes a valuable addition to the catalog of recorded verse. This is not about heroes, the preface to the readings states. "English poetry is not the catalog of recorded verse. This is not an arm's-length, critical observation. It is, in the end, an effort to bring these bitter but memorable words and music to the world.

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anger of the guns . . .”) and the “Apologia Pro Poemate Meo” which concludes with the scorching lines “These men are worth/Your tears. You are not worth their misr——ment.” A particularly forceful reading of “Dulce et Decorum Est,” excoriating the seductive lies of glib patriotism, brings the recital to its close and climax.

In the stereo version, Richard Lewine’s shy, astringent musical score has been wisely separated and comes through on the right speaker, providing a spine-chilling accompaniment to Owen’s implacable verses of mourning for all who have suffered the “sorrowful dark” of the hell of war. P. K.

**RUHYARD KIPLING:** The Jungle Books. Volume One: Mowgli’s Brothers; Rikki-Tikki-Tavi; Volume Two: Tiger! Tiger! Toomai of the Elephants. Christopher Casson and Eve Watson (readers). Spoken Arts 929 and 933, $5.95 each.

**Performance:** Jungle duet

Recording: Excellent

Boris Karloff has been over this ground for Gaedmon (TC 1100 and TC 1176) in soft-spoken, hypnotic readings, but the present approach is quite different, and it is utterly delightful in its own way. To recount the adventures of Mowgli, the Indian child who is brought up by wolves, steals fire from men like a jungle Prometheus, and hunts down the man-eating tiger Shere Khan, Mr. Casson and Miss Wilkins employ a kind of antiphonal approach of alternating voices against a background of jungle sounds and the chanting of young Hindu voices. I found the effects a mite too relentless, but children of Jungle Books age will probably love them, and be totally held by Mowgli and the rather garrulous animals who consort with him.

In addition to the Mowgli stories, there’s a lusty treatment of Rikki-Tikki-Tavi, a bloodthirsty tale about an aggressive mongoose, which has never been one of my favorites, and a most satisfactory account of Toomai of the Elephants, wherein a herdsman’s son follows the seventy-year old pachyderm Kala Nag to witness “the dance of the elephants at night and alone in the heart of the Garo Hills.” P. K.

**RECORDING OF SPECIAL MERIT**

**LBJ IN THE CATSKILLS.** Christopher Weeks, Fannie Flagg, Robert Weil, Diane Pane, Mal Lawrence, Patsy Shaw, and Keren Liswood (performers), Gerard W. Purcell (director). Warner Brothers W 1662, $3.79.

**Performance:** Hilarious

Recording: A pleasure

August 19, 1966, should go down as a national holiday in the history of recorded comedy, if only because it inspired the making of the first really entertaining album of political humor since that nimby inventive best-seller “The First Family.” It was on that day that President and Mrs. Lyndon B. Johnson checked into a resort hotel in the Catskill Mountains. Now comes a recording which, for my money, could be an actual documentary of the whole episode.

With Christopher Weeks as an absolute ringer for the President, and Fannie Flagg the drawing essence of Lady Bird, we are ushered into the lobby where Mr. Johnson gently explains “I got your brochure,” and the owner adroitly cancels a zipper convention and switches his clientele around to make room for the Presidential party of a hundred and nine. From then on, not a trick is missed. Robert McNamara asks for Lyndon, but is connected with a Mr. Lindman who advises him in the absence of Green Berets to send out a shipment of purple; Mr. Johnson undergoes a free dance lesson and an encounter with a quawing Catskill water named Max; a press conference in the children’s dining room brings forth threepenny sits from reporters representing the Miami Yenta, the B’nai B’rith Newsletter and the Tel Aviv Tattler (“Leo, hold the back page!”). All comes to a climax when the Johnsons are ushered to a ringside table in the Sol Hurok room to enjoy the routines of a new comedian who turns out to be . . . But never mind. You want to enjoy? Buy the record. Honestly, this one, unlike almost all other contenders in its category, is guaranteed one hundred per cent funny. P. K.

**LEO ROSTEN:** Irresistible as H*Y*M*A*N K*A*P*L*AN

**Recording:** Good

Leo Rosten is that fellow who teaches at Columbia University, writes books about Washington and the movie colony in Hollywood, and is an expert on economics and political science. Writing under his pseudonym, Leonard Q. Ross, however, he is something else again—the deservedly beloved creator of the redoubtable H*Y*M*A*N K*A*P*L*AN, that murderer of the English language who confounds his thinlipped teacher Mr. Parkhill night after night in the beginners’ grade of the American Night Preparatory School for Adults in New York City. To Kaplan, the declension of fail is “fail, failed, bankrupt”; the opposite of new is “second-hand”; the collaborators who wrote those comic operettas were Gold-
berg and Solomon. Again and again poor Parkhill is foiled by the "matchless precision of Mr. Kaplan's reasoning"; in the end, he comes to admit to himself that Kaplan is not just another immigrant learning English, but a "cosmic force" that has been sent by an avenging Providence to drive teachers out of their minds.

Readings of these episodes, which enlivened the pages of *The New Yorker* for so many years and later entertained millions in book form, were long overdue. Mr. Rosten has chosen the richest cream: the episode in which Kaplan explains why Christopher Columbus was greater than Admiral Byrd; Kaplan's masterful exegesis of the speech "Tomorrow and tomorrow and tomorrow," which he proves conclusively appears not in *Macbeth* but in "Julius Scissor"; Mr. Parkhill's nightmare of seeing the crayoned letters of the Kaplan name across the facade of the school itself; and Mr. Kaplan And The Magi, a most unusual Christmas tale. Although the author's accent does not always evoke Hyman Kaplan as vividly as I have heard him in my own mind through the years, he is valiant in his attempts at impersonating not only his own great hero but all his fellow-students in the beginners' grade, not to mention Mr. Parkhill himself. The results, once things get under way, are pretty irresistible.

RECORDING OF SPECIAL MERIT

CARL SANDBURG: Always The Young Strangers. Carl Sandburg (Reader). CAEDMON TC 1209 $5.95.

Performance: Invigorating
Recording: Excellent

Mr. Sandburg may be starting to look like a monument, and non-discriminating partisans of even his glibbiest verses and longest encomiums to Lincoln may be determined to turn him into one, but he is very much the human being here in these excerpts from his autobiography. His recollections of his parents, who sound like Middle Western Grant Wood portraits come to life, his struggles with the recalcitrant wooden pump of his boyhood home, and, especially, a vivid evocation of a hot July afternoon in 1885 when he watched from his father's shoulder a local funeral parade staged in Galesburg, Illinois, for General Grant (the marchers bore an empty coffin through the streets to the beating of muffled drums) are simply irresistible.

The poet's prose is hewn with such simplicity and grace and his voice is so unassuming and caressing that every memory emerges as a vivid picture of forgotten times and people and places—a glimpse of private history that at the same time is a comment on a whole era. I was especially enchanted by the verbal reconstruction of a side show at an old-time circus, in all its tarnished allure.

The editors have wisely retained the most touching of all the record's moments—when the poet breaks down, after all these years, while trying to read aloud a prayer his mother wrote as a "souvenir" to her son just before her death in 1926. "I can't read it," he apologizes softly. "Get it later, after some coffee, maybe—and some Jack Daniels." The listener's heart goes out, then, not to a living institution, but to a man.

P. K.

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5) **VERDI: Nabucco.** Tito Gobbi (baritone), Nabucco; Elena Suliotis (soprano), Abigaille; Carlo Cava (bass), Zaccaria; Bruno Prevedi (tenor), Ismaele; Dora Cassar (soprano), Fenena; others; Chorus of the Vienna State Opera and Vienna Opera.
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Lets you see your music

ASSEMBLED KIT FORM
$54.95 $44.95
$5 DOWN — $5 MONTH

Stereo Quality: Good
Speed and Playing Time: 7½ ips; 28' 10"

Performance: Robust-a-gut
Recording: Lush

One of the cruellest aspects of Hollywood is its Byzantine wastefulness—of money, of minds, of talent. Even that it has helped shape and develop. In a long string of Warner Brothers musicals, apple-cheeked Gordon MacRae was called upon to dispense an idiotic cheerfulness and a good baritone voice, and not much more. He sometimes appeared with Miss Clean herself, Doris Day, and his working image was adjudged by the bosses to complement hers: the all-American nice guy, kept nicely in hand by the spirited virgin. Then in the late Fifties came two major films, Oklahoma! and Carousel. He was good in Oklahoma! but not surprising, since Curly was essentially an extension of the roles he had been playing. It was in Car-

WIDMANN: Dances and Galliards (see PRAETORIUS)

ENTERTAINMENT

AL HIRT. They're Playing Our Song.

Yes, Al Hirt plays a good trumpet. Yes, Al Hirt is heard playing no song less
than fifteen minutes in which the conducting is well paced and exciting. The sonic
reproduction on the tape is quite satisfactory; only in comparison with the discs does
the tape seem lacking in fullness, although it plays extremely cleanly. Stereo effects
are well handled. A libretto and translation are included.

I. R.

HiFi/Stereo Review
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Orchestra, Lamberto Gardelli cond. LONDON
LOR 90118 two reels $21.95.

Performance: Stirring
Recording: Very good
Stereo Quality: Admirable
Speed and Playing Time: 7½ ips; 119'52"

Nabucco, Verdi's third opera and first large-scale success, was given its premiere in 1842. Its Biblical subjeet matter is anything but accurate historically, but the rousing succes-
sion of arias, marches, ensemble numbers, and choruses is sure to please admirers of early Verdi. This, of course, is the opera that contains the famous "Va, pensiero," the chorus of the Hebrew slaves; but some of the other highlights, though less familiar, are equally impressive. The three major roles—Nabucco, the Hebrew prophet Zaccari,

RECORDING OF SPECIAL MERIT

The Mamas and the Papas: The Mamas and the Papas. Cass, John, Michelle,

(Continued on page 126)
Some plain talk from Kodak about tape:

The big squeeze—Multitrack Stereo

Remember the college fad a few years back—how many brawny brutes could be squeezed into a little car built for plain folks? For a while, it looked like a somewhat similar situation was about to take place in the tape-recording field—first monaural, then 2-track, then 4-track, and now even 8-track recording. Even though these developments continue at a fast clip, 4-track stereo is still the name of the game as far as high-fidelity applications are concerned. And very nice it sounds, can record, you need a tape with a high-powered oxide layer—one that's going to give you a high output with a good signal-to-noise ratio. KODAK Sound Recording Tape, Type 34A, fills the bill—gives you 125% more undistorted output than conventional general-purpose tapes. You get practically the same per-channel output on 4-track stereo with Type 34A that the other tapes would give you on 2-track! But there's more to recommend the use of Kodak tape.

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Staying on the right track. Because everything gets smaller in proportion when you go to 4-track, dimensional precision becomes that much more important. Take a tape that suffers from a case of drunken slitting. (That's when the edges of the tape snake back and forth even though the width is constant.) It's not hard to see how this tape isn't going to "track" straight past the head. A slight case of this and you get alternating fluctuations in output on both channels. If the condition is bad enough, a poorly slit tape can cause your heads to drop out the signals completely, even pick up the signals on the tracks going the other way. Horrors! Lucky for you, you have nothing to worry about with Kodak tapes. We keep our tolerance to .001 inches. That's twice as close as industry standards. To make your life even easier, we also backprint all our tapes so you can always tell whether a reel has been wound "head" or "tail" first. Simply note which comes first off the supply reel, the "E" of "EASTMAN" or the "O" of "CO"... and note it on the reel.

Kodak tapes—on DUROL and Polyester Bases—are available at most electronic, camera, and department stores. To get the most out of your tape system, send for free, 24-page "Plain Talk" booklet which covers the major aspects of tape performance.
This tape is an unqualified success on all counts. It also signals what I think is the most hopeful sign in American, as opposed to British, popular music in a decade or more. Here is a group that has drawn from many sources, including the Beatles, but has come up with a boisterous, energetic, and highly literate signature of its own. First, the lyrics, by John Phillips (who also compiles the music) are by turns so intelligent, so poetic, that they should set an example for everyone working in popular music today. The second encouraging trait is the high degree of professionalism shown by the Mamas and the Papas in their performances. It is not the glacial kind of professionalism that eventually vitiates both performers and the material, but is a display of the care, taste, and relaxation (the result of enough advance preparation) that are the marks of all really good entertainers.

And not to be lightly brushed aside is the superb work of their discoverer and producer Lou Adler, who incredibly enough found them only one year ago; he consistently provides them with exactly the right arrangements and recording techniques. The arrangements are also notable in that they are truly integrated, musically as well as electronically. I don't think I have heard many albums in which the total technical resources of recording, editing, and mastering have been brought together this well. The Mamas and the Papas' flamboyant versatility enables them to put together an astonishing variety of sounds. They present a total conceptual approach to each song. With an insouciant disregard for cliche or formula they swing easily from the low-down ragtime of "Words of Love" (with a lusty solo by Cass) to the Dancing Bear, with its echoes of early Stravinsky, to a standard like My Heart Stood Still, underscored by a rock beat. Out of each song they are able to make a complete musical whole that is gratifying to hear how many times one listens to it.

If you think that a great deal of the fuss being made lately over popular music is engineered by promoters and that the music is listened to by people who should be old enough to find better things to do with their time, then listen to this tape. It is ample proof that popular music today is in better shape than it has been since the 1930's and that it needs no apologies for the interest it is generating in all age groups.

Peter, Paul and Mary are getting notes now. Peter, Paul and Mary don't seem half so bad. They seem like wholesomc and uncomplicated people who would probably be nice to know. No need to go into the songs, since they all sound exactly alike, except to say you can actually hear the lyrics and follow the melodies, and - gosh! - they even play some of the right notes now. Peter, Paul and Mary are getting respectable and old-fashioned. I must be getting old.

The only reasons I can think of for buying this monstrosity are: (1) you are an old-time stand-up comic, nostalgic for the dear, departed era of the two-a-day; (2) you are a record librarian and need one copy of everything in existence to keep your card catalog straight (in which case you'll probably be sent a free copy anyway). In either instance, you'll get a "live" (with a laugh track edited in, of course) vaudeville show full of titillating tap dancers, emcees with Pepsodent in their voices, soprano warbling In the Shade of the Old Apple Tree, Irish tenors, choruses of bongo girls strolling under lace parasols, and enough minstrels and barber-shop quartets and baggy-pants clowns to choke a whole herd of horses.

The stereo quality is terrific, and actually gives a feeling of being at the London Palladium, but there is not even enough pop art for pop art's sake here to warrant a second listen. I agree with James Agee, who once wrote in the Nation: "Vaudeville is dead; I wish to God someone would bury it."

R. R.
Taping Those Old Singles

Unless your childhood was an unhappy one, you will probably find it hard, as I do, to face the emotional wrench of parting with the old 78- and 45-rpm recordings you grew up with. So you decide to tape them and discard the space-hogging originals. A good idea—but it is easy to take the wrong approach. If you apply the appropriate arithmetic, you will discover that you can load, say, thirty single sides onto a 7-inch, two-track reel of 1-mil tape at 7 1/2 ips—or double that number of sides at 3 3/4 ips. This may be economical, but it is not very practical. You might as well throw away any dubbed tape you make in this way too for all the playing it is likely to get. An uninterrupted ninety minutes of your old treasures could easily bore you to tears—and how are you going to find that one particular number you want to hear?

There is a better way, a record-and-splice system, that offers quick access to any one or a selection of your nostalgic favorites without hit-or-miss fast-forwarding. First, you should standardize on 5-inch reels, available inexpensively as empties and appropriate for filing in your present tape library. You should also standardize on 1- or 1.5-mil tape—and on the 7 1/2 ips speed for easiest editing and handling. In dubbing, you can either record and splice as you go or prepare each reel of tape in advance before recording. To do this, run on four minutes of tape. Then splice in twelve inches of colored leader. Then four more minutes of tape and another twelve inches of leader. You should also standardize on 1- or 1.5-mil tape-and on the 71/2-ips speed to any one or a selection of your nostalgic favorites without hit-or-miss fast-forwarding. First, you should standardize on 5-inch reels, available inexpensively as empties and appropriate for filing in your present tape library. You should also standardize on 1- or 1.5-mil tape—and on the 7 1/2 ips speed for easiest editing and handling. In dubbing, you can either record and splice as you go or prepare each reel of tape in advance before recording. To do this, run on four minutes of tape. Then splice in twelve inches of colored leader. Then four more minutes of tape and another twelve inches of leader. Keep alternating until you have five to ten tape units separated by leaders. (Leader tape in five different colors is available in packs from Robbins and others.)

It will be more convenient for playback and for locating specific tracks if you record in one direction only. The colored leaders are not only visual signals that will permit you to rewind or fast-forward precisely and rapidly to the selection you want, but they provide space for writing in information you will need for indexing. Don’t be tempted to shorten the units or load too many of them on one reel. “Fast find” is more important than tape or reel economies, and you will not wish to overcrowd the information (color-keyed, of course) for your “jacket notes” on the tape box.

Your old 45’s will be of fair fidelity and are best recorded from the tape-output jack on your hi-fi system. Your old 78’s, however, may be of low fidelity and will require some sonic updating through judicious use of your amplifier’s bass and treble tone controls or high- and low-cut filters. This rules out the tape-output jack, as your amplifier’s tone controls do not affect the signal at that point. The signal for your recorder should therefore be tapped off at the speaker leads (most conveniently where they are attached to the amplifier). You will then have to “play” the discs at a level that will allow you to keep your recorder’s gain control around its usual setting.

If you are the saving kind, of course, your old originals can go into attic storage after dubbing, but whether you save them or not, your tapes of them have two significant advantages: they won’t sound worse with every re-playing (the originals invariably do), and, since the tape is easier to handle, you will undoubtedly find yourself playing them more often than you did the originals.
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New Pickering V-15/3 cartridge with Dynamic Coupling for minimum tracing distortion and maximum tracking ability, plus Dustamatic feature for dust-free grooves.

As stereo cartridges approach perfection, dust in the grooves becomes intolerable. The Pickering V-15/3 Micro-Magnetic™ cartridge has a new moving system that reduces tracing distortion close to the theoretical minimum, thanks to Dynamic Coupling of the stylus to the groove. But what good is perfect contact between the stylus tip and those high-velocity turns if dust particles get in the way?

That is why the Dustamatic brush assembly is an essential part of Pickering's total performance cartridge. It cleans the groove automatically before the stylus gets there.

The new moving system also provides a further refinement of Pickering's famous natural sound by extending peak-free response well beyond the audible range, and the patented V-Guard Floating Stylus continues to assure the ultimate in record protection.

There are four "application engineered" Pickering V-15/3 Dustamatic models with Dynamic Coupling, to match every possible installation from conventional record changers to ultrasophisticated low-mass transcription arms. Prices from $29.95 to $44.95.

For free literature complete with all details, write to Pickering & Co., Plainview, L. I., New York.
If you like big speakers,

listen to the mammoth little E-V SEVEN!

The E-V SEVEN is the small speaker for people who don't really want a small speaker. Built in the shadow of one of the biggest speakers of them all (the vast Patrician 800) the E-V SEVEN refuses to sound as small as it is.

But why does an E-V SEVEN grow up when it's turned on? Our engineers point to years of painstaking exploration in the byways of sound. They'll patiently explain the virtues of our low resonance 8" woofer and 3½" cone tweeter with symmetrical damping (an E-V exclusive). They may even mention—with quiet pride—the unusual treble balance RC network that adjusts E-V SEVEN response more smoothly than any conventional switch or volume control.

But when it comes to describing the sound, our engineers prefer to let the E-V SEVEN speak for itself. And while they'd be the last to suggest that the E-V SEVEN sounds just like speakers many times larger (and costing much more) they treasure the pleased look of surprise most people exhibit when they hear an E-V SEVEN for the first time.

If you have just 19" of shelf space, 10" high and 9" deep... and have $66.50 to invest in a speaker, by all means listen carefully to the E-V SEVEN. It might well be the biggest thing to happen to your compact high fidelity system!